

# Hood River Glacier.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1897.

## Reminiscences of the Cayuse War.

Mr. Amos Underwood of White Salmon and Hood River is one of the pioneers of Oregon who helped to make the history of this country. He has often been asked by newspaper men and others to give an account of some of his experiences in the Indian wars of this section, but never responded until called upon recently by T. A. Wood of Portland, grand commander of Indian War Veterans of the Pacific Northwest. Hon. D. W. Butler is contributing a series of articles reciting the stirring scenes of the Cayuse war to the Dafor Dispatch, and in his first article mentions Amos Underwood, as follows:

Old Yea, a chief of the John Days, began at a distance to deliver a sermon to us on the wickedness of the war, but a ball from the rifle of Amos Underwood (who now lives below The Dalles) cut the sermon short by breaking the old hypocrite's leg, from which injury he afterwards died. I believe Underwood had more marks to his credit than any man in the company—i. e., he made more good Indians than the rest of us.

Mr. Underwood is writing incidents of this campaign that came under his observation, which will appear in the GLACIER. The old veteran recites his experience in the trying times of forty years ago with great animation, and we believe he would take pleasure in again going through the campaign of which he writes. Those of us who have known Amos Underwood for years, when looking upon his kindly face, would never suspect that he had ever adopted the methods of warfare of the savages and beat them at their own game. But the times required just such men as Amos Underwood and his associates in the Oregon volunteers and their methods of warfare. Their work at that time caused the Indians to respect the white man and made a lasting peace that could not have been conquered by any more lenient measures. Here is Mr. Underwood's first paper:

WHITE SALMON, Wash., Jan. 16, 1897.—T. A. WOOD, Commander Indian War Veterans—Dear Sir: You ask me to give you an account of the battle we had with the Cayuse Indians in the fall of 1855. Well, sir, several newspaper men have wanted me to write it up for them, but I never got at it because I was always afraid myself would think I wanted to air myself. I will give it now, as near as I can remember. I will have to speak of myself a good many times, as I can recollect my own doings better than I can recollect what was done by the other boys.

There has been a good many yarns told about the death of Chief Pepe Mux-Mux, and how he was captured, but they don't always correspond. I will give you the facts about the whole affair. I was fourth corporal of Co. B, Oregon volunteers, and had charge of him when he was killed. To make a long story short, on about the 7th of December, 1855, about 400 volunteers were at old Fort Walla Walla, now Wallula. I can only think of a few of the names of the officers and men of the regiment. Colonel James K. Kelly was in command, with Major Chinn. Co. A, from Portland, was commanded by Captain Wilson; Ben Hardin, lieutenant. Co. B, from The Dalles, was commanded by Lieut. John Jeffreys and James McCauliff, Capt. O. Humason being at home sick in bed. Co. H was commanded by Capt. Dave Laten. Co. F was there, I think, commanded by Capt. Bennett. Bennett was killed in the battle. There were other companies, but I can't remember which they were. Nathan Olney was there as Indian agent, and had a few Dalles Indians with him. We had pack animals and some wagons. Part of the command started up the road with the teams and pack train towards Walla Walla, and about 200 of us started on horseback across the hills, a little north of east. We rode on till about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when we saw big bands of Indians coming toward us. They came on to within 200 or 300 yards of us and stopped. They were carrying a white flag. Some six or eight of them left the big crowd and came within about 100 yards of us, where they halted and called for some of our officers to come to them; they wanted to have a talk. A few officers went and had a hand shake with the Indians. The rest of us sat there on our horses, and while our officers talked with the chiefs we would flap our arms and crow and take sight with our guns at the Indians. The Indian boys did the same. Old Pepe said: "I see your boys are like mine—they are keen for a fight. But us old men have better sense. We knew you were coming, so I ordered five big fat cattle to be slaughtered and roasted, and I started to meet you and have you come and take supper with me." So after about an hour he told his men to go home and tell the people we would be there for supper. The old chief and about eight of his men staid with us, and the rest all started off on a keen lode.

We then followed and rode on till about sundown, when we could see lots of Indians on the high points. We were riding along a level bottom and soon arrived at a point where the bluffs came nearly to the creek, and for two

or three miles the trail passed under a high cliff of perpendicular rocks, leaving just room for one horseman on the trail at a time. Across the creek was a thicket of brush, so thick that nothing could get through it. It was a dark evening and spitting snow. Nat Olney was riding back with the rear guard, and when he saw the commander and Indians making for the narrow trail, he spurred his horse and galloped to the front. As he passed me I heard him say: "G—d— them fellows! What is the matter with them? If they go through that hole there will not be one left to tell the story." He had said early in the evening there was something wrong; that the Indians meant to trap us. He had to run his horse about 400 yards before he overtook the head of the column. Arriving there, he used about the same language to the bosses. He called a halt, and then the command turned to the right into a bottom and went into camp for the night. It was now dark and snowing. Two or three Indians jumped off and ran. Bill Gates fired two shots at them, but could not hit them in the darkness. We still held old Pepe and about six others.

We unsaddled and laid down for the night. The Indians were all around us and kept halloing and talking to the chief. Nat Olney halloed to them in their own language; told them to go home and have breakfast all ready and we would be there; that the old chief had gone to bed, and that we did not want to be molested any more. So all was quiet till morning. When we got up in the morning there was about three inches of snow on the ground, and our horses were standing by our sides, shivering. We had to build fires in the sage brush to take the kinks out of our blankets and ropes before we could saddle up. It was a fine, sunny morning. Some of the boys went to the canyon and crossed the creek, where they found nests in the brush where the Indians had hidden. When we started on the march, instead of following the trail through the canyon, we went around the bluff. We found tons of rocks piled up on the bluff, ready to be rolled down upon us if we had followed the trail. If our boys had got strung out on that narrow trail for a distance of two or three miles, with no chance to turn back or go forward when attacked, the Indians would have had us completely at their mercy. If we had jumped off and taken to the brush, the brush was alive with Indians ready for us. In the first excitement, the chief and his crowd could have jumped off and ran to some place of safety understood by them. I do not believe we could have killed one Indian nor saved a man of our command. We went three or four or five miles around and came to the Indian camp on the creek above the canyon. There were some 200 huts and about the same number of fires, but no beef, and no Indians only on the tops of the high points about us. We asked Old Pepe where the roasted beef and breakfast was. He shook his head and said: "Klonass; hias quash tillicums" ("Guess my people are scared").

Some of our boys from The Dalles (they were called the Forty Thieves) could beat the Indians at their own game. They said, "We will have breakfast soon." Taking an old shovel, they dug the fires away; dug down a foot or two and found a cache under every one of those fires—brass kettles and all kinds of utensils and clothing; wheat, peas, camas,ouse, and all kinds of Indian grub. We fed our horses, ate all we wanted, took what we wanted and then threw the rest into the fires and burnt it up.

We then started south, or east of south, and traveled all day. Indians could be seen on all sides on the high points. Some of the boys would occasionally try to get a shot, but the old muzzle-loaders would not reach them. We struck the Walla Walla road about dark; could see the train had not got that far, so we took the back track. In about one hour's travel we found the train, camped on a small stream, and all well. We could smell the supper and were not long in getting alongside. The camp was about 500 yards long. Capt. Fontelroy was in charge of the commissary. When bed time came, Corporal A. Underwood was called to take charge of the prisoners. We had six Indians, and I had six men, one for each prisoner. Of the guard, I can only remember the names of Warren Keith, Sam Warfield and Doctor Bates. When we put the Indians to bed, one big Indian, who said his name was Champeog Jim, complained that there was a stick under him, and he raised up on his hands and knees and asked Bates to remove the stick. As Bates stooped to get the stick, the Indian jumped out by his side and ran, Bates after him. Some of the other boys started to help Bates, and at the same time all the other prisoners tried to make a break. I jumped out and told the boys to each hold his man. Old man Keith shoved the muzzle of his gun against the breast of the chief, pushed him over and held him to the ground. The other boys each did the same with the other prisoners. Doc Bates ran his man about 100 yards and caught him. As luck would have it, Bates was the swiftest man for 100 or 200 yards in the whole regiment. All hands then turned out and tied the prisoners hand and foot.

(Continued next week.)

## Notes and News.

The Arlington Record has been enlarged to a seven-column paper and is now the official paper of the county of Gilliam.

Senator Dufur of Wasco county gets along without a clerk to assist him in his duties in the state senate, while other senators each require one or two.

The people of The Dalles believe there is a big vein of coal underlying their city, and \$500 have been subscribed by the citizens to purchase a diamond drill, and the work of prospecting will soon commence.

While we have been having rather cool weather here in Hood River for a week or so, with the thermometer at about 40, at Antelope, in the southeastern part of the county, the mercury last week got down to zero.

Marcus Daly, the copper king of Montana, has gone to Mexico, where he recently purchased a gold mine, said to be the richest in the world. The statement is made that the ore yields \$30 in gold on the plates, and that there is a mountain of this sort of ore in sight.

The question of international interference in regard to catching Alaskan seals has settled itself. Nearly all the skins which were secured last season cost the owners upwards of \$9, while at the last London sale skins brought only \$6.50. The sealing industry, which was once an important source of revenue for Victoria, B. C., is now practically ruined.

Prof. Hedrick of the agricultural college advises spraying apple trees four or five times in a season with Bordeaux mixture for the apple scab. The first spraying should be done just as the blossoms begin to swell; the second, just after they have dropped; the third and fourth following at intervals of two weeks. If the season is a wet one, a fifth spraying will pay.

Few people in Oregon know that the weather bureau in Portland is one of the four offices where forecasts are made, yet such is the fact. Washington, Chicago and San Francisco are the other three. All the other cities of the United States must have their weather forecasts made by one of these four offices. Observer Pague of the Portland bureau is therefore one of the four men in the department allowed to make forecasts, and stands next in rank to the department professor whose headquarters are at Washington.

The opposition to Senator Mitchell at Salem and throughout the state has developed a queer combination. The populists, Bryan democrats, gold-standard republicans and gold-standard democrats have united their forces, and with them it is anything to beat Mitchell. The populists and Bryan democrats oppose him because he went back on free silver during the campaign; gold-standard republicans are afraid to trust him again, and the gold-standard democrats never did have any love for him.

Wasco county's delegation in the lower house is divided on the question of the hold-up. Mr. Huntington fills his seat every day, while Mr. Jones stays out with the obstructionists. Pressure is being brought to bear to induce Jones to assist in organizing the house, but so far he stands firm. It is claimed by Mitchell republicans in Hood River and The Dalles that Jones pledged himself during the June campaign to vote for Mitchell for senator. Huntington, it is also claimed, was pledged the same way, but it was not known by the gold-bug republicans. And if Jones and Huntington were pledged for Mitchell, every candidate for the legislature in Wasco and Sherman counties was pledged the same way.

The hold up of the Oregon legislature still continues. Jonathan Bourne and his supporters seem determined not to allow the house to organize unless they can carry their points—the election of Bourne as speaker and the defeat of Mitchell for senator. The people of the state are divided on the question, and while some write or telegraph to their representatives to go to work and organize the house, others appeal to the obstructionists to hold fast. Outside of the office seekers and those who have pet measures to put through, no one is worrying much about the failure of the house to organize. If the forty days should pass without any legislation, it would be a great saving to the taxpayers of the state. And if we have to get along with only one senator in congress, we can worry along. We have but one senator at his post now, and the same thing happened two years ago, while our legislature was in session.

**Some Reasons for Another Meeting.**  
HOOD RIVER, Jan. 21, 1897.—It is believed by many of the stockholders of the Hood River Fruit Growers' Union that the business done at the last meeting was illegal for the reason that something like sixty shares were voted by parties to whom no shares of stock had been issued. There are those who would like to know how the secretary can sell these shares, the property of the Union, without the knowledge and consent of the board of directors. There are those who want to know why, if these shares were sold, the secretary did not so state in his final report. He reported a balance on hand of \$163.86, when, as a matter of fact, he had \$220. Let the stockholders all attend the next meeting and straighten out these things. See call in another place.  
T. R. COON.

**Badly "Stuck."**  
A man was once cast away on a can-

nibal Island. When the natives discovered him, they at once began to argue as to the best method of cooking their captive. Finally one old chief said: "Gentlemen, we are wasting too much time. Let us stick the prisoner and drink his blood. Then we can settle the question of cooking later." Hearing this, the rest away remarked: "Gentlemen, it may be the custom in your country to kill and eat defenseless strangers. That's all right, and when I am in Rome I want to be a Roman, so I will not protest. But, for heaven's sake, gentlemen, don't stick me for the drinks for this whole crowd."

**Analysis of Hood River Soil.**  
CORVALLIS, Or., Jan. 16, 1897.—Mr. E. L. Smith, Hood River, Oregon—My Dear Sir: I have just finished the examination of three samples of soil sent here by you on January 10, 1896. They did not reach us till the soil work of last year was completed, hence the long delay. The results are as follows:

COMPOSITION.	W. No. 762, Hood River, Ore.	H. No. 764, Hood River, Ore.	Average of No. 762 and 764.	Average of No. 762, 764 and 765.
Coarse material.....	34.44	42.83	37.10	40.01
Pine earth.....	64.56	57.07	62.90	59.99
Insoluble matter.....	68.15	62.42	51.03	56.72
Soluble silica.....	11.48	5.59	6.43	6.01
Potash.....	.31	.20	.41	.30
Soda.....	.71	.45	.49	.55
Lime.....	.82	.88	.84	.91
Magnesia.....	.15	.24	.24	.24
Manganese.....	.12	.02	.07	.19
Iron and alumina.....	9.8	20.10	20.10	21.11
Sulphuric acid.....	.00	.01	.01	.04
Phosphoric acid.....	.02	.25	.22	.33
Water, organic matter.....	6.42	6.46	12.52	9.50
Total.....	99.18	101.56	102.44	102.44
Humus.....	1.80	2.14	2.07	2.10

We had had luck with the soils of the red lands, which introduced an error making a higher total than is desirable or allowable in most work. The error probably lies in the iron and alumina determination. The last one, No. 764, will be reworked shortly. The other, 762, being as close as many of the soils reported elsewhere, I shall allow to stand, as the benefits to be derived by a reworking would not be commensurate with the work required, and in making up averages with other soils to be examined in the future from your section, it will not materially modify the results.

The soils are all of a volcanic nature, 762 being a silty ash soil, and the others arising from decomposed lava.

No. 762 is a most excellent soil if well drained. Notwithstanding the report accompanying this soil, which states that general farming on this soil is "moderately poor," there appears to be no reason for such a condition outside of a possible lack of sufficient moisture in some localities. The soil has an abundance of potash, phosphoric acid, a fair supply of lime, and a good humus content. Its lime supply seems to be its weakest point, but this is far from deficient in soils of this nature and depth. It would be regarded as a very lasting soil, and seems to be particularly adapted to apple culture on account of the excellent potash supply. Good results are likely to follow applications of lime to this soil.

No. 763 is, evidently, judging from the accompanying report, a sample of soil covering a considerable extent of territory. It is a red soil of lava origin, the color being imparted by the iron and phosphate of iron. Like other soils of volcanic origin, it is particularly well supplied with phosphoric acid. This sample of soil has weak points in both potash and lime, and applications of these ingredients on this soil are likely to be followed with good results, and probably the latter could be applied with advantage even now, thus rendering the potash more available. These defects I do not think will be found general in soils of this character, this case being due rather to local peculiarities than otherwise.

No. 764 is another red soil, and carries more phosphate of iron than does 763, although the soil is not of so deep a color. It seems to be a most excellent soil in all critical elements, particularly in the phosphoric acid supply. Phosphate fertilizers will certainly not be needed on soil of this character. Lime is the weakest point, although it is far from being deficient.

I should be glad to examine more soils from your locality if you or some one else is willing to undertake the sampling in accordance with our directions. Very truly,  
J. W. SHAW, Chemist.

**A Cure for Lame Back.**  
"My daughter, when recovering from an attack of fever, was a great sufferer from pain in the back and hips," writes Louder Grover, of Saris, Ky. "After using quite a number of remedies without any benefit, she tried one bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and it has given entire relief." Chamberlain's Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. Sold by Williams & Brosius, pharmacists, Hood River.

**WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN** or women to travel for responsible established house in Oregon. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago.

**Ray's Sarsaparilla.**  
A highly concentrated extract of the best vegetable Alteratives known to science, combined with Iodide of Potassium. Prepared by the most approved process from carefully selected drugs. It cleanses the blood of all impure and poisonous matter, and by enriching and stimulating it, renovates and builds up the entire physical organism. Price \$1 at the Hood River Pharmacy.

**Stockholders' Meeting.**  
Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the East Side Irrigating Co. will be held at the Odell school house, on  
Saturday, February 20, 1897.  
At 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing three directors and transacting such other business as may come before the meeting.  
SAM G. CAMPBELL, Secretary.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Land Office at Vancouver, Wash., Jan. 15, 1897.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before C. G. Green, Clerk Superior Court for Okanogan county, Wash., at Stevenson, Wash., on March 2, 1897, viz:  
SAMUEL WALTON,  
H. E. No. 708, for the southwest 1/4 section 11, township 3 north, range 10 east, W. M.  
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:  
Henry Kellendonk, Harry Olson, Amos Underwood and John Burke, all of Hood River, Oregon; H. STEVENSON.  
Register.

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	1 oz.	2 oz.	4 oz.	1 pint.
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Extract Ginger.....	10	15	25	1.00
Extract Peppermint.....	10	15	25	1.00
Extract Sarsaparilla.....	10	15	25	1.00
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**Administratrix Notice.**  
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Administratrix of the estate of David K. Ordway, deceased, and has duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are therefore notified to present the same to her, properly verified, within six months from the date hereof, at the office of the county clerk of Wasco county, Oregon, or at the office of her attorney, J. H. Ordway, in The Dalles Chronicle building, at The Dalles, Oregon.  
Dated this 24th day of December, A. D. 1896.  
FANNIE A. KENNEDY,  
Administratrix of the estate of David K. Ordway deceased.  
4263

**To Lease on Shares.**  
Five acres of No. 1 strawberry land to lease on shares for a term of five years. Land plowed, harrowed, leveled ready for planting in spring; with refusal of five acres more in spring of 1897. Plenty water free. References required. Apply at this office.  
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