

1-9-1888

**THE DAILY MERCURY**

**MONDAY EVENING.....JAN 9, 1888**

**BOARD OF SUPERVISORS**

Jan. 4.

An order was received from Judge of the Superior Court directing the Board to select 300 Trial and 50 Grand Jurors for the ensuing year.

The petition of Wm. Duensing and others for an appropriation of \$200 to assist in building a road from Flea Valley Ridge to Big Bar, was received and filed.

# Oroville Register

## 1-12-1888

The postoffice at Dry Creek, between Oroville and Chico, will be discontinued after the 25th inst.

The house of Chas. Deiter at Oregon City was burned on Sunday last. The loss is said to be about \$1,500, with something over \$600 insurance.

# Oroville Register

1-12-1888

## Fruit Growing at Cherokee.

Cherokee thus speaks for herself and saith, I too, claim a portion of the citrus belt.

This thermal belt of foothills and valleys extending from the Golden Gate to the Shasta Buttes, is now becoming famous for growing the orange, the lemon the olive and all other semi-tropical fruits to perfection, is being wisely carved into colonies, by enterprising capitalists, and subdivided into small farms. Towns are systematically laid out for the accomodation of each colony, with a full supply of water for irrigating and manufactaring purposes. Also lines for railroads, street cars, telegraphs and all the modern conveniences which the ingenuity of man can devise for the benefit of settlers who purchase farms, blocks, or lots in these colonies and towns which are soon to become cities, more beautiful than the Garden of Eden, more permanent than the city of Damascus, and more famous than the "city of the Plains."

Cherokee Flat is a beautiful plateau about 800 feet above Oroville, lying east of the Table Mountain, bounded on the north by the West Branch and on the east by the north fork of Feather river, and sheltered on the north by mountains. It contains an area of about 10,000 acres of red land all covered with timber and undergrowth. wild grapes in profusion and wild plant growth on the sloping hillsides, although this an old mining camp. Enough experiments in fruit raising have been made to test this locality. In the gardens originally planted by John Moore, Wm. Gregory, David Gage and about thirty others, orange trees are growing finely and bearing good fruit, lemons, citrons and oranges can be seen to-day growing on the trees. Pomegranates, persimmons, walnuts, chestnuts, olives, apples, pears, peaches, apricots, nectarines, cherries, currants and gooseberries, figs, grapes and all kinds of berries grow in Cherokee. Tobacco grows well where it has been tried, gardening is limited on account of the scarcity of water for irrigating purposes. But if the water that is now used in the Spring Valley mine was used for irrigating purposes, there would be a line of orchards, gardens, groves and vineyards from Cherokee Flat through Scotch Flat, Oregon City and Thompson Flat to Thermalito.

JOHN GRANT.

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**A New Residence.**

J. G. Curtis has erected on his farm near Pentz a handsome and commodious residence. When finished with the verandas which are yet to be added it will be the most sightly residence in that part of the country. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis are improving their place also by planting it to olives. Two hundred little trees were set out last year. The finest peaches in all the country grow on this ranch.

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## Butte.

EDITORS PRESS:—Our great blizzard has come and gone, and now we have had three or four days of delightful rain; everybody will rejoice. I said our "blizzard," for such it seemed to an old Californian. I live at an altitude of 1800 feet above the sea. I am trying to grow all kinds of deciduous fruits, and French walnuts, French chestnuts, and the American black walnut. I have a few orange trees, from one to four years old, and lo and behold the mercury got scared and ran down to 17°, 14°, 8° and 6°, but the Eastern visitor might laugh at us for calling that cold. My citrus trees look rather sorrowful, but I think that some of them are all right, or will come out all right in another season. It seems to me that the winter of 1861-2 was just as cold up here, though we had more snow then—16 or 18 inches—this time only six inches, but the heavy norther drifted it terribly. Well, I think the cold will be hard on the insect pests, though I have had nothing of the kind yet, as my trees are all young. Apples bore some last year. Although my neighbors have the codlin moth in their apples, I hope this cold snap will get away with them for awhile at least. I see by the *Bulletin* that the settlers in Lane county, Oregon, have too many Chinese pheasants. Now why cannot some of our sporting clubs get some of them down this way? I am sure they would do well here in the foothills and mountains, and they would not destroy the wheat either. Our Government ought to procure a stock of them and distribute them as they do the fish.—W. H. MULLEN, *Big Bend, Butte Co., Jan. 23d.*

### The Debris Question.

In view of the essays made, in ways more or less roundabout, to resuscitate the little giant and start the slickens factories again, and considering how many new settlers have come into the State, since the former battle for farmers' rights was won, who are unacquainted with the matters at issue, the following leader from last week's *Sutter County Farmer* seems altogether timely. Brother Ohleyer says :

At the first glance it would seem rather late in the day to undertake the explanation of the debris question, and so it is. But when a measure is before the Congress of the United States looking to the examination of this question with a view to adjust the difficulty between the farmer and the miner, we may well be excused for alluding to the threadbare subject again. And, strange as it may seem, the subject is but little understood outside of those having to battle with it; therefore we conceive it our duty to keep the question before the public in its true light and to correct erroneous impressions which are sought to be fastened on the public mind.

The debris question can only be a question where law and order do not prevail, and where the usages of organized society are set at naught. When all these are observed the question disappears like the fog before a noon-day sun. That the question has gained such a hold in our day, after a slumber of 20 centuries, is a sad reflection upon our boasted civilization, and we stand confronted with the deliberate attempt to undo justice and right and to turn back the wheels of progress, and to once more institute might for right.

To throw our refuse material on to our neighbors' premises without their consent, or into public streams, or on to public grounds, to the injury of the public, is the debris question pure and simple. That this may not be done among our fellow-citizens in the mining regions is most carefully guarded by law of their own making, and as between them it is most rigidly enforced (as innumerable decrees in our law books amply attest). Elsewhere the principle is as sacredly observed as is the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and none knowingly dare infringe upon these universally recognized principles.

It is plain, then, to the most obtuse understanding that the "debris question," as between individuals, and as between them and the public, is fully and completely adjusted.

As between the farmers and the hydraulic miners the question stands adjusted in accordance with law and equity by consent of all parties. We say consent advisedly, because after the great Sawyer decision, in the case of *Edwards Woodruff vs. The North Bloomfield*, the defendants appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court, and without permitting it to come to trial they paid the costs and withdrew the suit, thereby acknowledging the legality and justice of the decision. Thus, as before remarked, the legal issue stands adjusted by the judgment of the Court of last resort and the highest legal power in the Republic. Of course every thinking mind knows now, and knew from the beginning, that no other solution was possible and retain our form of civilization. Imagine for one moment the result to the world of a decision or adjustment on a contrary basis. Not a being in the whole universe could afford to accept it, and least of all could our mountain fellow-citizens abide such an adjustment. For, just as certain as the established adjustment is reversed, the mighty corporations will sluice down to bedrock, not only the mountains but the inhabitants thereof, laying waste mountain, valley, rivers, bays, harbors and cities. Who, in this glorious State, a State so pregnant with the grandest possibilities in the near future, will or dare demand the upheaval of the well-settled adjustment?

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INDORSES THE RESOLUTIONS.—W. H. Mullen of Big Bend writes: "I heartily indorse the resolutions of the Santa Rosa Grange in regard to taxing liquor and tobacco. I do not see why the Granges and the Good Templars and the prohibitionists do not join issues on that very important question, and we would soon put an end to the abominable traffic."

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# Oroville Daily Mercury

## March 21, 1888

### ABUNDANCE OF WATER.

People on the east of Oroville are uncertain as to whether they will be supplied with irrigating water by the Feather river and Ophir Canal Company, commonly known as the Hewitt ditch. In conversation with Henry Wise, one of the company, he informs us that the company feels bound to continue the supply of water to all persons who have heretofore received water from the ditch. The company is not prepared to guarantee water to new consumers but we are satisfied that the capacity of the ditch will be kept equal to the demand for water. We are assured that the capacity of the ditch will be increased fifty per cent and probably doubled, during the next year. Not less than fifty thousand dollars have been laid aside for the improvement of the ditch, so it looks as if the energetic managers intend to be prepared for any demand. We hope that nobody will be discouraged in tree planting from fear of scarcity of water. There is not the least foundation for such fears within a radius of twenty miles of Oroville. Thermalito has enough water to irrigate fifty thousand acres on the west of the river. The Ophir and Forbestown ditches can, and we are satisfied

will, supply all possible demands for the next year, and in the mean time the Big Bend irrigating canal will reach Oroville with at least ten thousand inches more. Work is already being done at Big Bend preparatory to the commencement of this splendid irrigating ditch, and Dr. Pierce has said that it will come. It will probably be here by the irrigating season of 1889 and in the mean time our water facilities are equal to the demand.

# Weekly Chronicle Record

## 3-24-1888

### Stage Upset

Sunday morning as Johny Veal's (Veale's) stage coach ascended the Sierras on the Humboldt road, and neared the Forest Ranch house, a team coming down was met. The stage turned out to let the team pass, and in doing so ran too far on a bank and was upset. There were six lady passengers, beside a number of men on their way to work at the mills. Strange to say, no one was injured. The horses behaved well and the driver showed himself master of the situation.



# Oroville Register

3-29-1888

## A Mystery!

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Mr. J. D. Williams, of Cherokee in coming to Oroville yesterday morning found in the road down Table Mountain, about half a mile above Jacob Gaub's saloon, a large pool of blood and lying partly in the same was a woman's switch or braid of hair. Williams believes that a murder occurred from the large quantity of blood found, but says there were no footmarks about the spot and reasons that if foul play happened to any one that the party injured must have been riding in a wagon. A quantity of the blood and the hair with a quantity of other hair looking as though torn from a man's beard and found at the spot, was brought to Oroville and placed in the hands of the officers.

The young gentlemen of Cherokee display their gallantry by giving a grand return leap year ball on the 13th of April. Posters for the same are out and announce that the Neubarth Band of Chico will furnish the music and that the supper will be provided by Mrs. Sturmer. We need not add that both will be good and that all who attend the party will have a most enjoyable time.

# Daily Mercury

4-23-1888

Henry Morrison has sold his Oroville and Yankee Hill stage line to Sam Wollover, the obliging driver of the stage from Oroville to Cherokee. Morrison will establish a daily line from Oroville to Gridley which will complete Oroville's stage connections with the surrounding towns.

## FASHION STABLES!

Just above U. S. Hotel, Montgomery Street,  
Oroville, Cal.

New Harness,

New Horses,

New Vehicles.

Picnic and Pleasure Wagons

My California Pleasure Wagon has seats for twelve, and is an elegant and comfortable carriage.

The Fashion Stable is now supplied with  
**Elegant Vehicles,**  
and good and reliable teams for all uses,  
which will be let at reasonable rates.

I respectfully solicit the public patronage,  
ap28 J. R. PRESTON, Prop.

# Daily Mercury

4-24-1888

Fred Morrison has established a daily stage line between Oroville and Gridley and intends to run right up to the notch. He leaves Gridley after the down morning train, spends the day in Oroville and reaches Gridley at 4:30 in the afternoon. People will find Fred an accommodating and reliable stager.

# Oroville Register

5-10-1888

## Cherokee.

While the proud chanticleers of commerce and civilization are flapping their gilded wings over the rich and flourishing towns and cities of the "Golden West," Cherokee is just breaking the shell to let the darkness out and the daylight in. Although the majority of the people of Cherokee are reaping a golden fleece from the Spring Valley mine, which is as inexhaustible as the "widow's oil," and more reproductive than "Jonah's gourd." Some are wisely turning their attention to the cultivation of the soil. David Smith set out a large vineyard this spring, Wm. Anderson is enlarging his vineyard and improving his farm, John D. Jones is enlarging his orchard, Bill Jones bought the Oliver ranch, which is a fine site for an orchard or vineyard, McCloud is clearing off his ranch for further improvements, while all the orchards in this vicinity indicate a good yield this year. The ranchmen are driving large herds of cattle to the mountains for the summer.

There are no empty houses in Cherokee nor houses to rent. The Odd Fellows of Cherokee have let a contract to build a new hall to John Grant for \$2,500 an improvement much needed in the town. Business is lively and everybody expects to see the North Fork railroad come by his ranch. More anon.

MINER.

# Oroville Register

5-24-1888

Ole Lund brought down last night from Big Bend a curiosity that N. A. Harris, Superintendent of the Company is sending to the State Mining Bureau. It is a pine stub twelve or fifteen inches in diameter through the heart of a large oak tree. The tree grew near Big Bend and this stub has been there for the past thirty years. The pine is well preserved and looks as though it was a part of the oak itself so closely does the bark fit around it.

## OROVILLE and GRIDLEY

### Stage Line.

**FRED H. MORRISON, Proprietor.**

Stages leave Gridley every day except Sunday at 7:30 A. M.

Leave Oroville daily except Sunday, at 1:30 P. M. Reaching Gridley in time to connect with the train north to Chico.

## Fire at Cherokee.

### A Woman Burned to Death.

Cherokee has been visited in the past by a number of fires, but none so destructive as that of Tuesday morning.

At two o'clock D. J. Williams saw flames issuing from the Bagnell House kept by Mrs. O'Donnell. He gave the alarm and rushed across the street to awaken the inmates of the burning building. He was none too soon, the house was cloth and paper lined and dry as tinder and burned furiously. Williams hurried up stairs, and broke open the door of a room where Miss Annie O'Donnell and Miss Ella Downing were sleeping. These he roused and succeeded in getting down stairs though they were half suffocated with the smoke. A twin sister of Miss Annie, Mary aged 23, was sleeping in the adjoining room and the door of this was broken open by Ed. O'Donnell, but the fierce flames drove him back. All efforts to wake the girl had been futile, as she was undoubtedly unconscious from the smoke and perished in the burning structure. The death of this estimable young lady cast a horror over the workers and seemed to paralyze their efforts for soon the fire spread to the dwelling of D. J. Williams and the house and its entire contents were consumed. Then L. Goodday's store caught and \$10,000 would not cover the loss in property alone, as he carried a large stock of general merchandise.

Oroville Register  
7-12-1888

About this time Andy Ryan's barn caught and then the flames crossed the street to Ryan's Eagle Hotel. Next the buildings owned by E. Lewis burst into flames and then the saloon of Rowe Bros., across the street caught and no efforts could save it. Last of all came the fine building owned by L. Glass and occupied by Bader, Slaven & Lott as a store. The loss here was large as the building was one of the best in Cherokee and the stock of goods heavy.

The fire ended with this building. The estimate of losses vary, but these given below we believe to be nearly correct:

Mrs. O'Donnell \$2,500, insurance, \$1,500; D. J. Williams \$1,000; L. Goodday \$10,000; insurance, \$5,500. A. Ryan \$3,500, no insurance; Rowe Bros. \$2,500, insurance, \$1,500; E. Lewis, \$1,200; Bader & Slaven \$8,000, insurance, \$5,000; L. Glass \$3,000, no insurance. Total loss, \$31,700; insurance, \$13,500.

# Weekly Chronicle Record

## 7-14-1888

### Cherokee in Ashes and in Mourning.

#### TWO HOTELS, TWO STORES AND OTHER BUILDINGS CONSUMED.

#### Miss Mary O'Donnell Burned to Death.

Early yesterday morning the startling news was flashed over the wires and caught up along the way that a dreadful fire had raged in Cherokee at an early hour, and that the most important part of the town was entirely destroyed. The fire originated before daybreak in the Bagnell Hotel, kept by Mrs. O'Donnell, and soon spread to the Eagle Hotel, kept by Mr. Ryan on the adjoining lot. Thence the flames leaped across the street to Rowes saloon and Gooday's store, in one direction and across to the store of Bader & Slaven in another, taking in several smaller buildings and dwellings adjacent. These were all frame buildings and most of them getting old. The hotels were two story buildings and the Bader & Slaven store was also. The flames licked up every thing complete, until stopped because there were no other buildings in reach. But the saddest part of the calamity remains to be told.

#### MISS MARY O'DONNELL.

A young lady 17 years old, daughter of the proprietor of the Bagnell House was asleep in her room near where the fire broke out, and her room was soon filled with smoke. Her brothers endeavored to rescue her, and broke in the door to effect an entrance, but failed to do so. The flames rushed on and the unfortunate young lady who was doubtless unconscious from suffocation, was consumed with the building. When all was over her body lay in its place a mere charred shell, which fell to pieces when an effort was made to handle it—the bones only remaining firm.

#### LITTLE SAVED.

From the Bagnell House practically nothing was saved. From the Eagle Hotel only a little clothing was saved. From the saloon and stores very little was taken out. Such was the excitement of the rapidly devouring flames, no one was capable of doing anything but endeavor to arrest their progress.

#### THE ORIGIN.

From Al. Carlton who was in Cherokee during the forenoon just after the fire, and to whom we are indebted for the details above given, we learn that the fire is supposed to have originated from ashes cast in the rear of the Bagnell House; but various theories are advanced. When Carlton left, an inquest was being held over the remains of Miss O'Donnell, and the whole town seemed to be weeping.

# Oroville Register

## 7-19-1888

### **Spring Valley Mine.**

This rich and well known mine is having a streak of hard luck this year between injunctions and attachments. Supt. Gregory has made it pay handsomely, but no sooner is the mine released from one law suit than another comes forward. While we have hopes that Mr. Gregory will be able to get into smooth sailing after a little with his big craft, yet we have serious doubts about the mine being able to stand the storm that is now breaking over it.



# Sacramento Daily Union

July 21 , 1888

## **Terrible Accident in a Sawmill.**

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OROVILLE, July 20th.—Hiram Simmons, a sawyer at the Flea Valley Sawmill, was badly injured yesterday by being caught in a belt. His collar-bone was broken and his abdomen torn open, exposing the intestines, though none were ruptured.

# Oroville Register

7-26-1888

**Mr. Simmons, the head sawyer at the Flea Valley mill run by Ayers & Hutchison on Friday put up his hand to soap a pulley. The hand was caught and Simmons was dragged up among the shafting overhead, receiving severe bruises, but fortunately escaped with his life. He is now at Deadwood for treatment.**

Note: This is Hiram Simmons. Also see The Sacramento Daily Union 7-21-1888

# PACIFIC RURAL PRESS.

JULY 28. 1888

**THE waters of the north fork of the Feather river have been turned into Big Bend tunnel, and the company is getting ready for putting a large body of men to work on the river-bottom, left dry.**

# Oroville Register

8-2-1888

## Quartz Mining in Butte.

A new era in quartz mining has dawned upon Butte. Ledges are being developed at Forbestown, Merrimac Mills, on French Creek, near Magalia, at Oregon City, near Oroville and in other sections. Not less than 150 men are at work on quartz, either prospecting or getting out ore. Extensive developments at Forbestown show rich ore, and a large force of men are working to put the mines in the best shape for good returns. Faruham & Rowell's mine, near Merrimac, shows fine ore and a new ten stamp mill will begin crushing it this week. A good deal of work is being done at the Banner mine up the river from here and excellent ore development is reported. A large amount of prospect work is being carried on in the county and several new ledges have recently been found.

## Some Curious Customs Still in Vogue Among the Concows.

### HEL-LO-KI, THE FEARFUL DEMON.

Poisoning Enemies by Aid of Evil Spirits.

Abandonment to Grief in Mourning.

Grass Gambling.

ROUND VALLEY RESERVATION, August 15, 1888.—About two hundred miles north of that great center of civilization, San Francisco, there is a people, of whose origin even they themselves are ignorant, and who live in a condition bordering on the barbarous. I refer to the Indians of Northern California, a few of whom have gathered together on the Round Valley Reservation in Mendocino county. Here reside the remnants of six once powerful tribes, the Ukies, Concows, Little Lakes, Redwoods, Pitt Rivers and Potter Valleys. Of the last two named there are very few, the greater portion of the tribes being settled on their own land in another part of the State. There is much of interest yet attached to these "noble red men," though much of their nobility has become a thing of the past, they say, in consequence of their contact with their pale-faced brother. However, be that as it may, they still retain a few of their old-time customs and all of their superstitions. They are, as some one has aptly put it, "very spiritual," in fact their religion is merely a species of spiritualism. Their God, "Supreme Ruler," "Creator" or "First Power," is called the Great Spirit or Good Spirit. To all other spirits they give the universal name of "devil" in translating it into English. Anything strange that is seen or heard is immediately dubbed "devil," and they have the grace to be greatly alarmed by any reference to his Satanic Majesty, designated in the Concow language as "Hel-lo-ki."

On the reservation, which lies partly in Round Valley, there is quite a large hill standing out distinct and separate from the foothills of the mountains by which the valley is surrounded. This immense mound is supposed to be inhabited by "Hel-lo-ki," and an Indian of the ancient regime is never seen near it after the sun goes down. The younger ones and the half-breeds are supposed to have very little respect for these superstitions, and, in company with one of them, I once ascended the almost perpendicular sides of this hill to get a good view of the valley. On the topmost twig of the topmost bush were strings of beads and several feathers floating in the evening wind. I thought I would like one of the feathers as a relic, but the boy seized my outstretched hand, exclaiming:

"Don't touch that!"

"Why?"

"It's poisoned!"

SF Daily Alta 8-18-1888

page 1 of 2

"How do you know?" I inquired, and after a number of questions found that when a member of the Concow tribe wants to cause the death of another of the tribe, because of some fancied insult, or perhaps because some of his relatives have in some past unlucky hour had something to do with the death of some of his relatives, he gets rattlesnake poison and rattles and a poisonous decoction of some herb and has the "medicine man" repeat his words of incantation over the mixture. He then gets something that the intended victim has worn about his person, a scrap of his clothing or a lock of his hair, or even a portion of something he has been eating, and putting the poisoned mass on or with the possession, buries it under a stone or deep in the earth where it will not be found or disturbed. This "medicine hill" is a favorite place for such interment, hence the dread of it, for "Hel-lo-ki" must haunt such a spot so cursed.

It sometimes happens that they make an offering to this evil spirit or devil in the shape of the beads or feathers hanging on the bush. Of course after this, and in deference to the feelings of my guide, I no longer desired to possess what had been consecrated to this deity. When the wind blows very strong and the windows and doors of their rude huts rattle, the Indians shiver and huddle close together, whispering "Hel-lo-ki!"

While an Indian cannot swear in his own language, though he has attained quite a reputation when it comes to a question of white man's profanity, yet he can pronounce a curse on one of his own race, and thus make his life a burden, because even an evil wish is supposed to carry weight with it. It is no uncommon thing to hear a squaw say, "Ah! No good woman! I not like that woman. She 'cuss' me." When asked what she said, no answer save that can be elicited—"She 'cuss' me!" As near as I can ascertain one will say to another when angry: "I wish you die in a year," and, "You no good! You a lazy woman—never tend to your house," or some such expression; and it is never forgotten, and when the woman dies, no matter how long afterwards, her death is supposed to be partly caused by this curse, unless some one has poisoned her in the way already described.

Their unwritten law is like that of the ancient Jews—"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life." Within the past two years every death that has occurred has been attributed to poisoning or a curse. They live in constant dread of one another. When a person is very sick, and the skill of the medicine man has availed nothing, a series of dances lasting two or three weeks or more, is offered to "Hel-lo-ki," ending with a "big dinner" or general feast. When the patient is rich in beads and can afford it, a dinner is given every Saturday or Sunday, sometimes both. The catables are dedicated to the angry god, who has sent evil spirits to the sick person to torment him, thus making him ill, but are eaten by all the members of the tribe, young or old, who can attend the feast, the old women packing off in their handkerchiefs or shawls what is left. The dance, too, is a propitiatory offering to the same wrathful deity. The Indians tell him they will dance till they are exhausted if he will let the afflicted one live. One of their wise men will pray quite as earnestly as Christians do, pleading, with tears in his eyes, for the life of a relative. But this is only done when all other means have been tried and failed. Then the dancers begin their maneuvers, and keep up the nightly orgie till all are utterly weary and unable to stand the fatigue any longer.

An Indian submits very gracefully to the inevitable, and when fully convinced that there is no hope for a patient for whom everything has been done in the way of such ceremonies and sacrifices, the medicine men often aid him to end his miserable existence, sometimes by trying to drive out the evil spirit by beating and stamping on him, and sometimes by slow starvation and studied neglect, even refusing a drink of water under some circumstances.

At the funeral all their feelings of affection are called in play again. The younger members of the family furnish the money for the coffin, which is always a rough pine box, sometimes painted, but oftener covered with black cloth or velvet and trimmed with cheap black lace. The old women of the tribe all assemble in the house of mourning and lend their voice to increase the sound of the crying of the mother or grandmothers, of which there are usually three or four, any aged relative on the father's or mother's side being thus named. This crying for their dead is strictly like unto the Jewish custom. I have seen the women sit on the edge of the graves, even jump in and abandon themselves to the wildest grief, throwing handfuls of dirt all over themselves, rubbing it on their faces and in their hair, putting it in their bosoms and on their mouths. One mother, I remember, clawed her cheeks with her finger-nails till they were raw and bleeding. All at the same time wail at the top of her voices and call for the dead to come back. Their cry is like this: "Ah-wi! Ah-wi! wee-now-ah (friend), wee-now-ah! Ah-wi! Ah-wi! Ah-gi! Ah-gi!" repeated again and again, and, though weeks have passed since I have heard it, it is ringing in my ears yet. They sometimes throw themselves on the ground with such force as to burst a blood vessel, and I have seen several women carried from the graves insensible, exhausted by the violence of their emotions.

In the grave, and oftentimes in the coffin, if

there is room, is put all the clothing of the deceased. All that has been used by him during his sickness, even the bedstead on which he has lain and all the bedding, is burned. When brush houses and wigwams were used exclusively, they were also burned to the ground and the bereaved family sought another camping ground, but in these days of white man's houses, and very few of them, this kind of a funeral pile is not popular, and they must be content to merely leave the house for a while, or perhaps move it to a new location. The reason they give for this custom of destroying everything belonging to a dead friend (or relative, synonymous terms) is that they don't want to think about them. "It make me feel bad," as an old woman told me once. And the sequel to this "feeling bad" is a season of mourning requiring considerable time. I have known the old women of a family to cry every night and morn for over a year for a child's death. They take a great deal of comfort in their weeping—a real luxury of grief it seems to them. Sometimes they become so hoarse they lose their voices, and are thus compelled to silence. Once in a while, when one of them dies, all the animals that belonged to him are shot, but they have acquired too much of "white man's" greed to thus lose a valuable horse now, so this custom is gradually dying out.

Every Autumn, if they are allowed to do so, the Concows have a "burning" or burnt offering to their dead. They erect a brush-house in the graveyard, and upon a night selected by the "medicine" men, all repair thither laden with baskets, beads, pi-no-la and acorn soup. The baskets and beads are hung on poles, the pinola and acorn soup being set at the bottom in the big baskets, that are fashioned so closely as to hold water. Again we see what they have gained from the white man. After the white people, who come to see the "burning," have bought the finest and best of the baskets, the rest are thrown into the large fire in front of the brush-house and each one seeks the graves of his dead relations and there they sit and cry till morning. The noise can be heard for miles distant. The half-breeds or younger ones generally spend their time in gambling. This is carried on either with cards or by means of the grass game, which is thus played: Two or four men selected by some one, seat themselves on the ground where the grass is long, or, if the game is carried on in the sweat-house, they pull a quantity of the grass and lay it in piles in front of them. Then one side, having decided by lot which, begins. Taking four small sticks in his hands, two in each, he sings a monotonous chant, the words of which have little or no meaning, in the meantime rapidly changing the sticks from one hand to the other, rubbing his hands together, snatching up handfuls of grass, sometimes burying his hands in the grass, then tossing a small bundle of it over his head, and going through all sorts of maneuvers to conceal the change of the sticks, or deer bones. One of them is peculiarly marked, and the game is to guess in which hand it is held. At a given signal from the opposing side, the motions are stopped and the guess is made, and the player loses or wins the pile of beads or money in the center, as the case may be. To an Indian there is nothing more exciting than a good "grass game," and they will play for days at a time, hardly stopping to eat or drink, and their legend of the game tells that in olden time men played for men, a chief betting his men and finally himself, till all were lost or became captive to the enemy, till Un Koi-to (the Saviour) came and won all men back and gave them to themselves again to be free, and then left with them a message to "love one another" and look for his coming again.

JEAN CLAUDE CARLYLE.

# PACIFIC RURAL PRESS.

AUG. 25, 1888.]

## Butte.

ORCHARD NOTES.—Oroville *Register*, Aug. 16: C. E. Kusel set out just below town 500 young olive trees on the 15th and 16th of last March. These trees were from 6 to 15 inches in height. They have not received a drop of water, but have been plowed four times since being planted. They have made a fine growth, in many instances 20 inches in length. The soil is a warm sandy loam with gravel subsoil. . . . This week T. A. Atchison had a fine limb of oranges break down on one of his trees, and yesterday Tom Johnson had a limb with 50 oranges break down. It will be well this year to watch the trees closely and pick off part of the fruit. . . . Wm. Mullen, near Big Bend, is growing some very choice fruit without irrigation. We lately saw some of the largest and finest Hungarian prunes we have yet seen in the Sacramento valley. Mr. Mullen's orchard has an altitude of nearly 2000 feet above sea level.

**DEAD AND BURIED.**

Saturday's **MERCURY** gave an incomplete account of the fatal accident which occurred to Tyson J. son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Wood, at San Jose on Friday evening last. The following from the San Jose *Herald* completes the sad story.

Irving L. Gilbert testified as follows:

"I am 21 years of age and reside in Pence Butte county. The deceased was a friend of mine and I was with him at the time of the accident. We were on the cars coming from San Francisco to San Jose. Just before reaching Julian street he said; "Let's go out on the platform, and I'll get off." We went out and stood for awhile talking with a brakeman. "The cars are going too fast," he said, but finally with "Well, here goes" he swung off. As he reached the ground he fell and his legs flew up. The outside leg in some unaccountable way got caught about the brace rod or truss below the car, about middle way and he was swung entirely under the car. He was then swung back. When I saw his dangerous position I sprang off, thinking that I could pull him out. But the cars were going so rapidly that before I could gain my feet they had passed. Before jumping I called to the passengers to pull the bell rope, but it evidently was not done as the cars did not stop until they reached the depot three blocks away. I was the first to reach my friend and I found him crushed bleeding and unconscious."

The witness then told of the examination by the physicians and the young man's death.

Guy W. Campbell, Superintendent of the San Jose Agricultural Works, testified that Wood was a life-long friend of his. Wood had lived in California nearly all his life. The witness saw Wood shortly after the accident but did not see it occur. Wood was engaged in managing his father's fruit ranch 20 miles from Chico in connection with which he conducted a cannery and fruit-dryer. He was down here to see about a patent of his and to visit his sister.

Dr. A. B. Bishop testified that he was called to attend Wood. He found the deceased lying on a hand-barrow at the depot. He was bleeding profusely from the mouth and was unconscious. Wood was conveyed to a hotel. His pulse at first were imperceptible, but shortly afterwards it was felt in his left wrist. Dr. Pierce and himself washed him and replaced the torn flesh as well as they could. He was taken to Mr Campbell's where he soon died. His death was caused by concussion of the brain, bleeding and the bruising of his chest, either one of which was sufficient to cause death.

The jury found that the deceased was a native of Georgia, Ala. aged 20 year unmarried and that he came to his death accidentally by jumping from a car and being dragged for a distance of about three blocks, resulting in injuries that proved fatal, and that no blame can be attached to any one for his death.

The **MERCURY** erred in stating that he died at seven o'clock Saturday morning for it was at that hour Friday evening. His mother and father arrived there Saturday morning and the remains were shipped to Chico on Sunday. The Young Men's Christian Association of San Jose by whom Tyson was loved and respected for his high christian character formed in line at the Morgue and escorted the remains to the depot where they decorated the coffin with flowers.

All Chico and Pentz attended the funeral which took place on Monday from the Presbyterian Church. Rev. E. Graham preached the sermon in which he paid a touching tribute to the deceased. He was assisted in the ceremony by Rev. Dr. Clark and Rev. Mr. Steel. Six Good Templars acted as pall bearers and at the grave the Good Templars ceremony was read by members of the Messilla Valley Lodge of which Tyson was a member.

The terrible and sudden death of this young man was a severe shock not only to his affectionate parents, brothers and sisters but also a large circle of friends. His loss is severely and sincerely mourned by the people of Messilla valley where he was always in the lead in every good work. The bereaved family have the deepest sympathy of many friends in their sad affliction.



The Sausalito News Oct 26, 1888

A stamp mill is in successful operation at Big Bend, Butte county, which is operated by the transmission on copper wire of power generated fourteen miles distant.

# Oroville Register

11-8-1888

## **Died from Drink.**

A man named Doyle who had worked in the hills, we think at Big Bend, came to Oroville with about \$200 and went on a prolonged spree. He finally sobered up a little, took the stage and went to Merrimac Mills expecting to go to work. Failing in this from his continual drinking he returned to Mountain House where he died from the effects of his continued debauch.

# Oroville Register

12-6-1888

## Concow Items.

G. G. Marquis is setting out a lot of fruit trees at Concow, principally varieties of apples.

H. Wright will also set out a lot of fruit trees.

Caleb Scott is constantly improving his place.

F. P. Kirby will set out quite a variety of fruits, mostly apples. There is no better region in the State than Concow for apples.

Mr. Frank Ayer will soon start up the sawmill and run it during the remainder of the winter.

Fred Wellington and Tom Boyles struck a rich quartz ledge near Jordan Hill, and Boyles and Jack Christie struck a second one within half a mile of the first. They sunk about 30 feet in the lodes and the ore prospects very rich. They are between Jordan Hill and Kanaka bar and the nearest water would be West Branch. It is thought these lodes will pay to work with arastras.

Austin Parish near Messilla Valley, set out last year 1,000 raisin grape vines that have done splendidly during the past summer. Mr. Parish will this winter plant 1,000 more vines and also add to his fruit trees. Parish is the kind of a man for a country, one who does not wait for others but leads of in the time of improvement.

The people of Messilla Valley and vicinity will make a joint exhibit under the name of their beautiful Valley. We are pleased at this for they have one of the most favored regions in California, and a united display from their home will add to and increase the fame of their fair locality. Messrs. Heckert, Durban, Pence, Merithew and others all have an abundance of fruit and vegetable wealth with which to make a splendid exhibit.

# PACIFIC RURAL PRESS.

[DEC. 15, 1888

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## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

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CALIFORNIA.

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Butte.

EDITORS PRESS:—Just think of it! Away up here in Butte, at 1800 feet elevation and with no irrigation, I now have green tomatoes, green string beans, green and ripe watermelons, figs on the trees just getting ripe, green sorghum and Egyptian corn—second crop from the same roots—ready to cut again or turn cows on.—  
WM. H. MULLEN, *Big Bend, Dec. 2d.*