

Heppner WEEKLY Gazette.

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

VOL. I.

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

PROFESSIONAL
W. WILLIAMS,
House Painter, Paper Hanger and Grainer,
Heppner, Oregon.

EVERYTHING in the Painting Line done with
promptness and dispatch, and Satisfaction
Guaranteed.

T. L. JOHNSTON,
LAWYER,

OFFICE back of Bishop's land office.

HEPPNER, OREGON.

L. L. McARTHUR, G. W. ERA
The Dalles, Or. Heppner, Or.
McARTHUR & ERA,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

HAVING formed a co-partnership for the
practice of law in the Circuit Court of the
State of Oregon for the county of Umatilla, all
persons who have business in the said court will
have the advantage of Judge McArthur's assist-
ance in the trial of their cases by placing them
in charge of G. W. Era, at Heppner, Oregon.

L. W. DARLING,
Justice and Notary Public,

Levee Rock, Wasco County, Oregon.

LAND FILING, FINAL PROOF
Etc., a Specialty.

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Legal Instruments drawn. 115-17.

A. MALLORY,
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LAND BUSINESS a Specialty. Collections
made.

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LAND BUSINESS attended to. Collections
made.

GEO. W. WRIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

WILL practice in both State and Federal
Courts. Proof of claims taken. Titles to
Land investigated. Real estate business at-
tended. Collections and conveyances safely made at
reasonable rates. All business entrusted to me
will receive prompt attention. Office on Main
Street, Heppner, Oregon. 10-17

THOS. MORGAN,
Auctioneer,

HEPPNER, OREGON.
(Office with A. Mallory.)

PROMPT and accurate attention given to all
business in his line.

J. W. REDINGTON,
Notary Public,

Corner Yellowstone Avenue and Main
Street, Heppner, Oga.

FIRE Insurance effected in Reliable Com-
panies.

ED. R. BISHOP,
Notary Public and Land Agent,

HEPPNER, OREGON.

LOANS Negotiated, Collections Made, and a
general Brokerage Business attended to.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. LICHTENTHAL,
Boot and Shoe Shop,

Main St., Heppner, Oregon.

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.

Land Office at The Dalles, Or., Nov. 27, '83.
Complaint having been entered at this office by
Geo. W. Bush against Ephraim Jones for failure
to comply with law as to timber culture entry No.
453, dated Oct. 15, 1881, upon the NE 1/4 Sec. 26, T.
1 N., R. 25 E., in Clatsop county, Or., with a view
to the cancellation of said entry, respondent al-
leging that said Ephraim Jones failed to break or
break or cause to be broken five acres of said
tract during the second year, and failed to culti-
vate during the second year the five acres plowed
the first year. The said parties are hereby sum-
moned to appear at the office of G. W. Bishop,
Notary at Heppner, Or., on the 1st day of Febru-
ary, 1884, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and fur-
nish testimony concerning said alleged failure.
E. L. SMITH, Register.
GEO. W. BUSH, Receiver. 25-44

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, Jewellery
&c., &c.

Amethyst, Cameo and Diamond

Gold Rings, Gold and Silver
Watches.

AND

All other articles usually kept in a Jew-
ellery Store.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

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

PIONEER HOTEL,
Heppner, Oregon.

CHAS. E. HINTON, Proprietor.

The House for the Farmer.

The House for the Horseman.

The House for the Gentleman.

The House for the Sheepman.

The House where all are at Home.

Rooms Neatly Furnished.

TABLE ALWAYS SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST
THE MARKET AFFORDS.

Having resumed charge of this favorably known
house, and gone into the hotel business again, I
would be glad to greet my old friends, and will
endeavor in the future, as in the past, to maintain
all in the most accessible manner. 115-17.

CITY MEAT MARKET,
Hall & McMeel, Props.

Heppner, Oregon.

Ref. Pork and Mutton at Reasonable
Rates.

CITY HOTEL,
Heppner, Oregon.

E. MINOR, PROPRIETOR.

Commercial Travelers will Understand
that this is the

-ONLY HOUSE-

THAT FURNISHES SAMPLE ROOMS.

GO TO
E. Nordyke,
To Get Your Wagons Patched.

Bring Your Purses along with you,
and don't you forget it.

SING LEE,
Washing and Ironing,

50 Cents a Dozen.
May Street,
HEPPNER, OREGON.

Remember the Old Stand

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. 115-17.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Taken up by the undersigned, and posted accord-
ing to law, one coal-black colt, two years old,
last spring, branded R on left shoulder, with both
ears, said animal can be seen at my place on
Little Batter creek, about five miles below Lena
postoffice. Said colt is appraised by A. Mallory,
Justice of the Peace, at \$25.00. W. G. BOYER,
Heppner, Ore., Dec. 17, '83. 25-42

Book and job printing of all kinds at
the Gazette office.

A SAD STORY.

Big Bison was a young Crow chief,
Lame Spider was a Sioux,
While both a Blackfoot maiden now
These Indians tried to woo;
Her name was Hare-lipped Jane, or
"The Squaw that weighed a Ton,"
And amongst her tribe for beauty she
Did bear away the bun.

At agency Lame Spider stayed,
A peaceful red man there,
And every day his rattons drew—
But said what he could spare
To trader for fire-water, and
When the "tank" was well filled up,
Would give over to the Blackfoot chief,
With Hare-lipped Jane to sup.

Then warbled forth big Bison bold;
"We'll battle for this squaw;
I'm the Rocky Mountain Terror—
With blood I fill my craw!
I've a contract with the boss of
The happy hobbling crowd
To fill the place—so with bare fists
I'll kill you in one round!"

With Hare-lipped Jane as referee,
They fought an awful fit,
First Spider's eye was gouged right out,
Then Bison's ear was out;
Next Spider's nose was chipped off clean,
And Bison lost an ear,
While Spider's stomach was kicked in
And couldn't breathe a breath.

These savages were banged up so
When they were pulled apart,
That Hare-lipped Jane went back on both,
And said with "ohio" most tart:
"Look like chromos. Go and seek
Each individual head!
And know that ere another moon
Some Blackfoot chief I'll wed."

HE CAUGHT IT.

Little Asa writes to the Walla
Walla Epigram as follows: "I am
a sucked orange, am broke in
too. I feel jez zif Samy Parker
jr. had stab me in my back with
the sizzlers. I feel, indeed I do,
jes like a peacock what had los all
his nifty hind fethers. Pappy cum
to mi room Monday mornin. Pappy
did, and sed, sed he, 'Asa, git up
quick, and never mind puttin all
close on ether, coz I wanter carress
ver gently, mi boy.' So I crigle
outer bed, feelin all the time there
was goin to be a circus. When I
gode down stairs, Pappy stood
watin for me, with a fire shovel in
one hand, an a double Wadler Un-
ion in his other. He had forgit to
com his hair, an his glass eye was
left out of his head, but his other
eye was flashin awful, and no mis-
take. Then was the time I'd like
to drop thre a no hole. The cene
was just kerdlin too mi young
blood, mi gizzard cum up inter mi
st. Mammy was weepin, an the
new baby what cum down in a bas-
ket a few daze ago was ballin so
awful it made the dog hide away
under the sofer. The air in the
next room was blue. I feeled jis
like a roman candle what they
shute off 4th of July—all gushin
out a spillin on the ground."

But we will pull down the blind
on the painful scene. Should we
print the whole letter, it would be
too much trouble to distribute a
kid's spelling.

SHEEP IN MONTANA.

The wool industries of Montana
are making rapid strides. Flocks
are multiplying at the rate of 60
per cent per annum at the lowest
estimate, and are being somewhat
augmented from the western slope,
and sheep ranches are becoming
numerous in every direction.
There are more sheep ranches in
Smith River Valley to-day and
double as many sheep as was to be
found in the entire Territory eight
years ago. In this period of time,
settlement pushed out rapidly. In
Meagher County they have spread
100 miles east of the then frontier
limit; the Yellowstone and Tongue
River countries have been settled,
and the Teton ranges on the north
have been crowded to the very
limit of the Indian reservation.
Everywhere in these new fields we
find wool-growers keeping right
alongside of other stock interests,
and though other stock interests
have multiplied, wool-growing has
outstripped everything.

Representative Sumner, of Cali-
fornia, has introduced a bill to fix
and establish the maximum rate
for fares on the Pacific railways.
It provides that after forty days
from the passage of the act it will
be unlawful for these companies
to charge more than three cents
per mile for first-class passengers,
two cents for second class, and one
and a half for third class. This is
a bill eminently fit to be passed,
with suitable additions relating to
transportation charges. How this
Congress is waking up to the im-
portance of railroad regulation.

SWEET MEMORIES OF HAPPY DAYS.

(Contributed.)

As time rolls on and the years
go by, oft do my thoughts return
through the vista of years to the
scenes of yore, and I sigh with sad
refrain and drop a tear for the
beautiful lines of the poet:

"Backward, turn backward, Oh! Time
in thy flight
Be a child again, just for to-night."

Oh! the delicious prattle of in-
nocent childhood! How the sweet
music of their hearts and voices
in the wild yearnings of sorrow-
crowned maturity! Oh! yes, these
were delightful times; the sunny
period of youth, when our young
and tender hearts had never been
scared by the sad lessons of life,
and all the world seemed so full of
joy and happiness; and our path-
ways were ever strewn with flow-
ers; when there was no void in our
little home world; no vacant seat
in the circle around the family
hearthstone. Ah, memory's senti-
ment chord will tremble when we
think of that pale, wan face and
hose thin, bony limbs languishing
in a bed of suffering. Methinks I
hear that gentle, pleading
voice; Oh, those pains! those
pains! Like an exotic plant trans-
planted to a foreign soil, they can-
not long withstand winter's chill
blast, but wither and fade—wing
their flight to a more congenial
clime—to that beautiful shore
where no storms ever beat. What
infinite delight to know that the
loved ones who have reached the
 brink of the grave possess that all-
sustaining faith—that sweet resig-
nation to the will of Him that doth
all things well! How consol-
ing to us, as we stand around the
dying couch to hear them faintly
murmur, as they bid us a long
farewell: "Dear friends, meet me
in heaven! gladly do I welcome
the hour of death! cheerfully do I
resign my hold on earth! all these
long years of suffering have been
planning my wings for a flight into
the mysteries of that unseen
world."

But I must away with my sad
thoughts. As I wander back to
the dear old home of childhood,
where my thoughts so oft return,
ever bringing back the bright sun-
shine of my heart as I again tread
the stony path leading to the old
schoolhouse in the oak grove, over
which I have so often sported in
boyhood's bright day. Though
many years have passed since
those joyous times, yet well do I
remember those dear old Kentucky
hills, and the many happy days I
have spent with my boyish com-
rades wandering through the wild
woods, gathering wild grapes and
nuts, and how we used to imagine
ourselves to be nimble little squir-
rels in scaling up the hanging
grapevines and in climbing up the
tall hickory trees. Ah, yes, how
vividly is that day imprinted on
my mind! 'Twas in the persim-
mon grove, where we were exer-
cising our gymnastic skill in climb-
ing the trees, by swinging from the
top of one to another, when sud-
denly I saw more stars than I ever
imagined existed, as I picked
myself up from my back on the
ground. And those lovely rambles
in the old pasture fields and flow-
er-decked meadows! And when
we had tired of roaming we would
sit beside the murmuring brook
and listen to the feathered song-
sters as they fluttered from bough
to bough; or perhaps to build min-
iature water wheels and imaginary
sawmills. And on those delightful
moonlight nights in the autumn,
when we used to go hunting the
summers and winters. And how it
thrilled our brains to hear that pec-
uliar barking of our trasy old
dog, which we knew so well when
he had treed a possum, and how
recklessly we would go tearing
through the brush and over fallen
trees to see who would be first to
get to the dogs! And when we
had seized our game, how we made
the forest ring with our shouts of
triumph, as we went tripping
homeward through the frosty night
air. And when we had safely
housed our game under the old
wash tub, we were soon tumbled in
our bed of feathers, perchance to
hear the old clock on the mantel
chiming its midnight Carol, and to
dream of baked possum and sweet
potatoes for dinner, while the stary
sentinels of the celestial world were
winking and blinking at us through

the window. Sweet memories of
happy days gone by! 'Tis to thee
my thoughts delight to cling. And
as we wander to and fro, how fast
the days, the weeks, the months,
the years go by! TIDAL WAVE.

OF OTHER DAYS.

A California correspondent
writes: Cave City is in the east-
ern part of Calaveras county. It
once contained 1000 inhabitants,
but on the failure of the gravel
mines the population diminished
as in other mining towns, till at
present the "city" consists of a
hotel, a saloon and a haystack. A
few of the curiosities of early times
still remain to the place. One of
these is the graveyard on the hill-
side above the town. It contains
sixteen graves, fifteen of them
filled by men who died with their
boots on between '50 and '56. The
graves at one time were inclosed
by neat fences, but these have
rotted away like the bodies they
inclosed, and soon not a trace of
the poor fellows will remain. An-
other of the curiosities is the great
cave from which the place took its
name, and well it may be called
great, not only from its extent, but
for its great beauty also. The cave
has the appearance of having been
at some time the subterranean en-
trance to some large lake, as it shows
beyond doubt great traces of
erosion by water. There are 12
large chambers with narrow pas-
sages leading from one to another.
The roofs and sides are covered
with beautiful formations. Many
of them, three feet in length, are
pendant from the ceiling; and glitter
in the lamp-light like thou-
sands of diamonds. There is an-
other cavern near the town called
the Skull cave, but from this I
would advise my friends to stay
away. It was discovered by some
Spaniards in 1844, and the country
was named after it, the word Cal-
averas in Spanish meaning skull.

This cave extends into the moun-
tain side about three hundred feet
and contains over one hundred
human skeletons. The Indians
have no traditions of how the skele-
tons were put there, but I think it
was an old Indian camp, and that
in time of war the unfortunate
wretches were shut up in the cav-
ern and perished for want of food
and water. The skeletons are scat-
tered all around as if the creatures
had been wandering about in the
cavern and fallen down and died.
I am told that when the cave was
discovered several skeletons were
found on the outside, and also a
number of flint arrow points and
other Indian weapons. All around
the place has a death-like appear-
ance, and any one who goes there
once will never want to see it
again.

WHEAT FARMING.

A business man of Walla Walla,
who owns 640 acres of land, instead
of allowing it to remain a wild
waste, cultivated it and makes it
produce its quota. Being unable
to attend to it himself, he has
entered into a contract with a man
who undertakes to plough, seed,
and look after it in every way until
it is harvested, for \$2.50 per acre.
The owner furnishes the seed and
pays all expense of harvesting,
and by calculation the total cost
per acre, including hauling to the
cars, is exactly \$6.00 per acre, or
for the whole tract of 640 acres,
\$3,840.

He has placed his estimate of
the crop at the lowest possible
figures, and calculates the price of
wheat is fifty cents per bushel, and
allows only twenty bushels to the
acre. This will give 13,800 bush-
els, which will bring him
\$6,900 leaving a clear profit of
\$3,060. The price for sacks are
included in this, as the money for
them is returned by the grain
dealers. At this rate there is no
reason why our wheat growers
should not become prosperous, for
the average yield per acre, with
anything like farming, is all the
way from twenty-five to forty
bushels per acre, and is nearer
forty than twenty-five; and again
instead of fifty cents per bushel,
the price, as at present, is about
sixty-five cents, which leaves a
much larger margin. Of course
this only applies to land that has
been broken and not to wild lands.

WALLA STATESMAN.

When you have any wool, hides or
pelts to sell below, consign them to the
reliable firm of Heron & Hassell, 16 No.
Front St., Portland.

SPOILING A PRETTY PICTURE.

Mr. A. F. Parker, who sold his
print-shop and struck out for the
Coeur d'Alene mines, sends back
some notes on his trip while en-
route, from which we extract the
following:

After crossing the open prairie
the trail takes up the hills and
thence across the basaltic table
lands, whence it descends abruptly
into a tributary canyon of the St.
Joe, where we made camp for the
night and found ice an inch thick
in our gold pan next morning. We
were up at daylight, broke camp
and headed down the canyon and
soon arrived at St. Joe lake, from
whence the vapors were rising
heavily. Following around its
western shore we found an encamp-
ment of half a dozen Indian lodges
on an arm of the lake, and the
scene presented as pretty a picture
of Indian life in an Indian country
as I ever beheld. The air was
chill, but the sun was shining
brightly, fast dissipating the va-
pors rising from the lake, as we
rounded the southern shore of its
glistening surface and beheld in a
sheltered cove the conical forms of
the lodges whose white drapery
glistened with the fast dissolving
frost-crystals, and from whose apex
spirals wreathes of smoke from the
campfires ascended lazily heaven-
ward. Cigar-shaped birch-bark
canoes floated gracefully on the
waters, or were hauled high and
dry, on the beach, where, with their
red sides, painted ends and gaping
interiors, they looked like some
strange aquatic monsters. A
horde of vigilant dogs, with ears
and tails erect, gave voice at our
approach, and upon our arrival, a
half dozen saddle-tinted children
of the forest gave us genteel greet-
ing. The lake itself is but a tri-
angular body of dead water, two
miles long by one mile wide, and
forming part of the St. Joe river.

On its northern shore is a long
stretch of level meadow land,
covered with heavy grass of this
season, the timber-clad hills, with
the snowy caps of its main range
visible to the eastward. The
scene is pretty enough to look at
in the distance, but the enchant-
ment is dissipated, like the morn-
ing mist by the rising sun, as one
is brought face to face with the re-
pulsive details which confront you
when brought into close contact
with the encampment. For pend-
ing the transfer of our effects
and swinging our horses across the
cove, we had time to note that the
encampment was a litter of filth,
old pack-saddles, deer-skins, fish
bones, and animal and vegetable
matter in all stages of putrefac-
tion. The lodges which glistened
so brightly afar off developed into
scraps of dirty old flour and gunny
sacks; the graceful canoes smelled
to heaven of rotten fish; the dogs
stole and ate a bar of soap from
our packs, and to cap the climax,
two squirrels sat in the sun en-
gaged in the diverting exercise of
picking the greybacks off each
other. These Indians are all Catho-
lics, and all wear a brass medal
with an embossed representation
of the crucifixion, which they
somewhat ostentatiously display to
strangers. They are also peace-
able, industrious, very obliging,
and speak excellent English, but
despite these good traits of charac-
ter their close acquaintance is not
desirable, and I could not help
thinking the good Jesuit fathers
who taught them could have done
better by teaching them to be more
cleanly and less devout.

A flutter has been caused in
scientific circles by the announce-
ment in The Union Medicalist of
June 2, of the discovery, on pierc-
ing a new gallery in a coal mine at
Bully-Grenay (Pes-de-Calais), of
a series of very remarkable cav-
erns. In the first were the intact
fossil bodies of a man, two women
and three children. Beside them
were petrified pieces of wooden
utensils and remains of mammals
and fish, as well as stone weapons.
A second subterranean cavern re-
vealed eleven bodies of gigantic
size, the fossils of several animals,
and a great number of various ob-
jects, including precious stones.
Into a third and large chamber the
miners could not enter, on account
of the carbonic acid it contained.
If all this turns out to be as true
as it appears to be, the existence
of prehistoric man is a stern fact,
even to the most sceptical.