

# The Telephone-Register.

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REGISTER. Established August, 1881. Telephone-Register. Consolidated Feb. 1, 1889.

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Homes fitted up in the Neatest and Most Artistic Style.  
Designs furnished for Decorations.  
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Work taken by Contract or by the Day. Experienced men employed.  
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THE ONLY TRUE  
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WILL Purify the Blood, regulate the Liver and Stomach, and restore the Health and Vigor of the System. It is the only medicine that will cure the most stubborn cases of Indigestion, Headache, Nervousness, and all the ailments that result from a disordered system. It is the only medicine that will cure the most stubborn cases of Indigestion, Headache, Nervousness, and all the ailments that result from a disordered system. It is the only medicine that will cure the most stubborn cases of Indigestion, Headache, Nervousness, and all the ailments that result from a disordered system.

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Work taken by Contract or by the Day. Experienced men employed.  
Third Street, McMinnville, Oregon.

**GEO. RAMAGE,**  
The painter, paper hanger, kalsominer and decorator can be found during the day at work, and will be very willing to give estimates and furnish designs for all classes of work. On June 1, a shop will be opened opposite the Cook house. 13-14.

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ELSIA WRIGHT.  
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Robes, Whips and all the Necessaries are Kept in Stock in Endless Variety.  
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We have a large quantity of  
FIRST CLASS BRICK  
Which we will place on board cars in Hillsboro for  
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Address all orders to  
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Hillsboro, Oregon.

**The People's Market.**  
Carries the Best Line of Choice Meats in the City. Game and Fish in Season. Poultry, hides, etc., bought at the highest market price and cash paid for same. Your attention is called to the fact that we always have the best meats to be found. Your patronage is solicited.  
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J. S. HIBBS, Proprietor.  
Fresh Meats of all kinds constantly on hand. Highest price paid for Butcher's stock.  
THIRD STREET, McMINNVILLE, OR.

**THE COMMERCIAL STABLE!**  
Gates & Henry, Props.  
McMinnville, Oregon.

**Livery, Feed and Sale!**  
Everything New  
And Firstclass.  
Special Accommodations for Commercial Travellers.  
Corner Second and E Streets, one block from Cook's hotel.

**Administratrix Notice.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned Kittle Davis has been appointed by the County Court of the County of Yamhill, State of Oregon, Administratrix of the estate of Jefferson Davis, deceased.  
Therefore all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same with proper vouchers to the undersigned at the office of James Mc Cain, in McMinnville, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.  
Dated this 20th day of November, A. D. 1889.  
KITTLE DAVIS  
Administratrix of said Estate.  
F. W. Fenton, Attorney for Estate.

**Administratrix Notice.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the County Court of Yamhill county, Oregon, duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Jasper N. Cobb, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present the same to me at the office of James McCain, in McMinnville, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.  
Dated this 15th day of November, 1889.  
WM. M. COBB,  
Administrator.

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**ARE WE A DOOMED RACE?**  
SCIENTIFIC MEN FORETELL OUR EXTINCTION.  
Nevada Will Soon Be as Dead as the Moon—The States Will Stewy But Surely Follow—Civilization on This Continent Only a Question of a Few Centuries—Will it Come About?  
How much longer will Nevada be included among the states of the Union? This is the question that the recent census report has caused to be greatly discussed among the scientific men of Washington. Up to the present time it has not been an imagined possibility that any one of the United States could be deprived of its statehood. But what can prevent this happening eventually?  
A gentleman connected with the Smithsonian Institute, with the greater part of the alphabet attached to his name, like the tail to a kite, talked to the *Examiner* correspondent on this subject just the other day. He was unwilling to have his name used, as he observed:  
"I may visit Nevada one of these days, and I should prefer not to be the central figure at a lynching party of indignant Nevadians.  
In answer to the question that heads this article he replied:  
"I cannot say any exact date for such an occurrence but it will be before long. According to the last census Nevada only shows a population of 45,000 souls all told, and this number is fast diminishing.  
"Nevada will, before many years have passed, be, to all intents and purposes, a dead state—defunct as is the moon. So rapidly has it been undergoing the process of depopulation that it has now fewer people in it than ordinarily would go to make a good-sized town.  
"Now, what is the reason of this? "It is very simple. Nevada's resources are of a mineral nature, and they are being exhausted rapidly. Soon they will be entirely gone and people will be unable to live there.  
"The appalling thing to contemplate in connection with this subject is that it is only the first of the states of the Union which are destined to die. So tremendously prosperous does the country at present appear that hardly anyone seems to have realized the fact that things cannot last indefinitely as they are. And yet it is believed by many of the deepest scientific thinkers of the day that within a few centuries civilized man will have been wiped off the face of this continent, for the simple reason that it will no longer support his being.  
"In order that this may be understood it is necessary to explain that this western part of the world known as North and South America is from the scientific point of view an inferior continent as compared with the land-masses of the other continent. By that is meant that while superior to Europe, Asia or Africa in point of vegetable productivity, it is less adapted to the support of animal life. To show that this is so make a little comparison for yourself between the beasts of this hemisphere and those of the other. The elephant of the world is represented here by the tapir. What we have as a substitute for the camel is the llama, which is just big enough and strong enough to carry what would be a load for a man.  
"The lion and tiger of Asia and Africa are represented on this side of the earth by what are little more than big cats.  
"But, to arrive at the most marked exhibition of this contrast you cannot do better than consider the monkeys, which are most highly developed of all animals, approaching very nearly to man. What is there to be found in the Americas to correspond with the anthropoid apes of the old world? The gorilla, which is easily taught to walk upon the table, and to perform other domestic duties, and the orang-outang, who presents so many likenesses to a human being, are represented on this side of the earth by miserable little monkeys with tails. Thus it is that this part of the earth is termed an inferior continent, because it is not able to produce or support such high developments as are found in the other part. Civilized men exist here to-day, not as a natural product, but as an importation.  
"When the first explorers came to America they found here people in a savage condition, although some approaches had been made toward civilization in Central America, Mexico and Peru. Nature had done so little for man on this hemisphere that he would undoubtedly have remained a savage if the immigrant had not come from abroad. To prove how ill he was supplied on this continent with means of getting ahead, consider how few useful beasts were provided for his aid. On the eastern continent his brethren were supplied with the horse, the cow, the ass, the goat, the camel, the elephant and the chicken. What did the native American possess against this list? He had a small beast known nowadays as an Indian dog, which was capable of doing a small amount of work in the harness. Also he found at his disposal the bison, an intractable creature that no man has ever been able to tame and which, like the Indian himself, would rather die than work. In South America he had the llama. To all intents and purposes the primitive native of the Americas did their work unaided by the beasts of the field.  
"How is this country run and made a business, and therefore an economic success? Simply by drawing upon the resources, which will necessarily come to an end before long. In the old world, civilization grew up around the Mediterranean, where a land-locked sea reaches out by innumerable arms into the land, so that commerce and intercourse are made inexpensive. In America what have we? A solid block of land with some magnificent rivers. But the means of traffic here are so defective naturally that, in order to carry it on profitably the coal mines are being digged to their deepest their resources and sums almost fabulous expended yearly in the construction and running of railways. Sooner or later those resources will give out and what will happen then? People talk of the inexhaustible productivity of the prairie, but there are men living now who remember when the Genesee valley in New York was the wheat producing area of the United States. Where is that area now? The Genesee valley has been so exhausted agriculturally that it is no longer capable of producing wheat and within the recollection of the present generation the wheat area has gone as far westward as Dakota. It cannot go much farther, because beyond there is even more fertile soil, but the rapidly multiplying population of the fields has been exhausted, the mines have been worked out, the forests have been destroyed, and whatever resource nature has bestowed upon this continent, has been for years past in rapid process of destruction. The country is pursuing an existence like that of the prodigal youth who mistakes his principal for his income.  
"There has got to be an end to this at some time. But for the moment it is even more interesting to consider not vegetation, nor beasts, but the animal who calls himself man. Within the last few years the ratio of increase in the native population of the United States has markedly and rapidly diminished. So steady has been the decline that, were it not for immigration the American would most certainly and unquestionably disappear from the United States before the lapse of many centuries. At this moment it is true that, without supplies of population from the other hemisphere, the American would be vanquished by the conditions of nature as they are found on this side of the world, and would be long vanished completely. The turn-point in the history of this nation has not been reached as yet and will not be arrived at until—although that time is not far distant—the resources of the country have been exhausted. But those resources cannot last indefinitely. The increase of nature in America does not suffice to support civilized man; he is obliged to draw upon the principal, and in a comparatively short time the bank account is used up. Such progress as we have made has been secured at the awful expense of extravagantly wasting the natural stores of wealth. It has been a golden that those stores were so great. No sooner had one source of production of value been used up in this great and only partially fertile continent, than some other source of supply has been discovered. The gold mines of California have been used up so that now the waste from their former operation is being refined for what may remain in the dirt, but more gold has been found in the Black Hills and elsewhere. However, this sort of thing cannot continue always. At a period rather sooner than later, the capital will all be spent, and the people on this continent will be obliged to depend for their support upon what it is naturally able to produce. How serious this problem will be to be faintly realized from the assertion which science makes that this continent, being adapted to the vegetable rather than the animal, is incapable of supporting civilized man.  
"But the vegetable resources of the soil in the United States are being exhausted with frightful rapidity. The Eastern states have begun to be unproductive agriculturally. Thousands of acres in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and elsewhere in the Eastern states have been deserted by the farmer. In order to make the once fertile acres of Pennsylvania and New York still productive millions of dollars have to be spent annually in fetching guano from the islands off the coast of South America. This reproductive supply is a temporary one. It cannot last long, because the deposits of this bird manure are limited in amount and have already diminished much in quality. But it is easily seen that those formerly rich tracts in the districts mentioned are absolutely dependent for their productiveness upon resources other than their own. And yet farming has only been an industry in this country to an extent which would imply exhaustion of the soil for less than 200 years. Ohio, Indiana and sections the rebarrens were settled at first within the recollection of persons now alive and yet they are compelled to depend to-day upon imported fertilizers.  
"To put it plainly the so-called American people have ramped over this continent regardless of their future. They have delved into the soil, chopped into the mountains, and used up the land, until there stares them in the face the almost immediate prospect of starvation. As for the state of Nevada, we have not been twenty-five years and its resources are exhausted. It is already diminished much in quality. It is unable to support a population. The people who inhabit it are obliged to go because they can no longer make their living there, and is simply a question of a short time when it will become dead, as impossible to revive into the living condition of a state as if it were a district on the moon.  
"Through the progressive exhaustion of the resources of the country, one state after another will necessarily become uninhabitable because it will be incapable of supporting a population. This will come about the depopulation of one state after another of course by a slow process through many years, and

there will be presented the remarkable phenomenon of the dropping from the Union of one state after another, because of some one no longer entitled to representation under the law by senators and representatives. Nevada will simply be the first state to succumb to the operation of this inevitable law.  
"The outlook is melancholy. That is not to be denied. It is not pleasant to consider the frame of mind of the last civilized man on this continent, a very few centuries hence, standing on a sand-hill where once the maize luxuriantly grew, and shedding a silent tear of frustration on the past at a continent which is given up to savagery ever-more."—*Examiner*.

**JUST LIKE A DIME NOVEL.**  
THE GREAT TERROR THAT FELL ON THE CHEYENNES.  
They Killed One of His Family and He Killed Over One Hundred and Fifty of Them—Hadn't Finished, in Fact, Had Just Begun—He Bore a Charmed Life—What Became of Him at Last.  
In June, 1862, a man named Sanderson packed his family and a few household goods into a covered wagon and headed west from Omaha to find a location to please him somewhere along the Platte. He had with him his wife, a boy fourteen years of age, a girl of twelve, and a boy of twelve, whom he had picked up and adopted.  
At the date named one passed into the Indian country very quickly from any point on the upper Missouri. The lone emigrant family kept going and going, avoiding the Indians by some strange luck, and finally brought up on the Loup Fork of the Platte river, near the center of the then territory of Nebraska.  
The family were living in a wagon placed near a small clump of trees, while a hut was being built for a permanent residence. One night the horses broke away and in the morning Sanderson started out to recover them. They led him a chase of nine or ten miles, and, owing to his losing his way, it was mid-afternoon before he returned. An awful discovery awaited him. Indians had attacked the camp, and every member of his family had been killed and scalped. The buzzards were gathering when he arrived. When he had buried the bodies he took a solemn oath to devote the rest of his life to revenge, and how that oath was kept is a familiar history to many Indian fighters and scouts.  
Luckily for Sanderson he was soon joined by a party of hunters, who were bound for the Laramie mountains, and he was with them for three weeks before reaching Fort Laramie. They gave him all the pointers on Indian life they could, and when he had traded his arms and accoutrements for a heavy rifle, two Colt's revolvers and a hunting knife. I was then attached to the fort as a scout, and when I found that no argument could move him from his purpose I gave him all aid and advice. I got him a suit of buckskin, helped him to mould 500 bullets, furnished him with a reliable compass and rode with him for two days to the mouth of the Whiskey country. The tribe had done him no wrong, but it was hostile, and one Indian was the same as another. I found the man moody and uncommunicative, but I knew the torture he was suffering and could excuse his demeanor. It was three months before he returned to the fort, and he then had the scalps of twenty-one Indians to prove that he had not been wasting time. He was in more cheerful mood now, and I managed to secure the particulars of some of his adventures.  
Soon after I left him he discovered the trail of a village on the move. He followed until he found the Indians on a creek in a long and narrow valley. He hid his horse and saddle baggage away in a cave, and prowled away in search of prey. The herd of ponies was pastured above the village, and he killed one, wounded two, and had been holding his own with the spare rifles.  
By January, 1863, Sanderson had thirty-nine Indian scalps. During all that year he came into the fort but once. In January, 1864, his scalps numbered over seventy. He then procured improved firearms and fixed ammunition, and on setting out for new adventures he said to me:  
"Before I come in again I shall bring the number up to an even hundred."  
"And you will quit then?"  
"No; I shall have only begun!"  
He had made war on the Cheyennes alone, and by this time the entire tribe was in a state of excitement and terror. He heard of his doings occasionally through half-breeds and trappers. He came and went like a shadow. Sometimes he left a trail, but if it was followed one or more of his pursuers would be killed. He killed old and young, and knew no mercy. Parties were made up to hunt him down, but they could not find him. As soon as he got the reputation of being a "white spirit" his work was easier, as there was no ardor in the pursuit of him. The Cheyennes felt themselves accursed, and two or three different medicine men, who tried to charm the spirit and failed, were banished or put to death.  
The greatest slaughter Sanderson ever inflicted at one time was on a band of a sub-tribe called "Swift Horse." This was in July, 1864. A camp of about sixty lodges was driven out of a valley in the Laramie mountains by a cloudburst. Everybody and everything had to run before the coming flood for about a mile, when people and ponies deflected to the left and found safety in a gorge. The wall of this were almost perpendicular, and their crests covered with shrubbery. While penned in here Sanderson opened fire on them from above, and also rolled great rocks upon their heads. Many of the Indians were unarmed and those who had their rifles could not use them against him. They reported that he had killed twelve people and

injured many others. Afterwards met with a Cheyenne whose left shoulder was badly "lopped," and he told me that it was crushed by one of the stones flung into the gorge that day.  
Sanderson had now become such a terror that the tribe, instead of splitting up into five or six bands, consolidated for mutual protection, and a large number of young men were always scouting and on guard. If a war party left the village it was dogged and harassed, or the avenger took advantage to attack the village. One night in the spring of 1866, while a war party of sixty-four Cheyennes were camped on the north fork of the Platte, in Nebraska, Sanderson got among them and killed twenty-eight of them with his knife. One of the guards, who was called "Bear on the Hill," whom I saw at Fort Laramie during a truce, ran upon the white man as he was doing his work and was killed and scalped. The war party at once returned home.  
On the 16th of July, 1865, Sanderson appeared at the fort for the last time. He had an Indian pony, and brought in five rifles and fourteen scalps. He had at this time upward of 100 scalps, and had killed, as he told me, at least 140 Indians and sixty or seventy ponies. He was in the best of health, and wanted a new suit of buckskin and a supply of ammunition. He had no idea of abandoning his quest for revenge, but, on the contrary, was more determined than ever. He remained with us eight days, and then left the fort one midnight, saying he should probably come in again about the 1st of November. He was not seen or heard of again by any white man, nor yet by any of the Indians. What his fate was no one will ever know. Had he fallen in the hands of the red men they would have boasted of it, and had any of the white men encountered him word would have been passed along to us. It is likely that he met with some fatal accident in the mountains.  
When Sanderson came into the fort it was late in October and snow had already fallen. He announced his intention of lying up somewhere along the south fork of the Laramie for the winter, and as the raiding season of the hostiles was about over I got leave of absence for sixty days and decided to return with him. My mission was to prospect for gold and silver among the mountains, but I was well armed and had a horse and a pack of provisions. When Sanderson came into the fort it was late in October and snow had already fallen. He announced his intention of lying up somewhere along the south fork of the Laramie for the winter, and as the raiding season of the hostiles was about over I got leave of absence for sixty days and decided to return with him. My mission was to prospect for gold and silver among the mountains, but I was well armed and had a horse and a pack of provisions.

**SUN DANCE OF THE SIOUX.**  
QUEER CUSTOMS OF THE SIOUX INDIANS.  
Dancing a Ceremony Observed at Every Important Occasion—The Initiation of the Warrior a Performance That Ends Fatally in One Case Out of Four—An Indian Burial.  
When a Sioux youth arrives at man's estate he has the choice of being a woman-man—the word "squaw" is unknown to the Sioux—or of proving by the tortures of the sun dance that he is fitted to be a warrior. If he prefers to be a woman-man he will not be ill-treated or even scolded at. He will become a house-hold slave, as the women are, and employed like them as a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the men of the tribe.  
He must dress like the woman, and like them be left at home when the braves go hunting or to battle. In fact this treatment is such a matter of course that a stranger might visit a camp and encounter any number of these persons and have no reason to suppose that they were other than women.  
With the young man it is a different affair. His chances of dying under it are considerable. The deaths, when all the forms are rigidly complied with cannot be less than one in four. Few white men could survive but the toughest constitution of the Indian holds up marvelously when every nerve must be in agony. It was in a Sioux camp on a bluff near the Missouri river that I witnessed the sun dance. In a "teepee," or tent, of buffalo skin, four or five braves were dancing slowly and deliberately around the center-pole keeping up a monotonous chant. I noticed that each of them was attached to the center pole by long strings of buffalohide. In one or two cases the strings were connected with the breast, in the other cases near the neck. The muscular tissue near each nipple, if the fastening was at the front, had been gathered by the grasp of the hand and a knife run through it. Then the tough string of the buffalohide was passed through the opening and connected with the pole. If the fastening was at the back the process was similar. The pain thus occasioned may be imagined. He must not only endure without a sigh or a groan, but must forthwith proceed to dance, and keep up the dancing without food, for days if requisite, until the friction of the rawhide severs the muscles and releases

the captive, who is now a full-fledged brave.  
He is then immediately fed a rich soup prepared for the occasion, and every care and attention that Indians know is bestowed upon his recovery. The young man may be released from torture at any time by asking. In that case he is doomed to be a swamman, just the same as if he had never offered himself as a candidate. Those whom the writer saw persisted to the last, one of them, however, dying at the pole. The body was removed without comment to the teepee in which the youth had lived. Every now and then one of the dancers would give an extra tug in order to hasten the break, but as a rule they all kept up a sound as monotonous as their song. The fathers of the young men sat or stood about except when they were by, but not by words. One man, however, Two Bears, bore the scars of a dozen battles. His son was at the pole, the picture of his parent in parent in physique, and evidently bent upon showing that parent that he was worthy to be a warrior. There was not only an indifference but a conscious pride in his movements as he circled about, and when at length the muscles parted and he was released, the old chief gave the first and only sign of his feelings in a gratified "ugh!"  
"Such men should grow up to be warriors is not strange.  
On one occasion, near Rice, Dak., I witnessed an Indian funeral. The brave, a man of influence in the tribe and who carried on his left hand the scar of a terrible wound, said to have been received at Fort Phil Kearney, was laid out stiff and stark in the teepee in which he died. The women, just as Christian women do, washed the corpse and then dressed him in all his ornaments, a red blanket was wrapped about him and a bow and quiverful of arrows were added to the equipment of death. Then the body was carried on his favorite pony led by a warrior, to the place of rest. On four poles with crotches, freshly driven into the ground a platform of sticks was laid at a height of about ten feet. On this platform the body rested, as if the warrior were asleep in his blanket, with his bow and quiver beside him. Then the living braves circled about the scaffold with a slow, sorrowful motion, uttering a song or plaint. They made three or four rounds, then, silently remounting their ponies, they returned to camp, leaving their dead comrade to the company of the birds of heaven. In the dry air of Dakota the body becomes rapidly desiccated and one can be in the neighborhood of scores of these lurid scaffolds without noticing anything offensive. It is also a singular fact that the carrion birds seldom look for food among the bodies thus exposed. The motive for disposing of remains in this way probably is to save them from the wolves, which would scratch up a grave. Bodies are sometimes hidden high up in the branches of a tree, and it was an unusual thing in the river bottoms of the Missouri river to come across a departed warrior thus disposed of.  
The Indian witch, or medicine dance is very different from the performances just described. It is really a weird affair and almost as difficult to witness as the celebrations that Yankee witches were said to indulge in in the olden time. The medicine men of the Sioux do not seek publicity in their incantations, and it was only by chance that I came across them. The Indians, however, through some peculiar operations at a point remote from their camp. A stick about three feet in length was stuck in the ground and from it hung out in the breeze a long-haired scalp. The hair was dark, and looking so from a distance I could not tell whether it was that of a white woman or of an Indian. It might have been either. The three Indians were leaping and gesturing and at frequent intervals they would mumble something, not a song apparently, but disconnected words. Occasionally they would point toward the scalp. Then they would mumble again and jump about. They were not painted, and their attire was different from that of the ordinary braves. They noticed me, and while they made no demonstration of hostility their expression denoted plainly that they would rather be left alone. The shades of evening were falling on prairie, and hill and river. The setting sun, and here on this hill, away from the painted tents, and the silent cotton-wood, these children of nature were enacting their strange enactment to move in some way that supernatural power which seems to have deserted the Indian race.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

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