

# Lake County Examiner

VOL. XXIII.

LAKEVIEW, LAKE COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, DEC. 4, 1902.

NO. 48.

## PAT O'DOYLE TO OLESON.

Two Shepherders on The Lake  
County Desert Have a Chat  
On The Equality of Man.

Pat O'Doyle the philosophic herder and his friend Ole Oleson. Sheep herders on the desert.

Well, here we are again, Ole me hye, and faith I think its a long cowld winter will be havin of it. Yah, I tank it ban purty cold. I hope frind Ole that ye will come and visit me oftin now that our bosses are placin usso close together. How much pay do ye be giffen now? I tank it be sluga fem dollar en month and the boss ate me.

Share an lts meself is havin the roine with this sage brush shtove this mornin. Divil a bit of me can git it to burn. The lokes of meself never thought I'd cum to lya on a desert loka a batten Midianite in the days of oild Moses.

I tank next year I ban goin down to Minnesota and get me yoh.

If this wasn't Sunday mornin I'd be afther axin ye to play a game of cards; but me oild Mother, the saints rest her sowl, always told me that the curse of God would follow the man that played with the Divil's pasteboards on Sunday. She always told me that the Divil shtood behind a man and laughed as he gambled his sowl away on the holy day. Poor Father Charlie used to put his hand on me head and tell me that he would make a priest out av me, but I wanted to cum to Ameriky where every man was his own master, and he had not to bow and shernape to nobody.

This ban a purty gud country but me tank the people ban not very equin. Me sowl purty nite dech en dag and me tank off mite hat, but the dech ban holden her head so high she look at the sun; den I feel purty sorry in mine stomack and I tank about the oild mother in Sweden.

Talkin about equals Ole me hye, if I had listened to the advice of me poor oild mother and Father Charlie, the saints rest their sows, I would have read more of me prayer-book and shtind to be a prdist. Its a holy man I would have been Ole, and then I would not have to be burnin this divilish brush at all at all. I could thin take me hot punch after mass, but now me poor oild mouth is as dry as the desert in summer. Talk av equals afther all that's said and done there's not much difference among us as people would think now. You, can't help belin a swade me frind Ole. The not meself that blames you for bein a further so long as you are an honest man. The great difference that seems to be among min in this country is more of a crazy idea that they have got in their head than the abundance of facts will allow. Summin talk about the "more favored and the less favored min of society," and they implaze their spach in such a way that the big guns of society gits concealed and the poor divils git down in the month. I can hardly say frind Ole that all min are equal, for that would be afther saying that the min who sell their wote was as good as meself; that am a good democrat and never sould me vote in me life. Ye see Ole, some have hot the same endowments, as the Lakeview preacher says, or the same amount of book larnin in their head; but says I to meself, when I heard him, what you count as bein unequal is a good dale less in the fact than the way you git your eye on it. Now me boss has tin thousand sheep and they say he is rich, now Ole me man, all that manes to me is that your boss and some others have less. Now that says nothin as to his band actually or as to his riches looked at in a lump, but only as to his sheep sized up beside your bosses. Now me boss is an nice man, Ole me hye, and he brings me books to read to kape me from belin lonesome. These poor divils of sheep will make him a fortune by and by and he deserves to have it. And if I should



JEAN LOUIS COMBES, THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER.

With the reassembling of the French chamber of deputies there ensues for the new premier, Jean Louis Combes, a more or less varied collection of troubles. He is held responsible for the enforcement of the law which is aimed to bring certain orders of the Catholic church under government control.

git oild in his employ and if I should loose me mind in me oild age, (the saints prevint it) he would pay me way to the asylum, for he will be worth a half a million thin. I saw a man one time in Ireland who had a thousand dollars and he thought he was rich, poor divil; but when I landed in the United States av Ameriky I worked as groom for a man who thought he was poor and himself had a million. Its just all in the way ye look at the animal Ole me hye. I saw a nigger boot black on Michigan Avenue Chicago, and he had a dollar, and shure the baste acted loka a billionaire. Any man on this desert is poor when he stands beside a fellow that could buy all his sheep and thin never know he had hardly spint a cent. Any man is rich when he stands beside a man that has a hundred times less sheep thin he has. Now compared with God, Mr. Vanderbilt is a pauper, and Mr. Carnegie is a spalpeen jackrabbit. When I want to skule, Ole me frind, and shtudied the principles of mathematics the tacher used to tell me that certain things on earth differed when compared with each other, but if you compared thin with things that God dealt in, if there was any difference in thin they were both alike. This is the philosophy of mathematics Ole, and shure its a foine shtudy, and it leads me to believe that these millionaires when they show their millions to God Almighty and He shows thin his pile, they will feel so small that they will see themselves equal with us.

I hear a coyote Ole, and I think we'll stop takin now and look afther the shape and finish this talk agin.

### Jim Kendrick Killed.

Word reached Lakeview the first of the week to the effect that Frank Dean a harness maker who worked at that trade in both Ahlstrom's and Cheeny's shops, had shot and killed Jim Kendrick, also of Lakeview, at Walla Walla. It seems that Kendrick and Dean were playing a game of cards when a dispute arose between them; Kendrick jumped up and whipped out a knife, but Dean was too quick for him, and shot Jim, killing him instantly. The Examiner did not learn any further particulars, and do not know how much truth there is in the story. It has been predicted many times that Kendrick would meet such a fate, but it was thought by many that he was proof against any fatality.

### "Lord Of The Desert."

The first chapters of Paul DeLaney's latest story, "The Lord of the Desert," has made its appearance and is being published in 200 newspapers that have two or more pages printed by The American Type Founders' Co. at Portland. Paul DeLaney was a resident of Lakeview when the inspiration came to him to write this story, and the scene of story is laid among the rim rocks and on the desert of Lake County. Martin Lyle, the Lord of the desert, has a ranch at a spring at the foot of Jimper Mountain, a familiar landmark with stock men of this County. Mr. Lyle lives in a little stone house made of rough lava rocks. The events in the story have taken place during the early Indian wars, and before any of the present white settlement had ventured into this section. Some of the characters, however, are taken from the present population. Lyle is a first-class villain and Dan Follett is only a second-class one, as Lyle hires him to do his dastardly deeds.

Bertha Lyle arrived at New York from Scotland, and notified her uncle Martin that she was on her way out on a visit. She was coming out to see about some property her father had left, as he had been (supposedly) killed by the Indians. The Lord of the Desert had his brother killed through the hired assassin Dan Follett, and he was not pleased when he received the news that his brother's daughter was coming. However, he sent an escort of cowboys, with Follett at the head, to Boise, Idaho, an army post, after the young lady. The first night's camp out from Boise, they were surprised by Capt. Egan, chief of the Plutes, with a band of Indians who killed a few cowboys and captured all their horses, together with Bertha Lyle. This was the arrangement made between the Lord of the Desert and Chief Egan. The Indian Chief was to put Bertha out of the way and the white people would not be any the wiser. The next morning four nerry cowboys, after securing some horses started in pursuit of the bandit Indians, and up to going to press are still on the trail of the blood thirsty Plutes.

The story will be published in book form after the newspapers have completed it, and no doubt will be eagerly sought by everybody in this section. The Examiner may publish the story later in supplement form.

## LEASING BILL CRITICISED.

Secretary of The Interior Says it  
Will Place Land Out of Home-  
steaders' Reach if Passed

In his annual report the secretary of the Interior scathingly criticises the "Leasing bill" now pending in Congress, which was made the subject of adverse departmental reports last Spring.

"Should that bill become a law," said Secretary Hitchcock, "the public domain in the sixteen states and territories mentioned therein, aggregating an area of 525,000,000 acres, practically all of the vacant public domain west of the Mississippi, would be subject to lease at 2 cents per acre for ten years, with a privilege of renewal for ten years more. During the last fiscal year there were made within that area 33,654 original homestead entries and 27,304 final homestead entries, embracing over 12,000,000 acres, and affecting 85,558 persons; and during the present fiscal year indications are that more entries will be made, affecting more people and embracing a greater acreage. It is needless to say that such a bill, if enacted into law, would place the last acre of desirable public land out of the reach of the homesteeker, and defeat the purpose of the Government to preserve the public domain for homes for actual settlers.

"It would also defeat the operations of the Reclamation act approved June 17 last, and make possible the formation of a land monopoly never contemplated by the public land system, but which, on the contrary, it is one of the purposes of that system to prevent."

The unlawful fencing of the public domain by stockmen is handled with equal severity. After showing that last year 153 cases of unlawful fencing of public lands, embracing nearly 4,000,000 acres, were reported to his department, he said:

"Pressure of all sorts has been brought to bear on this department to cause a cessation of the vigorous policy it has pursued against these unlawful occupants of the public domain. It has been frequently alleged by them that the department has been making war upon the cattle industry of the West, and they have written letters to different breeders of cattle in the Eastern and Middle Western states, and presented to them the argument that their occupation would suffer if the zeal of the Government was not abated; and these breeders have, in some instances, written to their Senators and Representatives in Congress, who have, in turn, written to this department.

"It is the duty of this department to enforce the laws relative to the public domain."

He adds that these laws which "forbid and prohibit" the unlawful occupancy or fencing of the public domain are being continuously and persistently violated. Under such circumstances a conscientious executive officer with a proper conception of the nature of his oath can pursue but one course.

Special agents of the Interior department are now in Nebraska tearing down fences that are on government land.

"The avowed policy of the Government to preserve the public domain for homes for actual settlers has no more implacable and relentless foe than the class that seeks to occupy the public lands for grazing purposes, by maintaining unlawful fences thereon."

The report shows that there were disposed of during the fiscal year lands aggregating 19,488,535.530 acres, an increase of 3,925,739 acres as compared with the aggregate disposals for the preceding fiscal year.

The total cash receipts during the fiscal year from various sources (including disposal of public lands, \$5,889,088.65) aggregate \$6,261,927.18, an increase of \$1,289,766.39. The total area of the public lands is approximately 1,809,539,840 acres, of which 893,950,476 acres are undisposed of.

## SAM BROWN SUICIDES.

The Indian Who Murdered His  
Squaw Ada, Becomes Tired  
of Life and is Now Happy

Sam Brown, the Indian who so foully murdered his squaw, Ada, last week, cheated the law by committing suicide in the jail Monday night while Sheriff Dunlap had the other prisoners out to supper.

The Indian occupied the steel cell by himself and gave no warning that he intended taking his life. He did the job very neatly and quickly, and with considerable nerve. Sam always wore a large blue silk handkerchief around his neck, and with this he made a noose and slipped it over his head. The other end he tied to the bars at the side of the cell about four feet from the floor and when he was ready to "spring the trap," he slipped his feet out from under himself and sat down, lacking only a few inches of sitting on the floor. The Sheriff was gone only about half an hour, but Sam had passed over into the "happy hunting ground" when he returned.

Coroner Harris took charge of the body and an inquest was held Tuesday. The jury found that Sam had come to his death from lack of breath caused by a handkerchief being tied too tight around his neck with his own hands.

Thus endeth the second chapter of a cruel murder and consequent suicide, the direct cause of which can be attributed to selling bad whisky to Indians.

Sam thought he would be hung anyway and by doing it himself, did a very generous act toward the county. The expense of keeping the trial as that time would have been considerable.

No doubt Sheriff Dunlap received a sigh of relief when he beheld the destruction at the jail on Monday night.

## A Bonanza in The Salt Business

W. H. McCall, who has been hauling stock salt from his salt marsh to Bailey & Massingill and Ayres, Whithworth & Ayres, has a veritable bonanza in the salt business. He has taken about 260,000 pounds of pure salt off of his salt marsh this year, and expects to take off 200,000 more yet this fall. There is very little cost in getting the salt; three men can pile up 100,000 pounds in a week, and then all there is to be done is to sack, weigh and haul to market. The salt is delivered to Lakeview for 14 cents. In an ordinary year 500,000 can be taken off the marsh, and in a dry year there is much more. Last year there was estimated to be fully 800,000 pounds. This salt marsh has been known and used by the Silver Lake stock men for more than a dozen years, and it was only last year that Mr. McCall filed on the marsh. This salt is much better and purer than that usually found in salt marshes, as the little lake is fed by salt springs. Six gallons of the water when boiled will make 4 gallons of fine pure table salt. Mr. Hays will put up a small evaporating plant next season, and if it works satisfactorily will put up a large plant and furnish this whole section with salt. The stock salt is much better taken out in large chunks as it forms in the bottom of the lake when the water evaporates in the summer.

Mr. McCall thinks his salt marsh is worth more to him than his stock ranch including his 2000 head of sheep. It certainly is.

Presley Dorris and Fred Huffman with a gang of vaqueros, left here some two months ago for eastern Nevada, where they went to buy cattle says the New Era. They returned to the Dorris ranch last week with 850 head of cattle, after a hard trip. Mr. Huffman will take his part of the cattle on to his place at Willow Creek.