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OFFICIAL SEMI-WEEKLY PAPER.

Heppner Gazette.

TENTH YEAR — HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1892. — WEEKLY NO. 506. SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 346.

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SEMI-WEEKLY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED

Tuesdays and Fridays

—BY—

THE PATTERSON PUBLISHING COMPANY.

ALVAH W. PATTERSON.....Bus. Manager.
OTIS PATTERSON.....Editor

At $3.00 per year, $1.50 for six months, $1.00 for three months; if paid for in advance $2.50.

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Prosecuting Attorney	W. H. Wilson

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" " J. M. Baker.	
" Clerk	J. W. Morrow
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" Treasurer	W. J. Leezer
" Assessor	R. L. Shaw
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" Coroner	T. W. Ayers, Jr

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G. A. R.

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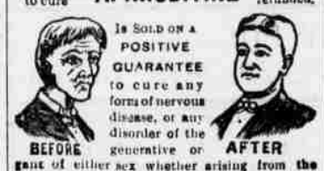

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE GOLDEN CAVES.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS. "M. QUAD."

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CHAPTER IX.

What a strange, wicked sentiment is that of avarice! The thirst for wealth will turn brother against brother, father against son—separate man and wife.

The story told by the dying hunter had been received by Harkins and Taylor without question. He had said there was gold enough for both, but does one ever get too much wealth? If there were mill ons to divide neither wanted to divide it. They had been friendly before the hunter called them in to give his dying statement. They had left the dead body hating each other. To be just however, it should be said that Harkins had less avarice and bitterness than Taylor. He was better educated—he had the refining influences of his daughter Bess—he had less hope of being able to come at the great store of wealth. Indeed, he sometimes argued that it would be best to give information to the whole train and let all share alike and be satisfied. Had Taylor met him half way in his advances he would have choked down the spirit of selfishness and forced himself to feel that the half would content him.

But Taylor, who was a single man and a rough specimen of the American frontiersman, openly betrayed his distrust and ill will. He looked upon the Englishman as a robber. He would never consent to divide the gold with him. He might have to share it with others, but never with him.

"We are pards, old man—half and half on that gold."

When the train was attacked the presence of peril drove away all other thoughts but that of defense, but only for a few hours. The thought came to both men after a time: "Suppose he is killed and I am spared! All will then be mine?" Harkins went no further than to indulge the wicked thought. Taylor looked about him and whispered to himself that if opportunity came he would fire the bullet himself which should make him sole owner of the contents of the cave.

Men who have been drifting in mid-ocean on a bit of wreckage, suffering with hunger, thirst and exposure, and having not the faintest hope of rescue, have yet planned wicked and revengeful things.

When the last charge was made Taylor had the Englishman and his daughter on his left hand and only a few feet away. Under cover of the smoke he deliberately fired upon them, hoping to kill them both. One of his bullets grazed the girl's shoulder and another went through Harkins' hat, but Providence willed that such a monstrous crime should not be perpetrated. Taylor had no sooner made the attempt than a sudden thought brought a smile to his face and he smote his breast and muttered:

"Fool that I am to have forgotten the contents of that box! Let them live! Let them go with me after the gold! Let them aid me to secure it, and then—then"——

He had attempted murder. He was planning something far more horrible than that.

It was midnight when the train reached the forks of the Cheyenne and went into camp. From that point it is only sixty miles to Custer's peak in the Black Hills. It was thought best to remain in camp for a couple of days and refit and recruit. The major in command of the cavalry was an old Indian fighter and plainsman, and before the camp broke up he called a general consultation. He impressed it upon one and all that their safety forbade breaking up into smaller parties than ten or twelve men. The Indians were thoroughly aroused and alert, and while they might be repulsed occasionally they would be almost certain to overcome small detachments of gold seekers. No camp must be left unguarded by day or night. No man must relax his vigilance for an hour if he wished to preserve his scalp.

A portion of the troops would remain at the forks for the summer as a rallying point. The other half would follow the south fork of the Cheyenne up to the neighborhood of Harney's peak and there form another camp. They might make occasional scouts, but they would not be strong enough to defend the people rushing into the country.

The major's remarks resulting in a general reorganization of the train, many of the hunters who had come thus far with the soldiers had now to band together and depend upon themselves. Out of all three parties were organized and put under the leadership of good men. The first party consisted of the old captain of the train, Joe, Harkins, Taylor and seven other good men, Bess going of course, but not figuring in the numerical strength. It had been agreed beforehand that the men should be drawn by lot, and it was a curious bit of fate that drew both Harkins and Taylor for one party when both were earnestly hoping to be separated. There were enough to give the other parties equal strength or a little more, and each and every man was sworn to support and obey the chosen leaders. A fair division was made of weapons, ammunition and necessaries of life, and each party selected its own route. In the first party all were agreed for Custer's peak, while the other two decided to strike in farther to the west.

On the third day all the parties moved, and within an hour after the first wagon pulled out the soldiers had the camp to themselves. It was the same sterile country that had been met with on the other side of the river, cut up by the same dry gullies and confused by the same monotonous ridges, and each party, now that it numbered so few, realized its peril more fully as it went forward.

The distance between the river and the foothills was covered in three days of easy traveling and without actual sight of a redskin, although signs were encountered to prove that the party was being watched day and night. The wagons pushed over the foothills, wound up a long and narrow valley, and when they went into camp Custer's peak seemed to lean right over them. Here was a spring, abundance of grass and a fairly defensive position, and it was decided to make a permanent camp.

No prospectors had come this way, so far as could be ascertained, and here was as good a spot to try for the gold as any other. It was decided that two men should always be on guard during the night and that four should remain during the day while the other six went forth in parties of two to prospect.

Three days passed without anything of unusual moment. The prospectors found enough to encourage them, and not an Indian had been seen. On the fourth day it so happened that Harkins and Taylor were named to go together as one of the prospecting parties. Each would have promptly declined the other's companionship had he not realized that an explanation would have been demanded by the others. What could be said in explanation?

"I am sorry you are to go out with that man," said Bess as her father was making his preparations. "I have an intuition that he hates us both and would like to do us harm."

"Pooh! child; but what put such thoughts into your head?"

"He never looks at me without a scowl, and I have seen him glare at you as if he thirsted for your life. If you must go out with him, watch him well. I feel that he will seek to do you some grievous injury."

"I can't say that I like the man over much," replied the father, "and he doesn't seem to be any too much taken with me; but we shall have no quarrel, and I shall take good care of myself."

As he was about to leave camp Joe beckoned him aside, and while pretending to examine his rifle quietly said:

"I am sorry you are going out with Taylor. I don't think he likes you, and he can be very disagreeable when he wants to. Be on the alert for any plan he may have."

"You don't think he would assassinate me, do you?" asked Harkins in surprise.

"If there is any reason why he wants to today will furnish him plenty of opportunities," replied Joe. "Lookout for Indians, but lookout for Taylor just as sharp."

It may be imagined that Harkins left the camp in an unenviable frame of mind, but Taylor's demeanor soon gave him relief. The man was elated, good natured and garrulous. He had not been drinking, for the only whisky in camp was in charge of the captain; but he acted greatly like one who had a glass too much. Not a word had passed between them about the treasure since they separated over the old hunter's body. They were scarcely clear of the camp when Taylor slapped Harkins on the back, extended his hand for a shake and exclaimed:

"At last we are alone and can talk over our secret. I've sometimes felt as if I must talk or burst. We are pards, old man—half and half on that gold."

"So we are," replied Harkins. "I have not breathed a word to any soul, and I suppose you have been as discreet?"

"You bet! There's enough for us two, but not enough for any more. In a day or two we must make a hunt for that cave, and if the gold is there we must get it away."

As they penetrated into the mountains, closely scanning rock and soil and occasionally stopping to investigate, they chatted like the best of friends. and Harkins reproached himself for his harsh opinion of the man. He appeared warm hearted and fair minded, and when he magnanimously offered to take Joe into the secret and let him share alike with them, Harkins wondered how he and Joe and Bessie could have been so mistaken.

Noon came.

"The fool!" whispered Taylor, as they made ready to sit down and eat a bite. "I've played him like a fish, and now to wind him up! I'm going to fix him so that he'll bother me no more! He's going to be shot by the Indians, while I'm going to miraculously escape!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOVERNED BY FLESH.

Thomas O'ell, a young man, 20 years of age living seven miles back of Greenup, Ky., met death in a strange manner. He was a peculiar character and had been a puzzle to physicians for several years.

He was effected by what he ate to such an extent that when he indulged in eating beef, about an hour afterwards he would become restless and wander out in search of cattle and bellow as an ox, and would get down on his hands and knees and eat grass like a cow. When he partook of mutton his actions were those of a sheep, and he would bleat like a lamb. When he ate chicken he would go out and search for worms and bugs which he would devour with apparent relish.

After a mess of fish he would wander to the creek and jump in swimming, and a few days ago he nearly lost his life while playing fish.

Recently his father Hiram, went squirrel hunting and killed several, of which the son ate heartily for dinner. Shortly after he left the house going a short distance to an oak grove. He was followed by the father, who knowing his son's peculiarities, always kept strict watch up on him to rescue him from danger. The father stopped a moment to give some directions to his hands working on a field, and hastened forward to find his son, who had got out of view.

He soon reached the grove and his attention was attracted to a large tree, where he heard what sounded like the familiar barking of a squirrel. Looking up among the branches of the tree he saw his son nimbly jumping from one limb to another. He was much alarmed as the boy was up fully fifty feet from the ground. He called to him to come down, but this only seemed to make the boy want to escape, and he attempted to jump to another tree, but missed his hold and fell to the ground, a mangled, breathless mass of humanity, and expired in less than five minutes.

His we believe is not an unlikely story. There is no doubt in our mind that all persons are effected to a greater or less extent by the food they eat—we mean mentally effected—and this also enlightens our mind as to the cause of there being so many people who have hoggish propensities in this section of the country.—EX.

THE LATE ELECTION.

From the Ashland Record, Pop.

The Oregon democrat editor had a splended opportunity this time of writing himself down an ass of the worst kind of mule variety. And he did it to perfection. His main campaign started off in turning on the floodgates of vile vituperation, abuse and vilification on Governor Pennoyer, General Weaver, Mrs. Lease and the populists generally. In his stupid asininity, he went the whole length and shouted himself hoarse calling on everybody to "vote for democrat principles." The national committee caught the bray of the Oregon ass and told him to vote for Pierce, the populist who says he don't believe in any portain of the Chicago platform! The Oregon democratic editor obeyed like a thoroughbred jackass, and brayed forth that you must vote for Pierce, too! Finally the national committee took another twist at the tail of the long-eared Oregon animal (to get at his brains), and the democratic editor told the faithful to vote for General Weaver! What a sorry spectacle the democratic organs presented! Such humiliation should break the heart of even an ass. All of which goes to show that a newspaper man should be a man of sufficient judgement as to look out for himself, though he is caverting around in a barnyard of jackasses.

WILL THEY DO IT?

From Henry Watterson's Courier-Journal.

Just as soon as the democrats get the power they will wipe out the atrocious republican sugar-bounty system and restore the sugar duties. Instead of paying millions of bounty out of the treasury to sugar planters, we will re-establish the revenue tariff on sugar, yielding annually about $50,000,000 to the treasury. Put that in your old clay pipe, Mr. Halstead, and smoke it, and smoke it like thunder!

And more we tell you, haughty robber baron—or words to that effect—and e'en in thy pitch of pride—the duties on wool, salt, lumber, coal, iron—every thing that enter into the living of the people and the life of the poor—will have to come off or come down! See?

We mean to rip, abolish, annihilate, in the foulest ignominy and disgrace, every vestige of fraud called protection wherever we can find it, and as fast as the needs of the government, increased tenfold by the republican party. See?

Because now, as evermore, until the robber tariff is a thing of the past, and republican protectionism is as dead as African slavery, the democratic law and gospel stand.

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

[BY PETER THE POET.]

Gaze smilingly upon it, 'tis the chair on which he sat,
While through his head stole great, big thoughts that almost raised his hat;
The seat is rough and ready and the back far backward slants,
'Tis there he sets his thinking cap, 'tis there he wears out pants!

Gaze tenderly upon it, as a man great hearted ought;
His noblest inspirations there by his great soul are caught
The pity that the soul of man to struggling genius grants,
Would be conceded freely after looking at his pants.

Gaze on it with solicitude most sober, deep and strong!
There daily sat an editor on hydra-headed wrong—
Sat there without a thought of our soul-haunting wants,
Save good for the dear people and for her who patched his pants!

In glory he will have a chair a brighter one than this,
In which he will enjoy eternal palpitating bliss;
And while he pants with parents, and with uncles, wife and aunts,
He'll smile some at the mention of his everlasting pants!

THE COYOTE BOUNTY.

If It Can Be Honestly Executed It Should Remain in Force.

This Coast seems to be largely populated by grumblers. If the state should by law make all comfortably rich there is no doubt that many would complain of the hardship of the enactment.

We have no use for the coyote. It is true it does some good by destroying rabbits, mice, rats, squirrels, etc. Yet the injury it does in destroying sheep, calves poultry, etc, by far over balances the good it does.

Every farmer should be in favor of a reasonable coyote scalp bounty. They breed very fast and have few enemies except man and they would soon become so numerous as to make it impossible to raise stock on the ranches where they abound. All classes should be in favor of a bounty. If coyotes were allowed to increase without hindrance many of the necessaries of life such as mutton, eggs, poultry, game, etc., would become excessively dear. It is impossible even now to raise pigs where coyotes are numerous.

Many complain of the scalp bounty on coyotes simply from misguided selfishness. They say the sheep rancher is the only one benefited and they are taxed to make his business profitable and safe. They forget that the coyote prefers nice young turkeys, chickens, geese and ducks to all other foods. Therefore a bounty protects all our meat foods.

In the early history of the prairie states coyotes were very abundant. Poor as the settlers were they soon saw the necessity of extermination. By giving a scalp bounty large enough to pay men to hunt them as a business, the coyotes were practically exterminated. The laws were then repealed. The people thoughtth at in an open, well settled country they would be troubled no more with coyotes. They soon learned that a good price on its scalp was the only thing to keep the coyote out of the country.

Experiments in Corn Culture.

In a report on experiments conducted at the Iowa station occurs the following: Corn of the Capital variety was grown on five acres of land manured with 163 loads of barnyard manure and on one acre adjoining this piece without manure. In preparing both of these pieces of land in the spring a crop of winter rye was plowed under. Both fields were cultivated exactly the same during the entire season. The unmanured acre yielded 40.9 bushels of corn and the manured land yielded 59.2 bushels per acre. Early Mastodon and mammoth Cuban corn grown on fall plowed land without manure yielded 71.2 and 82.5 bushels of corn per acre respectively. The large yield of these two varieties on unmanured ground is believed to be partly due to early planting, as a drought set in in May.

George W. Weed, the manager of the Torham poultry yards, considers the silver laced Wyandottes the best for general purposes.

PUBLIC SALE.—Henry Wade will offer at public sale, Saturday, Nov. 26, at his farm, five miles northeast of Heppner, at the head of Sand Hollow, 100 head of cattle and 20 head of horses; also many articles of farm machinery. Everyone desiring bargains should attend. 43 tf

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