

Through Duck Valley

[BY PROF. A. D. BRADFIELD.]

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own native land?'"

So sang the great Scotch bard as he once returned from foreign travel to his own native hills. If travelers would adopt the motto, "See your own country first," there would be, perhaps, more appreciation of the grandeur of our own country and less desire to spend so much money and time in travel abroad.

It was with this principle in view that, one summer, I planned a trip through Owyhee Co. and Duck Valley Indian reservation. I had always had a desire to see the Indians on their own ground from the time when I was very small and used to pore over their deeds in a big red book which grandpa had with the picture on its front of a captive dangling to a limb above a pile of blazing fagots.

From Silver City to Duck Valley it is, perhaps, a distance of about sixty miles but it seems much longer as one has to cross steep mountains, rough, stream-cut valleys, rocky canyons, sagebrush plains, and a lava plateau over a road much of which at present is traversed only by herders or roving Indians. I consulted some of the old timers as to the best method of making the trip and some advised going horse-back with another horse or burro as pack animal to carry camping equipment. Others said it would be better to go in a buckboard with two horses. Not being able to secure the later and not relishing the thoughts of so long a horse-back ride, I procured a horse and cart with a large box under the seat. With this outfit, I could take provisions and camping equipment and have only one horse to carry feed for. An old stage driver said that a tenderfoot would get lost without a guide, but in talking with people who had been over the route, I was able to learn enough of the way to make a map which served me very well throughout the trip. The first four miles led over War Eagle mountain and down into Boulder canyon through which Boulder creek runs with rapid course. This is a favorite haunt of fishermen who resort thither for mountain trout. Along this creek, fringed with willows and cottonwoods, the trail leads for some miles, then strikes across the open country over hills, across valleys, through groves of juniper trees, and miles of dry plains covered with dusty sagebrush. From early morning until late in the afternoon I traveled without seeing a dwelling. Then I came to Jake Bochmans ranch located in a beautiful little valley through which flows a small stream called Rock creek. Within a few miles of his place are several promising locations that may make fine ranches some day, if a railroad ever runs near them. At present, few people seem inclined to want to segregate themselves so far away and await the approach of civilization. Although so far from a railroad or town, Bochman has his ranch very well developed and raises fine crops of wheat and alfalfa. I accepted his invitation to remain over night and also spend the next day around his place hunting and fishing. We passed a cougar's den in a canyon a few miles above his house but saw no cougar as these animals usually come out only at night when they prey upon sheep, deer, calves, and colts. The latter seem to be their favorite booty. One horse raiser in that region said that he lost fourteen colts from them in one year. There are some deer left but it is not very often that a hunter is lucky enough to get a shot at one. We killed some sage chickens and caught a great many trout. There are several varieties of trout. The rainbow, which has a row of pink spots on each side and is covered with dark specks, is the most beautiful.

Next morning I started on my next day's trip to Big Springs. The region over which I passed this day was more solitary than that of the day before and I was glad to come in sight of the green grass-carpeted valley around the springs. Big Spring gushes from a large opening in the rock and is so large that it forms a creek from its very source. The waters are diverted through ditches all over the land as broadly as possible and moistens the soil of about a thousand acres of land. Years ago, a man named Spencer settled here with a large family and as the latter became of age, each took up a quarter section of land, so that now all the irrigable portion is taken up. No hospitality can excel that of these people living so far from contact with the rest of the world. Every passer-by is to them as any old friend. They are always eager to hear the news as weeks often pass by without their seeing any one from the outside world. Modern invention has produced one thing which contributes largely toward making so solitary a life more tolerable, that is, the phonograph. Each year on selling their stock or produce, these isolated ranchers invest in a supply of new records.

Next day, I started on the most arduous part of my journey. From the Springs, the trail led up a steep bluff and upon the lava plateau. A stage road, now disused, had been made years ago across this region by filling the chinks between the large rocks with smaller ones; but in places, streams from the melting snows of spring had washed out the road, leaving boulders as large as a washtub. I had to get out and lead my horse occasionally while the cart tipped over several times before I got across. Not a spear of vegetation could be seen for miles around—nothing but broken lava rock of various shapes and all sizes. Such a waste and desert place I had never seen before. It reminded me of a jest which the Ohio people, proud of their own fair land, sometimes make when poking fun at the West Virginians on account of the roughness of their land, namely, that on finishing the creation of the world, the Lord, having a large quantity of waste material left over, just dumped it into West Virginia in order to get it out of the way. Owyhee county certainly has its share of "waste material just left over." The southern side of the plateau slopes gently downward, and lower where the detritus had washed downward, the road became smooth and hard. I spent the next night out in the open with the starry sky for a sheltering roof, while the horse, tethered to the cart by a long rope, browsed the scattering stalks of grass among the sagebrush. I did not sleep very soundly, for the dismal howling of the coyotes is not a soothing lullaby and the thoughts of a hungry mountain lion are not reassuring. At daybreak, I started on my way and soon the broad expanse of Duck Valley opened before me. I took a trail leading to the nearest building but found it deserted. After going a few miles further, I approached some haystacks near which was a tent and beyond a meadow where a mowing machine was rattling away. As I neared the tent, I saw some squaws and girls apparently fourteen years of age preparing vegetables and meat for cooking.

"How far is it to the Agency?" I asked. They all looked up but made no reply. The squaws jabbered to each other and went on with their work. I repeated the question, not knowing then that it is a point of Indian decorum not to have any conversation with a white man when alone. The girls ducked down their heads and snickered. I felt like seizing the dusky young imps by the shoulders and giving them a sound shaking; but remembering that I was not in the schoolroom and reflecting that perhaps such assistance in training their offsprings might not be acceptable to their elders, I re-

strained my feelings, and noticing a buck out by a haystack mending some implement of husbandry, I approached him with the same question. He was more communicative and gave me a long account of the way, partly in Paiute and partly in very bad English from which I gathered that to the Agency it was a journey of "three suns and two shades."

"Three suns and two shades?" I repeated, puzzled. "About how far is that in miles?" Whereupon, the half-tamed aborigine, bringing his gesticulating arms into requisition to aid his obscure Pai-ute and scarcely more intelligible English, entered into further description of the way, but I could understand nothing more. However, I thanked him very heartily for his information, for should we not be as grateful to those who make an honest effort to serve us as we are to those who render us actual assistance?

"Three suns and two shades," I mused as I drove on. Could he mean a journey of three days and two nights? No, it could not be more than fifteen miles at the most. I gazed on the broad valley in front. To the right, rose a range of mountains from the foot of which the Owyhee river came rushing across the valley with characteristic western swiftness. Then, striking the foothills on the left, it doubled back forming a large loop. Willows and other trees were growing along the banks and as I saw the yellow, dusty, trail cutting across the loop of the river, the meaning of the Indian came to me—I would pass over a stretch of country in the hot sun, then would pass through the shady grove by the river, then another sunny stretch, then another "shade," then another "sun" and then I would be at the Agency. Indeed, the Indian's method of reckoning is not so bad, after all, for is it not just as well to know that a long, hot, and dusty trip has two shady places where one can rest and be refreshed as it is to know that it can be divided into an even number of spaces called miles? I soon came to a large tent near a house where a group of Indians were lounging in the shade. I stopped at a well to water my horse and the curious natives, seeing my strange looking vehicle, came crowding around for a closer view. Evidently, they had never seen a cart before. They handled the wheels, the shafts, opened the box under the seat and asked all kinds of questions. "How much did it cost?" "Where did I get it?" "How much would I take for it?" I told them I could not sell as I had no other means of travel. One then offered me two horses, saying that I could make pack animals of them and ride my own. Not favoring that mode of travel and thinking that there might be some restrictions concerning traffic with the red men, I refused their offers and drove on. Most of them talked very good English and all were dressed in the garb of white men—the blue overalls being very conspicuous. As I started a well-dressed Indian rode up and asked where I was going. On finding that I was an unoffending traveler and not an unscrupulous trader he was very courteous and explained the shortest way to the Agency. I was surprised to find an Indian whose dress, language, and bearing were so much like those of the better class of whites. As I went on, the dwellings were more numerous and the population denser. The houses were low, log structures, well adapted to keep out the cold in winter; but so intolerable in hot weather that all their occupants chose to live outside, either in tents or under shelter made of willow branches. Under these, the squaws plied their house hold cares while the smaller fry played along the river, murmuring and gurgling in unison to its rippling waters. It was the haying season and the men were engaged in mowing, hauling, and stacking hay. I passed several teams and wagons coming from the store, driven by large-armed, full-breasted squaws, the very picture of womanly health and vigor, though scarcely of beauty. They bowed very graciously in reply to my "How do you do, madam?"

(Continued next week.)

OWYHEE COUNTY MINING NEWS

THE BANNER.

The work of developing the Banner vein from the crosscut tunnel is progressing very rapidly. The north drift is now in 150 feet and the ledge has widened out to over 15 feet. A crosscut of the vein is being made at the face of this drift to determine the width of the vein at this point, but the hanging wall has not yet been reached. Numerous feeders or stringers of rich ore are encountered in this work and it is pronounced by all miners, who are familiar with the ore shoots on this mountain, as a sure indication of approaching a large body of rich ore. The south drift on the same vein has a good body of ore in the face which has been getting wider as the drift is carried farther in.

BOULDER.

James Demming was in from the Boulder Creek mines the first of the week and reports that in finishing the annual assessment work on the "Milton" he crossed another body of ore over 8 feet in width that is much richer than any heretofore encountered on this property, as it pans much free gold of high grade. The Milton is one of the "Big 4" group recently bonded by Mr. Scoville, and upon which extensive development work will soon be commenced by a wealthy company.

The Silver City M. & M. Co.

Active work has commenced on this property and the crosscut tunnel is expected to cut the Nugget vein by the first of the year. The management assures us that they have ample funds on hand to carry the work forward without delay, and this will be one of the new mining propositions in this district that will be in active operation in the future.

POTOSI.

The pumps have been taken out and the mine will be allowed to become flooded, as the expense of the work was more than the management thought advisable until the business of the company could be satisfactory settled. The flooding of the mine will not injure the property in the least as it can be easily pumped out when they get in shape to resume work. There is a rumor that the company will be reorganized.

At the recent meeting of the Mining Congress at Goldfield, Nevada, no definite action was taken on the silver question although the subject was largely discussed. One of the most important resolutions introduced was as follows:

"Whereas, It has been the wise policy of the government to reserve all of the public domain for the actual settlers, and

"Whereas, The present patent law, allowing individuals or corporations to patent up mineral land to hold for speculative purposes, has proved more injurious to the mining industry than all other causes combined, and

"Whereas, There have been thousands of mines patented a third of a century ago for speculative purposes, and not a day's work done on said claims since, and

"Whereas, The greater portion of our mineral land has been withheld from the prospector, compelling him to go elsewhere, every idle patented mine being a notice to the prospector that he is to late, and

"Whereas, Most of the patents are held by non-residents, many of them in foreign countries, and with the constitution of Nevada being not even taxable; be it therefore

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this Congress that the present mineral land laws be repealed or so amended that owners of patented mines should be compelled to do at least \$100 worth of work each and every year, and a failure to do so should forfeit all rights to said mine, and the title should revert back to the government and be subject to relocation."

Owing to quite an amount of unfinished business it will be impossible for Theo. H. Philipp to leave as soon as he expected, and therefore will be compelled to stay longer. In the meantime the reduction of prices will remain the same, for which a list will be made through the Nugget.

WEEK'S LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Personal Mention—Coming and Going of Owyhee County People in Brief.

County Court adjourned to day. Send your orders in to Sweeney for summer suits.

A full line of Groceries and Granitware at the S. C. S. Co.

Frances Best is suffering from an attack of rheumatism.

Mr. O. F. Brunzell and family are visiting with Mrs. Cavaney.

Hugh B. Latham of Murphy registered at the Idaho the first of the week.

A full line of brand new Kodaks and Kodak supplies just received at Rowett's

Send your measures in for summer suits. Prices ranging from \$15 to \$25.00, at Sweeney's.

The youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Dunham is reported to be down with typhoid fever.

Mrs. Jeffery and daughter, Mrs. Miller of Dewey were visiting friends in Silver this week.

H. C. Weymouth and wife were attending Probate Court in Silver City the first of the week.

Attorney W. A. Stone, of Caldwell, was attending legal business before the Probate Court, this week.

Miss Marie Paul presented us with a box of excellent apples, grown on their ranch on Sinker creek.

Frank Scott and family of Reynolds took advantage of the pleasant fall weather to visit in Silver this week.

Mrs. W. B. Hurd left for Boise Tuesday morning, enroute to Grangeville to attend the Rebekah Assembly

The County Commissioners are hard at work this week attending to their duties of their regular quarterly meeting.

J. D. Demming, of Demmingville, the veteran prospector of Boulder Creek came in Tuesday and returned yesterday.

Joseph Babbington and wife were visiting in Silver City the first of the week. They left for home Wednesday morning.

H. M. Stevens and wife were in from their camp on Boulder Creek yesterday after supplies, and returned the same day.

A fine assortment of new fall suits just received at Sweeney's. Don't fail to call and look them over, as he can furnish the goods.

J. W. Rowett is spending several days in Boise on business. He left for that place last Saturday, and will return in a few days.

Theo H. Philipp, our rustling hardware merchant has been putting his property in shape for the winter by doing considerable repairing.

Our Line of Summer Dress Goods at a Bargain at S. C. S. Co.,

W. W. Hicks and family were in Silver City, this week and stopped at the Idaho Hotel. Mr. Hicks made us a pleasant call and subscribed for the Nugget.

Mrs. Maxon has almost recovered from her recent illness, and is able to be up and around the house. Her many friends are pleased to know of her recovery.

Married at DeLamar, on Monday, October 4th, 1909: Manuel Acordagiotio of South Mountain, and Eulalia Mallea, of DeLamar. Rev. Father Dreyer, officiating.

We wish to impress upon the patrons of the Nugget, in order that no misunderstanding may exist, that the reduced price of \$2.00 per year, only applies if paid in advance.

Elmore county went wet by 13 majority, at the recent local option election, but we understand that a contest has been filed by the "dry" forces, claiming some illegal votes were cast at Glenns Ferry.

Finny MacKinzie registered at the Idaho last Monday. Harvey Goble, and R. J. Gifford of Reynolds were in town attending the trial, as witnesses, before the Probate Judge, last Monday and Tuesday.

Dennis Driscoll, one of the most extensive ranchers and stock raisers of Pleasant Valley, was in Silver City attending to business matters last evening.

Mrs. Spencer gave a fine chicken dinner to a few friends last Sunday evening. When it comes to a genuine motherly spread, where every thing is cooked "like mother used to do" Mrs. Spencer takes the cake.

Dr. Salter is back at his practice in Silver City having been successful in the recent state medical examination. The Dr. has made many friends since coming to this locality and we are all very much pleased with his success before the State Board.

For fine jewelry, silverware and cut glass call on J. W. Rowett, next door to the post office. He keeps a supply of notions, candies, cigars, nuts, bananas, fancy chinaware and many other articles not carried by the other merchants.

On Friday evening, Oct. 22, 1909, the Dewey "Hobos and Fishers" will give a grand ball at the K. P. hall in that city. The best of music has been secured and the Captain of the Hobo Police requests patrons to appear in full dress uniform.

Miss Marie Paul returned last week from a two week's visit to the Seattle Fair and cost cities in B. C.

An action was brought in the Probate Court by Mrs. H. E. Weymouth, one of the heirs of the D. D. McDonald Estate for an accounting of the administration of said estate by W. W. Hicks, the administrator. The case came to trial Monday and terminated Tuesday evening. The evidence showed that all property disposed of by said Administrator had brought a higher price than the appraised value, and that Mr. Hicks had kept his accounts perfectly straight. The Probate Judge sustained the administrator.

Any Suit in the house for \$17
SWEENEY, Silver City.

We have on hand a number of copies of the Early history and description of Owyhee County published in book form that gives an accurate description of the county and biographical sketch of many of the pioneers who settled the country and by their industry and perseverance succeeded in making this one of the best and most productive localities in the west. A copy of this book should be in every home in the county. We will sell this book for the low price of \$1.00 per copy, post paid to any address in the U. S. Order at once before they are all gone as we have only a limited number of copies.

A Special Sale on Hats, Shirts and Men's Under wear at the S. C. S. Co.,

Report Of The Financial Condition Of

The OWYHEE COUNTY BANK
located at Silver City, State of Idaho,
at the close of business on the 8th day
of October, 1909.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$11,321.26
Overdrafts	245.53
Bonds, warrants and other securities	29,339.52
Due from banks	8,241.11
Checks on other banks and cash items	245.84
Cash on hand	5,509.05
Total	\$54,902.31

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$10,000.00
Surplus fund	1,326.37
Undivided profits	2,799.65
Deposits	40,776.29
Total	\$54,902.31

State of Idaho,
County of Owyhee, } ss.

I, FRANK D. HALL, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the foregoing statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

FRANK D. HALL, Cashier.
Correct. Attest:

E. J. BURROUGHS, Sr., Director.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of Oct. 1909.
[SEAL] R. H. LEONARD, JR.,
Notary Public.