

Heppner WEEKLY Gazette.

Devoted Especially to the Live Stock and Agricultural Interests of Eastern Oregon.

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THE GAZETTE
IS ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY AFTERNOON, BY
J. W. REDINGTON,
At \$2.50 per year, \$1.50 for six months, \$1 for three months.

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The Dalles, Or. Heppner, Or.
McARTHUR & HRA,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

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Boots and Shoes Made to Order.
Repairing Neatly Executed.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS
-WITH-
Fred. J. Hallock,
-AT THE-
Post Office, for all Newspapers and Magazines

NOTICE.—TIMBER CULTURE.
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Or.,
November 9, 1883.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Francis M. Busby against John Q. Adkinson for failure to comply with law as to timber-culture entry No. 291, dated Sept. 28, 1883, upon the SE 1/4 Sec. 11, T. 2 S., R. 21 E., in Wasco county, Or., with a view to the cancellation of said entry, certain allegations that said John Q. Adkinson has failed to plant or plant any portion of said land from date of entry to the present time. The said parties are hereby summoned to appear at the office of E. W. Sanderson, Notary at Fossil, Or., on the 25th day of December, 1883, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure. E. W. SANDERSON, Register, C. N. FROSTBERG, Receiver.

A lot of fancy illuminated cards both for business and calling, just received at the GAZETTE office.

PETER BORG,
HEPPNER, OREGON,
—DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry
&c., &c.

—ALSO—
Amethyst, Cameo and Diamond
Gold Rings, Gold and Silver
Watches.

—AND—
All other articles usually kept in a Jewelry Store.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
STORE with C.M. Mallory, May Street. All work guaranteed.

CITY HOTEL,
Heppner, Oregon,
E. MINOR, PROPRIETOR.

Commercial Travelers will Understand that this is the
—ONLY HOUSE—
THAT FURNISHES SAMPLE ROOMS.

Remember the Old Stand
—OF—
G. W. Swaggart,
HEPPNER, OREGON.

WHERE YOU WILL FIND
Old Judge and
United we Stand,
—A SPECIALTY—

THESE brands are Favorably known by judges of Good Liquors.
GO TO
E. Nordyke
To Get Your Wagons Patched.
Bring Your Purses along with you, and don't you forget it.

PIONEER HOTEL,
Heppner, Oregon,
CHAS. E. HINTON, Proprietor.

The House for the Farmer.
The House for the Horseman.
The House for the Cattleman.
The House where all are At Home.

Rooms Neatly Furnished.
TABLE ALWAYS SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.

Having received charge of this favorably known house, and gone into the hotel business again, I would be glad to meet my old friends, and will endeavor in the future, as in the past, to entertain all in the most agreeable manner. 215-47
C. W. YOUNGREN,
CONTRACTOR,
Carpenter and Builder,
Heppner, Oregon.

CITY MEAT MARKET,
Hall & McAllee, Props.,
Heppner, Oregon.

Beef, Pork and Mutton at Reasonable Rates.
NOTICE OF INTENTION.
Land Office at La Grande, Or., Nov. 14, '83.

Notice is hereby given that the following names set out here filed notice of his intention to make land proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before A. Mallory, Notary Public at Heppner, Or., on Dec. 25, 1883, viz:
Joseph L. Jones,
D. S. No. 176, for the E 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 21, T. 2 S., R. 21 E., W. M. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence up on, or in cultivation of, said land, viz: Samuel H. Christie, Roland Thompson, Henry Jones, Chas. E. Hinton, all of Lewis, Or.

H. W. DEWERT, Register.

AFTER.
After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
After the stars when the day is done;
After the harvest the golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky;
After the tempest, the lull of waves;
After the snow, the wind goes by;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bell;
After the bud, the radiant rose;
After the furrow, the wakening seed;
After the weepings, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meal;
After the fight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the wakening seed;
After the shadow, river—rest!

SNOWED IN.
Among the Snowy Summits of the Sierra Nevadas.

NARROW ESCAPE OF ENTRAPPED EMIGRANTS.

Twice had our little mountain town been swept out of existence by the flames, and as the general opinion seemed to be that a fire-bell, to carry the alarm up and down the gulches and canyons would have prevented the general devastation which had occurred, a collection had been taken up for that purpose, the bell had arrived and been hung, and we were all looking forward to the time when its first alarm should be sounded.

How well I remember when that first alarm came! The town had been deserted much earlier than usual that night, as the first rain of the season had just begun; before the night was far advanced all the lights had been extinguished and the miners had repaired to their cabins, when suddenly the loud and rapid clanging of the bell awoke the echoes of the hills, startling every one who heard it with its fierce and terrible cry for help.

It was not fire we were this time called upon to battle; we all felt that some great and terrible trouble was threatening our camp, and that the bell was ringing as plainly as though its iron tongue were gifted with human speech: "Come forward, all good men and true, and linger not; I need you all!"

On reaching the town we found a crowd rapidly collecting in the postoffice, where on a hastily improvised platform one of our leading lawyers was standing, awaiting silence before announcing to his audience the object of this unusual alarm; while seated by his side was a care-worn, starved-looking stranger, whose arrival in the town but a little while before had caused our bell to send out its wild cry for help.

This stranger had brought the startling news that far up towards the summit of the Sierra Nevadas a company of belated emigrants, among them women and children, were snowed in, and would all perish if prompt and efficient aid was not at once rendered them; their provisions were entirely exhausted, their horses were starving and unable to travel, and all hopes of reaching the settlements had been abandoned on the previous day, when a blinding snow-storm had set in.

Our visitor had struggled on manfully all day and as he found less and less snow to impede his progress as he descended the western slope of the Sierras, his hopes of success buoyed him up to continued effort; he had got below the snow line, and night was just about setting in, when he had the good fortune to come upon a solitary prospector who was about camping for the night; in a few minutes he had told his story, had been refreshed with such food as the miner had prepared, and seated on his mule was making good time for our camp, his guide running along by his side.

As I listened to the story told to us, I felt how unfortunate it was that one of our best mountaineers, and one whose aid in rescuing the emigrants would have been invaluable, was not in condition to join the relief party. For Kentucky Bill, as we called him, the hunter of our camp (who found a ready sale with us for the game invariably brought back with him from his expeditions) knew every foot of the mountains, and I was sure that, after two minutes' talk with the emigrant, he could lead a relief party direct to their camp. But he had that afternoon been drinking too freely, had had a fight with Texas Jack, with whom a long-standing trouble had existed, and had been taken away by his

friends to sober off. Even while I was regretting his absence and incapacity, he came staggering into the room, and was intercepted by his two partners. They had a short conversation with him, which seemed to greatly sober him; he was taken up and introduced to the stranger, and in a few minutes left the room. On my saying to one of his partners that it was such a pity that Bill was not in a condition to go with them, he electrified me by replying:

"With us? He will be on the trail in fifteen minutes; he told us to get some fancy grub together, and he would go and saddle the mules."

By this time our little town had awakened into new life. The stores were all open, and everywhere hurry and bustle prevailed. The traders were all busy putting provisions of different kinds into portable shape. No goods were priced nor scales brought into use on this occasion, but everything was free that could possibly be of use in saving the lives of that little band of entrapped emigrants, whose fate we feared would be sealed before we should be able to reach them; besides, the traders knew the "boys" would settle their bills undisputed when they returned—but the main thing now was to lose as little time as possible in the start. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw Bill, apparently perfectly sober, dismount from a mule and assist in adjusting the packs on the saddles. In less than five minutes they were off, Bill calling out as he mounted his mule, "We'll tell them you're coming; climb the ridge at the head of the creek, then follow the trail."

In a few minutes other mounted parties were on their way, some with packs fastened behind them, and others driving loaded animals. It was a full hour after Bill had left us before the last of the relief train started and filed away in the distance. Gradually the lights were extinguished, and silence again brooded over our little town. Our new bell, having done its work nobly and well, was now silent in its tower, but it was hours before we who remained behind were able to sleep; our thoughts were with our companions, now far on their way up there towards the regions of perpetual snow, straining every nerve and doing all that man could do to snatch from the grasp of the storm its expected prey.

As day dawned upon the camp of the beleaguered emigrants, they were surprised to find that but little snow had fallen during the night, and believing the storm was over, they were for a while inspired with hope that they might be able to extricate themselves from the terrible trap in which they had been caught; but when the sky again became overcast and the storm recommenced, threatening soon to bury them in its white folds—the snow literally hid from sight trees not twenty yards away—they fully realized that their case was hopeless, and resigned themselves to their inevitable fate.

It was nearly noon on the eventful day when a loud hurrah, and the cry, "Here they are," made them all spring to their feet and crowd out of their now almost buried wagons and tents. The voice sounded to them like a voice from heaven, though its owner was no other than our friend Bill. Waving his hat by way of salute, he called out: "Jim struck our camp last night, all right. There'll be a swarm of the boys in here in a little while with lots of grub, and we've brought along a sample with us. Here, Sam," he continued to one of his partners who had already dismounted and was opening their packs, "get at the inside of two or three cans of that meat-biscuit. We'll give you some hot soup all round inside of ten minutes," said he, addressing one of the emigrants, "and that'll give you an appetite for something to eat as soon as we can get it cooked."

As the men came shouting and hurrying into camp, the scene was one never to be forgotten. All alike were overcome with joy. No introductions were needed. Shouting, laughing, handshakings, and, last, though not least, the savory smell of food cooking, on all sides pervaded the camp. Nor had the starving animals by any means been forgotten. They were all

soon busy at the grain and meal that had been brought for their especial benefit. As if by magic, what a little while before might properly have been called "Famine Camp," had suddenly been transformed into a scene of unusual feasting and happiness.

"This storm," said Bill, "means business; there will be two feet of fresh snow right here before day-break to-morrow morning; so we must put twenty-five miles of this ridge behind us before we sleep."

Preparations were therefore made as soon as possible for the march, but the afternoon was well advanced before the last wagon of the train got started down the ridge. The animals of the emigrants were traveling along behind, and their places were usurped by their fresh four-footed cousins.

At the upper end of our street that afternoon the travel-stained covered wagons of the rescued emigrants were seen slowly approaching us. As they filed through the town they received as hearty an ovation as ever was given to any conqueror. But it was when the last three wagons came along, and the rough-bearded men gazed as in a vision at their contents, that the excitement of the day attained its height; instinctively every man uncovered, for there in the fronts of the wagons were seen the tired, worn, but still happy faces of the first white women who had ever favored our town with their presence; and fully as strange and delightful to us was a sight of the little surprised faces that were peering out under the edges of the partly raised wagon-covers. Under the influence of that scene more than one of our rough characters became for a while entirely oblivious of his surroundings; the wheel of time had been suddenly reversed for him, and he was once more living over his early life, and was surrounded by the dear faces of his childhood. Men who would just back with scorn the insinuation that anything could cause them to shed a tear, as though by so doing their manhood would be impeached, were that afternoon seen standing bareheaded, shouting and hurraing like veritable maniacs, while the tears were streaming down their cheeks.

But while I was in the height of my enjoyment of the scene before me, a sudden pang of fear seized me as I saw Texas Jack approaching a point where his late antagonist Bill was standing. I knew that words had passed between them at their last meeting that only blood could erase. Why could not their meeting have been put off another day at least, and not mar this happy one with what I felt sure would be a tragedy? They were both brave men; there was no back down about either; yet there they were within a few feet of each other, each unconscious of the other's presence, and in another moment their eyes would meet, and then—

Jack had been absent ever since his last quarrel with Bill, on business connected with the sheriff's office; he had only returned a few minutes before, and heard for the first time what had been taking place in camp during his absence, and the earnest part Bill had taken in the matter. He had evidently had a look into the emigrants' wagons, for he was still carrying his hat in his hand, and some pleasant, long-forgotten home memories must have had possession of him as he found himself standing face to face with his late enemy. But such men are never taken by surprise; they always know just what they want to do, and are very prompt about doing it. Instantly his open hand was extended as he said:

"Put it there, Bill."

As those two men stood thus for a moment with clasped hands, a prayer of thankfulness ascended from the hearts of all who witnessed it, for we knew that the long-standing trouble between them was now buried beyond all possibility of resurrection; surely, the coming of the emigrants had already brought a blessing on our camp.

And now once more quiet reigned in our little town. The emigrants were all well cared for, and were having their first good rest for many a weary month. Scattering snow-flakes were slowly descending upon the covers of their deserted wagons, as if the storm,

vexed at their escape from him, had crossed his usual boundary, and was reaching out his long white fingers in his desperate effort to grasp them once more. Singly and in small groups our tired men passed out of town to their cabins on the surrounding hillsides, soon to be in the enjoyment of the pleasant dreams that all had a share of that night.—[Overland.

STUMBLING HORSES.

ED. GAZETTE.—In my experience with horse I have noticed that some good horses are addicted to stumbling while walking or moving in a slow trot. Now, there are two causes that would tend to produce this faulty action: one, a general weakness in the muscular system, such as would be noticed in a tired horse; the other a weakness of the exterior muscles of the leg, brought about by carrying too much weight on the toe. To effect a cure, lighten the weight of each front shoe about four ounces; have the toe of the shoe made of steel instead of iron; it will wear longer; have it rounded off about the same as it would be when one-third worn out, in order to prevent tripping; allow one week's rest; have the legs showered for a few minutes at a time with cold water through a hose, in order to create a spray; then rub dry, briskly, from the chest down to the foot. Give walking exercise daily during this week for about an hour twice a day. When you commence driving again omit the slow jog; either walk or send him along at a sharp trot for a mile or two, then walk away, but do not speed for at least several weeks. By this means the habit of stumbling from either of the above causes will be pretty well overcome.

PRES.

This is the season of the year for the weather sharps to get their prognostications into print. Since his great mistake last March, Wiggins, the Astronomer Royal of Canada, has substituted, but Vennor, the Canadian weather "guesser," is not yet discouraged. He prognosticates that the coming winter "will be warm, open and wet, with little or no snow during the close of the year. The winter will be an exceptional one, with severe storms on the lakes." Prof. Richard Mansel, the Rock Island "weather forecaster," says of December that "the temperature will average above the mean of the season. It will be rather a pleasant winter month, with a few sharp storms, producing heavy rains in the far north and a few heavy rains in the Central and Southern States."

France deserves the reputation of being a polite nation. One day the Duc de Coislin, although very ill, insisted upon seeing the Spanish Ambassador, who had called on him, to his carriage. The Ambassador wished the Duke to remain where he was, and, to cut short a friendly altercation, he left the room and locked the door behind him. De Coislin, fearing French politeness should be beaten by Castilian courtesy, jumped out of the window, and was standing, hat in hand, at the carriage door when his visitor left the house. "You might have killed yourself, M. de Coislin," said the Spaniard. "No matter," replied the duke, "what was necessary was to perform my duty."

A local paper works for its own town; does something every week to build up the place, advance the interests of its citizens, draw trade, put money into the pockets of its business men, and add to the well-being and prosperity of all. Wide-awake, liberal-minded business men reciprocate for all general and special favors by a liberal advertising patronage. Occasionally may be found small-souled individuals who prefer to sponge off the neighbors, pick up what trade they can from what is drawn to the placid by enterprising neighbors, and pay nothing for it.

"We have struck smoother road, haven't we?" asked a passenger of a conductor on an Arkansas railroad. "No," replied the conductor, "we have only run off the track."

Men who mind their own business usually succeed because there is so little competition.