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McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1892.

VOL. IV. NO. 26

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## A COWBOY CONNOISSEUR.

REMINGTON, THE WILD WEST ARTIST, ON THE BULL-PUNCHER.

Life and Language of the Most Picturesque Remaining Features of the Woolly West--Anecdotes of the Riders.

The men who follow the bulls through the chaparrals for a small salary and the peculiarities of their own, and the least of them is not the way they think and talk. They do not look at life in a large way like a newspaper reporter, for their views are bounded by a horizon containing simple elements, less possibilities, and but one hope.

The cowboy is strangely unimaginative, absolutely unconventional, and his character is as tough as his life, made hard and narrow by combat with appalling dangers, great vicissitudes and an absence of contact with ideas at variance with his own. He shows in his methods of verbal expression that he has succumbed to his environment, for he thinks horses, talks horses and dreams horses, and awakens to find himself, with some meat and bread and a quart of coffee under his belt, sitting on a horse, while the red gleam begins to burn bright in the east, to come up a hill of fire and blaze the gray prairie yellow with light as the bronze brushes the dew away in his stride. Then over the hill and down the dales and across the plains he goes as he swings off the seventy miles of the "outside circle."

The cowboy's life is passed alone, with only his pony and the great stretch of solemn plains and the flat blue sky. He has little use for his voice, though his thoughts may wander as far afield as any poet's: "doubt not, however, they are confined to very material subjects, and that the print of a split hoof in the sand will titillate his mental vision more than the tremendous roll of the brown land as it goes away to meet the blue hills with the white diamonds set in their caps on the western horizon. He will yell "E-yo-yo!" at a bunch of scared steers as they go off down the coule with their tails in the air, or he may draw his pony's hide in a low soft drawl, which will be simply God-like in its simplicity and ease of passion.

I have heard one Texan tell another, while regarding him fixedly over a six-inch barrel, that he prosed then and there to break the sixth commandment, and his voice betrayed about as much emotion as yours might if you said you were not going to church. In short, a quick, sharp Yankee thinks a Texan is saying that he would snap off in a twinkling. The feature of his speech is inimitable, to say the least; it is seldom successfully rendered on the stage and cannot be written at all, although his phrasing may be given. One never becomes tired of lending an ear to the knight of the rope and revolver when he "reckons he'll pull his freight," or explains that "anything's grub to an Injua jes so it ain't pisen."

This man never talks very loud, and when he is not preoccupied with the scratching of brands upon the earth of a stick, he will look you full and square in the eye as calmly as a big yellow lion in the menagerie. You will find in his gaze a positive quality and you will wonder him most distinguished consideration. In the gaze of his perfect self-containment you will feel your inferiority, for no English high caste man ever regarded the rest of the world from so high a pinnacle as this tanned and dusty person who sleeps in a blanket and eats bacon three times a day. The points which interest you in his conversation are not generally intended for humor on his part, but they mostly are "shootin' matters" if their dignity is questioned, though of course he drops an occasional expression which is as dry as seed corn, but which grows.

Six painted Sioux gave a cowboy a ride for his life once, and when I saw him he was seated on a box with his pony standing near by panting forlornly. He allowed in his quiet way that he had "run plenty—I only hit the ground in the high places" and after a pause he nodded to his pony and mused: "He's a plum good pony fo' shu'—lightnin' 'll never strike him if he gets a fair start."

It was in a little town in Dakota when the Sioux were out that the ranch folks from the surrounding country had gathered for protection that I was talking with a big blonde ranchman who was saddling a horse to go back to his lonely ranch house on the Cheyenne river. "No we didn't have no trouble, but I out some Injun sign in the hills back on the ranch, and my women folks got to jumpin' sideways, so I pulled 'em up town." To this man his wife and his pony acted alike, both going kindly at times and at others they pitched, "and when a woman gets to pitchin' I reckon it ain't much use tryin' to handle her."

The blizzard howled around the tepee of Lieutenant Casey in his scout camp on the White Clay, when cowboy courier crawled in out of the night and gave up his dispatches. After warning his hands he squatted down to engage himself in the inevitable process of rolling his cigarette. When the officer had completed the reading of his papers he turned to the man and questioned him as to the First and the Seventeenth United States infantry regiments which he had passed on the march.

"How many wagons did they have?" asked the officer. "Well, there was wagons till I just naturally got tired of lookin' at 'em; it 'peared like they had a heap of damage." Encouraged by the explicitness of this very military reply, Mr. Casey resumed:



UNCLE SAM--I say, Benny, that Umbrella doesn't do Me a Bit of Good.

"How many men were there in the column?" "Well, there was a heap of soldiers, but they didn't bunch up right, so I couldn't count 'em," replied the sage of the foothills, whereat the tent full of officers indulged in a laugh, and the cowboy concealed himself in his knowledge of the fact that a soldier could not count cows without the aid of a slate and pencil.

When a cowboy has a contempt for anything or anybody it is a large healthy sentiment and is made to prevail. The boss of the X outfit discharged a man who had hired out to "ride anything that w'ars la!" with the remark that "you couldn't ride a box-car." Again, one of his men had got confused in the labyrinths of the bad lands and was comforted with "Lost, was you--hump, was the pony lost too? Some horses know more than some men, and if you ever find one of that kind I reckon you'd better tie up to him." And the boss roared off with muttered regrets for the future of a man who "didn't know which end of a horse to tie to a post."

The accomplishment of singing is generally indulged in by cowboys when the sound of their voice is liable to strike on no more sensitive ears than those of a three-year-old steer, but there was once a young man who came west with an assortment of sentimental ditties and straggle-terms from the east, and he used these in camp at all hours to the detriment of his placidity and solemn repose. Said old Mr. Reuben of Peecos:

"Young man, did anyone ever tell you you could sing?" and this in a sympathetic and inquiring voice. "No; no one ever did," said the musical person. "No one ever will, I reckon," concluded the former.

When Jim came back from Montana and asked Bill about the old times and old people in Arizona, he inquired particularly for their mutual friend Tim. "In jail!" "You don't tell--what for?" "Nothing much, but they put it up on Tim." "That's hard lines; what was the trouble?" "Well, Tim shot the arm off a Mexican woman and the folks sort of got down on him for it." But Tim had any amount of sympathy lavished on him.

A cowboy came into camp after a ride of several days, during which time he had nothing to eat. "Why didn't you eat the pony?" some one asked. He looked up in surprise and said: "Eat the pony? Why, I'd been afoot then, wouldn't I?" You ask him if he knows a particular horse and he'll say, "I'd know his hide hanging on a bush;" and when Judge Carroll drives by he will say, "There goes Judge Carroll's sorrel." When he says a pony is not a good one he says, "he couldn't head a yearlin' in a box stall," and when he says a horse is vicious, "he's the onerous horse on the range," and perhaps adds, "I busted that horse, and pardner, he can buck real scientific--he'll make a man think he ought to get off if he don't convince him of it."

It was further suggested that starvation was a tough trail to a future life. "Yes, but I reckon old St. Peter wouldn't have much use for a cowboy that come afoot, would he?" And the sense of the meeting was that there would be little hope for such a one. In the conversation of those men there is one topic which is seldom allowed to lapse. Other subjects may walk the stage in a desultory way, but the horse question is always in order. "The white-faced sorrel with a Colorado brand," is a malleable question, and a feverish interest will embody itself in Thompson's right of ownership in "the white Injun pony with the spavin."

Either of these will furnish an evening's entertainment for a cowboy, and he will roll up in his blanket and go to sleep, wondering how much money will buy the roan which Ben Hash-kuffe got for \$30 of the tenderfoot from the Post last spring. This horse has a mouth "like a school girl," and that horse "can turn around on a ten-cent piece" another is "light behind," meaning he will kick, and the last is good "from one jump to the end of the road." This Texas person will tell Mrs. B-- that her lady is "a smooth yearlin'" and will say of Judge B-- that the "Judge knows too much for sure for a man and not enough for a woman."

The Texas cowboy is not given to much explanation as will be seen by the following instance, which I overheard. Two cowmen were engaged in a very lively conversation, and while one was shaking his finger and telling what there was to the matter in a very earnest manner, the other kept shaking his head and saying in a low voice, "I don't know about that," until finally the first sat back and glared fiercely and said, "Well--it, I'm a tellin' you so that you will know."

ESTABLISHING A CHURCH--How a Hardened Sinner Helped Bishop Whittaker at Virginia City. When Bishop Whittaker came to Virginia City he wanted to establish a church. It was nothing to get trustees for a mining company, but in a church enterprise a man has to die to fill his shorts. Yet the bishop did pretty well. He finally got all his trustees save one, and he selected Abe--for the honor, though Abe was a sinner, and a profane one at that. Abe attended the first meeting of the trustees.

"I would be glad to help you, bishop," he said, but--"I don't know; I can run a mine or a quartz mill, but I don't know any more than a chinaman about running a church." But the bishop prevailed. He informed the trustees that he had plans and specifications for a church that would cost \$9000, but included. He said he believed \$1500 might be raised by subscription, leaving the church but \$7500 in debt, which amount would run at low interest and might be paid up in four or five years. Everybody expressed approval except Abe, who kept silent. His opinion was asked by the clergyman.

"Why,--it, bishop," cried Abe, "I told you that I knew nothing about church business, but I don't like the plan. If you were to get money at 15 per cent per annum which is only half the banking rate, your interest would amount to nearly \$1200 a year, or as much as you expect to raise for a commencement. If you want a church,--it, why don't you work the business as though you believed it would pay?" Abe sat down and the bishop's heart sank. "Well, have you got a better scheme?" asked one of the trustees. "You bet!" says Abe. "I move that an assessment of \$1000 be levied on each of the trustees the same to be paid immediately."

## RIDES WILD BRONCHOS.

A Sixteen-Year-Old Girl Who Beats All Horseback Records.

The feats of cowboys in riding wild and untamed horses are ever an object of interest to eastern riders, who have been so impressed with the powers of these half wild men that they imagine them to be a species of centaur. The Philadelphia Press admits that it is true that many of the cowboys are expert riders, but says there is nothing unusual about their riding. There is a rider in the vicinity of Mabecet, Texas, however, who is greatly out of the ordinary, and whose riding is the comment of even this section, where good riding is the rule and not the exception. This rider is a girl, "Bronco Kate." She is the daughter of a cattleman and has been all her life on the plains with the cowboys and she could ride a horse when she was three years old. She is the idol of every cattleman on the range and when Kate wants a horse there is not a man in the country but would walk if she would take his animal.

Kate Chapman is but sixteen years old, but she is undoubtedly the most fearless rider in the world. She never hesitates an instant about getting on the wildest and most vicious animal on the range and it makes no difference to her whether it has ever had a saddle on its back. Her latest escapade was to ride and break in a mustang which had the reputation of being a man killer. This animal is especially vicious and not only throws its rider, but goes after him when he is down and strikes and bites him, trying to kill him. Kate had been wanting to ride this bronco for some time, but every man on the range opposed it and did all in his power to prevent it. The girl was not to be baffled, however, and catching the horse in a corral she saddled him. She then blindfolded him and in this condition forced him out on the open prairie and mounted him. The brute stood perfectly still until she lifted the blindfold and then began a terrible battle, in which the girl came out victor and rode the horse at will wherever she pleased.

The Shrewd Italian Manager. An amusing bit of inside history, which will show the methods pursued in Italy of securing American singers, was related in the corridor of the Russell house yesterday by gentleman who has just come over from Italy. A certain prominent singer, who is well-known here, wanted to make his debut in "Lothengrin" and, according to the custom, paid the manager of a large theatre \$2000 for assisting him to come out. The manager agreed to give him one appearance in the part, but when he heard the American tenor sing he said to himself that the tenor had no voice, which was certainly a fact at that time. Now, what should he do? He had the \$2000, which he would not give up, and at the same time he could not give the tenor an appearance on account of the reputation of the theatre. So he hit upon an idea. Going to a burly chorus singer, he said:

"When Sig. S-- comes on at the last rehearsal in his swan bump against him." "But he will knock me down," said the man. "That doesn't matter. I'll give you 100 francs. Only bump hard." The man did as requested. Sig. S-- promptly knocked the man down, and then there was a regular fistie encounter, which was interrupted by the gardener dragging both the tenor and the chorus singer to jail. The manager wrung his hands with well-feigned despair.

"Diavolo! what shall I do?" he exclaimed. "My star, my wonderful star has gone to prison. Announce that the tenor is retained the money without risking his reputation. Since then, however, the tenor has risen to great prominence and the manager would now pay him almost \$2000 to appear at his theatre."

## QUEENS IN THE KITCHEN.

Royal Women Who Have Had a Liking For Culinary Experiments.

"Under Louis XIV nothing was thought of, as you may imagine, except good living. The grand Roi had personally no social talent whatever, but on the other hand ladies of the highest lineage did not hesitate to put their fingers into the pastry. It was a time when Mme. de Maintenon, to satisfy a caprice of her royal lover, invented 'cotelettes en papillotes,' and when the Princess de Conti imagined the 'carre de mouton,' which has remained her greatest title of glory. In her retreat of Les Rochers Mme. de Sevigne's aristocratic fingers grilled wafers of exquisite taste and of which she was almost as proud as of her letters, which, however, were evidently written to regale the court and the city.

"Queens themselves have passed an apprenticeship in the kitchen. Moreover, did not Francois I, of gallant memory, set the fashion by furnishing the recipe for savory fritters which naturally everybody found perfect? The haughty Marie Antoinette interested in the details of the cuisine, and if she did not, like the Dutchess of Burgunda, make her own butter, she at least supervised its preparation. It is known that when at the Little Trianon she made broiches which rivaled the famous of Nanterre.

"In reality, however, these occupations were agreeable pastimes rather than royal duty. Such was the work of Louis XVI, when making locks, or of Louis XV, as he passed from the cultivation of strawberries or lettuce to needlework or embroidery. Louis XV had a genuine passion for horticulture. He did not content himself with perfecting a system of hot-houses and of heating apparatus for all his chateaux, but he gave impulsion also to the growing of all kinds of vegetables, and especially of new varieties of trees, for which so many royal nurseries were at that moment established. But he was most at ease before a cooking furnace, now overseeing his ovens a la fanatique, browned to a turn over a red-hot fire, now preparing in accordance with established rules a beverage called coffee, just then coming into fashion or concocting one of those pies which he sent carefully wrapped up, to M. Duflon in return for a quarter of venison received from that famous naturalist. At the same time as his father-in-law, Stanislas, Louis XV, invented tables which came in without being touched by human hands to offer their contents to surfeited palates; but those of the King of France came up from under the floor, while those of the King of Poland descended from the ceiling.

"One can almost imagine a monarch on monarchs who were gourmands, and we do recall Caram's witicism: 'Is not the science which nourishes the equal to the one that kills?' a profound and sensible thought from a chef of whom Louis XVIII, did not hesitate to take lesson. That King who died afflicted with the gout for having indulged too freely in the pleasures of the table, merited one day the praise of the celebrated chef whose counsels he followed with docility. A great lover of mussels, he gave Talleyrand the recipe for a sauce which adds greatly to the taste of that dish; and as Talleyrand communicated to the King the reflections of his head cook the monarch replied: 'Caram is right, but I very much fear it will be a long time before I should be able to create a minister of the public cuisine.'

"Long before the time of Louis XVIII we find Josephine carefully looking after the household details. She had brought back from the colonies a famous recipe for guava preserves, which she prepared for the first consul and of which he was very fond. Kitchening seems to be the only species of work that no one need blush for; and after all, does not hunger justify the means? In the midst of that period of the French revolution known as the reign of terror, did not the ex-captaine monk Chabot (an expert in the science of good living, in remembrance, no doubt of the cholerist) event the 'omelette truffee aux pointes d'asperges' and also 'a la puree de pintades'? Did you know that it was to the elector of Bavaria that we owe the 'havarose,' which was prepared and made under his own eyes for the first time at the Cafe Procope?

"Modern history also offers noble examples to our admiration. The Empress Elizabeth, Austria, that accomplished horse woman, that sovereign of a court where aristocratic prejudices are of the strongest kind, glories in her talent as a pastry cook. Her daughter the Archduchess Valeria, boasts of having penetrated all the secrets of the ancient and modern cuisine.

Queen Victoria is very fond of making omelets, and it seems she has several recipes. Her daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales, excels in preparing tea and buttered toast. But princes of royal blood have more serious occupations, and time was when the heir to the throne of England devoted his leisure hours to the study of etymology, and when Prince Albert delved assiduously in works of paleontology.

Many of the dwellers of the deep seas have no eyes, and are, therefore, unaffected by the total absence of light, which is one of the characteristics of great ocean depths. Others, besides having from one to 100 eyes, carry torches of phosphorescent light, which nature has kindly provided for the denizens of deep.

An umbrella company has been incorporated with a capital of \$5,000,000 and is to carry on business in all the states and foreign countries. Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure at Druggists.