BOLD CATTLE THIEF

PRISONER WHO LEAVES THE PENITENTIARY TODAY

Will Be Rearrested and Taken to Walla Walla for Trial—Wanted in Many States.

(From Daily Statesman, Sept. 8.)

Frank Ross, alias E. H. McDonald, who has served in the Oregon penitentiary during the past year under a one year sentence for cattle stealing, will be released this morning, his time having expired. As he leaves the prison door and becomes a free man he will be promptly placed under arrest by Deputy Sheriff B. B. Colbath, under a state warrant issued by Gov. T. T. Geer, on the requisition of Gov. J. R. Rogers, of Washington, he being wanted in Walla Walla county of that state to answer to the charge of cattle stealing. He will be delivered by Mr. Colbath to Deputy Sheriff E. Sanderson, of Walla Walla, who yesterday came to Salem with Gov. Rogers' requisition, as the agent of the state of Washington to receive the prisoner and take him back for trial.

The prisoner has an interesting history. He has been a hunted criminal for a number of years, and has operated in Northeastern Oregon, in Southeastern Washington and in Idaho, and his work consisted of stealing cattle, which he sold openly in the cities, and in hiring horses and rigs, driving them to neighboring towns where they were quickly disposed of.

He has served one term in the Walla Walla penitentiary for cattle stealing. Released from prison a few years ago, he went to Waitsburg, where he hired to C. Robinson, a farmer, doing ordinary labor for six months. He quit work on Saturday, was paid off, and left. On Sunday evening he returned, stole his former employer's band of sixteen cattle, drove them to Walla Walla and sold them, leaving the city after offering to bet Deputy Sheriff Sanderson $100 on the result of the election two years ago. He next went to Lewiston, Idaho, where he hired a team and buckboard, drove the rig to Dayton, Washington, where he sold the buckboard, traded the horses for a good saddle horse, riding the latter to Pendleton. Here he sold the horse and was next heard from at Heppner. The sheriff from Lewiston and Deputy Sheriff Sanderson were both on his track, the Idaho officer securing the prisoner at Heppner, and he was taken to Lewiston to await trial.

While in jail at Lewiston, Ross, for that is the fellow's real name, together with four other prisoners, broke jail and escaped. The Washington authorities at once secured a photograph of Ross and circulated it, but failed to bag him. Meanwhile Ross appeared in Walla Walla and under the nose of the sheriff hired a horse, rode it over into Wallowa county, Oregon, and sold it to a rancher. He next appeared at a farm house, at dusk one day, where he found the farmer milking his cows. Assuming the name of E. H. McDonald, a prominent stockman of that place, he introduced himself to the farmer and demanded the immediate delivery of the cows, as he claimed they were his own. The bluff did not work, however, the farmer ordering the fellow off the place.

His next exploit was to steal a milk cow near Union, and leading the animal into town, stopped in front of a meat market, and, stating his name (E. H. McDonald), offered to sell the cow to the butcher. He had made a mistake, however, that cost him dear. The cow was the property of the butcher, having been taken from the butcher's own pasture, and before the wily crook could get away, he was arrested. His trial followed, but his history being unknown in Union county, he escaped with a sentence of one year.

The Walla Walla authorities got wind of his arrest and at once laid their plans to secure Ross at the end of his term, and their desire will be gratified before 8 o'clock this morning, for the arrest will be made at 7 o'clock and Deputy Sheriff Sanderson hopes to leave Salem with his man on the Albany local at 7:54 a. m. today, for Walla Walla.

Ross is also wanted in Boise City, Idaho, for hiring a team and selling it in Eastern Oregon.

Mr. Sanderson stated that he had seen the prisoner in the foundry at the penitentiary during yesterday, had identified him, and was sure of his man, and that, if he ever stood trial in Walla Walla, with the many charges against him, he would doubtless secure a long sentence. When the Washington authorities are through with the fellow, Idaho officers will try to pick him up. Mr. Sanderson stated it as his belief that Ross planned his theft of the milch cow in Union county with a view of getting into the Oregon penitentiary, so as to drop out of sight for a time and throw the Washington officers off his trail.

BUSY TIMES.—It looks pretty lively these mornings to hear the tooting of the different whistles, and the rush of men and women to the different places that they are employed at work. Also to see the hop pickers rushing out to hop yards. One morning this week a reporter took in the scene, which was both interesting and amusing. There were old and young, little and big men, women and children, and even babes, farmers with their wives, children, barrels, baskets and boxes for picking, women in buggies, young and old on bicycles; all rushing at full speed to the hop yards to get a good start picking. The fruit, potatoes and hops in this vicinity, is a bonanza to all in this section this season; they will to some extent, offset the shortage in the wheat crop.

A LEGAL ADVISER.—The city government yesterday employed John A. Jeffries the attorney, to look after the legal interests of the city. The city has not had a regular attorney for some time past and the appointment of Mr. Jeffries is only temporary.

U. S. SENATOR WM. E. MASON, OF ILLINOIS

THE ARIZONA TEWKSBURYS.

Engineered the Most Desperate Herd Feud in the Southwest. The Famous "Buckey" O'Neill's Part in It.

(Capt. J. H. McClintock in Ainslee's.)

"The most desperate feud ever known in the Southwest grew out of an attempt to graze sheep in Pleasant Valaley, in upper Tonto Basin, Arizona. The noted Tewksbury brothers undertook the engineering of the operation. They succeeded. But when the sheep side of the controversy had forged to the front thirty-two men were dead. The casualties were not incurred in pitched engagements. The fighting continued during a year or longer in the late eighties. It was done in Kentucky vendetta style. Most of the men who 'went over the divide' were ambushed on mountain trails and shot in the back. A Tewksbury household was besieged by a dozen members of the Graham faction, the opposing party. When an old man, Al Rose, went out in the early morning for a pail of water, he was shot and killed within fifty feet of the doorstep. And there the corpse lay unburied for three days in the full glare of the summer sun. The men within the house, stolid in their suffering from thirst, appealed for permission to bury their dead. It was denied them. This is only a fair sample of the many atrocities that marked the progress of the feud. The Pleasant Valley war ended only when all the surviving combatants, together with most of their neighbors, were gathered up and taken to Prescott by a squadron of Yavapai County, officers, headed by Sheriff William O'Neill, the same 'Buckey' O'Neill who was killed before San Juan Hill leading his troops of Rough Riders. A soothing influence was also exerted by Sheriff Commodore Owens, of Apache county, who caught four of the sheep faction in a house at Holbrook. The four broke from the house by four different routes, through doors and windows, hoping to pot the sheriff by a divided fire. All alone he calmly started to pump his Winchester rifle, apparently heedless of the rain of lead. When he had finished, the four were dead, and the cool little sheriff had not a scratch. At the last only a single male of the Graham blood remained alive. He gave up the fight and fled to the Salt River Valley, where he married and settled down to a quiet farm life. While marketing his first crop of grain he was eshot from ambush on the road to Tempe. The deed was done by two unmasked horsemen, indentified by two young women as Ed. Tewksbury and his right-hand man John Rhodes. The latter was rather summarily discharged from custody by a justice of the peace, after a narrow escape from death at the hands of Graham's young widow, who had brought her husband's trusty revolver to the court-room. Tewksbury was found guilty of murder in the first degree. But a sharp lawyer found that the clerk of the court had failed to enter the plea of 'Not guilty,' though the notes of the court stenographer showed the plea had been made in proper form; so the case was twice retried with hung juries, and finally the prisoner was turned loose. I believe he is at present a constable at Globe Camp."

WILL THEY STRIKE?

THE ANTHRACITE MINERS ARE WAITING FOR ORDERS

To Tie Up the Coal Pits—Instructions May Come at any Minute—A Hard Struggle Exected

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 7.—Under their constitution, the United Mine Workers of America executive board must decide, before 6 o'clock tomorrow night, upon the application of the district embraced in the anthracite region for permission to strike.

The indications tonight are that before the time limit has expired, messages will have been sent to the presidents of the three districts in question, announcing that permission has been granted. Following these messages will be others ordering the men out of the mines.

The question of ordering a strike was not submitted to a vote at the meeting of the executive board which has been in session here all day. President Mitchell said tonight:

"I said some time ago that, in my opinion, there would be a big strike. After talking with my colleagues all day, I have no reason to change my mind."

DROWNED AT TOLEDO.

Albany, Sept. 7.—A Mrs. Thompson, of Toledo, was drowned near that place Wednesday evening, while crossing a slough in a boat. There were six children in the boat, and while Mrs. Thompson was trying to cover one of the children with a wrap, for fear it would take cold, she lost her balance and fell into the water. It was impossible to save her, as there were no men in the boat. Mrs. Thompson leaves six small children.

A RECORD REDUCED.

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 7.—The Abbot reduced the world's mile trotting record to a wagon this afternoon, at Charter Oak Park, to 2:05½. The record was formerly 2:06¾, held by Lucile, made at Cleveland in 1897.

THE WEEK'S FAILURES.

New York, Sept. 7.—Dun's Review of Trade says: The failures for the week were 145 in the United States against 132 last year, and twenty-four in Canada against ten last year.

A FATAL EXPLOSION.

Vienna, Sept. 7.—During the Austrian military maneuvers today, a big gun exploded, killing four men outright and fatally wounding eighteen.

EUROPE IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN

Holland Comes Next to England in the Value of Her Possessions.

The Pacific ocean, westward of Hawaii and the Marquesas, is like a federation of European nations on Asiatic soil, united by the free commerce of the seas. The nations vary in size, strength and importance, as the states of Europe or of the American Union. Great Britain commands the field with a landed area of nearly 3,250,000 square miles; Poor Spain's once magnificent empire is shrunk to less than fifty square miles, a smaller total than belongs to black King George of the Tongas. Holland, the country from which emanated the doughty Boers, owns over 735,000 square miles, settled with nearly eight times as many people as inhabit the larger area owned by Great Britain. Germany, the new civilizer among the nations, has dominance over more than 100,000 square miles and about as many people as there are miles. France, with less than one-tenth of Germany's land, is at some of the most important points of strategy and at the point of greatest travel. Several independent states lie in the midst of this federation, as Switzerland does in Europe; several others in the unhappy, suzerainted position of the Transvaal in South Africa.

If all the islands could be put into a continuous body of land they would form a most heterogeneous empire. They would include, in addition to European peoples with their various political and social systems, a tangle of aborigines, a confusion of savages and semi-civilized cultivators of soil and commonwealth; an emporium of products more diversified than a bazaar on a midway plaisance, a mystery of traditions as inexplicable as the origin of the American Indians. Profoundly forested in the Dutch West Indies, the islands become in Western Australia more barren than the lava beds of Eastern Oregon, and more irredeemable than the uppermost wilds of British Columbia. Fertile, balmy and luxurious in the beautiful lands of New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa and Tahiti, they are transformed into uninhabitable coral reefs or into hot and malarial beds of struggle in the guano-covered or copra-producing dots on the map north and east of a line drawn from the Philippines to New Guinea and through Samoa to the Society islands.—Ainslee's Magazine.

DIED IN MONTANA.—Mrs. Asa Wyman, of this city, received word yesterday of the death of Mrs. W. L. Mercer, which occurred September 3d, at Helena, Montana. Mrs. Mercer was formerly Miss Florence Meacham, of Portland, and was well known in Salem, where she had many friends who sincerely sympathize with the bereaved husband. They were married one year and have lived since in Helena, where the deceased was buried September 5th. Mr. Mercer is a cousin of Asa Wyman, and formerly lived in this city for a time.

HERDERS OF THE WEST.

How the Riotous Cowboy Compares With the Lonely Sheep-Herder.

(Capt. J. H. McClintock in Ainslee's.)

"In the character of the men who care for the herds and flocks can be found an interesting subject for study. The cowboy, if he be the genuine article, is a man who daily does feats on the range that would win applause at a Wild West show. In his chase after the fleet, unbranded yearling, he is compelled to ride at headlong speed over country that a fox hunter would consider sure death. Danger confronts him in varied form, and no man can be an efficient cow-puncher who hasn't in him the spirit of recklessness. The writer once witnessed a stampede of wild cattle at midnight. A great herd was being held in a canyon of the Mazatzal Mountains. The night was as dark as it is possible for night to be. A coyote's bark started the nervous animal sto their feet, and they were off. The two riding guards on watch howled for help. Their sleeping comrades were up in a twinkling. Each seized a horse at the picket line and mounted without saddle, stopping only to twist a loop of his riata about the pony's nose. Barely a dozen seconds had passed before the camp-fire was deserted. The cowboys were plunging in the dark after the fleeing cattle, through a wild, rocky, unknown district, filled with mesquite and cactus, cut by dangerous arroyos and canyons. By noon of the succeeding day the drive was resumed. A half-dozen steers had been left behind, lamed or dead, in the gulches, while a few of the horses in the 'wrangler's bunch' in the lead were skinned and limping. But the cowboys, their clothing in rags from the thorny midnight ride, merely joked on their mutual appearance and solaced their weariness with tobacco and with endless song. As a rule, the cowboy is an American. In the plateau region he may hail from anywhere, but usually comes either from California or from Texas. But they all fraternize, making issue only over the liking of the Californian for a saddle with a 'single barreled rig,' which is a saddle with a single girth. The Texan despises anything but a double-cinched saddle, though usually he does not tighten the second girth.

"The sheep herder has a distinctly lower social place. As a rule, he is a foreigner, the few Americans employed being in positions of unusual trust. Most of the herders appear to be Mexicans or Frenchmen. It is said that Pasques are the best and most careful shepherds. They come from Northern Spain, many of them especially for this employment. Their wages are not bad, being usually even higher than the pay of cowboys or farmhands but the nervous American cannot stand the life. The everlasting 'baa' drives him mad. He cannot endure the monotony and the necessary separation from humanity, with only a dog for company for months at a stretch. And the diet, mainly tea and mutton, is too simple for his luxurious slate. It is a fact that sheep herding furnishes a greater number of inmates for Western insane asylums than does any other occupation. The shepherd, like the cowboy, is gradually assimilated to his surroundings, and naturally acquires much of the nature of his charges. To his credit it must be said that he is rarely unfaithful to the interests of his flock and its owner. There is nothing poetical about him, but he will risk his life for the safety of a lamb, and will doggedly search all night if there be a stray. He is a much quieter fellow than the cowboy, even in his cups, when the wool has been clipped and the hands are in town for a little fling. He has no wild yearning for idly shooting holes in the firmament. He is happiest on a sunny hillside, lying at ease where he may overlook his flock and hear the ceaseless voicing of its lamentation."

CALIFORNIA'S BIG TREES.

Interesting Conclusions of a Government Report.—These Giant Monarchs of the Forest Have Probably Lived 5,000 Years.

Washington, Sept. 3.—The department of agriculture has issued a report on investigation of the big trees of California that brings out some interesting new conclusions. It shows that the dimensions of the big trees are unequalled; that their age makes them the oldest living things. They are described by the reort as "the grandest, largest, oldest and most majestically graceful of trees and the scarcest of known tree specie, with the extreme scientific value of being the best living representatives of a former geological age."

The report says the back of the big trees often is two feet thick and almost non-combustible. "The oldest specimens felled," it says, "are still sound at heart, and fungus is an enemy unknown to it. Yet the big trees apparently have not increased their range since the glacial epoch. They have only just managed to hold their own on the little strip of land where the climate is locally favorable."

The most recent investigations, according to the report, confirm the estimates that these giant trees have probably lived 5000 years or more. The average rate of growth is estimated at one inch of diameter for every 12 years. The report also corroborates the statements of one authority, who says that one tree, on which he counted 4000 rings, was undoubtedly in its prime, "swaying in the Sierra winds when Christ walked the earth."

The report states, among other things, as the result of official investigations:

"The only lace in the world where the big tree exists is in 10 isolated groves on the west slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains. The specie, however, represent a surviving prehistoric genus of trees once growing widely over the globe. The southern grounds show some reproduction through which there is hope of perpetuating these groves. In the northern groves the species hardly holds its own."

The Paris suburbs are suffering from a plague of flies, and the blame is laid on the people who slaughter the small birds all over France for the feather market.

THE EARTH BREATHES AIR.

A Curious Phenomena Near The Dalles.—It Is Very Marvelous.

A gentleman who recently made a trip to Wapanitia, a little town about 50 miles from The Dalles, tells of a peculiar freak of nature, in the form of a small, deep hole in the ground on the farm of Van Woodruff, from which the air rushes with such great force that at times it can be heard a distance of over a quarter of a mile, says the Lawton Standard. For a period of six hours the air is forced out of this hole and then for a similar length of time it is with great force drawn back again, and so on without cessation.

About 10 years ago an old man, Hampton Kelly, now dead, who owned the farm, bored for a well, and on reaching the depth of 110 feet, the drill suddenly and without any warning fell for a considerable distance, and it was found that a large cavity had been struck and the air rushed from the hole with a tremendous force. From that day to this the air has continued, hour by hour and day by day, unceasingly, and with regularity to be forced out for six hours and then drawn in for a like period of six hours, never failing, never diminishing. At times the air rushes with greater force, roar and weird sound than at others, and the old settlers there say that whenever this happens a great change in the weather takes place or a storm invariably follows; and for years old Hampton Kelly was able to predict a storm or change of weather, and it was found more reliable than a barometer, and when a great storm was predicted everybody prepared for it. The temperature at the mouth of the hole is always the same, about 52 degrees in winter and in summer. Years ago the owner, always experimenting and inventing, connected this air by a pipe and run it into a milkhouse and in the heat of the summer the little milkhouse was always cool, while on the outside all was sweltering, and in cold blasts of winter, when the mercury stood low in the thermometer, the little milkhouse was kept warm inside, and the old man stored all his potatoes and other vegetables there and they would never freeze.

Hundreds of people have visited this strange and weird phenomenon the like of which cannot be found in the whole surrounding country. Many are the explanations and theories advanced as to the cause of this strange action. One is that the cavity extends to the ocean, and when the tide rises it partially fills this cavity and forces the air out through this hole and when the water recedes the air rushes in again. Another is that when the atmosphere becomes heavy, it compresses the air in the cavity, which is always of a different temperature, and when the atmosphere becomes lighter the compressed air is forced out of the cavityagain. The surrounding country is all volcanic. Not a great distance away are the warm springs on the Indian reservation, and further south are found the great lava beds. Whatever the cause, whatever the true explanation, it is a most strange freak and is wondered at by all.