

# **BUNCH-GRASS STORIES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649406159

Bunch-Grass Stories by Mrs. Lindon W. Bates

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**MRS. LINDON W. BATES**

**BUNCH-GRASS  
STORIES**



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1895

# BUNCH-GRASS STORIES

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By

MRS. LINDON W. BATES

*(pseudonym: White Lead)*  
AUTHOR OF

"A BLIND LEAD" "A NAMELESS WRESTLER"  
"ARMAIS AND OTHERS"



PHILADELPHIA

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1895

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1895  
WOLYON

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## Preface.

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It was the author's privilege to spend several years in the far West. While too late for contact with the dramatic days of the Argonauts, she was yet early enough to encounter in the by-ways the frontier quality which made the unique charm of the Slope. Successive waves of immigration had brought in elements the most diverse, and the old order was all but submerged. The resultant life was full of zest. Its situations had an intensity and its action a directness which gave them a peculiar interest.

In the splendid empire of the coming West little will remain to keep the memory of its beginnings. These stories, woven out of incidents of its later settlement, seek to embody the spirit of the transition time.

Into the collection have been put "Inspiration at the Cross-roads" and "The Black Shell," tales of other days and other wheres. The rest of the volume is so uncompromisingly modern that the writer has felt warranted in inserting two stories for those who, like herself, still love the old.

J. B.

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## Resurrection on the Umpqua.

### I.

JOHN ROWE'S place had become to the settlement general store, post-office, lodging-house, and city hall. It was the first of erection, and therefore the first available for the communal needs of the squatters.

They had met to-day on important civic duty, and were grouped about, some standing, some sitting upon seats of appropriated barrel-tops.

"You citizens have got to stop flying off the question," one was saying. As he occupied a stool with four legs he had been made chairman, though there was no formality and but little order in the proceedings. "You've just got to get down to bus'ness," he insisted. "Here's Abe Emerson shifted onto fences, and Ives discussing a chimbly; and the meetin' 'll break up like the three others without settling about what this here town'll be named."

Abe Emerson, thus called to order, returned to the business of the day.

"I'm standing by the name the Indians gave the river. Umpqua's good enough for me."

But Ives protested vigorously.

"I don't want nothing Indian; I want the town named for whites, not for redskins. We're as good as savages, maybe, and as well able to name a place. 'Umpqua' may make sense to a Chinook, but I ain't