

TWIN FALLS NEWS

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IRRIGATION INTERESTS JOIN FOR PROTECTION

American Irrigation Federation Is Organized by Influential Men Who Are Closely Identified with Legitimate Enterprise and Who Will Work in Harmony with the National Irrigation Congress—Will Hold First Annual Meeting in Boise Simultaneously with Congress.

The American Irrigation Federation, an organization devoted to the development and protection of legitimate irrigation enterprise, was organized in Omaha last week with a large, wide-spread and representative membership. The federation will work in perfect harmony with the National Irrigation congress and will hold its first annual meeting in Boise when the congress convenes there this year.

The men composing the membership of the federation are all prominent in irrigation work and are devoted to the development of the arid sections of the west. They are men who realize that unity and co-operation are necessary for the welfare of irrigation enterprise and the protection of the settlers and homesteaders who cast their fortunes on irrigated tracts.

The purposes of the federation are clearly set forth in the following account of the organization which was sent out by the Associated Press:

First—To endeavor to harmonize conflicting interests.

Second—To counsel with federal authorities and private enterprises relative to determining their respective priorities and privileges.

Third—To promote essential legislation, propose laws to encourage irrigation development to perfect those already on the statutes.

Fourth—To circulate instructive irrigation literature, and expose best methods of irrigation farming.

Fifth—To aid in settlement of the newly reclaimed areas.

Sixth—To accomplish as quickly as possible the reclamation of the greatest available acreage and peopling it with the most desirable, intelligent and progressive citizens possible to obtain.

Seventh—To fearlessly criticize the reclamation officials, or private promoters, should they offend our sense of justice.

Eighth—To aid in adjustment of rights relative to land from the new areas, and to recommend establishment of mills and factories where needed.

Ninth—To accomplish by criticism and suggestion increase of efficiency and perfection of the national irrigation act.

Tenth—To invite friendly discussion and earnest co-operation in efforts to perfect the reclamation service, and prevent errors and waste that must eventually be borne by water users.

Eleventh—To preserve the rights of the pioneers of irrigation against unjust encroachments and confiscation.

Representatives from the following states were in attendance at the meeting: Oregon, Washington, Idaho, California, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Texas, Arizona, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan and Nebraska.

The following officers were elected, to serve until the first annual meeting, which will be held at Boise, the date to be determined by the executive committee, to correspond with dates selected for the national irrigation congress: President, ex-Governor L. Bradford Prince of New Mexico, Santa Fe, N. M.; secretary, D. H. Anderson of Chicago, Ill. Executive committee: G. J. Shumway, Seattle, Wash., Neb., chairman; C. G. Rowley of Jackson, Mich.; John M. McAlpine of Duluth, Minn.; Zora Snow of Portland, Ore.; C. M. Helzoltz of Los Angeles, Cal.; ex-Governor Frank Hunt of Boise, Idaho; L. A. Clark, W. H. Fox of Denver, Colo.; Vice-presidents: Tom Richardson of Portland, Ore.; Judge Cyrus H. Hays of Spokane, Wash.; C. E. Bradburn of Payette, Idaho; A. H. Heller, Los Angeles, Cal.; Stanley Ford, J. Keiser of Ogden, Utah; Clarence T. Johnson of Cheyenne, Wyo.; Prof. O. V. P. Stout of Lincoln, Neb.; Lucius Wilcox of Denver, Colo.; J. Turley of Farmington, N. M.; C. D. Repp of Florence, Ariz.; Professor F. D. Colburn of Topeka, Kan.; William Hale Thompson of Chicago, Ill.; John McAlpine of Duluth, Minn.; A. J. Coburn of Rhinecland, Wis.; John Hall of Indianapolis, Ind.; and C. G. Rowley of Jackson, Mich.

The committee has worked faithfully and under many disadvantages since its appointment, but Wednesday evening submitted a report that was accepted by the association and spoke well of their business ability.

C. A. McMaster met with a peculiar accident on Thursday while working in his granary. He was piling hay in the loft when the board on which he was standing broke and he fell down about 10 feet into a blunder. He lay unconscious for about half an hour but aside from the shock and a badly bruised body he sustained no other injuries.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Starr had as their guests at dinner on Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Bonham and Mrs. and Miss Dyer, all of Twin Falls.

J. McMillan left Tuesday morning for Albion on a short business trip. He will return the latter part of the week.

The chief topic of conversation here this week has been the Kimberly dance in Twin Falls on last Friday evening. Owing to the extremely bad roads a hay rack ride was impossible so many of the young people were unable to attend. They all know now, however, that they missed one of the nicest dances of the season. About 20 Kimberly people were present and everyone reports a splendid time and a readiness to go again when the opportunity comes.

Twin Falls visitors this week included T. West, M. H. Wright, P. Reithun and L. M. Young.

A. W. Prothro is very seriously ill. Mr. Prothro is also on the sick list.

Miss Florence Morse will entertain a number of the Kimberly young people at her home east of town on Friday evening. A very enjoyable time is anticipated.

E. W. Tilley made a trip to Rock Creek Thursday to install a gasoline lighting plant in the saloon there.

Either Mary, "Marie, if James asks you to marry him tonight, tell him to speak to me." "And if he doesn't, mama?" "Tell him I want to speak to him!"—Woman's Home Companion.

RIGHT OF WAY.

The right of way question, in so far as it relates to the laying of the railway track, has been settled for the time being. The railway company will at once erect its fences 50 feet on each side of the track and will later test its rights in the courts. If the company wins, the fences will be moved out an additional 50 feet on either side of the track. If it loses the fences will remain where they are to be placed.

On Monday, January 28, a crew of 40 men will be set to work by the Oregon Short-Line fencing the right of way eastward from Twin Falls. No opposition to this work is anticipated, as the fences will be placed 50 feet from the center of the track, and the farmers are not likely to raise any objections. The first cattle guard will be placed at the crossing at W. B. Perrine's ranch.

The railway company has announced that it has waived its rights and will appeal to the courts to sustain its claim to 200 feet for right of way. Its contention is that it either has 200 feet or nothing. Meanwhile, the farmers are satisfied because their ground is not fenced and construction work will not be delayed. The courts will decide and the farmers have no fear of the outcome.

PATENTS ARE READY.

On February 1 the state land board, through its representative in Twin Falls, Hon. C. D. Thomas, will issue patents to those settlers on the Twin Falls tract east of Rock creek who have brooded up on their lands. The patents may be obtained at the office of Mr. Thomas after that date. In order to secure their patents it is necessary that entrymen should bring in their final certificates. Only those who have made final proof are entitled to patents, and no patents will be issued at present for lands west of Rock creek. The application for patent was made by the state about eight months ago and it is believed that this is the first case on record where such quick action was obtained. Governor Gooding did everything in his power to facilitate matters and succeeded admirably.

At the evening, and refreshments were served that bespoke a great accomplishment on the part of Mrs. Trueblood. Time was forgotten and another day had dawned before the guests thought of home.

A surprising amount of snow has fallen in Hansen and vicinity this winter, more than most of the old timers have ever seen in this country. Fall wheat will be greatly benefited by the moisture.

TO OPEN GENERAL STORE IN HANSEN

JOHN NICHOLS BUSY ERECTING HIS BUILDING.

Will Soon Be Ready for Business—Mr. and Mrs. Trueblood Entertain Their Friends—Mr. and Mrs. Messer Going to Oklahoma.

HANSEN, Jan. 25.—Mrs. Robert Messer was a caller in Twin Falls last Saturday.

Mrs. F. M. Towne has been appointed organist of the Sunday school. Oliver Carter has rented the Robert Messer home and will move there the first of February.

Rev. J. H. Schenck was the guest of Isaac Divine Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

Miss Ethel Towne, who had been quite seriously ill, is now rapidly recovering her former good health.

Among the recent Twin Falls visitors were F. M. Towne, L. Divine, W. O. Carter, Robert Messer, C. Olson, T. J. Rauch and J. Nichols.

C. H. Mull and Hugh Austernell of Twin Falls were callers in Hansen Monday, remaining in this community until Tuesday evening surveying two sections north of Hansen.

Rev. J. H. Schenck addressed an interested and appreciative audience at the Hansen schoolhouse last Wednesday evening. Rev. Schenck has made arrangements to hold services here Sunday evening, February 18.

Robert Messer and family are preparing to journey to Enid, Oklahoma, where they have extensive interests demanding attention. They intend remaining for a year and in the meantime arrange all business affairs in Oklahoma, to return to the Twin Falls tract where they have heavy interests and become permanent residents.

Before many days Hansen will boast of a general merchandise store. John Nichols is building a substantial building, constructed which is now near completion. Mr. Nichols has purchased his stock of goods and it will be only a short time until it is installed and everything ready for business. Miss Bertha Nichols will arrive in a few days to assist her father in business.

Mr. and Mrs. George Trueblood entertained a number of their friends Tuesday evening and a delightful and to be remembered time is the report of all who enjoyed the hospitality at the Trueblood home. Cards and other games afforded the amusement

PUBLIC SCHOOL OPENS AT FILER

LARGE NUMBER OF PUPILS ARE EXPECTED.

Settlers Are Coming in From All Parts of the Country and Building Operations in Town and Vicinity Are in Full Blast.

FILER, Jan. 25.—School was commenced at Filer Monday, January 15, with 18 pupils enrolled. It is expected that this number will double in a few days as it was not generally known that school had commenced. G. H. Springfield, recently from southern Illinois, is teacher.

On January 22 the superintendent decided that the hogs were ready for the table and the knife was applied. There is no need of going into the gory details of the slaughter. It was found that the 65-pound hog had gained in live weight 102 pounds in 61 days, while the 70-pound hog showed a gain of 417 pounds. However, the smaller hog sold for \$12.24 and the larger brought only \$12.16. Deducting the original cost of the animals and the expense of bringing them to Twin Falls, the smaller hog netted \$6.24 and the larger \$6.16. In all 397 pounds of grain was fed to the pork-

Isaac Clide quietly slipped off to Kansas during the holidays and induced one of Kansas' fair flowerets to return to Filer with him. Surely it was a step in the right direction and very commendable indeed. If others of our bachelor friends will follow suit, your correspondent feels confident that they would be much better pleased with pioneering on the Twin Falls tract.

A series of meetings were commenced at the schoolhouse last Monday evening and will continue for another week. Rev. Osterhout of Twin Falls is conducting the services. Owing to the stormy weather there hasn't been a very large attendance.

The governing board of the Twin Falls Central association failed to put in their appearance at the schoolhouse last Friday night. Hon. A. D. McKinnel being the only member present.

It was arranged to meet next Saturday, January 27. The regular meeting of the Filer Farmers' association will be held at the schoolhouse on January 28.

Don Struppeler and family have moved into their new home and are now very comfortably situated.

Frank Koscharek, recently from Nebraska, is now very comfortably located on his farm south of Filer.

Emil Krohn is a recent arrival from Michigan.

H. S. Hall is a late comer from Kansas.

Messrs. T. O. Tice and Hall are hauling hay from Twin Falls, having shipped in a carload from the Boise valley.

Mrs. Cederholm and Miss May

M'PHERSON'S HOGS ARE READY FOR FRYING PAN

Pump Porkers Fed on the Waste Grain Products of the Experimental Farm, Slaughtered in the Interest of Scientific Farming—How They Transformed into Good Dollars Grain Which Would Otherwise Have Been Wasted.

In order to demonstrate to the farmers how they could make their waste grain worth more than one cent per pound, Superintendent McPherson, assisted the driver of two blooded Poland China hogs. One of them adorns the front of the Pearl Meat Market and the other is being served in restaurants on the hospitable table of Mrs. Wolfe. It happened in this way:

When threshing was over at the experimental farm last fall Mr. McPherson beheld a pile of waste grain and sundry heaps of "ull corn grain." He began to "view with alarm." All summer long he had been preaching economy to the farmers and telling them how they should utilize their waste products to the best advantage. He realized that it was up to him to make good and so he bought three young pigs from John Adams of Oakley. The rosters were of the Poland China breed and were 15 weeks old. They cost him \$5 each and the expense of bringing them to Twin Falls was \$3.

Securely penning his victims, the thifty superintendent prepared to fatten them scientifically. Having no swill, slops, milk or other refuse to feed them, he put them on a straight grain and water diet. Corn in the cob, corn wheat and wheat screenings were carefully weighed and placed before the swine. The ears of corn were small and imperfect and the wheat consisted of screenings from the fanning mill. The water was served cold, right from the ditch.

On November 20, when the pigs arrived from Oakley, one of them weighed 65 pounds and the other 70 pounds. It was the superintendent's intention to feed one on corn and the other on corn wheat, but unfortunately the hogs were not branded and it was impossible to tell them apart.

The porkers thrived upon the diet. It is said that Mr. McPherson measured them with a tape line almost every day to see how they grew.

On January 22 the superintendent decided that the hogs were ready for the table and the knife was applied. There is no need of going into the gory details of the slaughter. It was found that the 65-pound hog had gained in live weight 102 pounds in 61 days, while the 70-pound hog showed a gain of 417 pounds. However, the smaller hog sold for \$12.24 and the larger brought only \$12.16. Deducting the original cost of the animals and the expense of bringing them to Twin Falls, the smaller hog netted \$6.24 and the larger \$6.16. In all 397 pounds of grain was fed to the pork-

Struppeler were guests of Mrs. E. H. Rettig Saturday afternoon.

T. W. McClain is building a neat house and barn on his farm northwest of Filer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogg buried their infant child last Wednesday afternoon. They have the sympathy of their many friends in their bereavement.

Messrs. Moore and Lamson of Seattle were in Filer one day last week.

Hunting is the principal sport of the day, Judkins from the number of hunters that may be seen.

J. E. Metcalf, who arrived from Holbrook, Washington, last Friday, is constructing a good home on his farm two miles west of Filer and preparing for spring work. His family will arrive in a few days.

J. A. Means was married last Friday. We wish the happy couple joy and success in their new life and their new home.

M. J. Macaw was in Filer Tuesday.

RICH GOLD STRIKE IS REPORTED

ers. Thus the grain which might otherwise have been wasted was turned into money at the rate of \$1.56 and \$1.57 1-5 per hundred through the medium of the hogs.

As corn averaged more than 40 bushels to the acre on the Twin Falls tract last year, and corn wheat averaged 60 bushels per acre, it will readily be seen that hogs can be raised profitably on the tract. They thrive well on alfalfa, and there is no reason why they should not prove a good source of revenue.

Wilesey & Barger of the Pearl Meat Market intend to erect a packing house this year provided they are assured of enough hogs to keep it going. Hogs fed on grain shrink less in slaughtering than those fattened on succulent foods. Mr. McPherson believes that corn wheat will fatten hogs equally as well as corn. The third pig which he purchased from Mr. Adams (a sow) will be kept for breeding purposes. Following are tables showing how the hogs were fattened:

Hog No. 1.
Dropped July 1.
Put into fattening pen November 20, weighing 70 pounds.
Killed January 22, aged 6 months and 23 days.

Amount of food consumed in 64 days:
207 pounds of corn in cob.
118 pounds of corn wheat.
72 pounds of wheat screenings.

397 pounds total fed.
Live weight at time of slaughtering, 187 pounds.

Net gain in live weight, 117 pounds.
Set dressed weight, 152 pounds.
Loss from slaughtering, 36 pounds.
Price received per pound dressed, 8 cents.
Cost of hog, Nov. 20, \$35.00.
Freight 1.00.

Total cost 36.00
Value of gain 36.16
Value per hundred realized for grain fed, \$1.56.

Hog No. 2.
Dropped July 1.
Put into fattening pen November 20, weighing 65 pounds.
Killed January 22, aged 6 months and 23 days.

Amount of food consumed in 64 days:
207 pounds of corn in cob.
118 pounds of corn wheat.
72 pounds of wheat screenings.

397 pounds total fed.
Live weight at time of slaughtering, 167 pounds.

Net dressed weight, 152 pounds.
Loss from slaughtering, 23 pounds.
Price per pound dressed, 8 cents.
Cost of hog, Nov. 20, \$35.00.
Freight 1.00.

Total cost 36.00
Value of gain 36.24
Value per hundred realized for grain fed, \$1.57 1-5.

which showed free gold in enormous quantities. He is reported to have said that the samples were obtained from a ledge which he found at the "City of Rocks," not far from Albion, in Cassia county. A story was circulated that, somewhere in the vicinity of the ore to Major Reed at Burley, who had them assayed with the result that they showed \$250,000 a ton in gold. The ore was unquestionably genuine and of fabulous value, and as that district is known to be richly endowed, the story gained credence. Several parties were hastily contacted and started for the city.

Major Reed, who was in Twin Falls on Thursday, denied all knowledge of the matter. He said there were some good properties in the district but he had never heard of such a wonderful strike. The snow was very deep in that section, said the major, and prospecting was well nigh impossible at this time of year. Meanwhile news from the "City of Rocks" was eagerly awaited. A telephone message from Albion, however, by a friend of some of the men, went out, merely stating that the strike was deep but that it had been located by them.

GAVE SPLENDID ENTERTAINMENT

KIMBERLY YOUNG, FOLKS DO THEMSELVES PROUD.

Delight Large Audience at Farmers' Association Meeting—Peculiar Accident Befalls C. A. McMaster—Social Happenings.

KIMBERLY, Jan. 25.—The weekly meeting of the Kimberly Farmers' association on Wednesday evening was in charge of the young people and a very enjoyable time was spent. The house was full to overflowing and the program rendered was a very interesting one. It ran as follows:

Reuben Schiffman Recitation
Charles Mabbott Recitation
J. T. Witt Dialogue
The Train to Maran
Miss Zophy Stratton, William Schiffman, J. A. M. Alvord, Solo

Mrs. R. E. Bonham Recitation
Miss Alice Wilkins Recitation
John Olson Solo
Alex. Wilkins Solo
The Kimberly Whirlwind

Read by Jean McMillan Farewell
The Cowboy Consul

Cast of Characters
Mrs. Morrison, a leader of fashion
Miss Jessie McMillan
Mr. Morrison, her husband
E. W. Tilley, larried Morzine, her suitor

Miss Jean McMillan
Jennie, Mr. Morrison's niece
Miss Lizzie Dunham
then Markham, the Cowboy Consul
Ernest McIntyre, James, the butler
Henry Eccles

The cast was drilled under the able instruction of Mrs. Laura Tucker.

For years has acted as critic for some of the largest dramatic clubs of the state. All played their parts well and showed unusual talent along the dramatic lines. Ernest McIntyre as Ben Markham surprised his friends by his true portrayal of a cowboy enjoying life in the New York "400." Little Alice Wilkins as a colored girl also deserves special mention.

After the program the regular work of the association was taken up. A committee was appointed some weeks ago to secure a cemetery site. This

BEAUTIFUL WORD PICTURE OF GREAT SHOSHONE FALLS

Written by Clarence King 38 Years Ago—Probably the First Accurate Description of the Wonderful Cataract Ever Written—Volume of Water Was Much Greater Then but in Other Respects the Falls Were as They Are Today.

In October, 1868, with a small detachment of the United States geologist survey of the Fortieth parallel, Clarence King crossed the Teton creek mountains in northern Utah and descended by the old Fort Boise road to the level of the Snake river plain. He spent 10 days in camp on the brink of the Shoshone falls and the description he wrote of the great cataract at that time is one of the most accurate and entertaining word pictures of the scenic wonder of Idaho. At the time of Mr. King's visit the Twin Falls had not been named, and in his notes he referred to this cataract as "the double falls." Mr. King's narrative of his visit, repeated in his own words, follows:

A gray opaque haze hung close to the ground and shut out all distance. The monotony of sage desert was overpowering. We would have given anything for a good outlook, but for three days the mists continued and we were forced to amuse ourselves by chasing occasional antelopes.

The evening we camped on Rock creek, was signalled by a force wind from the northwest. It was a dry storm, which continued with tremendous fury during the night, dying away at daybreak, leaving the heavens brilliantly clear. We were breakfasting when the sun rose and shortly afterward, mounting into the saddle, headed toward the canyon of the Shoshone. The air was cold and clear. The remotest mountain peaks upon the horizon could be distinctly seen, and the forlorn details of their brown slopes stared at us as through a vacuum. A few miles in front, the smooth surface of the plain was broken by a narrow, zigzag line of black which marked the edge of the farther wall of the Snake canyon. A dull, throbbing sound greeted us. Its pulsations were deep and seemed to proceed from the ground beneath our feet. Leaving the cavalry to bring up the wagon, my two friends and I galloped on and were quickly upon the edge of the canyon wall.

We looked down into a broad, circular excavation, three quarters of a mile in diameter, and nearly 700 feet deep. East and north, over the edges of the canyon, we looked across miles and miles of the Snake plain, far on to the blue boundary mountains. The wall of the gorge opposite us, like the cliff at our feet, sank in perpendicular cliffs nearly to the level of the river, the broad excavation being covered by round piles of black lava and rounded domes of trachyte rock. A horizon level as the sea, a ceiling wall, whose sharp edges were here and there jagged in huge, fortress-like masses; a broad river, smooth and untroubled, flowing quietly into the middle of the scene, and then plunging into a labyrinth of rocks, tumbling over a precipitous 200 foot high, and moving westward in a still, deep current to disappear behind a black promontory.

It is a strange, savage scene—a monotony of pale blue sky, olive and gray stretches of desert, frowning walls of jetty lava, deep berg-green of river stretches, reflecting light and there the intense solomonity of the cliffs, and in the center a dazzling sheet of foam. In the early morning light the shadows of the cliffs were cast over half the basin, defining themselves in sharp outline here and there on the river. Upon the foam of the cataract one point of the rock cast a cobalt blue shadow. Where the river flowed around the western promontory, it was wholly in shadow and of a deep sea green. A scanty growth of cottonwood trees fringed the brink of the lower cliffs overlooking the river. Dead barrenness is the whole sentiment of the scene. The mere suggestion of trees clinging here and there along the walls serves rather to heighten than to relieve the forbidding gloom of the place. Nor does the flash of whitening water, where the river tears itself among the rocky islands or rolls itself spray down the cliff, brighten the aspect. In contrast with its brilliancy the rocks seem darker and more wild. The descent of 460 feet—from our standpoint to the level of the river—above the falls has to be made by a narrow, winding path, a rough ledge of lava. We were forced to leave our wagon at the top and pack down the camp

photographic apparatus upon carefully led mules. By midday we were comfortably camped on the margin of the left bank, just above the brink of the falls. My tent was pitched upon the edge of a cliff, directly overhanging the rapids. From my door I looked over the cataract and, whenever the veil of mist was blown aside, could see for half a mile down the river.

The lower half of the canyon is excavated in a gray, porphyritic trachyte. It is over this material that the Snake falls. Above the brink the whole breadth of the river is broken by a dozen small trachyte islands, which the water has carved into fantastic forms, rounding some into low domes, sharpening others into mere pillars, and now and then venturing out deep caves. At the very brink of the fall a few twisted evergreens cling with their roots to the rock, and lean over the abyss of foam with something of that air of fatal fascination which is apt to take possession of man.

In plan the fall recedes upstream in a deep horseshoe, resembling the outline of Niagara. The total breadth is about 700 feet, and the greatest height of the single fall is about 200 feet. Among the islands above the brink are several beautiful cascades where portions of the river pour over in lace-like forms. The whole mass of cataract is one ever varying sheet of spray. In the early spring, when swollen by the rapidly melted snow, the river pours over with something like the grand volume of Niagara, but at the time of my visit it was wholly

whit foam. Here and there along the brink, the underlying rock shows through and through, and among the islands, shallow green pools disclose the form of the underlying trachyte. Numerous rough shelves break the fall, but the volume is so great that they are only discovered by the glance outward of the foam. The river below the falls is very deep. The right bank sinks into the water in a cliff, sharp precipice, but on the left side a pebbly beach extends along the foot of the cliff. From the top of the wall, at a point a quarter of a mile below the falls, a stream has gradually worn a little streamway—black growth of overgrowth has huddled together. I walked for an hour, following an old Indian trail which occasionally we descended to the level of the river. The trachytes are very curiously worn in vertical forms. Here and there an obelisk, either wholly or half detached from the canyon wall, juts out like a stone. Further down, these are and led to the canyon edge. Here, jagged masses stand like a row of columns upon the left bank. Above a broad terrace, surrounded as before by a solid capping of black lava by black vertical walls, and crowded reaches out to the edge, and overhangs the river in abrupt black precipices, and ridges of volcanic rock. The river, wherever large fields of basalt have been an earlier rock, and erosion afterwards laid it bare, there is a strong tendency to fracture in vertical lines. The immense expansion of the upper surface from heat seems to cause deep fissures in the mass.

Under the influence of the cool shadow of cliffs and pine, and constant percolating of surface waters, a rare fertility is developed in the ravines opening upon the canyon shore. A luxuriance of ferns and velvet carpeting line the banks. There are no rocks at the base of the fall. The sheet of foam plunges almost vertically into a dark, berg-green, lake-like expanse of the river.

Immense volumes of foam roll up from the cataract base and, whirling about in the eddy winds, rise often 1,000 feet in the air. When the wind blows down the canyon, a gray mist obscures the river for half a mile, and when, as is usually the case in the afternoon, the breezes blow eastward, a foam cloud curls over the brink of the fall and hangs like a veil over the upper river. On what conditions depends the height to which the foam cloud rises from the base of the fall, it is apparently impossible to determine.

Without the slightest wind, the cloud of spray often rises several hundred feet above the canyon wall, and again, with apparently the same conditions of river and atmosphere, it hardly reaches the brink. Lamentable roar, reinforced by a thousand echoes, fills the canyon. Out of this monotone, from time to time, rise strange, wild

sounds, and now, and then, may be heard a slow measured beat, not unlike the recurring fall of breakers. From the white front of the cataract the eye constantly wanders up to the black, frowning parapet of lava. Angular bastions rise sharply from the general level of the wall, and here and there, isolated blocks, profling upon their sky line, strikingly recall battlemented towers. To good fortune's imagination up to the point of perpetually seeming resemblances of everything else in the forms of rocks, is the most vulgar view of travelers. To refuse to see the architectural suggestions upon the Snake canyon, however, is to administer a flat snub to one's fancy. The whole edge of the canyon is deeply cleft in vertical crevices. The actual brink is usually formed of irregular blocks and prisms of lava, poised upon their ends in an unstable equilibrium, ready to be tumbled over at the first leverage of the frost. Hardly an hour passes without the sudden boom of one of those rock masses falling upon the ragged debris piles below.

Night is the true time to appreciate the full force of the scene. I lay and watched it many hours. The broken rim of the basin, profling itself upon a mass of drifting clouds where torn openings revealed gleams of pale moonlight and bits of remote, sky-trembling with misty stars. In a vast of light and black darkness hurriedly followed each other. For a moment the black gorge would be clouded with forms. Tall cliffs ramparts of lava, the rugged outlines of islands huddled together on the cataract's brink, faintly luminous foam breaking over black rapids, the swift, white leap of the river and a ghostly, formless mist through which the canyon walls and far reach of the lower river were veiled and unveiled again and again. A moment of this strange picture, and then a rush of black shadow, when nothing could be seen but the broad, vague, white center in the general darkness.

After sleeping on the nightmarish brink of the falls, it was no small satisfaction to climb out of this "Dance of the Gods" and find myself once more upon a pleasantly prosaic foreground of sage. Nothing more effectively banishes a morbid state of mind than the obtrusive meanness and abominable smell of this plant. From my room, a hundred miles of it stretched outward. A half hour's walk took me out of sight of the canyon, and as the wind blew westward only occasional, halting pulsations of the falls could be heard. The sky was bright and cloudless, and arched in clearest blue above the falls, a stream has gradually worn a little streamway—black growth of overgrowth has huddled together.

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Immense volumes of foam roll up from the cataract base and, whirling about in the eddy winds, rise often 1,000 feet in the air. When the wind blows down the canyon, a gray mist obscures the river for half a mile, and when, as is usually the case in the afternoon, the breezes blow eastward, a foam cloud curls over the brink of the fall and hangs like a veil over the upper river. On what conditions depends the height to which the foam cloud rises from the base of the fall, it is apparently impossible to determine.

Without the slightest wind, the cloud of spray often rises several hundred feet above the canyon wall, and again, with apparently the same conditions of river and atmosphere, it hardly reaches the brink. Lamentable roar, reinforced by a thousand echoes, fills the canyon. Out of this monotone, from time to time, rise strange, wild

While the level of the upper plain remains nearly the same, the river constantly deepens the channel. In its western course. In returning from the upper fall, I attempted to climb along the very edge of the cliff, in order to study carefully the habits of the basalt. I found myself in a labyrinth of side crevices, which were cut into the plain from 100 to 1,000 feet back from the main wall. These crevices were usually in the form of an amphitheater, with black walls 200 feet high, and a bottom filled with immense fragments of basalt rudely piled together.

By dint of hard climbing I reached the actual brink in a few places and saw the same general features each time, the canyon successively widening and narrowing, its walls here and there approaching each other and standing like pillars of a gateway. The river alternately flowing along smooth, placid reaches of level, and rushing swiftly down rocky cascades. Here and there along the cliffs are disclosed masses of black caverns, where the lava seems to have been blown up bubble-like by its immense expansion. I continued my excursion along the canyon west of the Shoshone. About a mile below the falls a very fine promontory juts sharply out and projects nearly to the middle canyon. Climbing with difficulty along its toppling crest, I reached a point which I found composed of immense angular fragments piled up in dangerous piles. Eastward the battlemented rocks around the falls limited the view, but westward I could see down long reaches of river, where islands of trachyte rose above white cascades.

A peculiar and fine effect is noticeable upon the river during all the winter. The shadow of the southern cliff is cast down here and there, completely darkening the river, but often defining itself upon the water. The contrast between the rich, green-like green of the sunlight portions and the deep violet shadow of the cliff is of extreme beauty.

The Snake river, deriving its volume wholly from the melting of the mountain snows, is a direct gauge of the annual advance of the sun. In June and July it is a tremendous torrent, carrying a full half of the Columbia. From the middle of July it constantly shrinks, reaching its minimum in midwinter. At its lowest it is a river equal to the Sacramento or Connecticut.

After 10 days devoted to walking around the neighborhood and studying the falls and rocks, we climbed to our wagon and rested for a farewell look at the gorge. It was with great relief that we breathed the free air of the plain and turned from the rocky canyon, where darkness, and roar, and perpetual cliffs had bounded our senses, and headed southward across the noiseless plain. Far ahead rose a lofty blue barrier, a mountain wall, marked upon its summit by peaks of perpetual snow. A deep notch in its profile opened a gateway. Toward this, for leagues ahead of us, a white thread in the gray desert marked the winding of our road. Those sensitively organized creatures, the mules, thrilled with relief at their escape from the canyons, pressed forward with a vigor that utterly silenced the customary popplings of the whip and expurgated the language of the driver from his usual breaking of the third commandment.

The three great falls of America—Niagara, Shoshone and Yosemite—all happily bearing Indian names, are as characteristically different as possible. There seems little left for a cataract to express.

Farming With Brains.
The reason for the bountiful crops in the United States within the past eight or ten years may not be assigned entirely to favorable climate conditions or exceeding fertility of the soil, but on the other hand the great output is the result of brains. Every year more brains are put into farming in this country, so that the agriculturist of today goes about crop raising with more reasoning, and capacity for understanding the cause and effect of insect depredations, plant disease, etc. It is said that the most productive farms of the United States are those in the northwest, where the farmer is an up-to-date business man keeping comprehensive books and with a distinct and well-thought-out system. This system enables him to know just how much a crop costs, how to grow it and what profit it brings. Newspapers and magazines are his library, and he is quick to figure out whether or not new methods of cultivation and new machinery would be of profit to him.

Full weight, fine meats, fat treatment at the City Meat Market.

Half the World Wonders
how the other half lives. Those who use Buckton's Arnica Salve never wonder if it will cure "Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Sores and all Skin eruptions; they know it will. Mrs. Grant, 1120 East Reynolds street, Springfield, Ill., says: "I regard it one of the absolute necessities of household." Guaranteed by Sprague & Farnoy, druggists; 25c.

An Ideal Stock Ranch.
400 acres, all fenced and cross fenced with good fence; three-quarters mile from town, well located on daily mail route; 500 acres in hay, positively no waste land; plenty of free water at all times; large creek running through portion of land; a deep black loam soil, very fertile. This ranch is situated in the best stock raising region which affords a splendid market for all produce; near good schools and church; the best bargain in Idaho; owner must sell; \$17.50 per acre, on easy terms. Write Northwestern Investment Co., Ltd., Boise, Idaho.

Play Safe.
Have your land surveyed and your ditches located by C. H. Mull. Postoffice Box 230. Orders may be left at Bodford's Drug Store.

O. K.

Gus Johnson's

Barber Shop

Is Still Open at the Old Stand.

FIRST CLASS WORK.
COMFORTABLE BATHS.
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.
COURTEOUS TREATMENT.

Next to Hamilton & Co., Main Street, Twin Falls.

Twin Falls Nursery

James A. Waters, Prop.

General assortment of Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees.

Come and See Them

Contracts taken for Planting in Large Quantities.
Three-quarters of a Mile North of Town on Blue Lakes Avenue.

Souvenir

—OF—

Twin Falls

A beautiful Album, containing 12 pages of views of and around Twin Falls, and a concise history of the growth of the city and tract. Just the thing to send to the folks at home.

Issued by the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Presbyterian church.

On sale at the drug stores and book stores. The albums are going fast. Get in early.

If Your Fire

Doesn't keep good over night, DON'T blame the stove. DON'T swear that your wife failed to shut off the draft. The stove is all right, and so is your wife. It's the Coal you use that causes the trouble.

Try an order of

KEMMERER COAL

It lasts longer and gives more heat.

Nibley-Channel Lumber Co.

Full weight, fine meats, fat treatment at the City Meat Market.

The Capital Nursery

BOISE, IDAHO

J. M. Campbell, Prop.

A General Line of Choice Forest and Fruit Trees, Small Fruit and Flowering Shrubs.

We solicit your patronage.

Apple Trees a Specialty.

W. T. CUMMINGS and C. C. ANDERSON, Agents at Twin Falls, Idaho.

The Academy of Idaho

POCATELLO.

The Academy of Idaho is the best equipped secondary school in the west. The following courses are offered: College Preparatory, Commercial, Domestic Economy, Mechanic Arts, Shorthand and Music.

New Features:—Girls' Dormitory, Dining Hall, Gymnasium, Science Laboratories, instructions in Athletics.

No tuition is charged; living expenses \$16 a month. All teachers are specialists. For further particulars or Catalogue address the Principal.

State Normal School

ALBION, IDAHO

1. Professional Studies.
2. Academic Studies.
3. Model school.
4. Kindergarten.
5. Manual Training.
6. Music and Gymnastics.
7. Physical Training.
8. Drawing.

The President, Albion, Idaho

Twin Falls Nursery

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General assortment of Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees.

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BREVITIES

C. Harder has purchased the lot adjacent to the Triplett building on the south and will build on it in the spring.

Jim Barnett has shipped in a thoroughbred animal, looks like a concert grand piano but Jim declares he has a light appetite.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Wilson have arrived from Boise. Mr. Wilson, who had for several years been bookkeeper for the leading hardware house in Boise, will occupy a similar position with the Allen Mercantile Co.

Superintendent George D. Allen of the Shoshone Falls Power Co. has a crew of men engaged in wiring the new hotel at Buhl, the building being sufficiently advanced to permit of this being done.

The farm of J. B. Jernan, deceased, which consists of 120 acres located in the northwest of the city, has been purchased by C. E. Bost, for \$1200. The estate is now being closed up by Attorney C. M. Price.

H. B. Johnson this week bought a lot on Main street next to the lot purchased by Mr. Harder. He will either build on it when the weather moderates or have his store building from Tenth avenue.

F. D. Bradley has gone to his old home in Eagle, Wisconsin, for a month's visit. He took a quantity of literature with which to enlighten the good people of Eagle and vicinity regarding the resources of Twin Falls.

May is selling for \$15 per ton in the stack at Glenn's Ferry. Craven, Seebeck & Smith are scouring the country and buying all the good hay they can find. They have a large quantity stored beside the railway tracks.

Rev. J. H. Barton will hold services in the schoolhouse on Sunday as follows: At 2 p. m., preaching and reception of members, subject of sermon, "What is it to be a Christian?" At 7:30 p. m., preaching, subject, "The Second Coming of Christ." All are cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cheek and family, Mrs. Spurgeon Cheek, who recently arrived from Springfield, have been invited to the home of D. B. Spencer on Blue Lakes avenue, where they will reside until their own home is built on Mr. Cheek's farm east of the city.

Mrs. A. J. Potts has arrived from Galesburg, Illinois, and Mr. Potts fears that familiar, happy look which invariably adorns the face of a man when he is joined by the wife of his bosom after a long separation. Mr. Potts has a farm near Buhl and he intends to put in 40 acres of orchard there this year.

G. H. Erdmann has purchased the Washington livery stable and will add to his stock and equipment. Mr. Erdmann is now running a stage to Buhl, leaving his stable every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning and returning the same evening. The stage goes by way of Filer.

Jack Hoxie, the well known engineer, who has been in the engineer's office of the Twin Falls Land & Water company ever since the office was opened, will shortly open an office of his own in Buhl. He will have the advantage of knowing every foot of the tract, having traveled over and sketched it many times.

F. D. Kimball, who returned on Wednesday from Salt Lake City, reports that a severe thunder and lightning storm had passed over the city Friday. It was regarded as a meteorological phenomenon, such a storm never having been known before at this time of year. The weather in Utah, Mr. Kimball said, was much the same as it had been in Twin Falls, freshish and exceptional.

Bruce Palmer, who was in the city from Stricker a few days ago, said the present winter was the worst within the recollection of the pioneers in this section. While it has been unusually cold at any time, and the snowfall would surely prove a great blessing, the old timers had never known such continued cold weather. It never lay on the Twin Falls tract and old spelt were invariably followed by days of warm sunshine.

The Y. M. C. A. reading room has been fitted up in the basement of the new building. It is well lighted, comfortable and nicely furnished. Magazines and periodicals will be kept on file, checker and chess boards installed and a punching bag will be erected. It is the intention to have the reading room a popular resort for young men in the evenings. There they can find healthy amusement and recreation. Stationery will be provided and writing materials supplied. The room is cozy and comfortable and will undoubtedly be popular.

J. H. Randall of the American Bridge Co. is here for the purpose of supervising the erection of the Twin Falls waterworks company's big tank. The tank, which will be completed for use about six weeks, will have a capacity of 55,000 gallons, about three times the capacity of the present tank. The bottom of the tank will be built six feet above ground and the top will be 90 feet high. The tank proper weighs 3 tons. It will be erected beside the new house in use. When the tank is in use in commission the city will have good water pressure at all times.

It is announced that the time schedule will be changed on the Twin Falls branch after February 1, when the passenger train will arrive in the morning, remain over night and leave for Twin Falls in the morning. This will make better connections at Minidoka and do away with the tedious wait at that station. The time of the accommodation train will also be changed for the purpose of making it more accommodating.

R. S. Cookinham has returned from a visit to Boise.

W. S. Onkley is in Salt Lake City, visiting with his family.

John Janney has returned to Twin Falls after an absence of several months. He was astonished at the improvements since his last visit.

G. W. Harris has sold his cottage to M. J. Sweeney, whose household effects have arrived from the east and who will make his home in his new purchase.

M. J. Sweeney is building a temporary office next to Bedford's drug store. The building is 16x24 feet and will cut into two rooms. It will be occupied by Sweeney & Sweeney, the attorneys.

The Episcopalian Ladies guild met with Mrs. J. V. Baker last Tuesday and enjoyed a delightful afternoon. Next Tuesday's meeting will be with Mrs. Allen. At this meeting important business was transacted and a large attendance is desired.

Jacobs & Tobin have filled their two warehouses with beautiful green tea from the Miller dam. They will serve the green and storm gray brands exclusively next summer. The tea is really exceptionally clean and Mr. Jacobs will guarantee it if it fails to hold an umbrella over the warehouses during the hot weather.

Steps have been taken to organize a building and loan association. Quite a number of shares of stock have been subscribed and it is believed that a sufficient number will soon be taken to warrant organization. No more laudable movement has ever been launched in Twin Falls and it should receive hearty support.

George Bassett will dispose of 10 teams of draft horses, harness, wagons, etc., by public auction at the Washington stable on Saturday morning, February 3. The stock and equipment is a part of his contracting outfit for which he has no immediate use. The horses are in good condition and behind the Washington stable. There should be some bargains at the sale.

T. J. Taylor of Moscow, Idaho, who has the largest and most modern lime plant in the west at Orofino, in Nez Perce county, visited Twin Falls for the first time yesterday. He was accompanied by the three wives of the city. Provided he can obtain a good location and a supply of lime rock Mr. Taylor will put in a first class plant at the west end of Twin Falls. Such a plant would be a vast benefit to the entire tract.

Ed Suttles, formerly of Twin Falls, who recently tried in the district court at Boise on a charge of rape and found guilty, and the verdict in whose case was subsequently set aside by the court on the ground of incompetency of evidence, has been taken to Alton to be tried on a similar charge. In the next trial Ruth Hudson will appear as the witness for the defense of Nellie Suttles, the daughter of the defendant.

The Kimberly dance at the Roller Rink last Friday evening was well patronized by the people of Twin Falls. Harry West led the grand march with majestic tread and a waltz music. The Kimberly victors were badged and inscribed "The Kimberly Prospects" and they certainly looked as though they had a right to wear them. It was so much the case that the dance was in such admirable condition. However, there are other nights and there will be better ones. A feature of the dance was the splendid music. The Twin Falls orchestra is something to which the people can "point with pride."

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Griffith, who made the hotel at Buhl famous by their splendid management, and whose excellent music has long been honored by their patrons, have moved to Mr. Griffith's ranch at Mud Springs, three and a half miles northwest of the town, where Mr. Griffith is preparing to cultivate a large ranch. He will be able to irrigate a considerable acreage with warm water from the springs and his garden will be better than any other in the country. He has intention to raise strawberries, asparagus, rhubarb, etc., which he will be able to market in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Griffith succeed with their garden as well as they did with the hotel they will have a gold mine.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Diehl, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Barlow, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Dunn, Dr. Baker, Mrs. H. W. Clouck, Frank Barrington, P. S. A. Diehl, Miss Alice Crimmon, Miss Lena Perrine, Mrs. Florence Fisher, Miss Alice, Mrs. P. Allen, Oscar Allen, S. T. Hamilton and Mrs. L. B. Perrine were the guests of Mrs. R. M. McCollum at a card party given at the hotel. Music and games furnished the entertainment, a feature of which was a delightful sold by Miss Ash. The guessing game caused much merriment. By special request, Mrs. McCollum served some of her famous brown bread as a part of the refreshments. Dr. Baker and Miss McCollum presided at the piano.

Poultry netting and barb wire at Perrine & Burton's.

Wanted to Buy. Soft laundered cotton gages; must be clean. Bring to The News office.

Before buying your seed oats call at Perrine & Burton's and inspect the consignments they have just received from Montana. None better.

For Sale or Exchange. Four first class pool tables and equipment in perfect condition. Also one short alley; doing good business; obliged to sell on account of sickness. Would exchange for Twin Falls land. T. TESSIER & CO., Twin Falls.

Worst Winter on Record

So the pioneers say, and nobody denies it. Still it has been comfortable for those who used

"Peacock" Rock Springs Coal

The best quality of fuel at the right price.

The Filer Coal Company

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS.

Telephone No. 4.

Orders left at J. V. Baker's transfer office, Phone No. 13, will receive prompt attention.

For Sale or Rent.

First class saloon fixtures and stock. Address Palmer & Rowley, Stricker, Idaho.

To Buhl and return via Filer every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Stage leaves Washington stables at 7:30 a. m. G. H. Erdmann, proprietor.

Correct Surveys.

Having secured a copy of the original field notes and plans for the entire tract, C. W. Lovelace, licensed surveyor for Idaho, is in a position to set all obliterated corners correctly and place same on record if desired.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that all those having claims against the estate of J. B. Jernan, deceased, will present the same to C. M. Price at his office in Twin Falls on or before February 1, 1906. All claims filed must be properly sworn to.

NOTICE.

Corrected list of arrival and departure of trains and mails for Twin Falls.

Mail arrives daily, including Sunday: Train No. 71, at 11:15 a. m.

Mail departs daily, including Sunday: Train No. 72, at 4:15 p. m.

Postoffice Hours. 8:00 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

General delivery window open one hour after arrival of train.

W. W. DUNN, Postmaster.

Cassia Forest Reserve—Applications for Grazing Permits.

Notice is hereby given that all applications for permits to graze cattle, horses and sheep within the Cassia forest reserve during the season of 1906 must be submitted to P. T. Wrenstedt, forest supervisor, Pocatello, Idaho, on or before March 1, 1906.

Information in regard to grazing fees to be charged, and blank forms to be used in making application, will be furnished upon request addressed to the above named officer.

WM. L. HALL,

Acting Forester.

Look for the Red Cross and you will obtain the best drugs.

Improved and unimproved farms for rent. S. T. Hamilton & Co.

Try Braun Bros' transfer for prompt and careful delivery.

Two downstairs rooms of plastered house. Address Box 42, Twin Falls.

For tender cuts try the City Meat Market, next to the new Stott building.

Carload of poultry netting and barb wire just received by Perrine & Burton.

Barb wire and poultry netting. Carload just received by Perrine & Burton.

Get your roasts at the City Meat Market and you won't get them at home.

Get your wire fencing from Perrine & Burton. They have just received a carload.

Buy or sell anything "or spot cash. Pate's second hand store, East Main street.

Don't wear your teeth out on tough steaks. Buy your meats at the City Meat Market.

Braun Bros. will collect your freight and express and deliver it in first class condition.

For home grown nursery stock write to H. G. Monce, Nampa, Idaho. Two hundred varieties to select from.

Mr. Property Owner. If the other fellow has not sold that property, let T. J. Woods & Co. try it.

Save your jaws by buying beef steaks at the City Meat Market and you will be better able to boost for Twin Falls.

Anything from a ton of coal to a feather duster carried by Braun Bros' express as it should be. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Whole root trees, budded from bearing varieties; thousands of shade and ornamental trees; catalogue free. Address H. G. Monce, Nampa, Idaho.

Craven, Seebeck & Smith are ready for business and will be glad to sell you hay and grain at their large new warehouse on Fifteenth street, near Shoshone avenue.

Montana seed oats, clean, acclimated, quick to mature and of excellent quality. For sale by Perrine & Burton.

If you want clean, heavy oats that will mature early and yield abundantly, try the celebrated Montana seed just received by Perrine & Burton.

Ten years' experience growing nursery stock in Idaho. For everything to plant in yard or orchard write to H. G. Monce, Nampa.

Protect yourself against judgments transferred to Cassia county from some other county or state by demanding an abstract of your property. The Cassia County Abstract company can do the work for you. See either Attorney C. M. Price or C. D. Thomas.

For Sale. First class bulld hay. Write Ned Dolles, agent, Montpelier, Idaho.

For Sale. Studebaker's best spring wagon, almost new. Inquire of Frank Barrington.

Two carloads of mill edge Montana seed oats. Free from all impurities and especially suited for this tract. For sale by Perrine & Burton.

Oat Straw for Sale. Splendid feed for cattle and horses. Price, \$3 per load. Inquire of Don C. Bryan, north of road, just west of town.

Notice. On and after February 1, 1906, a dividend of 5 per cent will be paid on all water bills paid before the 5th day of each month, except yearly contracts.

TWIN FALLS WATERWORKS CO., Ltd.

Twin Falls Land for Sale. Owner desires to sell southwest quarter of southeast quarter, section 27, township 10, range 18; divided into acres in alfalfa, price, \$1,000. Address, M. W. Shipman, Arapahoe, Oklahoma.

Thoroughbred Chickens. Barred Plymouth Rocks, bred from best blood in Idaho and Utah; prize winners at Idaho State fair and Salt Lake chicken show. A few choice cockerels for sale, \$2.50 each. Apply Collis Macfadyen, News Office, Twin Falls.

Jersey Cows for Sale. Four fresh thoroughbred jersey cows for sale. Apply P. H. Smith, Hotel Perrine, Twin Falls.

Concrete Blocks. Bros & McMillan of Kimberly have the sole right to manufacture the concrete blocks at Air Space Blocks in Cassia county, outside of Twin Falls. If you contemplate building next spring, see them for prices.

Notice to Entrymen. Entrymen who have not made final proof on their lands are hereby notified that the law requires them to make annual proof of work done within one year of the date on which they received notice that water was ready for delivery. By order of the State Land Board, C. D. THOMAS, Representative, Twin Falls.

Kimberly. The Kimberly Townsite Co. are offering for the next 30 days inside business lots at \$150; corner lots \$275. These are the cheapest lots offered by any town on the Minidoka & Southwestern railway, and will produce the largest rate of profit. You can't lose; they are an absolutely safe investment.

Elwood Rabbit and Hog Fence. Glidden Barbed and Plain Wire Fence. Farm Seeds of All Kinds. Stock Salt. Pennsylvania Blacksmith's Coal. Moline Implements. Deering Mowers and Harvesters. Peter Schettler Wagons—the best made. Fine Line of Harness.

Abundant Stock of First Class Hay and Grain

Elwood Rabbit and Hog Fence. Glidden Barbed and Plain Wire Fence. Farm Seeds of All Kinds. Stock Salt. Pennsylvania Blacksmith's Coal. Moline Implements. Deering Mowers and Harvesters. Peter Schettler Wagons—the best made. Fine Line of Harness.

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Look for the Red Cross

For a Bad Cold Take

Bedford's Cold Cure

And You Will Obtain the Best Drugs

Guaranteed or Money Refunded. TRY IT.

LOOK FOR THE RED CROSS ON THE LABEL.

Bedford Drug Company

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTS

C. C. Bedford - Manager

"See America First"

THAT'S THE RIGHT SLOGAN. SEE THE GREATEST IRRIGATED TRACT IN AMERICA.

And When You Come to Twin Falls Call on

Bonham & Peters

STAPLES AND NOVELTIES.

THE RACKET STORE—OPPOSITE ALLEN MERC. CO.

TWIN FALLS, IDAHO.

Grill Room and Restaurant

BURRINGTON HOTEL

Regular Meals and Short Orders. You Pay for what you Order and get what you pay for.

Beginning on Monday, January 29

I will Serve Table d'Hote Meals and Short Orders in strictly First Class Style at Popular Prices. The Best the Market Affords.

JOE H. KATAYAMA :: :: :: TWIN FALLS, IDAHO

Abundant Stock of First Class Hay and Grain

Elwood Rabbit and Hog Fence. Glidden Barbed and Plain Wire Fence. Farm Seeds of All Kinds. Stock Salt. Pennsylvania Blacksmith's Coal. Moline Implements. Deering Mowers and Harvesters. Peter Schettler Wagons—the best made. Fine Line of Harness.

Carload of Strictly High Grade Alfalfa Seed Just Received.

Craven, Seebeck & Smith

Office and Warehouse Along Warehouse Siding Near Shoshone Ave.

Friday is Fish Day the World Over

We Receive

Fine Fresh Fish

On Ice Every Thursday—Crabs, Lobsters, Shrimps, Oysters. Choice Meats and Vegetables.

City Meat Market

R. M. DOWNEY, Prop. :: :: :: Twin Falls

S. T. Hamilton & Co.

Real Estate and Investments

Established 1904.

BUSINESS BLOCKS.
CHOICE BUSINESS LOTS.
IMPROVED RESIDENCE PROPERTY.
VERY DESIRABLE RESIDENCE LOTS.
IMPROVED FARMS NEAR TWIN FALLS.
UNIMPROVED LANDS ON TWIN FALLS TRACT.
FIVE-ACRE TRACTS ADJACENT TO TWIN FALLS.
WE WRITE FIRE AND PLATE GLASS INSURANCE.
WE ALSO LOOK AFTER PROPERTY OF ABSENT OWNERS.

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS

STUDEBAKER

The name of STUDEBAKER indicates the superior quality of the FARM WAGONS, BUGGIES, SPRING WAGONS, TRUCKS, EXPRESS WAGONS, DELIVERY WAGONS, SPRINKLERS

and other vehicles manufactured by the famous STUDEBAKER establishment, the American standard of excellence. I have a large stock on hand. Will gladly order anything not in stock and Guarantee Prompt Delivery

The famous Studebaker Harness, Wagon extras, finished and rough, wagon covers, tents and tarpaulins in stock

EVERYTHING THE FARMER NEEDS IN THE VEHICLE LINE

C. O. MEIGS.

Opposite Twin Falls Lumber Co. TWIN FALLS, IDAHO

HALL'S SAFES

—Sold Only By—

The Norris Safe and Lock Company

Exclusive sale for the only Manganese Bank Safe Agents for the Oliver Typewriters

112 Pine St., San Francisco, Calif. 1332-4 SECOND AVENUE
114 Washington St., Spokane, Wn. SEATTLE, WASH.
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BIGFOOT

(Continued from Page Seven.)

made fun of me several times and while we were camped near the Goose creek mountains (in the vicinity of the present site of Burley) he and I went out one morning to hunt up the stock. We went to the bank of the Snake river. I asked him what he intended to do when he got to Oregon, and he said he was going to marry and settle down. I told him he should not do so for I thought I had the best right to her. He only laughed and said: "Do you suppose she would marry a bigfoot? Sugar, like you and throw off on a good looking fellow like me." This made me mad and I told him I was no negro and that if he called me that again I would kill him. So he drew his gun on me and repeated it again. I was unarmed but started at him. He shot me in the side but did not hurt me much, so I grabbed him and threw him down and choked him to death, then threw him into the Snake river, took his gun, pistol and knife and ran off into the hills.

Joined the Indians.

"The emigrants did not leave camp for a few days. They were, perhaps, hunting for us. Some of them went on to Oregon but the family that I had been travelling with went back with some others to Salt Lake, where they wintered. I made my way to the Boise river, where I found a French trader and trapper and a man named Joe Lewis. This Joe Lewis was one who helped to massacre Dr. Whitman and many others near old Fort Walla Walla in 1847. He was a bad man, but he was a good friend to me when I needed a friend. So I went with him and joined the Indians and have been with them ever since. In 1857 I went with Lewis and some Indians near the emigrant road for the purpose of stealing stock from the emigrants. In one of our raids I found cattle that I knew had belonged to the family I had crossed the plains with the year before. So I determined to go to the train and see if my girl was with them and try to get her to run off with me.

I found her but she was very mad with me, as were all the rest. They said they thought I had killed Mr. Hart, the artist, and that I ought to hang for it. They told me to leave the camp. I told the girl that if she did not have me she would be sorry for it before she reached Oregon. I had to leave but was determined to have revenge, so I took Joe Lewis and 20 Indians and followed down the Boise river where it empties into the Snake river and massacred them and ran off all their stock and killed the girl too. I am sorry for that now, for she was a good girl, but it is too late to be sorry now. I was mad and foolish. I have been in several other massacres. I helped to kill the Scott family on Burnt river. We wanted their horses. I also helped to kill an officer and took his wife prisoner last fall. The officer was on his way to Camp Lyon. His wife got sick, had a child and could not ride, so some of the Indians killed her. I had a squaw for a wife and when Jeff Stanford was out with a lot of men fighting they killed my wife and carried off my little boy. Since that time I have done all the mischief I could and I am glad of it.

Fate of Joe Lewis.

"Wheeler here asked Bigfoot what became of Joe Lewis. He said Joe Lewis was shot by a man who carried the express from Aurora to Boise in 1862. While Lewis was trying to steal some horses on the Payette river one night, the expressman shot across the river with buckshot, hitting Lewis in the side and wounding Bigfoot in the leg. As it was getting dark and neither of the wounded men spoke, the expressman did not know that anyone had been hit. Joe whispered to me, continued Bigfoot, that he was hurt bad, so I took him upon my back and started to run with him but he soon died and I covered him up in the sand on the bank of the Payette river where he was never found by the whites. That was the last of poor Joe, and I hope you will do that much for me. Mr. Wheeler said: 'All right, Mr. Bigfoot, I guess I will do it, as I am from the Cherokee nation myself and have a little Cherokee blood in my veins. I will not refuse to grant your dying request.' When Wheeler said this and assured him that he would not take his body, or any portion of it, to the fort, Bigfoot actually wept and asked to know Wheeler's name and said: 'You are a brave man and I know you will keep your word. I am a brave man, too, but you shot a little too quick for me and you had the best gun and you have killed me. Your shot struck me just as I was pulling the trigger, else I think I should have

killed you as I hardly ever missed anything I ever shot at. I got my old gun at the massacre in 1857. I do not know how many men I have killed with it. Medicine Man's Dream.

"Bigfoot then continued: 'Nearly all of our little band of warriors are killed off. There are but five left who have been running with me. You have just killed one of the bravest of the band. He has been one of my head braves ever since the Indians recognized me as the leader of the brave little band. His father is an old medicine man and he told me when we left not to go on this trip for he had dreamed about us. He dreamed that there was a large snake coiled in those bluffs that had a white man's head on, and had a medicine gun, that when he pointed it at the Indians, they could not see how to shoot and they after killing them he broke their guns to pieces. He wept when we left camp and said he should never see us again until we met in spirit land. He was right. If I had minded him we would not have been killed.' Wheeler said: 'Well, if you meet the old medicine gentleman in spirit land, tell him he was a good hand at dreaming if he did call me a snake.' Wheeler then asked him where the rest of the Indians were camped. Bigfoot said: 'This is something I cannot tell, but I will tell you anything else you may ask me. There are but few of them left, and now that we are killed the rest will soon go into the fort and they will do you no good to kill them. The little band I run with call themselves Fish Indians, because they live by fishing on the Malheur and Snake rivers and do not run with the Lake Pirates and Bannocks. The other Indians are not friendly toward us and I care nothing about them; but our little band have been brave Indians. They have always treated me well and I do not wish to betray them as the last act of a bad life.' Wheeler said: 'Dilly for you, Wilkinson; I think more of you than I did before, for you are not a traitor; if you have been a bad man otherwise.' Wheeler asked him how tall he was and how much he weighed. Bigfoot said he did not know, for he had grown very much since he joined the Indians; that when he left the whites he was but 19 years old; that he then measured six feet six inches, and a half in height, and weighed 255 pounds. 'But I know,' said he, 'that I must weigh at least 200 pounds and there is not a pound of fat on me; which was true. His voice here faltered. He fell back, saying, 'Everything is getting dark,' and then lay silent for a while. Then he spoke in husky, rapid tones, 'Look, look, the soldiers are after me. I must go, quick, quick.' He then died without a struggle.

A Physical Giant.

"Bigfoot was a model of strength and endurance. I had a tape line and rule in my pocket with which I took the following exact measurements of this wonderful being. Around the chest he measured 59 inches, height six feet eight and one-half inches, length of foot 17½ inches, around the ball of the foot 18 inches, around the widest part of the hand 18 inches. I am confident that he must have weighed at least 300 pounds, and all bone and sinew, not a pound of surplus flesh on him.

"We then got my horses, put a rope around Bigfoot's body, to which we hitched the horses and dragged the body some 150 yards to the creek. We threw some brush and rocks upon him, hid the other broken gun, and left the other Indian where he had fallen. Wheeler said the other Indians would probably come and burn what was left if they were not afraid.

"We then started for Boise City, where we arrived the next day. Wheeler made me promise to say nothing about the affair, as he had given his word to Bigfoot and was resolved not to break the promise he had made."

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BIGFOOT

Story of His Misdeeds Related by Himself After He Had Been Mortally Wounded by J. W. Wheeler in a Sensational Duel on Reynolds Creek.

The Gigantic and Bloodthirsty Renegade Who Led the Piute Band of the Snake Indians in Their Raids Upon Emigrant Trains Along Snake River in the Early Days.

CLOSE to the old emigrant road, near the point where it crosses Cedar draw, about 10 miles west of Twin Falls, are four mounds. They mark the resting place of four men who fell in combat with the Indians many years ago. The graves are easily discernible but they might be mistaken for badger mounds. The grave of another Indian victim is located near the top of the grade at Clark's ferry, and there are two more at Lewis' ferry, all on the Twin Falls tract.

Now that the tract is being settled up, and by people who are unfamiliar with the early history of Idaho, there is danger of the graves being plowed over. Efforts are being made to locate all the graves and, if possible, have them fenced in and marked. The identity of the victims will be established, if it is possible to do so. It is not believed that any farmer will begrudge a few feet of ground to be consecrated to the memory of those who blazed the trail to the west before the days of steel rails and Pullman cars.

In the early days many bands of bloodthirsty savages roamed the Snake river valley. The stretch of country between the Goose Creek mountains and the Salmon river in Cassia county was infested with Indians. The sagebrush plain afforded little cover and many and bloody were the fights that took place. Whole trains of emigrants, composed of men, women and children, were slaughtered without mercy, the bones of many being left to bleach on the banks of the Snake and Boise rivers, testifying to the deadly hatred of the Snake Indians to the whites. In some cases the emigrants were able to bury their dead, in other instances they had to flee for their lives and leave the bodies to the coyotes.

The leader and the most desperate of all the Indians between Oregon and Utah during the '60s was one known as Bigfoot, who, like the gigantic monster, as he truly was, roamed over the plains and mountains of Idaho with a small band of picked warriors, committing murders and depredations. They ranged from the Grand Round Valley in eastern Oregon to the heads of the Owyhee and Weber rivers and along the Snake river valley in Idaho. Many caravans were told of the great size of this noted Indian desperado and about the size of his feet. Whenever a depredation was committed these large moose-horn tracks were certain to be found among others.

While the other Indians were sometimes mounted on ponies he was always on foot. One reason for this, perhaps, was that no ordinary horse could carry him, and the following account will show that he had but little chance for a horse, for the rapidity with which he traveled from place to place was the wonder and the surprise of the settlers on the Snake and Boise rivers. One day his fresh tracks were seen on the Weber and the next day he would be heard of on the Owyhee, 75 or 80 miles distant.

One day he was chased by J. W. Wheeler, Frank Johnson and a man of the name of Cook, who were all well mounted, while Bigfoot, as usual, was traveling on foot with two other Indians. Wheeler and his two companions were camped near the head of the Malheur river. In the night their horses gave indications that Indians were prowling near the camp. A close watch was kept until daylight, when, on examination of the ground, it was discovered that Bigfoot and two other Indians had been within a few yards of the camp during the night. Upon making this discovery the three white men became excited and eager for the chase. Bigfoot had been treading on danger as ground. There were three as cool as determined men as ever put foot to west, all of them crack marksmen, well accustomed to Indian fighting and three better horsemen could have been found in the territory. After a hasty breakfast, all mounted their horses and took the trail, Frank Johnson remarking, "Well, boys, I will make it hot for old Bigfoot today." Wheeler replied laughingly, "Yes, and it will make it hot for our asses to catch up with that old head-thatched devil if he can travel far in a day as Enoch Fruit says

he can." Enoch Fruit was a noted horse thief, who once kept a ferry at Farewell Bend on Snake river, and he had often met Bigfoot and often talked with him. It was through Fruit that the fact was first known that Bigfoot could speak English and that it came to be believed that the big-footed fiend belonged to some other tribe of Indians than the one he was with, which in time proved to be true.

Chase Through the Brush.
The three men rode in hot pursuit. A force ride of two hours brought them in sight of the Indians, who were going on a rapid trot towards the Snake river. All hands were now prepared for a chase. The big Spanish spurs were applied without mercy to the already bleeding flanks of their faithful and spirited horses. The two smaller Indians were soon overtaken and shot down. They made a determined and desperate resistance but their horses and arrows and old style guns proved of no avail before the Henry rifle in the hands of the men they now had to deal with. By the time these two Indians were dispatched, old Bigfoot was at least a mile ahead, running and jumping the sagebrush like a deer, increasing the distance between him and his pursuers where the ground was roughest and losing where the ground was better. The exciting chase was kept up in this way for over 30 miles with about the same result, until at last the huge monster reached the Snake river and, plunging into the stream, struck out swimming for the opposite shore. He proved himself to be an excellent swimmer, as well as a skillful runner, carrying his gun and ammunition above water. The faithful horses were now put down to their knees, but only reached the bank in time for their riders to see, much to their disappointment and disgust, the tall form of Bigfoot, clambering out of the water on the other bank. Johnson shouted out: "Boys, look there! don't Bigfoot beat it!" Cook said, "Yes, and he beat our horses, too!" Wheeler quietly remarked that if old Bigfoot did not have the rheumatism after running so far and then swimming that cold river, he deserved to be remembered as a living specimen of health and endurance.

In the meantime, Bigfoot, having reached the bank of the river and shaken himself, gave an unearthly yell and shouted in plain English, "Come over, come over, you d—d cowards!" and then he disappeared into the brush. The bleeding and foaming horses were completely fagged out and so were their riders. Many times during the day the horses had plunged into badger holes, falling and pitching their reckless riders over their heads.

Bigfoot Escapes.
The next move was to go some five miles down the river and cross at the nearest ferry, which was then kept by Mr. Pickwood, and then come up the river and try to strike the trail of the Indian again. This the white men did, following his enormous tracks for a few miles to the mouth of Weber river. Here they found that the object of their pursuit had caught two of the largest sized salmon, roasted them and eaten every morsel, leaving the bones picked clean. He had then taken the back track along the Snake river and swam back to the side from which he had been chased.

Night came and found three of the angriest and hungriest men who had ever lain down on the banks of the Snake river. Instead of growling over their disappointment, as most men would have done, they spent the evening in joking and recounting the many incidents of the day. It was agreed by all that old Bigfoot could out-run and out-wind any Indian on record, and that he was the largest man and had the largest foot by half of any man they had ever seen, also that he was a dear lover of fish, as evidenced by the skeletons he had left at his last campfire.

Next morning the chase was for the time abandoned, Wheeler remarking that he would get even on that "old son of a cricket eater" if it took him five years for having caused him to ruin his fine horse and almost break his own neck. The resolve was real, but not until nearly two years

afterwards, during which time Bigfoot sent many a poor, unfortunate neighbor and teamster to that land from whence no traveler returns.

Took Many Scalps.
Bigfoot's favorite field of slaughter was between Boise and Silver City, where the road passed through a narrow defile between table rocks or bluffs, a few miles south of Snake river. It was among these bluffs that this noted chief and his braves lurked and picked off many of Idaho's first settlers. Scarcely a week passed that someone was not killed, while traveling to or from the Owyhee country. It was near this place that Bigfoot afterwards met his death in a way he least expected, just in sight of the spot where he had murdered Uman Lamot, a man of the name of Baker and a partner of Charles Adams. He had also shot Charles Adams through the hand and had killed a score of others whose names are not recalled. The last man known to have been killed by Bigfoot and his little band was a Mr. Jarvis, who was on his way from Boise to Owyhee with a load of eggs and vegetables. A Chinaman, who was riding with Jarvis, was killed at the same time. This occurred in 1863, just before Bigfoot himself was sent to the happy hunting grounds by Wheeler.

This narrative was related by William T. Anderson, a former resident of Idaho, who afterwards moved to California. To those who were familiar with conditions in the territory at that time, Anderson's story bore every mark of truthfulness. His description of the death of Bigfoot was graphic and vivid. In 1878 he gave the following account of the incident to the Boise Statesman:

Bigfoot's Last Fight.
"As I am perhaps the only white man now living—unless Wheeler is yet alive—who knows how or when this noted chief killed his death, I will give as true and faithful an account of the thrilling and deadly encounter as possible, and the reasons why he was sent from the world so long."

"In the spring of 1878 I was working at the carpenter's trade in Silver City, Idaho. It was at the time of the great lawsuit and the pitched battle which was fought over the Golden (Charles) quartz lode, in which many lives were lost on both sides and which resulted in the death of the two owners of the disputed ground, namely, Marlon More and Samuel L. Lippitt. The white town was in an uproar and a terrible state of excitement existed. Everybody was armed to the teeth. Governor Ballard resolved to place the town under martial law and many came over from Boise City to assist in the somewhat dangerous undertaking. Among those who came I noticed a tall, thin looking young man of rather slight build, handsome build, with small hands but big feet. He had dark brown hair and a smooth face with dark, steel-gray eyes, expressive of intelligence, and a kind heart. Though there was something striking in the appearance of the man, little did I think he could look death in the face with a smile, or without the slightest change of countenance, but such was the character of the man."

"I was made acquainted with Wheeler by Captain Hutch, who was also a carpenter and a refined gentleman. He knew Wheeler well, having been on a prospecting tour with him, and had also mined near him or with him at one time. Wheeler was a good-hearted fellow and was the life of the camp and of every circle into which he came, but he was at the same time one of the bravest and most determined men in the territory. He was as strong and active as a panther, and a better marksman than any man he ever met in his life. Though a peaceable and temperate man, the desperadoes all knew him and never dared to interfere upon his rights."

An Awkward Fight.
"This was the last time I saw Wheeler until I met him on the scene where the terrible combat—Bigfoot's last fight—took place. This happened in the latter part of July, 1868. I was going from Silver City to Boise, traveling alone with a two-horse wagon. When near the dangerous pass where so many had been killed, I being un-

armed, concluded to lay over and let my horses graze until I should have company through the canyon, so I foolishly turned my horses loose and set myself to cooking something to eat. While thus engaged, my horses got frightened at something and ran away, leaving me alone and alone and badly frightened. I followed the horses' tracks and found they had gone down Reynolds creek in the direction of the massere ground. As the creek runs through this bluff of rocks within a half mile of where the road does, I followed them and found they had started through the canyon. I had just turned back, afraid to go farther, when, to my horror and surprise, I looked across the creek and saw three Indians coming at full speed. They were painted and feathered, and as they were coming directly towards me I felt certain that they saw me and I thought my time had come. The tall and terrible looking Indian, who could be none other than Bigfoot himself, was some 50 yards ahead of another Indian, while the third was an equal distance behind the second one. I stood paralyzed with fear. The only chance left me was to hide behind some rocks and there await my fate which, I felt certain, would be in a few minutes be death. So I crouched down behind a ledge of rocks and hid a last farewell to home and friends, as I then thought, expecting that in a few minutes my dripping scalp would be hanging to the belt of the most horrible looking monster I had ever beheld. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe my feelings at this moment. In less than a minute old Bigfoot came thundering along like an old buffalo bull, within less than 20 yards of me. The other two men came straight for the road, which was not far off. I looked and saw the stage full of passengers, with several families among the number, just coming in sight."

Close Call for the Stage.
"Somehow, to my relief I now discovered that it was the stage and not myself that was the object of Bigfoot's attention. He had evidently resolved to head off the stage, murder the driver and rob the passengers. He was destined, however, to do no more scaling on this side of the rock river. When the Indian who was next to the chief was opposite my hiding place, my blood was chilled by the crack of a rifle which dropped the Indian dead within 20 yards of me. At the report of the shot, old Bigfoot jumped behind a large rock and the hindmost Indian broke back over the hill and was not seen again. For a moment all was quiet. I saw Charles James throw the silk gracefully to his horses, as was his habit on nearing the canyon; he and his passengers all unconscious of the terrible fate they had just escaped. I afterwards learned that among the passengers were Judge Roseborough, Charles Douglas, the gambler, and Mrs. Record and her daughter. Mr. Record and family were then keeping the stage station at the Fifteen-mile house, between Boise City and the Snake river. Little did they think that there was so near them as I was and in such a terrible plight, who dared not move or ask for aid, and that the most deadly and bloody encounter was about to take place that had been witnessed by any of us."

Indian Strategy Fails.
"These few minutes seemed like hours to me. I knew that an Indian had been killed near me, but by whom or from what direction I could form no idea. Bigfoot's action I was evident that he thought the report of the gun came from a tree surrounded by a clump of willows near the creek some 50 yards from where he stood. The sequel proved that he was right. A few minutes after the stage passed out of sight Bigfoot commenced practicing a lot of strategy that was new to me. All I could do was to lie still and in dead silence watch his movements. First he would crawl to one side of the large rock behind which he was hiding, then crawl back to the other side and cautiously peer around the side of the rock, but no one shot at him. All was dead quietude. He would then put his ear to the ground and listen but could not hear the slightest noise. At last he tried an

other plan of escape. He tied a large bunch of sagebrush to his back and started to crawl away. To my great horror he advanced directly toward the spot where I lay hidden behind the ledge of rocks. He came slowly and gently toward me. I was undecided to remain where I was or jump and run toward the clump of willows which Bigfoot had been watching so long and take chances of finding a white man. If I remained where I was much longer, Bigfoot, who had not yet seen me, could not fail to find me. But this terrible state of suspense was soon brought to an end.

Wheeler to the Rescue.
"When Bigfoot had crawled over about half the distance that separated his hiding place from mine, I heard a clear voice ring out on the mountain air in cool, deliberate tones, saying: 'Get up from there, Bigfoot, you old feather-headed, leather-bellied coward. I can see you crawling off like a snake. This is one time that you did not even get a woman's scalp. Here is a scalp. Come down and take mine, you coward.' At this Bigfoot sprang to his feet and leveled a large double-barreled rifle at the willows and said: 'You coward; no no coward. You come out; I'll scalp you too.' At this Wheeler sprang out from among the bushes in plain view, saying: 'Here I am; now fall in, old rooster.' Both men fired almost at the same instant. Bigfoot staggered but recovered and fired again, then threw his gun down and started to run toward the dead Indian. He ran but a few yards when another shot caused him to reel again but he succeeded in reaching the spot where the dead Indian lay and, picking up the gun left by the latter where he had fallen, he leveled it toward Wheeler and fired again, but at the moment that Wheeler's gun sent another unerring bullet into his powerful frame, Bigfoot again staggered and came very near falling, but again recovered, drawing a knife, gave an unearthly whoop which almost froze my blood, and then started toward Wheeler. He had gone but a few yards when another shot staggered him and another, which I was dumb with fear, apprehending that after all the Indian might succeed in reaching Wheeler and then grasp him in his powerful clutches. Wheeler never moved from the spot where he stood, but, handling his gun with extraordinary skill, continued to fire until at last, when within 20 yards of him, the huge red demon fell with a thud, and to the surprise of Wheeler, however, emptied the balance of the 16 shots into him and then, without moving out of his tracks, rebounded his rifle and said: 'How do you like the way my gun shoots, old-hoss?—I'll bet my scalp against yours that you don't scalp any more white men in this canyon very soon.' Bigfoot cried out in plain English, 'Don't shoot me any more, you have killed me.' Wheeler walked up near the Indian and, pulling out an ivory handled revolver, gazed a moment at his fallen foe, then shouted to me, 'Come down, whoever you are, there is no danger now.' I went to the spot and found Bigfoot bleeding from 12 wounds, both legs and one arm broken. The Indian pined for water, when Wheeler said: 'Hold on till I break that other arm, then I'll give you a drink.' Bigfoot said: 'Well, do it quick and give me a drink and let me die.' Wheeler leveled his pistol and at the report the arm fell useless to the ground. This was so many years ago that I was yet afraid to go near this powerful and desperate savage monster. Wheeler went down to the creek and brought up his canteen full of water and placed it to the mouth of the Indian, who drank it all. Bigfoot then said he wished he had some whiskey, when Wheeler said he had a small bottle of whiskey and ammonia which he always carried in case of snake bites, that Bigfoot could have if he thought it would do him any good. Bigfoot said: 'I'll take it, I'm getting blind.' Wheeler gave him a plate dish filled with the strong fluid, mixed with a little water. The Indian drank it, every drop, and then said: 'I'm sick and blind,' and then fell back, apparently dead.

Wanted His Scalp Saved.
"After a few minutes he revived and said he was better. He asked us to wash the dust and paint from his face and see what a good looking man he was. We complied with his request and, to our surprise, we found a fine looking face with the handsomest set of teeth we ever beheld. He had large, black but wicked looking eyes. His complexion had been almost white but was now, of course, badly tanned. He had a heavy shock of long, black hair, somewhat inclined to be kinky. He was of enormous size and such hands, and especially feet, I never saw on any mortal before or since. He soon began to be quite talkative and expressed a wish that we would make him one promise. Wheeler asked him what it was. He asked that we should not scalp him nor take him to Boise City after he died, but to drag him in among the willows, pile some rocks upon him and lay his old gun by his side. 'If you will promise me this,' he said, 'I will die satisfied.' Wheeler told him that if he would tell him who he was and where he came from he would perhaps promise and do what he wished but that he must answer all the questions he was asked and tell the truth."

Temping Reward.
"Bigfoot then said: 'I have been a very bad man and if I tell you all that I have done I am afraid you will not do what I have asked of you.' Wheeler said: 'I know you have been a bad man but if you will tell me everything I will not tell anyone that you are dead nor tell anything about you.' When Wheeler said this Bigfoot seemed to brighten up and said: 'Now, do keep your promise and I will tell you my whole history and all that I have gone through if I can only live long enough to do so.' Wheeler said: 'I have been assured by prominent citizens of Boise City that if anyone killed you and brought your scalp and your feet to Fort Boise, at least \$1,000 would be paid for them, for you have done a great deal of mischief, killed a great many white people, and everybody thinks that you were one of the party that killed Mrs. Scott—and her husband on Burnt River last fall, as your big tracks were found next day near the scene of the murder, as they have always been found when white people have been killed by Indians in this part of the country. I have now been out here four days, waiting for you, and the mosquitoes have nearly eaten me up while hiding in the willows, but now, if it will do you any good, I will hide you, but I will break your gun so that other Indians will not use it again.'"

Bigfoot's Bloody Story.
"The following is Bigfoot's account of himself and his career, taken down as it was related to Wheeler and myself: 'I was born in the Cherokee nation. My father was a white man named Archer Wilkinson. He was hanged for murder in the Cherokee nation when I was a small boy. My mother was part Cherokee and part negro, so I was told. She was a good Christian woman. My name is Starr Thomas Starr, a noted desperado in the nation. I was always called Bigfoot Wilkinson as long as I remember. The boys always made fun of me when I was a boy, because I was so large for my age and had such big feet. I had a bad temper and got to drinking when quite young and grew to be so strong that when anyone would call me a nekebone I would fight him. In this way I came near killing several with my fists. I found that I would soon be killed if I remained in that country, so I ran away from home and went to Tloqua, then the capital of the Cherokee nation. There I fell in with some emigrants who were going to Oregon in 1856 and I drove a team across the plains for my board. The folks I traveled with were very kind to me. I fell in love with a young lady of the company who thought a good deal of me and we fell in with a company from New York. Along with these new people was an artist who was a smart, good looking fellow. He soon cut me out. After that the young lady would hardly notice me, so I speak to me. I knew then that he had told her something bad about me. He

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(Continued on Page Six)

ACQUISITION FOR TWIN FALLS

Bloux City Journal Pays Nice Compliment to the Sweeley Family.

After a residence of 15 years in Bloux City, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Sweeley, on December 1 will move to southern Idaho, where they will later be joined by their son, Everett M. Sweeley.

Mr. Sweeley is a native Iowan, having been born in Dallas county. He was graduated from the state university of Iowa and admitted to the bar in 1878. He was clerk of the district court of Dallas county for four years at Adel, the county seat. In 1885 he went to Storm Lake, where he practiced law for six years, serving two terms as county attorney. In the latter part of 1899 he moved to Bloux City. For several years here he was attorney for the Farmers, Loan and Trust company, and more recently has been engaged in the practice of law for himself. He served one term as representative from Woodbury county in the Iowa state legislature. During his residence in Bloux City he has been a leader at the bar and has taken a prominent part in public movements.

Mrs. Sweeley has been recognized as a leading artist, her specialty being hand painted china. In society and club work also she has been prominent.

Everett Sweeley is a graduate of the Bloux City high school and the University of Michigan, and at present is physical director for the Washington State college at Pullman, Washington. At the University of Michigan he won national prominence in athletics as an end on the Michigan football team.

Mr. Sweeley will continue the practice of law in his new location, and in Bloux City with Everett. Sweeley, who now is engaged in the study of law and expects soon to be admitted to the bar. They will also organize a bond and investment company. Mr. Sweeley believes there are great prospects in the western country. He recently made two visits to Twin Falls and is much impressed with the possibilities of the surrounding country. —Bloux City Journal.

BOWLED OVER MANY RABBITS

Twin Falls Marksmen Slaughter Hundreds of the Poets.

When you see a jackrabbit with no fur on its tail you behold a victim of last Sunday's rabbit drive. The sprightly bunnies had an awful time side-stepping fine shot. About 400 of them failed to dodge quick enough and lost their tails, likewise their lives. It was a great day for the hunters. Nobody was bumped except Harry Allen. Harry was seated on the tail end of Jim Dyble's wagon, box en-croute for another station when the vehicle skidded on the ice around a curve, struck a chuckhole and Harry landed on the precious soil. His wishbone penetrated the ground to such a depth that it required the services of the entire team to dig him out. The farmer

on whose land he fell will use the hole for a reservoir. For two days Harry acknowledged all kinds of sympathy. He limped around in helpless fashion and really acted as though he had a lame leg. After his appointment as delegate to the "See America First" meeting in Salt Lake City, however, he forgot all about being crippled and he sprinted for the train like an athlete.

Two teams of 10 men each were picked haphazard on Sunday morning. Don Bryan captained one and Fred Ramsey the other. According to the official count Ramsey's team won—200 to 155. Each side accused the other of accepting assistance from farmers and both were probably right. Ramsey's team ran into the best hunting ground, Don's men having rather hard luck in that respect. Joe Day turned in 15 kills and was probably high man. He belonged to the Bryan team. The rabbit tails were so light and fluffy that the hunters lost them almost as fast as they were obtained. Harry Allen killed 37 rabbits which, with the seven brushes that he borrowed from a rancher, made his score 44. Dad Pape bowled over at least 50 sagebrush flyers without stirring from his tracks, but most of them left their tails behind. "Doc" Ferney threw shot into 67 jacks and sprinkled Fred Ramsey three times, making his score 70. Jack Howe did some terrible execution. His favorite plan was to wait until three or four rabbits got in line and bowl them all over at once. He mowed down 110 in this way and would have shot more but he was afraid of straining his gun. Will Burton snuffed out about three dozen without a miss and other remarkable scores were made. The most sanguinary part of the hunt occurred after the hunters returned to the Hotel Perrine. The ground was all shot over again and not a rabbit escaped. The hunt was so successful that another is being planned.

THINKS WELL OF TWIN FALLS

Colonel Allen Miller Says Kind Things of the City.

Immigration Commissioner Miller is home from Twin Falls. Everything down there on the tract is simply all to the good," said the commissioner to a Statesman reporter yesterday. "Rapidly and success are the two words spelled out at full length by the climate, the soil, the bustle of business men and the various other favorable conditions that obtain. I saw 15,000 acres of wheat land which last year yielded 40 bushels per acre. Now, what do our eastern brethren think of that? The people of Twin Falls are de-

veloping their land for this year's crop, says Colonel Miller. Water has been delivered to a large area of the land, and there is every reason for a belief that this year's crops will be greater than last year's, which is saying a good deal.

The present population of Twin Falls, according to Colonel Miller, is fully 2500 people. He says that at least 30 new business buildings are being erected, and as proof that these enterprises are not of the transitory sort, he points to the substantial nature of the buildings which are being erected to house them. All lines of business are good, says the colonel. Preparations are now under way for the construction of a central school building this spring, and two or three churches.

"One thing of which," says Colonel Miller, "is the fact that it possesses one of the best printing establishments in the state outside of Boise. I refer to the Twin Falls News."

The price of land on the Twin Falls tract is advancing, with almost startling rapidity, says the colonel. When the plans of the reclamation company are fully matured and consummated, Twin Falls will possess one of the largest compact irrigated tracts in the United States.

On the government project at Milledale, says the colonel, a great many people are holding down claims, waiting for the government to furnish water, which they expect some time next season. Three towns have already sprung up on the Milledale tract—Barley, with a population of 600, Heyburn with 250 people, and Rupert with about 600.

The Twin Falls company expects to be able to deliver water to the town of Buhl this summer. The town will be opened for entry on April 1. Colonel Miller says that the company is building a \$12,000 hotel at Buhl. Speaking of hotels, Colonel Miller says the Perrine hotel at Twin Falls is as fine as hotel as any in the state—but none of the Statesman.

The Egotism of Genius.

Richard Mansfield's just appreciation of his own talents is sometimes rather forcibly impressed upon his fellow actors. At the production of a recent play Mansfield was personally superintending the rehearsals. The leading woman had a difficult part which she could not do to the star actor's satisfaction. His voice came ominously from the darkness of the wings. "Miss K—, go over that part again."

"Again," reluctantly said Mansfield. Once more the actress nervously went through the part.

Then a firm stride was heard and Mr. Mansfield stood in the center of the stage, hands clasped, eyes upturned, his voice booming in deep chest tones:

"Good heaven, would there had been given to this woman a little of the intelligence that was so bountifully bestowed upon me!"—Woman's Home Companion.

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