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A Stay of Proceedings.

The St. Joseph (Mo.) News tells the following story: The judge of one of St. Joseph's courts went to his home the other afternoon, and becoming acquainted with some flagrant act of his 7-year-old boy summoned the lad into his presence.

"Now, sir, take off your coat!" he said sternly. "I am going to give you a whipping that you will remember as long as you live."

"If it please your honor," said the boy, "we desire to ask for a stay of proceedings in this case until we can prepare and file an application for a change of venue to mother's court. Our application will be based on the opinion regarding the guilt of the defendant which can not be shaken by evidence, and is therefore not competent to preside in the case."

Stay granted, and boy allowed 25 cents for attorney's fees.

Tellurium in Oregon.

Fifty-seven thousand dollars a ton is the assay from a two-inch vein of tellurium ore out of a mine on Elk creek in Oregon.

ROAD RUNNERS AND SNAKES.

The Rattler Was Surrounded by a Wall of Cactus and Then Goaded to Death.

There is a strange bird of the pheasant family, peculiar to Southern California, Arizona and Mexico, whose habits have long been a puzzle to naturalists, and has furnished much amusement and interest to sportsmen in these localities. The name of this bird is the road runner.

It is built somewhat like an English pheasant, being of a dull brownish color and having long tail feathers and short, thick legs. It derives its name, no doubt, from its ability to get over ground at a rapid rate, as well as from the fact that it is more frequently seen on the country roads than anywhere else. It is a wary bird and is seen but seldom. It rarely takes flight when approached, but will run along the ground, with its head down, at a remarkable rate of speed.

This peculiar bird appears to be an inveterate enemy of rattlesnakes, which abound in great numbers in the localities before mentioned. It is said that the birds first kill and then eat the snakes, but of this latter fact I am not certain. Their methods of killing the snakes are at once peculiar and ingenious, and will best be illustrated by the following incident:

Some three years since I was camping on the Gila River in Arizona. I had accompanied a prospecting party, who had gone to this region in search of silver and copper, which were said to be abundant in this section.

I was seated one day at noon near a number of cactus plants, and getting such shelter from the noonday sun as a small cluster of manzanita bushes would afford. I had not been seated long when I observed lying asleep about twenty yards off a large rattlesnake.

Seizing a stick, I was about to make an attack on the sleeping reptile, when I noticed a pair of large brown birds standing under a clump of bushes, and apparently watching the rattler with interest. As they had not seen me I resolved to keep quiet and watch for developments. I knew the birds were road runners, and having heard that they never let a rattler escape when once they saw one I was anxious to see how it was done.

One of the birds cautiously approached the snake as if to satisfy itself that the reptile was really asleep. The bird then walked deliberately up to a small cactus plant and broke off a piece of the thorny substance, which it carefully laid down about a foot away from the snake. Piece by piece followed until the snake was fairly walled in by a circle of thorns, from which it would have been very hard for the snake to have escaped without serious injury.

The next movement on the part of the birds was even more curious than before. The snake had remained asleep all the time, but at this point one of the birds, uttered a sharp note, jumped into the ring, gave the reptile a sharp nip with its beak and was out again almost before his snakeship was aware of what had happened.

To coil itself for a spring was the first act of the serpent, and when one of the birds approached within what appeared to be striking distance there was a sharp, quick dart forward. As quick as a flash the bird was out of harm's way, and equally sudden was the movement of the other bird, which seized the snake from the rear before it could again assume a coil.

Every time the snake launched out at the birds it was pricked by the thorns until it became perfectly frantic with rage.

At last, smarting under the pain inflicted and unable to reach the birds, which kept jumping in and out of the ring with lightning-like rapidity, the rattler turned and bit itself again and again.

At this the birds seemed to suspend operations and very soon the body of the snake began to swell, its movements became slower and slower and soon ceased altogether. The snake was dead.

What might have further happened I am unable to say, as just at this stage of the proceedings I jumped to my feet and thereby attracted the attention of the birds, who scampered off and were soon lost to sight. The snake was a large one of its kind and had thirteen rattles, beside the "button" at the end. When I told them in camp what had happened I was informed that this was by no means an uncommon occurrence, and that after killing the snake the birds invariably made a meal of their victims.—N. Y. Herald.

Morphine and Druggists in France.

The French government is taking vigorous measures to suppress the morphine habit by punishing the druggists who sell the drug to persons whom they know to be addicted to its use. One druggist who had been convicted of this offense in one district and had paid the penalty has been refused a diploma in another district where he had opened a new shop.

Rats!

Sam Bailey of Nashville, Mich., came across three rats in the road some time ago, and all of them had hold of a straw, traveling along. On closer investigation he found that the two outside rats were leading the center one, which was blind.

One of the Casart brothers, who have a sheep ranch at Tia Juana, lying on both sides of the line, has been arrested for resisting a Mexican guard who attempted to prevent his driving sheep over to the Mexican side.

Partners.

"You have got a fine hand," he said to her, as she fingered over her cards. "Perhaps," she replied with a soft little purr, "while having a strain of Millard's."

"You could play it alone, I suppose?" he said, as he looked in her radiant eyes. "Perhaps," she repeated, tossing her head. "Without any spectators or why."

"You're awfully aggravating, my dear," "Perhaps," she repeated, tossing her head. "Without any spectators or why."

"Will you take this, dear, and go it alone?" "He said, as he offered a card."

"But why," she replied, with a pique in her tone. "When I make them all with a pard!"

"Then you have a good hand! Oh, yes! I see," he said, as he laid aloft. "The disengaged one in her piquant glee. Which was ringless, white, and soft."

"If you won't take a card, may be you'll take this," "And the ring on the finger fair of the Miss. Changed the game in a trice. 'N' cards. Earl Marble in the Colorado Graphic."

ETHEL DANE'S REVENGE.

I have seen enough to know that he is trifling with me—that her doll-like face and baby tone have taken him from me; and I will not endure it longer. This evening I will show him that Ethel Dane's love can not be wringed with impunity, and I will strike her, I hope, to death. He said he would come this evening—come to get me the flower.

The speaker, a beautiful girl, just completing her seventeenth year, stood at a deep bay window, whose thick curtains almost hid her well-rounded form. A pair of white hands were clenched as if in anger, and dark eyes contrasted vividly with ashen lips. A splendid gold watch, sparkling with diamonds, glistened in a black belt, and she consulted it as the last words fell from her tongue.

"Georgina Grenville, if I can not outwit you I will don the veil and hide my face from the world forever. Designedly you have drawn him to your side but, as designedly, I will take him away. It is almost death to cross the path of a Dane. Perhaps you have not learned this, for you are young. Inevitable fate has decided that I must be your teacher. I accept the decision, and this evening I teach you a lesson you will never forget. Yes! But there he is! I did not see him come up the walk. Where were my eyes?"

The silvery tones of the front door-bell interrupted Ethel Dane, and springing from the parlor, she answered the summons in person.

A beardless youth, whose dark eyes matched her own so well, stood on the steps and spoke her name in rich tones. His appearance was noble, his face prepossessing, and told that he had not yet reached his majority.

"Are you ready for the walk, Ethel?" "The evening is truly beautiful, the winds sleep, and—"

"The Queen of night shines fair with all her virgin stars about her! I skirted the gorge and listed to the noise of the mad, muddily current. I saw the flower—that pretty flower, Ethel."

"So it is still there!" she cried eagerly. "It is and in the moonlight looked lovelier than ever. We will get it presently. See! and drawing his coat aside he revealed a coil of rope. "It shall greet the sun from your boudoir window to-morrow, Ethel; I want to see it in your hair."

She smiled. "But you shall not risk your life to gratify a foolish wish of mine," she said. "Let the flower wither where it was born."

"No, no; it grew there for you, and you alone shall have it. Come, Ethel, let me go. I am impatient."

He waited at the door until she had thrown some light vestment over her head, and then walked away at her side.

"The rain was a flood at Ellesmere," he said plucking a leaf from the elm in whose dim shade they were walking, "and its waters have reached the gorge. You can hear them now, Ethel."

The roar of angry waters grew louder as they advanced through the wood, and at last they paused directly above the torrent. The chasm of Ellesmere, the deepest in all Cumberland, was before them; and far below the cliffs in the moonlight the waters rushed toward the sea. It was a narrow chasm, but dangerously deep, and its sides were in many places quite perpendicular. In other places concavities existed; and there, nourished by the drip, drip of the stones' icy perspiration, beautiful ferns and flowers flourished.

Frank Hazel had often accompanied Ethel to the spot they had reached. His hands had fashioned a rustic settee, and placed it near the edge of the precipice. There, with the moon above them and the waters beneath, they had passed many hallowed hours. He admired the impassioned girl; but I can not say that he loved her. But at 19 years of age he did not think very much of the tender passion; his studies at his tutor's residence not far from the cliffs had kept him from the courts of the little god. But he loved the society of woman, the lip of little girls and their pardonable follies.

Ethel Dane loved him from the first. He seemed her beau-ideal of a lover, and into her adoration she threw the wealth of her passion—the voluptuousness of her heart. She was happy in the thought that she smiled on none but her, until she discovered that his name was often on the lips of Georgina Grenville, a girl whose father owned a small estate on the Boyleston side of the chasm. The discovery irritated her. She watched, and heard more,

and her jealousy magnified molehills into a thousand diameters. "I won him first!" she was wont to exclaim when alone. "Georgina Grenville shall never wear him! What I can not wear I will destroy!"

Frank Hazel had often leaned over Ellesmere Crags and plucked ferns and flowers for the impassioned beauty's hair. She encouraged him in this; it recalled the days of chivalry, of which she was extremely fond, and he fearlessly to a fault almost, delighted to win the green and scarlet gems. One day while wandering along the Boyleston side of the cliffs, the young student discovered a wondrously magnificent flower that peeped from a cliff in the rocks perhaps twenty feet below the settee I have mentioned.

He hastened across the chasm and examined the flower. It seemed at first a genuine tiger lily, but while it belonged to the lily family it could not bear that particular name.

It was as large as his hand and grew upon the end of a rich emerald stem. Its six spreading, somewhat crisp petals or leaves were rolled back at points, and its ivory-white skin was thickly studded with scarlet points or studs. To enhance these beauties, in the middle of each of the six petals a broad stripe of light satin yellow gradually lost itself in the delicacy of the ivory skin. The light that fell upon it was directly from above, and the beautiful stripes acquired the appearance of gentle streamlets of Australian gold.

Our hero could not touch the flower; but when he described its beauties to Ethel Dane and heard her wish to possess it, he resolved that he would rob the rock and please her.

He came to the Dane's house on the evening that witnessed the opening of our story, prepared to secure the matchless specimen of botany. He carried a strong rope beneath his coat, and after satisfying himself that the rock still guarded the prize he began to prepare for the undertaking.

Ethel watched him make a loop at one end of the rope, with something like a gleam of revenge in her dark eye, and when he fastened the cord to a young tree that stood near the edge of the cliff, she said: "Frank the rope might break!"

"Break? No Ethel, it would hang a giant," he said smiling. "You will put on my gloves and let me down slowly. Leap upward, you know without assistance."

She put on the almost womanish gannets he extended, and he dropped the loop over the cliff. Then, putting his right limb over he found the rope and let his feet into the noose.

"Now, down we go, Ethel," he said, looking up smiling. "Keep the rope tight and let it slip through your fingers slowly!"

She was very strong for a girl of her years and she held the rope as he had directed.

His shoulders disappeared below the edge of the precipice—then his face, on which anticipated triumph sat enthroned.

The cord slipped slowly through her gloved hand, and at last she stepped aside, for the lashing about the tree now held him up.

She crept near the brink of the dizzy height and listened for a sound from the rope that rested on the rock told her that he was swinging himself inward toward the flower, and she watched his movements with the eye of the basilisk.

Gradually the movement ceased. "Ethel," came up from below. "What Frank?"

"I've got the flower!" "Bravo!" she said, and then rose, pale as ashes.

"I will do it now!" she said, under her breath, glancing up at a cloud rapidly nearing the moon. "Georgina Grenville, you have won him, but shall never wear him! You have stolen him from me; this evening I steal him from you!"

Her eyes now flashed with anger, and her bosom rose and fell tumultuously with passion.

The renewed oscillation of the rope told her that he was ascending, and, springing toward the tree she drew a knife. It was a beautiful, ivory-handled knife, and the shining blade threatened of was strong.

She dropped, suddenly grown calm, beside the rope, and looked up at the cloud again. The fragmented edges were crossing the rim of the moon, and while she looked she held her breath. The shadow advanced; such a cloud never retrogrades; fate was behind it.

Gradually the moon was eclipsed, and when that eclipse was at its full the headstrong girl turned to the rope.

"This is my revenge, Georgina Grenville!" she hissed, and the knife struck the cord.

The next second there was a voice at the cliff.

"Ethel, Eth—great heaven—my—"

The rope was severed, and the cry of the student, hurled headlong down into the torrent of mad waters that plunged through the bed of the chasm, was stifled.

A moment later the moonbeams fell upon Ethel Dane, standing alone beneath the tree, pale as death, but triumphant. By and by she crept to the edge of the cliff and found—one leaf of that beautiful flower, glued to the rock by the pressure of his hand!

She could not touch it, and while she looked it fell of its own accord down, down, after him.

And a young girl stood over his unknown grave with a stain of murder on her soul!

Ethel suddenly started from the cliff and toiled at the end of the coiled rope a long time. Then she walked away and entered her home alone. The house was deserted for she had been alone for several days. Her parents were absent on a visit, and as she had answered the ring at the bell herself the servants did not know who had called. Therefore Frank Hazel's visit had not been known.

She would keep the dread secret of his doom in her own breast, and for four years she kept it well.

In the little churchyard of Boyleston may be seen an unpretentious marble slab bearing this inscription: "Frank Hazel, aged 19. They whom the gods love die young." Above the name is carved a beautiful lily falling from its stem.

Three days after the tragedy his body was found, and in his hand was crushed the flower for whose possession he had imperiled and lost his life.

Ethel could tell but little concerning his death. He had discovered a rare flower somewhere among the rocks, and he had told her that nothing was easier than to let himself over the cliffs by a rope and secure the botanical prize. This was all she told, and his fellow-students said that his love for botany had cost a life.

With the secret shared by the grave and Ethel's heart, unknown to the world, I say four years passed.

From a lovely girl the voluptuous Ethel had grown into radiant womanhood, accomplished and admired, the reigning belle of Bath, many long miles from the cliffs of Ellesmere.

Her father was dead, and she presided over a luxurious home, which she shared with a dignified maiden aunt. It many wooers came to her side, it was no fault of hers for she was beautiful, as beautiful as the lily of the cliffs.

She dismissed lovers with a "no" that but intensified their adoration; but at last she gave her heart away.

The fortunate man was Sir Robert Mortimer, a wealthy baronet. She loved him. I say this knowingly; that love intensified by years, which she had bestowed on Frank Hazel, she gave to him. He was gratified and the day was announced.

"Will you please direct me to the residence of Miss Dane?"

The speaker was a woman clad in a close-fitting black dress and heavily veiled. She addressed a policeman, who gave her the requisite directions. She knocked gently at the front door.

"Is Miss Dane in?"

"She is in her chamber, still up, I believe."

"Can I see her?"

"I'll see. What name?"

The woman in black hesitated, but presently answered: "Say one who knew her long ago, and that I must see her to-night."

The servant disappeared, and a few moments later the visitor was ushered into Ethel's boudoir.

The beautiful woman sat at a writing table, partly en dishabille. She looked up at the visitor, and then started to her feet.

"Georgina Grenville, is it you?"

Half an hour after the black-robed woman was let out by the same servant who was summoned to Ethel's room. (I am now dealing with sworn testimony, given at the Coroner's inquest.) She found her mistress apparently calm. Ethel placed a paper in her hand, and bade her take it to a particular chemist whose shop was always kept open very late. She did so, and received a small vial containing a pinkish liquid. This she delivered to Ethel, who dismissed her after requesting her to wake her at seven the next morning.

The "next morning" Ethel Dane never saw.

It was her wedding day; but she lay on her couch dead, and her icy fingers, resting on a small table, touched a bottle quite empty, labeled "Hydrate of Chloral." Why had she taken her own life? Her betrothed could not tell; to her aunt, even, the motive was enveloped in mystery, and detectives were put on the track of the woman in black.

The shrewdest of the lot caught her at Boyleston.

This part of her confession may interest the reader:

"I was on the Boyleston side of the cliffs that night. I saw him descend. I saw Ethel Dane stoop over the rope with a knife. Then the cloud came over the moon. But I heard the severing of the cord, and his cry. I knew that she had sent him to his death. I wanted to see her happiness again complete. I longed for her wedding eve. It came. I went to her house and told her what I had witnessed. She could not deny it. Thus I made her too miserable for this life. When I left her she said that I had blighted her life, and death she sought in the poison's sting. I loved Frank Hazel. He was to have married me on his twenty-first birthday."

The detective released her.

In a pleasant village in Cumberland, a mother looks with love upon a bright-eyed boy. Her face is familiar. Georgina Grenville is a rich farmer's wife, and the boy's name is Frank Hazel Chastney.

Her husband does not claim all of her love. Some of it is buried in a grave.

—Evening World.

Goals to Newcastle.

Three car-loads of sugar were shipped from Conway, Kan., to New Orleans recently.

THE QUEER CITY OF BOGOTA.

Edited by the Military—Editors Write for Fun—Policemen Carry Lassos.

Bogota is a city of paradoxes, of great wealth, of great poverty, and a mixture of customs that often puzzles the stranger. The foremost men in the mercantile, political, and literary circles are from the old Castilian families, but so changed by intermarriage that all bloods run in their veins. In the legislature, on the bench, the forum, and behind the banker's desk, you will see the characteristics of all the races, from the Anglo-Saxon to the African. The ruling class is the politicians, but it is more under the control of the military than is generally the case elsewhere.

Among the leading minds are highly educated men who can converse fluently in several languages, who can demonstrate the most difficult problem in astronomical and mathematical formulas, who can dictate a learned philosophical discourse, or dispute with anybody the influence of intricate history. Their constitutions, laws, and government were modeled after those of the United States; their financial policies after England; their fashions, manners, and customs after the French; their literature, verbosity, and suavity after the Spaniards. Patriotic eloquence is their ideal, and well it is realized in most of their orators.

Almost anybody in Columbia is a writer or a poet. The number of daily and weekly periodicals published, in addition to the many loose sheets issued as occasion may require, indicate this. Editors, as a rule, have other business, and take this post in addition as a recreation. Colombian authors have furnished text-books on political economy, grammar, geography, mathematics, and art, while philosophical, historical, and biographical essays and works of fiction and poetry furnish much interesting reading. Some of the text-books are subsidized by the Government, and all authors are protected by a copyright law.

The police do duty only at night, leaving the citizens to take care of themselves by day. Four policemen are stationed at the four corners of each plaza. Every fifteen minutes a bell rings, which causes the guardians of the city to blow their whistles and change places. By this system it is impossible for them to sleep on their beats. Besides a short stout bayonet, the policeman is often armed with a lasso, and by the dextrous use of his formidable weapon the prowling thief is easily plucked when trying to escape. Petty thefts are the chief crimes for the natives are neither quarrelsome nor dishonest. Those who will steal little things sometimes make the most trustworthy messengers, to his eye you need not hesitate to commit any amount of money.—Bogota Letter.

A High-Priced Artist.

In an elegantly appointed studio, not a hundred miles from Hartford, sat one of our noted artists in thought. He was earnestly contemplating a design for a cathedral window, and a look of annoyance flashed across his face as the door suddenly flung open to admit the figure of a lady. The look vanished instantly, however, as the artist advanced to meet his visitor.

"Are you Mr. —?" asked the lady shortly, yet casting a furtive glance at her muddy boots, buried deep in the pile of the beautiful Persian rug.

"I am, madam."

"Well," continued the lady, with an air of importance, "I have brought you a commission. I want you to design the top of this slipper for me. The design itself is to be unaltered in the shape of a slipper. It is for the City Mission fair and I must have it immediately. Can't you do it while I wait?"

"Pardon me, madam," courteously replied the artist, "your kindness in giving me the commission is fully appreciated, but as I have not the honor of knowing you I must ask you to pay me in advance."

"Oh, certainly," responded the lady, with great readiness, drawing out a well-filled purse. "How much will it be?"

"Four hundred and seventy-five dollars, madam."

"What!" screamed his visitor. "Four hundred and seventy-five dollars?" calmly responded the gentleman.

"What do you mean?" demanded the lady, growing more and more astounded.

"Just what I say, madam," quietly answered the artist. "I think you have made some mistake. The commission you have pleased to bring me is entirely out of my line. If you will visit one of the places for fancy stamping, in Pratt or Trumble street you will succeed in getting your work done to your entire satisfaction. I have no doubt."

The lady gave a final glance around the studio, filled with European curios of every description and adorned with artistic works, from the magnificent picture in oils, covering half the wall, to a dainty, delicious little landscape, which in its very delicacy was a marvel, and, with another look at her muddy shoe and a parting, "Well, I don't believe you are the kind of artist I am looking for." (To which the gentleman courteously replied: "I am afraid not, madam") she called out of the room, remarking to herself—as she savagely punched the elevator annunciator, and glared at two conflicting shades of red, which were mentally swearing at each other about her dress—"I thought artists were always ready for work, and glad to get it, too."—Hartford Courier.