

Yamhill County Reporter

VOL. XXXI.

Entered at the Postoffice in McMinnville, as Second-class matter.

McMINNVILLE, ORE., FRIDAY, SEPT. 13, 1901.

One Dollar if paid in advance, Single numbers five cents.

NO. 39.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and Substitutes are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Harmless and Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 37 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

DALLAS COLLEGE and LaCREOLE ACADEMY

Located at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon.
In a Beautiful and Healthful Location.

First Term of School Year Opens Sept. 25, 1901.

Co-Educational.
Complete College and Academic Courses; also Courses in Music, Art and Business.
Thorough Instruction.
First-class Dormitory Privileges.
Expenses Reduced to the Minimum.

For Further Information Address

C. C. POLING, Pres.

Do You Read?

Latest Books \$1.35

A Large Line of Books Just Arrived at

Williams' Book Store.

Take The Reporter and Get the News

The Invasion of the Wooleygoggles

A Thrilling Narrative by Our Special Correspondent of the Recent Lambasting of Our Defenceless Coast By a Strange Foe.

Early Friday morning sixteen pirates came ashore in a wooleygoggle from a rakish looking man-of-war hovering off the coast and demanded the unconditional surrender of Happy camp. This demand, coming, as it did, from a parcel of fierce, mustached sea robbers, armed with dangling swords, created consternation among the campers. While the men folks stood scowling, the female contingent took fright, and dropping chopping knives and hairpins, sought safety in brack and bush of surrounding hills.

By this time the male population was on the verge of frenzy. A panic was happily averted at this juncture, however, by the timely arrival of Captain Allen from the huckleberry patch on Crab hill. Striding across the sands to where the sixteen sea robbers stood in line with drawn swords before the wooleygoggle, Captain Allen demanded an explanation. For reply the first mate of the wooleygoggle smote the sand three times with the blade of his sword, then, drawing back his foot, he politely lifted the captain's morocco red fez cap nine feet in the air with the point of his tooth pick shoe, saying as his sole spat the sand, "I have spoken."

This insult so justly incensed Captain Allen that he pardonably did a hasty act that brought on international complications with a strange people, and plunged the entire Tillamook coast in war. Quickly raising his hand to his mouth and before the mate could dive into the bowels of the wooleygoggle, the captain everlastingly lambasted the pirate at the butt of the ear with a well chewed, luscious tobacco cud, saying: "Ding ye, I, too, have spoken!" "Si-ax! Si-ax! Si-ax!" yelled the pirate in an unknown tongue, as an amber colored stream began coursing its way down his bosom into his baggy, silk trousers. "Si-ax! Into the wooleygoggle, men! Into the wooleygoggle!" And to the relief of those on shore, the pirates stowed themselves away and a moment later the strange craft backed into the bay and headed out to sea.

The relief afforded by the departure of the strangers was short lived. On reaching the man-of-war, the wooleygoggle was hoisted on deck and preparations were at once begun for the extermination of the camp and surrounding country as well. Up into the steel blue sky rose two columns of dense, black smoke from the yawning red and black painted funnels. This was followed by a hoarse megaphone order from the bridge to beat to quarters. Then as the rat-a-tat of the drum and the clang and bang of opening battle hatches was wafted shoreward across the quiet sea, Captain Allen and his men dove into the woods and waited for the first crack of doom.

Strangely enough, all preliminary actions aboard the man-of-war, such as clearing the decks for action and ascertaining the range, had a horrified spectator. This was Keeper Hunt of the Cape Mears lighthouse, through the nine-foot

telescope. Realizing that war was imminent, he hurried down from his perch in the cupola of the lighthouse and immediately phoned the governor for instructions, calling his excellency's attention to the helpless condition of both Tillamook and Netarts bays, laying great stress, moreover, that an unknown ship of great beam and immense armament, and flying a strange three-cornered flag would soon begin a bombardment.

Realizing the magnitude of such an event the governor lost no time in phoning back that he would at once call out the Oregon National Guard, G. A. R. and Indian war veterans in defense. These troops, he assured Keeper Hunt, would, no doubt, "hold the situation well in hand."

In the meantime preparations still went on aboard the man-of-war for its siege. The yawning funnels still continued to vomit smoke and flame, hatches were battened down, steam was sent up in the boilers to the 200-pound pressure mark, decks were cleared for action; and, as the sun slid past the meridian, the gaunt, polished steel and brass superstructure of a great vessel armed to the teeth with such guns as Uncle Sam never saw, was lazily rolling on the swell of Maxwell's point, under the September noonday glare.

These preparations were followed at one o'clock by a megaphone message to Captain Allen, hid in the brush, to secrete the women and children in places of safety as the man-of-war would open fire at sundown. Having given this warning the battleship stood out to sea, until but the tip of her mainmast was visible.

Meanwhile, the governor was not idle. Telephone and telegraph messages were flying all over the state, calling the troops together. In obedience to his command, horsemen rode all night drumming men up to the recruiting stands with dishpans and boilers. These orders were followed by the seizure of all the brass cannon, municipal and otherwise, in the state, which were hastily mounted and sent to the front. In the basement of the state capitol, a detachment of the state guard was busily engaged cleaning rifles, examining haversacks, canteens, etc., deposited there at the close of the Spanish-Philippine war.

Twelve o'clock, midnight, the somewhat tangled red tape government skein began to unwind. Out from the woods of the Lackiamute, the canyons of Hunt river and the watermelon flats of southern Oregon came the rank and file of the G. A. R. with flashing eye, forgetting for the moment, many of them, imaginary aches and pains. These were followed by a host of battle-scarred Indian war veterans, a foot and a horseback, armed with squirrel gun and musket. From the union depot, threading canyons with lightning speed, rumbling over bridges with a bang and a roar, belching sparks and smoke far astern in the murky September night, there passed up the valley a long train of cars loaded to the dashboards with the flower and youth of the land.

This special train was well adapted to the task before it. On a flat car at the rear, mounted on a swivel, frowned an old time, bell muzzled piece, with which Gen. O. O. Howard pestered suckshot at the Modoc in '76. This ancient veteran was capable, if well handled, of 16 shots an hour, and if the man behind the gun was "next" would pitch shells 300 yards with wonderful accuracy. Mounted on the cowcatcher was the state's bulldog and pride—and eight inch, smooth bore cannon, dug from the Fort Canby sands, with a firing capacity of 24 shots per hour and a bellow that would shake the bark off the tree miles around.

With the arrival of the train at North Yamhill, the work of disembarkation commenced. Sixteen span of mules were hitched to the Fort Canby gun, thirty-two horses on the Modoc howitzer and the two pieces drawn out into the road; then knapsacks, guns, blankets and sleepy soldiers were unloaded and gotten into line, preparatory to a hasty move; next to fall into line was the G. A. R., a thousand strong. These were followed by 500 Indian war veterans, 95 supply wagons, 200 reporters and six brass bands. Following these were Col. Summers and staff, the governor and secretary in a sheet iron cook house, and 200 head of beef cattle. Thus as the sun rose over the Cascades and the bands began to play this great cavalcade, over two miles long, of soldiers, civilians, beasts and wagons began a hurried march over the Tillamook mountains to the sea.

Leaving soldiers, civilians, mules, reporters, governor and brass bands toiling up the steep mountainside, we will again call the reader's attention to the rakish looking man-of-war. The hope expressed by Captain Allen for the hundredth time that the pirates would eventually draw off without injury to the camp was forever doomed to disappointment with the falling shades of night. Just as the sun dropped into the sea, the man-of-war

opened the ball. This was in the shape of a whizzing, shrieking 32 inch projectile, which described a beautiful curve and disappeared from view on the eastern side of Cape Mears. The battleship was then about three and one-half miles off the bar. Whether or not the gunners miscalculated the range is not known. At any rate after passing over the mountain the projectile struck the ground, and, after plowing its way through 300 feet of earth, exploded under the Tillamook court house, reducing that structure to atoms. This was followed by a screeching motor which burst with terrible effect in the rear of the Herald office reducing that building to kindling wood; scattering type as far north as Garibaldi twelve miles away. On the heels of these came a rain of shells which set the town on fire, causing a reign of terror, the like of which it is to be hoped will never occur again.

Leaving the burning little city to its fate we will again return to the unprotected Cape Mears coast. Fearful of being blown to atoms, Keeper Hunt of the light house telegraphed the secretary of war for instructions, giving a brief summary of what was going on. This report was simply side tracked to the government's terminal red tape yard, the far western light house keeper being told to "douse his glims," and wait for further instructions. Having wired this laborious message the secretary's private clerk mopped his fair brow with his every-fitted minute clean handkerchief and betook himself to his dinner of mushrooms, tartaric, limburger cheese and beef.

By the time the Washington message had arrived darkness had settled two hours and thirteen minutes deep over the coast. No sooner, however, had Keeper Hunt turned down his wicks than the alert man-of-war put out what is known as a "scorching." This is similar in many respects to our modern searchlight, the most noticeable difference being an apexed end, backed up as if by the concentrated heat of hades.

So, out over the tumbled, darkened sea, turned first this way and that way, this great, sickle-toothed shaped light cut its swath, the little fiery end falling at length on the light house basement. There it stuck, sizzling and frying, melting stone and mortar to lava; then slowly it went up from bottom to top and from top to bottom, splitting in twain the \$200,000 edifice. This was followed by a swift rattle to left movement, half-way up, quartering the rent walls, and a moment later Uncle Sam's beacon tumbled into the sea.

The next act of the pirates was to center the light on a dead spruce tree on Crab hill, splitting it in twain, and setting it on fire. Many other trees in the vicinity met a similar fate, being objects seemingly, on which the manipulator of the light wished to try his hand. Being satisfied with the result the light was trained on objects of more value. One by one all the dwelling houses and barns visible up and down the coast were searched out and set on fire, rendering homeless three score or more of people. Next to fall under the ban was the wooded slope of Cape Lookout, 9 1/4 miles away. This was followed by a rain of shells against which no living thing could stand, and the inmates of the camp began a hurried egress toward a place of safety.

The scene witnessed by your correspondent when he got out in the valley beggars description. The whole country was in a panic-stricken mood, and no man's life was safe. The main thoroughfare leading out of town south was a scene of wreckage; overturned wagons, dead sheep and cattle, runaway teams, shrieking women and cursing men were one confused mass. Every now and then there would emerge from the dense cloud and smoke bank lining the road a runaway team lashed to foam by excited driver, which would crash into some object and be overturned and then away would go frightened animals, running down men, women and children, to be finally lost on down the road.

Such was the great exodus as seen by your correspondent by the bright moonlight at 12 o'clock, midnight, September 6th. As he neared the Trask river bridge six hayracks went by on the run, loaded down with feather beds, rocking chairs, chicken coops and grindstones. The last to pass overturned with a crash, and went rolling down the steep embankment into the Trask river. Following the hayracks came an old gray haired couple with tears coursing down their cheeks, and all the worldly effects strapped to the backs of two gentle oxen. Next to pass at a helter skelter rate was a heavy log wagon, drawn by six pairs of horses, having on board the heavy steel safe of the Tillamook bank. Regardless of life or limb, the driver ran his horses straight over the span of oxen, killing one and badly maiming the other; the old people barely escaping a similar fate by rolling down the embankment. Ludicrous and pathetic was the scene. Following the treasure wagon came a woman carrying a hen and a rooster under either arm, her husband bringing up the rear with the twins. These were followed by sixty Chinamen from Hobson's cannery, hitting the pike as Chinamen never hit it before.

Thus, for a distance of four miles was the roadway a scene of foam-covered horses, grunting, squealing pigs, rumbling carriages, wild and haggard men—the great "prosech" headed straight for Beaver, Big Nestucca and Yamhill.

have been nipped in the bud. It should have been the mayor's duty to have called the people together and conducted them out of the range of the enemy's shells, to a point anywhere from three to four miles east of town. This Senator Maxwell endeavored to do, but by the time he arrived in town the exodus was already on and his words were as naught.

The senator, however, was equal to the occasion. Hurrying up the river to the Trask house he interrupted the pushing, panting battalion by telephone at the summit house, begging them to hasten to the rescue. For reassurance' sake the governor passed on ahead of the troops in the sheet iron covered cage, reaching the Trask house at noon. Then with the senator and six sharpshooters on the hurricane deck he hastened out by a cut off to Beaver creek. Here he was lucky enough to intercept the fleeing mass just as they were entering the canyon. Getting on the hurricane deck, alongside Senator Maxwell, the governor begged them to exercise a little judgment and abide the coming of the troops, assuring them that all would yet be well. This had the desired effect and the entire contingent went into camp on the flats.

Meanwhile the battleship was not idle. Steaming in under the lee of Cape Mears her decks thronged with fifteen hundred silk trousered men, preparations were made for a landing. As if by magic a telescopic iron ladder was run up against the rocky side of the cape and a landing made. Up this ladder with sword and scimitar came man after man. Then the lower hatch on the battleship was opened. Thirty cannon and sixty-two horses were taken from the bowels of the ship and hoisted on the parapet above through an immense hollow tube by the use of compressed air. These were followed by commissary wagons, a thousand rounds of ammunition to the man, fifteen hundred rifles, sixty-eight bee-cattle, a ton and a half of condensed beef, and seven stalwart cooks. Having landed her supplies, the battleship lunched in her telescopic ladder and compressed tube and stood out to sea.

Getting his men into position, the captain of the marines began to wind down the lighthouse road to the Netarts beach. In front of the troops walked a drum major six feet nine inches tall, with a lofty tread. He was followed by the musicians, fourteen in number, playing strange airs on solid gold instruments, shaped much as our modern bologna sausage stuffers. This music, while both weird and wild, seemed to have the effect intended.

Following the musicians came the thirty cannon, mounted on pneumatic rimmed wheels, astride of which rode a gunner. Then came the troops, captains, lieutenants, cooks, cattle and cattledrivers. Once on the beach, a flying start was made over the road to the valley beyond.

Leaving the pirates enroute to the Tillamook valley, pillage and plunder bent, we will return to our army just entering the Hoquartian prairie.

Having quelled the fears of the people from the conning tower of his prairie schooner, the governor resumed his seat behind his armored walls and rejoined his troops. Here a council of war was held.

To better observe the action of the enemy twenty-two picked scouts of national fame were sent out to report at midnight. This being agreed upon the army went into camp, just across the dead line from occasional shots that still fell from the guns of the obstreperous man-of-war.

THOS. H. ROGERS.

Death of Wm. B. Johnson.

The above pioneer of 1852, familiarly known as "Blackhawk," died at his residence seven miles northwest of this city on Tuesday, September 10th, 1901, after a lingering illness from heart and lung troubles. He was 77 years, 5 months and 8 days old. He was born in Ohio, his father being Richard Johnson, who was born on the Atlantic ocean of Irish parentage, on the voyage to America. He was reared on a farm in Indiana, and later went to Arkansas, where he married Miss Del Steward. In 1852, with his wife, one child and his mother they started with oxen, horses and wagons on the long, tedious journey to Oregon. They traveled most of the way alone, and had a pleasant trip. The teams with which they started brought them all the way through to Lafayette, Or. He located his donation claim of 320 acres, and borrowed money of M. McGinness at 3 per cent per month to pay for it. He added to his original purchase until he had 700 acres of very choice land. Five children were born in Oregon, viz: Alice G., wife of John Stallcop; Lillie H., wife of M. H. Messenger, Agnes and Kate, and one son, G. R. All reside in this county except Mrs. Stallcop, who now lives in Tillamook. Mrs. Johnson, a lady of superior ability and rare christian character, died in 1869, greatly lamented by family and friends. In 1882 Mr. Johnson married Miss Mary Shunway, who survives him. Two children, Lulu and Willie, were born to them. Deceased was a member of Lafayette lodge No. 29, I. O. O. F., under whose auspices he was buried on Thursday, interment being made in McBride cemetery.

CORRECT CLOTHING For Men and Boys

Made with attention to detail that insures satisfaction to the wearer.

SUITS	made by Crouse & Brundidgee . . . \$18 to \$25
All wool Cheviots and Black Clay Worsteds, sizes 34 to 44, square or round cut	\$ 7 85
Smooth check and striped Worsteds and Cheviots, sizes 34 to 44	10 00
The very latest in Scotch Cheviots, Cheviots and Smooth Worsteds, all sizes and cuts	12 50
Through and Through Worsteds in a variety of patterns; others ask \$18 for them, we put them out at	15 00
The finest Foreign and Domestic cloths	
OVERCOATS	
Reliable all-wool Kerseys, black or blue well made	7 50
Nobby and attractive all-wool Kerseys black, blue or brown, fast colors	10 00
Handsome Stylish Coverts and Kerseys You will like 'em	12 50
Elegant Serge and Silk Lined Overcoats, all that is best and newest, \$15 to \$18	
Boys' Long Pant Suits	\$3 to \$12 50
Men's extra size Overcoats and Suits, sizes 44 to 50	

Our Furnishing, Hat and Shoe Departments are full of all that is the latest and most durable. Money back if not satisfied.

The Hamblin Clothing Co., McMinnville, OREGON.