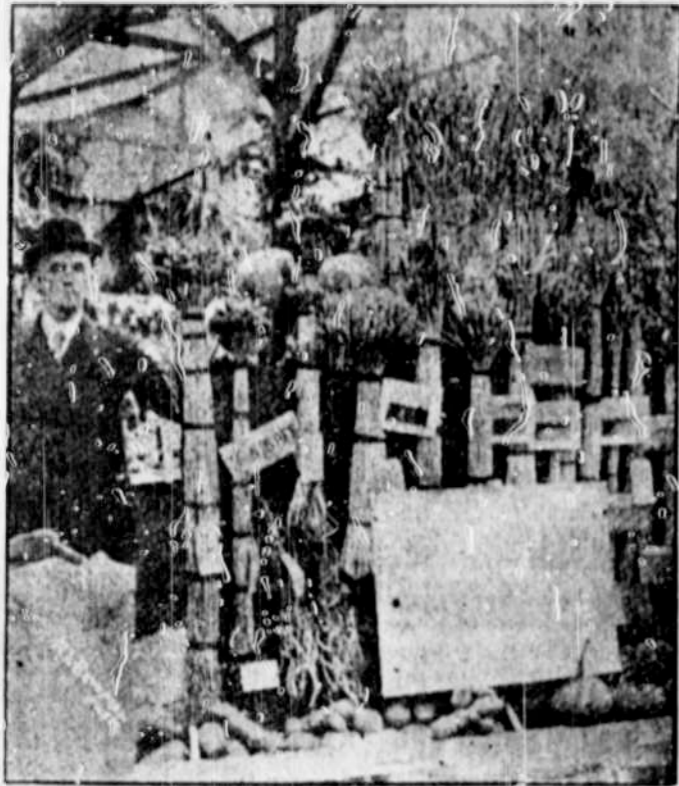


LIDLAW CHRONICLE

VOL. 2.

LIDLAW, CROOK COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1906.

NO. 3.



Farm Products Raised By Our Farmers. Exhibited By Laidlaw Development League.

Column Laidlaw Development League

Allotments of Laidlaw and vicinity eligible to membership. Initiation fee 50c. Regular meetings the last Friday in each month at 8 P. M.

Directory	
Pres.	W. P. Myers
V. Pres.	E. B. James
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Asst. Secy.	F. N. Wallace
Treas.	Wm. G. Stiles
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Rail Road Com.	B. F. Nichols, chairman W. P. Myers E. B. James T. A. Rutherford F. N. Wallace Wm. G. Stiles

The Laidlaw Chronicle appears this week in a brand new dress, having been converted into a six-column folio, all home print. The paper presents a much better appearance, and is a decided improvement upon former issues. —Madras Pioneer.

School Report

For month ending November 16th Laidlaw District.

ROOM II.

Della E. Nichols, teacher.

Total number pupils attending 29
Total number of days attendance 496
Total number days absence 45
Total number times tardy 5

Names of those who were neither absent nor tardy during the month:

Oliga Hasselberg, Alice Shields,
Louisa Tullar, Isabel Brown,
Naomi George, Ruby Patras,
Dorothy Dayton, Fay Mudd,
Leota Mark, Ray Mudd,
Francis Mark, Frank Dayton,
Willie Patras.

ROOM I.

May Wilson, teacher.

Total number pupils attending 28
Total number of days attendance 435
Total number of days absence 19

Names of those who were neither absent nor tardy during the month:

Merba Baker, Freda Clark,
Keturah Piekham, Bell Ransney,
Lillie Carlson, Ellen Carlson,
Rollie Clark, Frank Wallace,
Harley Neill.

Names of those entering school this month:

Laura Marion, Thora Hasselberg,
Lottie Hasselberg, Edna Root,
Ray Root.

NOTICE

An entertainment and basket social will be given at the school building, Wednesday evening, November 28, beginning at 7:30, for the purpose of securing funds with which to purchase a dictionary and other school essentials.

ON OCEAN'S BED.

What becomes of Ships Which Sink to the Bottom of the Sea.

What becomes of the ship that sinks in midocean? If it is of wood it takes, in the first place, considerable time for it to reach the bottom. In a hundred or more fathoms of water a quarter of an hour will elapse before the ship reaches bottom. It sinks slowly, and when the bottom is reached it falls gently into the soft, oozy bed, with no crash or breaking.

Of course if it is laden with pig iron or corresponding substances or if it is an iron ship it sinks rapidly and sometimes strikes the bottom with such force as to smash in pieces. Once sunken a ship becomes the prey of the countless inhabitants of the ocean.

They swarm over and through the great boat and make it their home. Besides this they cover every inch of the boat with a thick layer of lime. This takes time, of course, and when one generation dies another continues the work until finally the ship is so laden with heavy incrustations, corals, sponges and barnacles that if wood the creaking timbers fall apart and slowly but surely are absorbed in the waste at the sea bottom.

Iron vessels are neutralized more quickly than those of wood, which may last for centuries. The only metals that withstand the chemical action of the waves are gold and platinum, and glass also seems unaffected. No matter how long gold may be hidden in the ocean, it will always be gold when recovered, and this fact explains the many romantic and adventurous searches for hidden submarine treasures lost in shipwrecks.

PERIL IN PAINLESS FACES.

Victims of Dread Malaria May Be Hurt Without Knowing It.

"The red hot wire," said the electrician, "burned the man's cheek till it sizzled and smoked. Yet he never moved out of the way. He continued to laugh and joke and pull on his clay pipe, and a small of burning rose into the air."

"I called him to one side," "Would you stand there," I said, "and be burned to death?"

"Was I burning?" he said, with a scared look. And he put his hand to the side of his face—the wrong side.

Was it possible that he couldn't feel that horrible hurt?

"Victims," that man had no feeling in his face whatever. He told me that he had been operated on for the disease, and the operation, while it had cured the tic, had left his face dead to all sensation.

"I had often read of the doloureux in English novels, but I thought it was a trifling disease. This chap said it was a facial neuralgia so painful that in the past 50 per cent of its victims either went crazy or killed themselves, but now there is an operation that gives relief."

"Every victim of the undergoes the operation; hence there are a lot of people walking the earth with no feeling in their faces. The condition is a dangerous one, because you are likely to get hurt without knowing it."—New York Press.

Practice in Potato Growing.

In the potato growing districts of New Jersey the practice in growing this crop has materially changed in a few years past by a substitution of commercial fertilizers for barnyard manure, and this has resulted not only in heavier yields, but also in a lower cost of production.

ACROSS THE PLAINS IN 1844: REMINISCENCES OF OREGON

By HON. B. F. NICHOLS.
Copyright 1906 By William P. Myers.



CHAPTER II.

The groom, with his widowed mother and her little ones, were ready for the journey, so soon to begin. The home of the bride was on the opposite side of the river, but the marriage took place in camp, where the lovers had planned to begin the new life together.

The bride remained one day after the wedding, and then, desiring to visit her family and friends before leaving, she crossed the river, ostensibly for that purpose. The groom waited patiently for the return of his wife but she failed to put in an appearance, and at last the husband could wait no longer but went for the wife to bring her over, as the time for speaking camp was drawing near. Upon reaching her home, what was his surprise and chagrin to be informed by her that she had decided she could not go to Oregon. She told him that the risk of life was too great; the thought of being captured, scalped and tortured by the savages and her bones left to bleach on the Plains was more than she could bear. Said she "If you will stay here with me, I think we can be happy, but to go to Oregon is out of the question, I can not go!"

"Nellie," he replied, "I am very sorry that you have so decided. I married you because I loved you and believed that you loved me in return and that you would go with me, not only to Oregon, but to the ends of the earth, if need be! If your decision is unalterable, I am forced to say to you that here our fates must separate. I cannot desert my aged mother and her little family and let them hazard the long and dangerous trip to Oregon without my assistance. I persuaded her to leave our little home in Missouri to go to a country where we could get a section of land and build us a better home than the one we are leaving." So saying, he bade his wife good bye and sorrowfully returned to camp without her.

Next morning he, with the others, pulled out on the long and never to be forgotten journey. So, in this short space of time occurred the first wedding in the train and the first separation. Unfortunate, and to be regretted, but the "Fates" so willed it.

The gentleman concerned was Elisha McDaniel and the lady, Nellie Benton. I knew them both before their marriage and I lived in the same county with Mr. McDaniel many years after. He settled with his mother and her family in Polk county, Oregon, and at one time was the owner of several

sections of land in that county.

Elisha and Nellie were never reconciled but were divorced and he married a lady by the name of Jane Carmack and lived happily with her until his death. It is reported that his former wife, Nellie, afterward came to Oregon but of this I have no personal knowledge.

Our wagon was among the last to leave the camp on the old Missouri and it was with much doubts and fears, as well as with high hopes and expectations, that the train left the old familiar scenes along the river for, they knew not what.

The first day's travel was noted, particularly, for the mud and slush encountered while crossing a low tract of land that we were compelled to traverse. There was ample evidence of the difficulties experienced by those who had preceded us. Here and there were sections of logs, which had been used as a fulcrum, and long poles for levers to pry the wagons out of the mire. Our wagon went through without our having to resort to any of these expedients, owing to the fact, perhaps, that father had an extraordinary driver handling his team, Charles Smith by name. Charley was an expert with an ox whip and possessed a further qualification, an inexhaustible vocabulary of cuss words at his tongue's end. This was deemed very essential by most of the teamsters, and Charley declared that no man could get all the pull out of an ox without swearing at him. Be that as it may, Charley certainly did both with skill.

That first night we made camp in good season and pitched our tent, with a number of others, near the Agency. Among those who camped here, was a Mr. Bishop, who was on his way to the Rocky Mountains for his health. The night was bad; one of the worst of storms raged and the wind blew a gale. During the night Mr. Bishop died, this being the first death in the train. All this long night I lay sick nigh unto death, my father and Charley Smith holding the tent to prevent it from blowing down upon me as I lay inside. It was not thought that I could live until morning, but here I am, after a lapse of about sixty-two years, writing these reminiscences.

At that time I was an invalid caused by a long spell of sickness, lasting from September 22d., 1843. I was very much reduced from a physical standpoint. I stood six feet one inch in height; bones, skin and sinews were normal and adipose tissue nil; weight 120 pounds. At last the long night passed away and the dawn was welcomed by the emigrants.

A point had been selected at which the wagons forming the entire train might meet and organize the company by electing officers. This organization was effected at a point near Wolfri er, and the officers were elected according to military rule, in the following manner: The rival candidates stood apart in an open space, those voting, taking place in a line, with their candidate at the head. When all had formed into line, the number in the respective lines determined who had been elected. This was repeated for each office until all the officers had been chosen. A dozen or more Sioux Indians, male

and female, were present and looked on with seeming interest at the election of the "Big Chief" for the company.

—To be continued next week—

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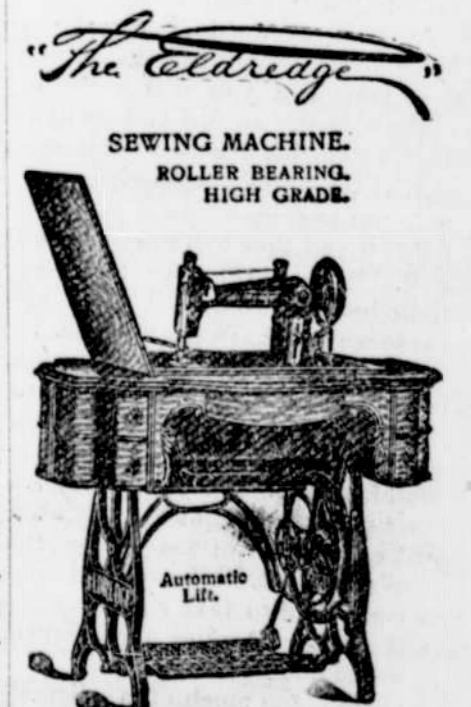
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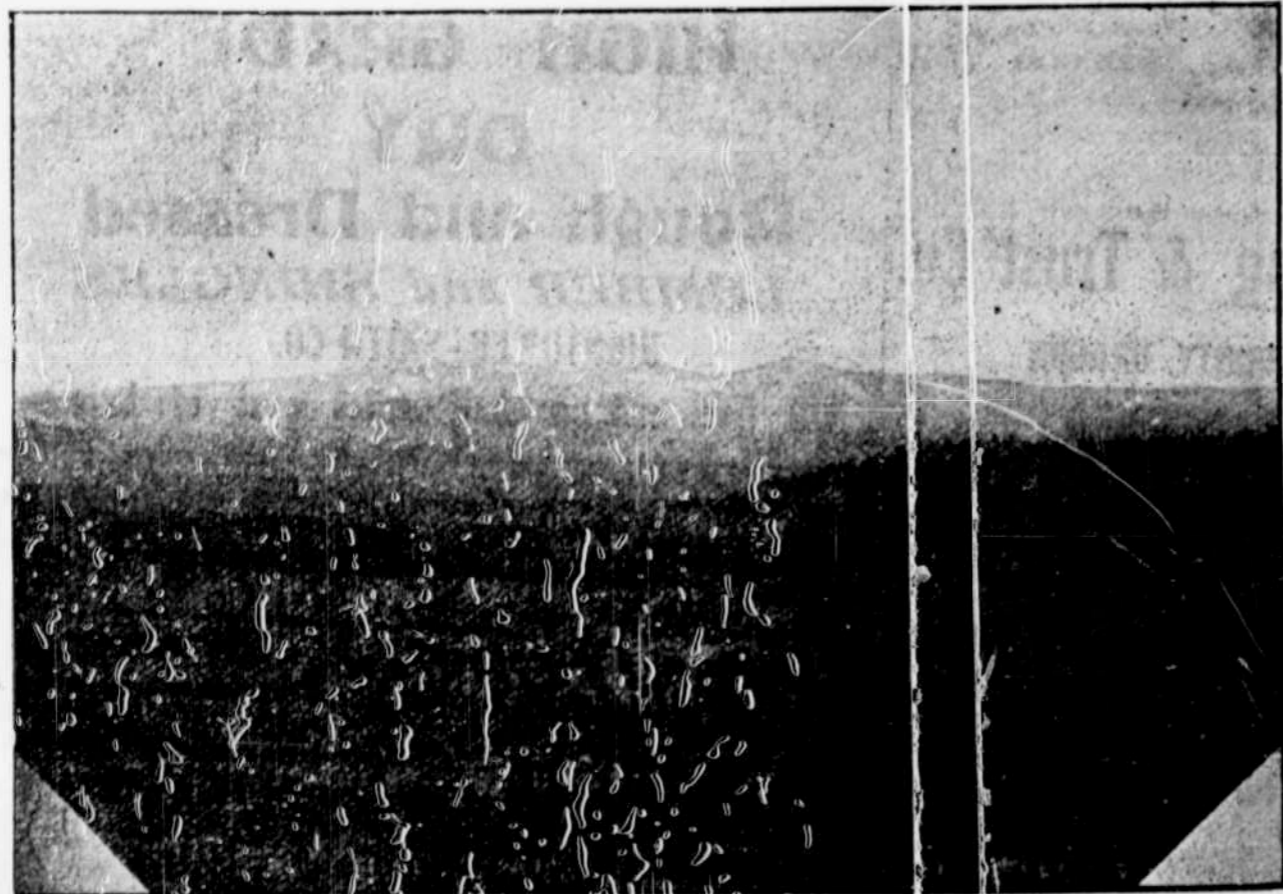
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Juniper and pine timber with the Three Sisters of the Cascade Range in the distance.