

Lake County Examiner

VOL. XXIV.

LAKEVIEW, LAKE COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1903.

NO. 32.

DROWNED IN RIVER.

**Mrs. Geo. Batchelder Leaps From
Bridge at Klamath Falls and
Meets a Watery Grave.**

Col. C. A. Cogswell, who arrived from Portland Sunday morning, brought the news from Klamath Falls, that Mrs. George Batchelder who was on her way home with her husband, jumped into the Klamath river Friday night and was drowned.

Mrs. Batchelder was taken to San Francisco early last spring for medical treatment, and after several surgical operations, she appeared to be on the road to recovery. About a month ago Mr. Batchelder was telegraphed for, and he hurried to Oroville, where his wife had been staying, and found her very ill. It is learned that Mrs. Batchelder's illness worried her greatly, and so affected her mind that she developed a suicidal mania, which she attempted to carry into effect repeatedly, and had to be watched constantly.

The many friends in Lakeview were shocked on learning the sad news, and greatly deplore the rash act. Much sympathy is expressed for the devoted husband and loving child.

A dispatch to the Oregonian explains the unfortunate event:

KLAMATH FALLS, Or., Aug. 8. Mrs. Clara Batchelder, wife of George Batchelder, of Lakeview, drowned herself by jumping into Klamath River from the bridge at this place last night at 11 o'clock. She had been in ill health for several months and had become deranged mentally. She and her husband arrived Thursday from California and stopped here to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Breitenstein.

Being left alone in a room for a moment she escaped from the house but was soon followed by her husband and brother. They reached the bridge in time to hear the water splash as she leaped from the railing. By the use of boats, the body was recovered in 50 minutes.

Mrs. Batchelder's sickness, resulting in her rash act, is thought to have been largely due to brooding over the death of her sister, Mrs. William Nail, who suicided by shooting herself about a year ago.

Warner Valley Stock Co. Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Warner Valley Stock Company was called to meet in Lakeview and all the members were present. Much speculation was indulged in by the public as to what important matter was to come before this meeting. Anyway it was thought to be important, to bring members from Washington, D. C., San Francisco, Portland, Alturas and Ft. Bidwell. We learned that it was decided by the members to reduce and sell off a large portion of the livestock, and to not run so many cattle in the future, for a time at least. Other matters were discussed but we did not learn of any further business being transacted. The meeting adjourned Tuesday and the members returned to their homes.

Notice To The Public.

I will close my dental office on August 23d for a period of 30 days.

J. S. DEWEY,
Dentist.

SUPPLY HOUSE ON DESERT.

**Oasis on the Desert Where Man
and Beast Finds Plenty to Eat
and Drink--Register Kept**

We had made a long day's drive and it was deep into the night. The two horses to the buckboard were beginning to show the effects of the 14 hours' constant travel. They had not been fed or had a drop of water since early in the morning, and then it was only in the form of snow, for stock on the Oregon Desert in winter quench their thirst by eating snow. We had eaten a cold lunch as we drove along, but had no water and were anxious to reach our place of destination, says Paul De Laney in Portland Journal.

"We will not reach Windy Hollow until 11 o'clock," said my companion, "but there we will find water and provisions and feed for the horses. Windy Hollow is one of the favorite places on the desert. It is true the wind blows very hard there all of the time, but the stockmen have arranged comfortable quarters and the water is fine."

PROPERLY NAMED.

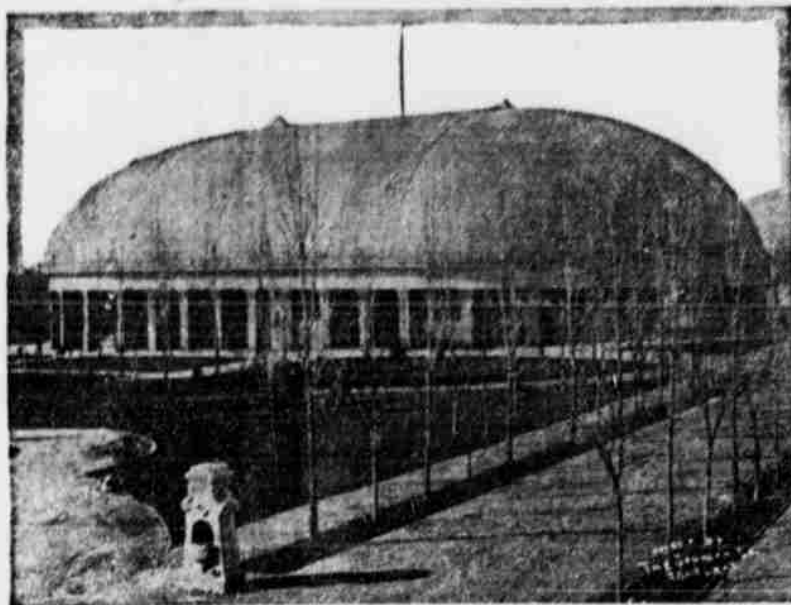
We reached Windy Hollow about the time predicted by the plainsman, and it was easy to discover why it was called by the name. It was a deep gulch through a small range of bare mountains and the wind at this point blows from north to south all winter and from south to north most all summer. The openings at either end of the gulch flare out like a funnel and seem to catch about all the wind that is going, and it whistles through the narrow gulch like a cyclone.

AN OASIS.

The night was dark and cold and driving in the face of this wind was trying to both men and team. For 50 miles we had plodded over rocks and sands and through a runty growth of sagebrush where only an occasional jackrabbit or flock of sage hens were encountered. After entering the funnel-shaped gulch we soon came to a wire fence, through which a gate opened about the center of the gulch. After driving through this we came to a new world. Outside of the fence was all barren and bleak. Inside tall grass grew thick over the earth, even high up on the mountain sides. Soon the gurgling of water in a narrow stream caused the horses to prick up their ears and attempt to enter the deep gully through which it ran. We also felt like descending on hands and knees for a quaff of the tempting fluid, but it was only a little farther now and all were required to restrain their impatience for a little while longer. The farther we traveled the more luxuriant became the vegetation and the wider the stream. As we were ascending we knew that we were approaching the fountain head of the little brook and were already informed that it was drank up by the sands at its mouth near where we had entered the inclosure. The grass became so tall that the horses nibbled at it as they walked along and this, with the sound of the running water, gave them fresher life immediately.

EVERYBODY'S HOME.

We had driven a half of a mile up this narrow gulch along a mere trail that had been washed out deep by the melting snows in summer, when we came upon a dark little object



THE MORMON TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

The controversy over the candidacy of Reed Smoot, selected as the new United States senator from Utah, has once more drawn general attention to the Mormons and their church. The tabernacle, where the chief religious services of the Mormon church are held, is probably one of the most peculiar looking structures in the country. It is a low, squat building of immense proportions, and its odd, turtle back roof is said to be the largest self supported roof extant. The tabernacle has a seating capacity of about 15,000, and it is there that the twelve apostles who direct the affairs of the Mormon church hold forth. Mr. Smoot is one of the twelve.

that we soon discovered was a house—the object of our day's travel. Everything was dark about the place, as was expected, since it was only a supply house for the sheepmen of the desert where only an occasional traveler stopped and where the packers of the desert came occasionally to get such supplies as had run short in the camp.

The first thing was to unharness the horses, which were now struggling to get to the spring that bubbled up near the door of the shack. We soon led them to the stream below and counted their hastily taken swallows to see that they did not get too much. Then we tied them where they could nibble at the grass for a while before giving them more water and a night's feed. In the meantime we did not neglect to take a limited amount of the water ourselves, and only one who has traveled a day and half of a night over alkali plains without a drop of water can appreciate what water is at the end of a journey. No iced drink at a soda fountain was ever sweeter than was this water boiling out from the rocks and mountains of the Oregon Desert.

DESERT "TIME LOCK."

But it was now time to enter the uninviting looking shack and prepare for a night's rest, but first of all, a meal. The night air was bitter cold. In fact, it was a gale cutting its way through the heaviest garments. Is the door locked? How will we get in? A lantern was taken from the vehicle and after several efforts was lighted from a match. Here's the door. A common strip from a gunnysack is the only fastening. It is tied through a knot hole in the door and the other end is split and tied in a bow knot around a nail in the outside door facing. The knot is untied and the door drops back on one hinge. It never had but one in the beginning.

"Anything just to keep out the rabbits," said my companion.

HOARDS OF WEALTH.

We entered the building. By the dim lantern light we made a discovery that would have made a starving company of soldiers' hearts beat with joy. There was a hoard of wealth in the way of supplies, but it was not hoarded from those who might wander that way. Against one wall was stacked a large pile of sacks of flour of the best brands. Then there were cereals of all kinds—

whole wheat flour, graham, breakfast flakes, corn meal and about everything kept in a first-class grocery store. There was sugar, lard, bacon, hams, baking powder, vinegar, jellies and all kinds of canned goods, even to condensed milk. Then there was grain for the horses. It was a typical little general store warehouse—a typical supply house of the Oregon Desert.

There was an old cooking stove in one corner. Behind this was piled a rick of wood which reached all of the way to the ceiling. "That wood was hauled over 25 miles," said my companion. "You see it is dry juniper and there is none under 25 miles from the place and there is no other kind so near. We will have to be saving with it," he concluded. A small table stood near the stove, upon which was a small glass lamp well filled with oil. We lighted the lamp and read an awkwardly written and a more awkwardly spelled notice tacked on the wall. Translated it stated:

"Everybody is welcome here. Stay as long as you wish and make yourself at home. Use what you need while here and take a sufficient quantity to run you until you reach your destination, but be sparing with the wood."

REGISTRY OF GUESTS.

There were other notices on the walls announcing that such and such a person had spent a night there on a certain date and had taken a sack of flour, sack of feed, piece of bacon or other article. There were a number of these and each gave the date of stopping, how long the writer had stayed and what he had taken with him. In fact, these badly scrawled messages were as complete a register to the stockmen of that country, together with the account against each guest, as is kept in the hotels of any of the cities. It meant that the settling time would come whenever they met or whenever it was convenient and there was no worry over any one beating them. Those crude accounts were as certain of being settled as if they had been drafts issued by a money king. And the rag string was a better protection to that hoard of supplies than is a Yale lock in the large cities. Criminals stay close to cities and railroads. It is the honest toiler that is forging his

(concluded on 4th page)

AGAINST RESERVE.

**Petitions Being Circulated Protesting Against Forest Reserve
Detrimental to Country.**

Petitions are being circulated throughout Lake, Klamath and Crook Counties to Hon. W. A. Richards, commissioner of the General Land office, protesting against the withdrawal of lands in these counties. Every liberty loving citizen should sign one of these petitions, if you have your interests and the development of the County at heart. Following is a copy of the petition:

PROTEST AND REMONSTRANCE OF THE CITIZENS OF CROOK, LAKE AND KLAMATH COUNTIES, OREGON, AGAINST THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED LANDS FROM SETTLEMENT AND PUTTING THE SAME INTO A FOREST RESERVE:

Townships 18, 19 and 20, Ranges 10 and 11.
Townships 19 and 20, Ranges 12, 13, 14 and 15.
Townships 20, Range 16.
Townships 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28, Ranges 7, 8 and 9.
Townships 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, and 28, Ranges 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16.
Townships 29 and 30, Ranges 12 and 13.
Townships 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 and 39, Ranges 14 and 15.
Townships 40 and 41, Ranges 14½ and 15.
Townships 29, 30, 31, 32 and 33, Range 16.
Township 33, Range 17.
Township 33, Range 18, the SW¼.
Townships 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, and 41, Ranges 16 and 17.
Townships 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40 and 41, Range 18.
Townships 35, 36, 37 and 41, Range 19.
Townships 36 and 37, Range 20.
Townships 36, 37, 38, 39, 40 and 41, Ranges 21 and 22.

Also the strip of land North and West of Klamath Indian Reservation. All South and East.

Said lands being so withdrawn from settlement by order of the Hon. Commissioner of the General Land Office dated May 16, 1903, and July 31, 1903.

To Hon. W. A. RICHARDS, Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C.,

Dear Sir:—

We, the undersigned, citizens, freeholders and taxpayers of the Counties of Crook, Lake and Klamath in the state of Oregon, do hereby most respectfully protest and remonstrate against the withdrawal from settlement of the land above described, and described in the orders of the Hon. Commissioner of the General Land Office of dates of May 16, 1903, and July 31, 1903, and we especially protest against including said lands in any proposed Forest Reserve for the following reasons:

FIRST. Said lands are not suitable or in condition for a Forest Reserve. At least 40 per cent of all lands are sage brush plains or so called desert lands and are wholly without timber of any kind. Of the timbered lands about 75 per cent have already been purchased under the timber and stone act or entered under the homestead or scrip laws. Almost all of the valuable timber

(concluded on last page)