

# Lake County Examiner

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## LAKE COUNTY TRAGEDY.

A True Story of the Melancholy Life of a Thirteen Year Old Girl and Her Sad Ending

"Come to supper, Lizzie!"  
 "I'm going to join father!"  
 "He's already at the table, dear!"  
 "But I'm going to join my real father!"

The wind was raging outside. The snow was falling in rolling, blinding sheets. Long before dark the barn and haystacks were covered several inches in depth. The row of graves on the hill near-by were as white as the headboards that bore the brief sketch of the dead. The great, tall pines trembled at their base as the gale shook and twisted their boughs, and large lumps of snow and ice rained down occasionally from the branches. The men had come in from their night work, trudging through the snow, their approaching steps giving out a dull, grinding noise as their feet came in contact with the freshly-frozen element.

A bright fire blazed in an old-fashioned fireplace and the fibers of the large sticks of wood made a popping, sizzling noise as they yielded to the hungry flames that gnawed their way into them. Just through a side door a long table was covered with dishes from which curls of steam rose as their hot contents came in contact with the chilling air that stole through the cracks and openings of the crude ranch house. The housewife sat at one end of the table busy pouring out coffee and tea and her husband sat at the other end, while a row of ranch hands sat on either side of the table talking and helping themselves to the dishes that most struck their fancy.

"Didn't you hear what I said, Lizzie?" shouted the woman at the head of the table again.

There was no response. As if told that something had gone wrong, every one around the table looked up with the tell-tale expression on his face. The mother was first to rise. She ran into the room. She was immediately followed by her husband and then came the men.

Lizzie, the only child of the household and the pet of her mother and all of the men, sat in the big arm rocking chair in front of the bright fire. The light reflected fully on her face. So full of life and vigor a few minutes before, her cheeks were now pale as death, her little head rested back against the chair posts, her limbs hung limp and motionless, and her eyes, usually so bright, were now glazed and dull.

"What's the matter, Lizzie?" shrieked the mother.

There was no response. "Shake her, arouse her!" shouted one of them.

In response to this rough handling and the shouts of those around her the child gave one look of intelligence, raised her hand feebly and pointed to the mantleboard.

"I'm going to join father," she whispered.

One of the men took a bottle from the mantle board. It contained strychnine. It had been used by the stockmen for poisoning coyotes. A large portion of its contents were gone. Lizzie had taken the greater portion of this. All of the antidotes at hand were applied and every effort made by those unskilled per-

sons to save her life, but in a few minutes she drew her last breath.

A bright girl, only 13 years old, and without any apparent cause, a suicide!

One of the men mounted one of the best ranch horses as soon as it was ascertained that she was dead and rode away through the storm that night to apprise the Coroner at the county seat 40 miles away of what had occurred.

The ranch was situated on the former site of an old fort in Eastern Oregon. It was isolated far from civilization to this sad day. The soldiers spent several years there putting up buildings, cutting wood and raising hay for their horses, and incidentally had an occasional running fight with the Indians.

But the rancher had about obliterated all signs of the former occupation of the ground. There was still one evidence, however. Up on the hillside near the ranchhouse, beneath a group of tall pines there was a little cemetery. The fence had been torn away, but a dozen wooden headboards, painted white, bore inscriptions in dim black letters telling who the "silent sleepers" were, where they were born and when they died, and to what company they belonged.

Ever since Lizzie came to the place, which was only a year previous, she spent much of her time in the little cemetery. All of the graves were kept clear of rank growth by her, and one had her constant care. She planted flowers upon it and set out an evergreen at its head. On a pretty day, when not doing house work, the child could always be found at the cemetery, or near it. She would sit for hours beneath the tall pines and listen to the moaning of the wind on the boughs above her head. If one of the headboards happened to fall down she would prop it up and would not let the men rest until one of them fixed it up again.

"Lizzie just lives in the graveyard," would say her mother.

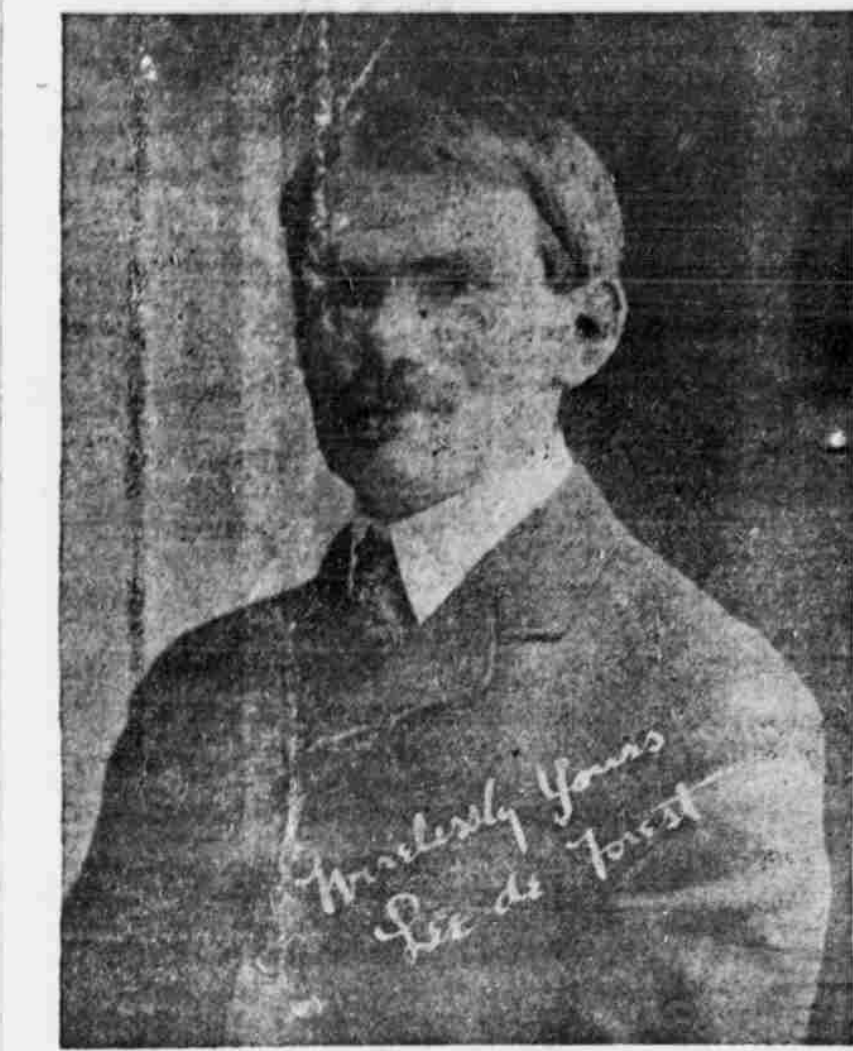
"Little girls should be more cheerful," would say the men, and they tried to make her cheerful, but she always appeared sad, talked sad, looked on the sad side of everything.

The moaning of the wind in the boughs of the great pines was in perfect harmony with her nature. There she found music that seemed to soothe her sad soul. They were to leave the place next day. Their lease had expired, and but for the storm would have gone away. Probably had it not been for Lizzie's death they would have gone anyway.

She had stood at the window all day and watched the graves. She saw the snow gradually grow deeper upon them. She saw the great lumps of snow and ice fall from the trees above. Then she would look down the narrow road that led away from the place with a shudder. Tomorrow they would leave. Who would look after the one with which she had spent so much time? Perhaps no one. Many times her lips quivered. Then a tear would steal down her cheek.

"It's only Lizzie's queer way," thought her mother.

The fort had been abandoned 43 years before. A soldier had performed service there who slept in the little cemetery on the hill. He had been transferred from Fort Bidwell to the place a year before it was



DR. LEE DE FOREST, WHOSE WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY SYSTEM HAS BEEN ADOPTED FOR OUR NAVAL VESSELS.

The De Forest wireless telegraphy system, while differing radically from Marconi's in mechanism, is based, as are all other wireless systems, on the Hertzian wave theory. The De Forest system has been adopted for use on all ships of the United States navy. The inventor is a young man who was graduated from Yale university with the class of '96.

abandoned. At Fort Bidwell he had wooed and won the heart of a young woman whose parents lived near the fort. They were married. A girl baby was born to them. When she was 2 years old her father was transferred to the Oregon fort. He tried to get an honorable discharge from the service. But there was no valid reason for granting his request and the Army retained him. He was of a dreamy, despondent nature, the last man to have become a soldier, but once enlisted the term must be served. He brooded over the absence of his wife and child until his health gave way. The surgeon finally announced the approach of the end. The poor fellow begged to see his wife and child.

Cold-hearted Army officers often do kind acts. They often do that which they are not required to do for humanity's sake. A messenger was sent to the dying man's family. The wife and three-year-old baby arrived a few hours before the soldier's death. He knew them.

"It is so good to have you here!" he said feebly. "It won't be so hard to go now. Kiss me and tell me you will meet me in heaven," he said to his wife.

"I will!" replied the grief-stricken woman.

"Teach baby to be good and to strive to meet me in heaven," said the simple soldier.

"I will!" replied the mother, deeply affected.

"Little one," he said, as the mother pressed the child's cheek against his own. "be good and meet me in heaven."

"I will!" came the surprising reply from the quivering lips of the child.

In a few years the widow married again. The child had longed to visit the old fort again. Her step father had obtained upon an opportunity to rent the place and had done so to gratify the wish of the child. The thought of leaving it was too

much for her tender nature. That death-bed scene had ruined her life. Her simple experience told her that if the white substance in the bottle would kill coyotes it would kill human beings.

"I will join my father!" she had said.

This is not a story of fiction, but one of simple truth.—Paul De Laney in Portland Journal.

### The Vote For Goddess.

The vote for Goddess still goes merrily on, and new candidates continue to enter the race every week. Mae Snider now leads with 81 votes, and others follow close behind. There are only two more weeks of voting, and the contest will close on Wednesday, June 24th, at 2 o'clock. No more voting will be allowed after that time. Those who wish to see their candidate lead, should get their votes in early.

Mae Snider.....	Lakeview	81
Frances Jones.....	Paisley	64
Anna Down.....	Lakeview	58
Kate Woodcock.....	"	43
Eda Banister.....	Paisley	38
Ethel McKee.....	Lakeview	37
Gene Snelling.....	"	24
Myrtle Smith.....	Crooked Creek	22
Mabel Pike.....	Paisley	17
Edie Nyswaner.....	Lakeview	9
Alta Spray.....	Davis Creek	7
Pete Post.....	Lakeview	4
Docia Willits.....	"	3
Essie Gupton.....	"	3
Mrs. Jonas Norin.....	Lakeview	2
Bertha Nickerson.....	"	2
Ada Woodcock.....	"	2
Ottie Field.....	Lakeview	2
Eva Gibbins.....	New Pine Creek	2
Ida Howard.....	Drews Valley	2
Gertie Seligal.....	Paisley	2
Johns Klug.....	Lakeview	1
George Wherton.....	"	1
Samuel Dwyer.....	"	1
Edna Bergford.....	"	1
Carrie Tomlinson.....	"	1
Byrd Moss.....	"	1
Mrs. Anna Shanklock.....	"	1
Red Hyman.....	"	1
Bessie Mosier.....	Plush	1
Dora Barber.....	"	1
Maudie Sweet.....	"	1
Ada Burns.....	"	1
Amy Burns.....	"	1
Bessie Wise.....	"	1

## MONUMENT UNVEILED.

Both Branches of Local Woodmen and Workmen Lodges Participated in the Exercises.

The annual event of decorating the graves of deceased members of the Woodmen of the World Lodge, which occurs on the first Sunday in June, was fittingly observed by the local camp of Lakeview last Sunday. The procession was formed in front of the Masonic hall at 2 o'clock, with the Lakeview Concert Band of 20 pieces, in the lead. Mayor Whitworth acted as escort and drum major. Following the band was the uniformed team of Woodmen under the charge of drill master Jim Lane; then came the auxiliary branch of the order, the circle, and members of the order. Coming close behind was the A. O. U. W. Lodge team dressed in their sailor suits, and under the direction of John Aviragnette. Members of this order and the auxiliary branch were the next in order. Many citizens on foot and teams followed, making a procession several blocks long, and presenting a very attractive and impressive appearance. The band played marches on the way out to the cemetery, and on arriving there played the dirge, "Sweet Rest." The procession filed through the cemetery and the two Lodges formed in order around the grave of their deceased brother and neighbor James K. Snider, over whom had just been erected a beautiful monument by the W. O. W., Lodge. An American flag covered the marble shaft from view, which was removed during the unveiling exercises by the latter order. The program was listened to by many people, and was interesting and impressive.

After the ceremony the A. O. U. W. Lodge members halted at the grave of their late brother Eve Lewis, after which the procession formed and marched back in order, to the starting point. When in front of The Examiner office a halt was called and Geo. Reed took a picture of the procession. The day was exceedingly warm, and the march was quite fatiguing for a great many, but in no way was the success of the Woodmen's annual memorial day, marred, and it was indeed a complete success.

### Sixteen Cent Wool.

Already the disastrous storm that visited Montana is affecting the wool market, as the following taken from the Huntington Herald will show: "Fifteen cents was offered for one clip of wool in Boise which was refused by the owner. Owing to the shortage of the Montana clip, the dealers are bidding a trifle beyond what the eastern market warrants." It is the general belief that wool will reach 16 cents before the season closes.

### A Big Deal.

It is rumored that the entire Hartery ranch in Tule Lake Valley, this county, comprising approximately 2000 acres, together with 370 head of livestock, has been sold to a California company, says the Express. The consideration is not yet made public. This is one of the finest ranches in southern Oregon, and we have frequently heard its estimated value placed at \$40,000. The price paid for it is probably not far from this figure.