

The Heppner Gazette

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ISSUED THURSDAY MORNING.

Fred Warnock

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THURSDAY, June 18, 1908

A FRANC FOR A LIFE.

Exciting Adventure With a Moslem Fanatic in Algeria.

Near the western end of Ouar in a lonely street (for most of the men were sleeping from 12 to 3 during the heat of the day) I met a tall, stalwart Riffi from the mountains, writes Rev. W. G. Pope, who was a missionary in Algeria.

Accosting him with the usual Arabic salutation, I asked him if he could read. He answered, "No."

"Where do you live?"

"In the mountain, twenty miles west."

"Have you a sheik who can read?"

"Yes."

"Then will you please take him this book, with my greetings, and ask him to read it to you?"

"What is it—a Koran?"

"No; the story of the life of the Messiah."

He then turned and asked if I was a follower of the Messiah, to which I answered, "Yes."

Then arose his Moslem fanaticism, for he was an Alssaoua, a terribly fanatical section of the Moslems in Morocco.

Drawing his knife and holding it over me, he uttered one word, "Shahed!" (witness), meaning that I was to say, with my forefinger raised, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah."

I felt white, but tried to look courageous and unconcerned. I remonstrated with him for so acting with the Amel's guest, but all to no purpose. He reiterated his one word, "Shahed!"

His knife was an ugly weapon. It looked like a piece of sharpened barrel hoop with two pieces of goat's horn fastened together to make a handle.

Knowing the Arab's love of an English knife, I asked him if his knife was an English one. He answered that he had made it himself.

Remembering that in one pocket I had a franc in silver and coppers and in the other a French louis, I determined to buy the knife if possible.

Taking out my small change, I decided to try that first. I referred to the fact that the English were very proud of their knives and I would much like to take back to my country a Moroccan knife to show what others could do and offered to purchase it.

The sight of the French coppers and a glistening piece of silver was too much even for his fanaticism. He unrolled his leather sheath, restored the knife to its place, looked once up and down the street to see no one was looking, then, with apparent joy, exchanged the knife for the money and the book and went off happy.

Which of the two felt the happier I cannot tell, but I never forgot that my life in Ouar was purchased back for a paltry franc.—Liverpool Post.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

No man is as wicked as his thoughts. A whittier never whittles his own furniture.

Being out of a job sort of tames a man down.

What a lot of things people hide from each other!

A man is always at least as old as he confesses to being.

Men have failed in business for every reason but lack of advice.

We are all inclined to waste powder when the enemy is not in sight.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to learn to take a hint readily.

It isn't necessary to go very far from home in order to become a stranger.

The unpopularity of millionaires, however, is not what causes the comparatively small number of them.—Acheson Globe.

How Rossetti First Met His Wife. It was Millais' picture, "Ophelia," exhibited at the academy in 1852, that provided his friend and brother pre-raphaelite, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, with a wife. Millais had been altogether at a loss for a suitable model for his picture, but at length secured one in the person of a charming young lady who was employed as an assistant behind the counter of a bonnet shop. She was the daughter of a Sheffield tradesman, a beautiful and lovable girl with a wealth of golden hair, by name Elizabeth Siddal. Young Rossetti straightway fell deeply in love with the fair model. He taught her to paint and ultimately married her.

Man's Precious Rib. A young lady having asked a surgeon why woman was made from the rib of a man in preference to another bone, he gave her the following gallant answer:

"She was not taken from the head lest she should rule, nor from his feet lest she should trample upon her, but she was taken from his side that she might be his equal; from under his arm, that he might protect her; from near his heart, that he might cherish and love her."—Houston Chronicle.

NAPOLEON'S ESCAPES.

Reckless of Danger, the Great Soldier Was Often Wounded.

In reply to the question in what engagements he considered himself to have been in the greatest danger of losing his life Napoleon once said, "In the commencement of my campaigns." Indeed, if further proof were demanded to show that he did not spare himself at Toulon it is only necessary to add that during the ten weeks of its siege Napoleon, in addition to a bayonet wound in his thigh, had three horses shot under him, while at the siege of Acre during the expedition to Egypt he lost no fewer than four in the same manner.

During the last days of his life, when captivity, disappointment and sickness had well nigh completed their work, it is said that the agony of his fatal disease drew from him on many occasions the piteous cry of, "Why did the cannon balls spare me?"

During his long military career Napoleon fought sixty battles, while Caesar fought but fifty. In the early part of his career he was utterly reckless of danger while on the battlefield, and this spirit of fearlessness contributed largely to the love and esteem in which he was held by his armies. There was a curious belief among the English in Napoleon's time that he had never been wounded, and indeed the report was current that he carefully if not in a cowardly manner refrained from exposing himself. Nothing could be more contrary to the truth, for he was in reality several times severely wounded, but as he wished to impress upon his troops the belief that good fortune never deserted him and that, like Achilles, he was well nigh invulnerable, he always made a secret of his many dangers. He therefore enjoined once for all upon the part of his immediate staff the most absolute silence regarding all circumstances of this nature, for it is almost impossible to calculate the confusion and disorder which would have resulted from the slightest report or the smallest doubt relative to his existence. Upon the single thread of this man's life depended not only the fate and government of a great empire, but the whole policy and destiny of Europe as well.

NATAL AUTOGRAPHS.

Sign Manual of the Child That Does Not Change in Life.

There is born with every one of us and continues unchanged during our lives an unerring and ineradicable mark or marks, which absolutely distinguish each one of us from every other fellow being. These physical marks never change from the cradle to the grave. This born autograph is impossible to counterfeit, and there is no duplicate of it among the teeming billions in the world. Look at the insides of your hands and the soles of your feet; closely examine the ends of your fingers. You see circles and curves and arches and whorls, some prominent with deep corrugations, others minute and delicate, but all a well defined and closely traced pattern. There is your physiological signature.

Run your hands through your hair and press your finger tips on a piece of clear glass. You see all the delicate tracing transferred—not two fingers alike. Even "the left hand knoweth not what the right hand doeth." They are distinctly different. Even twins may be so little different in size, features and general physical condition as to be scarcely distinguishable, yet their finger autographs are radically different.

In fact, in all humanity every being carries with him on his baby fingers and his wrinkled hand of decrepit old age the identical curves, arches and circles that were born with him. Nothing except dismemberment can obliterate or disguise them. Criminals may burn and sear their hands, but nature, when she restores the cuticle, invariably brings back the natal autograph.

What's in a Name?

Frequently in the south one finds among the negroes as remarkable Christian names as those bestowed upon their offspring by the Puritan fathers. A gentleman of Virginia tells of a negro living near Richmond who for years had been familiarly known to him as Tim. It became necessary at one time in a lawsuit to know the full name of the darky. The not unnatural supposition that Tim stood for Timothy met with a flat denial.

"No, sah!" exclaimed the negro. "Mah name ain't Timothy. It's What-timorous-souls-we-poor-mortals-be Jackson. Dey jest calls me Tim fo' sho't."—Success Magazine.

Angelo's Verdict.

Once a painter notorious for plagiarisms executed a historical picture in which every figure of importance was copied from some other artist, so that very little remained to himself. It was shown to Michael Angelo by a friend, who begged his opinion of it. "Excellently done," said Angelo, "only at the day of judgment, when all bodies will resume their own limbs again, I do not know what will become of that historical painting, for there will be nothing left of it."

Business Training.

"That man is a very witty fellow."

"Well, he's a chemist. He ought to be."

"What has that to do with his wit?"

"Because chemists as a class are always ready with retorts."—Baltimore American.

A Missing Feature.

Gobang—Did you enjoy the ocean trip? Ukerdek—Not much. I missed the train boy and his little boxes of figs.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Delicious Hot Biscuit

MADE WITH

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

are the most appetizing, healthful and nutritious of foods

Much depends upon the Baking Powder

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Westerberg's Pure Ice Cream

Is a strictly Morrow County product made of 21 per cent cream, Babcock test, [which means 21 pounds butter fat per 100 pounds cream] guaranteed to be strictly first class and free from adulteration.

During the season of 1907, according to a conservative estimate, there were paid \$7000.00 to Portland ice cream manufacturers and the express company, for ice cream, by Morrow County dealers. This money you will see was sent out of the county and never returned. I believe in boosting Morrow County. Distribute the money among our farmers. Morrow County first, last and all the time.

My plant is of sufficient capacity to supply the entire county with the frozen product and I solicit agents in every town. Write or call for wholesale prices.

Retail Prices.

We are After Your Business.

Plain ice cream, any flavor, per gallon . . . \$1.50
Fruit ice cream, per gallon . . . 2.00
Nut ice cream, per gallon . . . 2.00
Fancy ice cream . . . 2.00
Ice cream in bricks, any one flavor, per quart 50c
Ice cream in bricks, any two flavors, per qt. 60c
Ice cream in bricks, any three flavors, per qt. 60c

Orders Promptly Filled.

F. E. WESTERBERG
Heppner, Oregon



The buyer who seeks experience may seek it anywhere; But the buyer who heeds experience buys the Remington.

Remington
Typewriter Company

Where Toys Are Made.

Until a few years ago all the toys the American children played with were brought from Europe. Now every toy that can be made by machinery has its starting place in the United States. Tin and pewter toys and all those that have clockwork for a moving power are manufactured in Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania. All the drums used by our American boys are made in Massachusetts. Music boxes are the product of the people living in Switzerland. Harmonicas and Jewsharps come from Austria, while all wooden toys are of German make.

All dolls, with the exception of the finest and most expensive ones, which are made in France, are manufactured in Germany. The wooden jointed dolls come from the Tyrol, but the others as well as all false faces and masks are made in Germany.

A Rainy Day Race.

Gather all the children in the playroom or hall—for this game is apt to prove rather rough on furniture—arrange a number of hazards, such as low stools, boxes up and down steps or a jump from two rugs placed a short distance apart. Then give to each player a teaspoon with a spoon standing upright in it and tell him he or she must hop on one foot over the entire course without upsetting the spoon.

If the spoon topples over or the racer rests on two feet, even for a minute, he is out of the game.

The one who gets over the course with the least mishaps is the winner and can be given a small prize.

Heppner Lodge No. 258, B. P. O. Elks.—Regular meeting nights second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Harry Johnson, & R. Thos. Brennan, Sec.

Liberty Meat Market

Boyer & Wherry

Fresh and Salted Meats
Fish on Fridays
Highest market price
paid for fat stock

HEPPNER, OREGON

Pacific Lodging House

C. N. SHINN, Prop.

Good clean rooms,
none better in town.

Come and Stop With Us
MAIN STREET, HEPPNER, ORE.

Big Sale

On Waists and Lawns, what a tumbling on shirt waist prices.

All our beautiful summer Lawn and Silk Waists from \$2.00 to \$5.50 at 1/2 off.

\$2.00 Waists for	\$1.50
2.25	1.65
2.50	1.85
3.00	2.25
3.50	2.60
4.00	3.00
4.50	3.35
5.00	3.75
5.50	4.15

Summer Lawns and Dainties at 1/2 off. Calicos 16 yards for \$1.00

Thomson Bros.

Dealers in

General Merchandise

Heppner, Oregon

GILLIAM & BISBEE

HARDWARE

Tools, Machinery,

Fencing,

in fact, anything

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Come and get

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ELECTRIC LIGHTED . . .

Under New Management. Thoroughly

Renovated and Refitted. Best

Meals in the City.

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