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Heppner



Gazette.

CIRCULATION MAKES

The Paper. Without it, advertisers get nothing for their money. The Gazette, with one exception, has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Oregon. Therefore it ranks high as an advertising medium.

TENTH YEAR

HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1892.

WEEKLY NO. 384  
SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 568

SEMI-WEEKLY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED  
Tuesdays and Fridays  
BY  
THE PATTERSON PUBLISHING COMPANY.

ALVAH W. PATTERSON, Business Manager.  
OTIS PATTERSON, Editor.

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

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.

The "GAZETTE" of Long Creek, Grant County, Oregon, is published by the Patterson Publishing Company, 222-224 Main Street, Portland, Oregon. For advertising rates, address the Editor, Heppner, Oregon.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. Dabbs' Advertising Agency, 14 and 16 Broadway, Exchange, San Francisco, California, where contracts for advertising can be made for it.

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UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY—LOCAL CARD.

No. 40, mixed leaves Heppner 10:00 a.m.  
No. 41, mixed leaves Heppner 11:30 a.m.  
No. 42, mixed leaves Heppner 2:30 p.m.  
No. 43, mixed leaves Heppner 5:30 p.m.  
No. 44, mixed leaves Heppner 8:30 p.m.  
No. 45, mixed leaves Heppner 11:30 p.m.

LONE ROCK STAGE.

Leaves Heppner 7 a.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, reaching Lone Rock at 10 a.m. Leaves Lone Rock 7 a.m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, reaching Heppner at 10 a.m. Makes connection with the Lone Rock Stage at Heppner.

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Dues: Ladies No. 30, R. of P. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock in their parlour, National Bank building. Sec'y: Mrs. M. E. Smith. Treas'r: Mrs. E. R. Swinburne. A. of H. S. 14

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A Year's Subscription to a Popular Agricultural Paper

GIVEN FREE TO OUR READERS

By a special arrangement with the publishers we are prepared to furnish FREE to each of our readers a year's subscription to the popular monthly agricultural journal, the AMERICAN FARMER, published at Springfield and Cleveland, Ohio.

This offer is made to any of our subscribers who will pay up all arrearages on subscription and one year in advance, and to any new subscribers who will pay one year in advance. The AMERICAN FARMER enjoys a large national circulation, and ranks among the leading agricultural papers. By this arrangement it COSTS YOU NOTHING to receive the AMERICAN FARMER for one year. It will be to your advantage to call promptly. Sample copies can be sent at our office.

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Northern Pacific RAILROAD!

Is the line to take  
To all Points East and South.  
It is the Union City Route. It runs through Valley City every day in the year to St. Paul and Chicago.

Consists of DINING CARS, RESTAURANTS, TOURIST SLEEPING CARS, and LATER EQUIPMENT.

Elegant Day Coaches.

A continuous Line connecting with the Lines, affording Direct and Promptly Rapid Service.

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Issued from all points in America, England and Europe, and are purchased at any Ticket Office of this Company.

Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent or

Assistant General Passenger Agent.

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The Original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE publishers, we are able to obtain a number of the above books, and propose to furnish a copy to each of our subscribers.

Containing more reading matter than any magazine published in America.

THE SUN, New York.

A Noted Divine Says: "I have been using TOTT'S PILLS for Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach and Constipation, which which I have long been afflicted."

FREE TO THE AFFLICTED.

All who are suffering from the effects of Youthful Errors, Loss of Manhood, Failing Powers, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis and the many troubles which are the effects of these terrible disorders will receive, FREE OF CHARGE, full directions how to treat and cure themselves at home by writing to the CALIFORNIA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE, 1029 1/2 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

SCROFULA

Scrofulous humor in the blood, ulcers, catarrh, and consumption, use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The most economical, safe, speedy, and effective of all blood-purifiers.

Has Cured Others will cure you.

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THE GOLDEN CAVES

CHAPTER XV.

A man and a woman approached him.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Warranted "APHRODITE" or money returned.

THE APHRO MEDICINE CO.

Box 27, Portland, Or.

Forest Grove Poultry Yards.

ESTABLISHED IN 1877.

Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Light Brauns, Rose and Single Comb Brown Leghorns, Partridge Cochins, Houdans and Silver Spangled Hamburgs.

1,000 YOUNG FOWLS Ready for Delivery.

BOOK YOUR ORDERS FOR CHOICE SELECTIONS.

My Fowls have no Superior.

I GUARANTEE SATISFACTION TO EVERY CUSTOMER.

Send for Catalogue.

Address J. M. GARRISON, Box 55, Forest Grove, Or.

Sunday Sun!

\$2.00 A Year.

Containing more reading matter than any magazine published in America.

THE SUN, New York.

A Noted Divine Says: "I have been using TOTT'S PILLS for Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach and Constipation, which which I have long been afflicted."

Tutt's Pills

ARE A SPECIAL BLESSING.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Office, 140 to 144 Washington St., N. Y.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE GOLDEN CAVES

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over the thought that he now alone possessed the secret of the cave of gold.

But he was troubled that he had not told a better story. Before firing the shot he had planned just how he would act and what he would say. The fear which guilt always brings had upset him and caused him to halt and hesitate and tell a very lame story.

Many a man who has planned a crime has thought it all over and prepared himself at every point only to realize after its commission that he left loopholes in his armor of defense.

It was long after dark before Taylor rose up. He had then settled on a story from which he would not vary. He told it to the men, and he told it with such apparent sincerity that some of them believed him, while none disputed. Bess had come forward to hear it, as was her right. When he had finished there was a long, painful silence, broken at last by the girl, who said:

"If this story be true you have done only what another might do so situated. We shall know tomorrow. You can find the place again, and you will lead us there."

"I—I was dreadfully turned around, and I might not be able to find the exact spot," replied Taylor.

"You must," answered Bess. "My father's bones must not be unburied. His death shall not go unavenged."

"Well, I'll try, and if we all lose our scalps in the effort I cannot be held responsible. I'm sure there's an Indian camp not far from that spot, and it's a wonder to me we haven't been attacked since I came in. There were as many as seven right after me for two or three miles."

The men, and especially Joe, had looked to see the girl braved down under the train, but she did not. She fought against it and clung to the hope that her father still lived, though he might be wounded and a prisoner.

Midnight came and all was quiet. Joe went on guard at that hour, and an hour later, as all his senses were keenly alert, he heard a whistle. No Indian would make use of such a signal. There were no white men in the neighborhood. Was it the note of some bird of night?

There it came again—a whistle of inquiry—as if some one was seeking to locate the camp. Believing it to be some prospector or hunter who had lost himself during the day, Joe answered the signal.

It came again and nearer.

Now he heard footsteps and a moment later a man and a woman approached him from out of the darkness.

"Halt! Who is it?" challenged the sentinel.

"Great heavens!" whispered Joe as the pair came to a halt before him. "But this does beat me. And that is you, Harkins, and alive!"

"Yes, it is Harkins, and here is a poor girl I rescued from a camp of white renegades up the valley. I've got lots to tell. Has Taylor come in?"

"Yes, and he reported you killed by the Indians."

"He sought my life himself, but he was quiet. If he is asleep do not arouse him. Wake the captain, and after we have cared for this woman I have a story to tell."

CHAPTER XVI.

The man's amazement and terror were

The captain was himself on guard on the other side of the camp, and he quickly came up to find out what the confusion meant.

"This girl is suffering from food and rest," said Harkins, "and must be attended to first. Then you shall have the story."

He quietly awoke Bess, made a brief explanation, and after Lizzy had been provided with food the two girls sought the wagon and Harkins sat down with the captain and Joe to tell his story. While certain in his own mind that Taylor had fired upon him, there was no proof. Neither of his listeners doubted that assassination had been intended, but unless Taylor broke down and confessed it what could they do? Moral certainty is not proof.

"And what makes the thing more strange to me is the fact that he must have had a strong motive," said the captain.

"And we can't guess it," added Joe. "Then Harkins told them of the death-bed revelation of the old hunter, and the motive was plain. Taylor was determined to possess the secret alone. He told them of the renegades and their errand—the girl he had rescued and what had happened to her, and the emissary who might be expected to appear in camp next morning. It was daybreak before they were through talking, and yet only the two men and Bess knew of the arrivals.

"The first thing is to dispose of Taylor," said the captain in response to an in-

quiry of what should be done. "The men were so astir, and Harkins had best be low for a couple of hours. As soon as breakfast is over I shall ask Taylor to lead a party to the place he described. Let us see what he will do."

Harkins sought one of the wagons, and when the men roused up, one after another, not one had a suspicion that anything unusual had occurred during the night. Breakfast was prepared and eaten, and the captain and Joe, who were watching Taylor very closely, saw by his demeanor that he was restless and ill at ease. He seemed to have lost his appetite, and he glanced around him as if expecting some sudden danger.

Bess came from the wagon equipped as for an expedition, and walking up to Taylor, she said:

"I am ready. We are to find and recover my father's body today."

"Yes, I will send two men with you," added the captain.

"I—I can't go—not this morning!" stammered Taylor. "I'm sick. I'm almost too sick to sit up."

"Do you still say that the Indians shot my father down?" demanded Bess.

"Do? Of course I do! You all seem to be agin me. Do you think I killed him myself?"

"How many Indians did you count?"

"All of ten."

"How did they attack you?"

"Fired a volley at us and then began to yell."

"You are sure they yelled?"

"Sure! They kept it up half an hour."

"It was odd that I heard no other sound but the single report of your rifle!" said a voice behind Taylor, and he wheeled about to find Harkins confronting him.

"The man's amazement and terror were pitiful. He essayed to speak, but the words would not come. He looked helplessly from side to side and trembled as with a chill.

"It is not the dead come back," said Harkins, "but the living. Your bullet only grazed my arm. I fell into a gulch just as you fired upon me. There were no Indians there!"

Taylor looked from man to man. Each face was hard set and vengeful.

"You are all agin me!" he finally shouted. "You've got mad at me and want to drive me away! Why should I want to take Harkins' life?"

"But you fired upon me, and here is the empty shell to prove it," said Harkins.

"If I did, then I was scared off—the Indians," stammered Taylor.

"You know the law of the plains!" said the captain to Taylor in a flinty voice. "The man who murders a comrade must die himself!"

"I—I didn't murder him!"

"No, you did not, but the man who attempts murder must be punished. You must go! In one hour you must be out of camp, and should you return you will be fired upon!"

To turn a man out in that locality was giving him up to a hundred perils, if not to certain death, but Taylor eagerly caught at the opportunity.

"I'll willingly go," he replied. "Indeed I don't want to stay. You are all agin me and I couldn't be easy here. I can take all my traps, I reckon?"

"Certainly!"

Taylor had a horse, blankets, spare ammunition, spade and pick and cooking utensils. These articles were packed up and strapped to his horse and he was given food enough to last him a week. His "truck" had been stored in the rear end of a wagon owned by another, and he going simply decreased the strength of the party one man. As he was ready to ride away the captain kindly said:

"It's hard lines, Taylor, but it's the law we all live by. Harkins had the right to shoot you the minute he entered the camp."

"Yes, I reckon he had, though he made a big mistake in accusing me."

"I hope you'll keep clear of Indians and meet with good luck."

"And if?"

"And if?"

Even Harkins echoed the sentiment, and with a wave of his hand Taylor was off. He rode straight up the valley, and as he went he smiled grimly and chuckled to himself.

"It's your turn this morning. Tomorrow it may be mine. Yesterday I thought I had to kill but one. Today I'm planning to wipe out the whole pack. Not one of you shall leave this valley alive!"

Half a mile to the east a bend in the valley hid him from view. He rode on for about a mile, and then discovering a small valley leading off at right angles he entered it, followed it up for forty rods and then dismounted and prepared to camp.

"As for Indians," he mused, as he looked about him. "I don't think there are any left in the hills. They have all gone forward to fight off the rush, and before summer is over the rush will have carried every redskin out of the locality."

He threw the spade and pick aside in disgust as he unpacked and groveled. "I shan't want you—leastwise for digging out gold—I'll get it easier. Five miles the other side of camp is the ravine, and up that ravine is the cave of gold. I'll have my hands on the stuff before you cross night if it is there, and then let the wagon train look out! It's death to all!"

Meanwhile the camp had a visitor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ripans Tablets; one gives relief.

NOT AWAY WITH THE FUNDS.

The Manager Believes the Treasury of the Portland Sheep and Woolgrowing Co. of About \$3,000—Their Property Attached.

Some time ago the Gazette made mention that a resident of Heppner had been accused of embezzlement, and also expressed a hope that it was not true. Since that time we have thoroughly investigated the matter and find that it is only too true, and we are informed by Sheriff Noble that the party has not made restitution of money taken, nor has he been apprehended, his present whereabouts being unknown. This man is none other than W. F. Forwood, formerly manager of the Portland Sheep and Woolgrowing Company. Mr. Forwood is very well known in this vicinity, having married into a well-known and highly respected family. So far as the Gazette knows, Mr. Forwood has always borne a good reputation.

This company commenced operations in Morrow county during the past summer, and was composed of C. L. Reed, Mrs. Talbot and W. F. Forwood, each of whom was to put in \$5,000, though neither Mrs. Talbot nor Mr. Reed put in the whole amount, and they claim that Mr. Forwood did not put in anything. Let this be as it may, the company bought a bunch of sheep, secured range, hay, etc., preparatory for a successful venture in the sheep business.

About Nov. lat the sheep were sold to Jas. Jones and the proceeds deposited in the First National Bank of Heppner. A short time afterwards Mr. Forwood drew out the funds by telegraph through the First National Bank of Portland, in all about \$3,000. The partners immediately got out a warrant for the arrest of Forwood, but at last accounts it had not been served, as his present place of retirement is unknown.

Some time ago, the company purchased of Geo. Crane a little over \$300 worth of hay, paying \$50 on the purchase price. Mr. Crane recently furnished \$650 in the hands of Jas. Jones, and the company for sheep, but commencing the action against Forwood instead of the company, the latter took advantage of the fact and immediately sued for their money. Mr. Crane then began action against the company, attaching the hay and other property.

To take Sheriff Noble's view of the matter, "it is a body mixed up affair," and while we regret to chronicle the apparent downfall of a neighbor, we consider it the duty of a newspaper, as a warning to others, to state the facts in the case.

THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

The most popular and best known weekly newspaper printed in this country is the Toledo Blade. For more than twenty years it has had a circulation of 100,000 to 200,000, going regularly into every state and territory of the union.

From fifteen to twenty-five tons of print paper is consumed in each week's edition, and is regularly mailed to more than half the postoffices of the United States. It is a peculiar fact that the Blade is the only weekly newspaper published that has regular subscribers in all parts of the United States. It is edited with special reference to the wants of all people in all sections. It is also made to interest every member of the family. Besides all the news of the world, it has Serial and Short Stories, Wit and Humor, Poetry, Campfire, Farm, Sunday School Lessons, Young Folks, Poetry, Puzzles, Household Hints, Answers to Correspondents, etc. As a special feature for 1893, Mr. Robinson Locke, editor and proprietor of the Blade, has just issued a series of illustrated letters on the manners and customs of that peculiar country and its people. These articles will be commenced some time in February or March, and will be worth to the readers of the Blade many times the subscription price. Every reader of this paper is invited to send for a specimen copy. The publisher of the Blade would be glad to send a specimen copy to every reader in this country. Subscription price of the Blade, one dollar a year. Five dollars in cash will be paid to any person sending in a small club of subscribers. Write for agents' terms, giving particulars. Address: "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

The Blade and Semi-Weekly Gazette a new subscriber, and to old subscribers paying in advance, \$3.25.

PILOT-PUB. CO. 80 Center St., New Haven, Ct.

SILK DRESS FREE!

We will give away absolutely free of cost, an elegant silk dress of our own design, to every woman who will send us a letter, giving her name, address, and the name of the paper she reads. We make this great offer in order to introduce our paper to every home. We have sent 25,000 of these dresses, and we will send 25,000 more. Write for particulars. Address: "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder. The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.