

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.

Some People Buy advertising space because rates are low—generally the circulation is a slight lower. Circulation determines the value of advertising; there is no other standard. The Gazette is willing to abide by it.

TENTH YEAR HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1892. WEEKLY NO. 302. SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 502.

SEMI-WEEKLY GAZETTE. PUBLISHED Tuesdays and Fridays. THE PATTERSON PUBLISHING COMPANY. ALVAH W. PATTERSON, Bus. Manager. TIS PATTERSON, Editor.

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application. The "Gazette" is published every Friday morning, subscription price \$1.00 per year, \$1.50 for six months, \$2.00 for three months, if paid for in advance.

THE GAZETTE'S AGENTS. Wagner, B. A. Hunsaker; Arlington, Phil Heppner; Long Creek, The Eagle; Echo, Bob Shaw; Dallas, Oscar De Vaul; Mattoon, Allen McFerrin; Hamilton, Grant Co., H. C. Wright; Nye, Or., J. E. Allen; Hamilton, Grant Co., Mattie A. Bunch; Ione, T. J. Carl; Prairie City, Or., R. R. McElroy; Canyon City, Or., F. Skelton; Dayville, Or., J. E. Snow; John Day, Or., John Edington; Shelburne, Or., Wm. G. McCreary; Mount Vernon, Grant Co., Postmaster; Shelly, Or., Miss Stella Field; Fox, Grant Co., Mrs. Andrew Ashbaugh; Upper Klamath, Or., J. F. Allen; Douglas, Or., R. M. Johnson; Gooseberry, W. F. Sawyer; Condon, Or., Herbert Haldred; Lexington, W. B. McAlister.

UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY--LOCAL CARD. No. 10 mixed leave Heppner 10:00 a.m. at 11:00 a.m. at Arlington 1:15 p.m. at 2:00 p.m. at Heppner 3:30 p.m. daily except Sunday.

LOVE ROCK STAGE. Leave Heppner 7 a.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, reaching Love Rock at 3 p.m. Leave Love Rock 7 a.m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, reaching Heppner at 3 p.m. Make connection with the Love Rock-Fossil tri-weekly route.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY. United States Officials. President, Benjamin Harrison; Vice-President, Levi P. Morton; Secretary of State, Charles Foster; Secretary of Interior, S. W. North; Secretary of War, D. C. Hoagland; Secretary of Navy, D. C. Hoagland; Postmaster-General, G. W. Stewart; Attorney-General, W. H. Taft; Secretary of Agriculture, J. M. Smith.

State of Oregon. Governor, S. P. McEwen; Secretary of State, W. H. Miller; Treasurer, J. N. D. Smith; State Auditor, J. N. D. Smith; Superintendent of Public Instruction, J. N. D. Smith; State Engineer, J. N. D. Smith; State Geologist, J. N. D. Smith; State Printer, J. N. D. Smith; Supreme Judge, J. N. D. Smith; Justices of the Peace, J. N. D. Smith.

HEPPNER TOWN OFFICERS. Mayor, T. J. Mallock; Councilmen, D. E. Farnsworth, M. Lichtenhal, Ois. Patterson, S. P. Garragans, Thos. Wagoner, and J. A. Roberts; Recorder, J. A. Roberts; Treasurer, J. W. Bostanus; Marshal, J. A. Roberts.

United States Land Officers. J. W. Lewis, Receiver; T. S. Lang, Receiver; LA GRANDE, OR. Register, A. C. McEwen; Receiver, A. C. McEwen.

PROFESSIONAL. A. A. ROBERTS, Real Estate, Insurance and Collections. Office in Council Chambers, Heppner, Or. atty.

SHOEMAKER--Ed Birbeck, a shoemaker and repairer of many years' experience, has just located in the Abraham sack building, on May street, where he is prepared to do everything in his line. Mr. Birbeck is strictly a first-class workman and warrants all work. Give him a call.

VALUABLE PRESENT. 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.

From Terminal or Interior Points the Northern Pacific RAILROAD. Is the line to take To all Points East and South.

Composed of DINING CARS unsurpassed, PULLMAN DRAWING ROOM SLEEPERS of Latest Equipment Tourist Sleeping Cars. Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both free and furnished for holders of first or second-class tickets.

THROUGH TICKETS. To and from all points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any Ticket Office of this Company.

Webster's Unabridged DICTIONARY. ESTABLISHED IN 1877. Wyanettes, Plymouth Rocks, Light Bransh, Rose and Single Comb Brown Leghorns, Partridge Cochins, Houdans and Silver Spangled Hamburgs.

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

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, 223 1/2 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

RHEUMATISM neuralgia, and sciatica can always be successfully treated with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A cure is sure to follow the persistent use of this medicine. Has Cured Others will cure you.

PATENTS. Caveats, Trade-marks, Design Patents, Copyrights. And all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. Information and advice given to inventors without charge. Address: PRESS CLAIMS CO., JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Celebrated French Cure, "APHRODITINE" or "MONEY" for Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, etc. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Bissell, Warren, Pa.

THE APHRO MEDICINE CO. BOX 27 PORTLAND, OR. Sold in Heppner by Stearns-Johnston Drug Co.

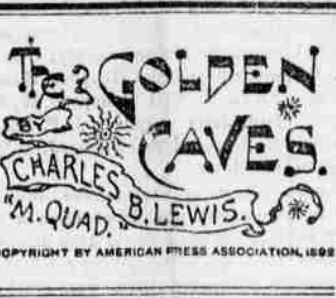
Forest Grove Poultry Yards. ESTABLISHED IN 1877. Wyanettes, Plymouth Rocks, Light Bransh, Rose and Single Comb Brown Leghorns, Partridge Cochins, Houdans and Silver Spangled Hamburgs.

1,000 YOUNG FOWLS. Ready for Delivery. BOOK YOUR ORDERS FOR CHOICE SELECTIONS. My Fowls have no Superior. GUARANTEE SATISFACTION TO EVERY CUSTOMER.

Sunday Sun! \$2.00 A Year. Containing more reading matter than any magazine published in America. Address: THE SUN, 326-2nd St. New York.

SPECIAL MENTION. If you have a complaint, indigestion, headache, "run down" or losing flesh, you will find TOTT'S Tiny Liver Pills. The remedy you need. They give tone to the stomach, strength to the body, brilliancy to the complexion and healthful enjoyment of daily life.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE.



CHAPTER XVIII. "Injuns till you can't rest!" "Where? Where?" called half a dozen men.

"In the valley. A band of at least fifty has just gone tearing by." The fire was burning clear and making no smoke, although it had been built against the wall of the canyon, in a place where the smoke would go filtering up among the trees.

"Well, I hope they'll keep right on as they are going." "But they won't, captain. They know that we left that camp about noon yesterday. They picked up a dozen proofs of it. They believe we went straight up the valley. They'll figure that we couldn't have gone over ten or twelve miles above this valley before they'd catch our trail. If they don't find it they'll ride on five miles farther. Then they will discover that we did not go that way at all."

"And then what?" "They will come back looking into all the hiding places, and we shall have a fight with odds of five to one."

"I'm afraid so," said the captain, "and this time we cannot look for a rescue by the soldiers. The party which passed down yesterday has no doubt been butchered."

"I think the reds struck into the valley by a pass farther up," answered Joe. "There would have been fighting, and we should have heard the reports of rifles. We must get ready."

Three warriors turned their ponies to the right and rode in to within ten feet of the stone wall. They rode its entire length and halted in the gap and looked up the canyon.

The men were lying flat down on the earth, each clutching his rifle, and horses and wagons were just around the bend.

Could it escape the Indians that the wall was artificial? Must not their sharp eyes detect the figures hugging the earth? It did not seem that the gold hunters had one show in a thousand to escape detection, and yet they were not detected. After a half of not more than a minute, though it seemed a quarter of an hour to each man, the trio of red skins passed on and the moment of peril was passed.

A bit of natural philosophy stood between the gold hunters and discovery. The Indians had turned into the gloom and shadow from the bright sunshine, and their vision was shortsighted and uncertain. Had they waited a little longer they must have seen something or other to arouse their suspicions, but they assumed impatient to get on.

"Thank God!" whispered more than one man as the horses were heard moving away.

In half an hour the gold hunters dared exult and plan. Two men were left as the wall as lookouts, three or four others were held as a reserve at the camp, and the captain, Harkins and Joe set out up the canyon to search for the cave of gold.

When the darkness became so intense as to interfere with their progress they lighted torches and a thorough inspection was made of both walls.

The canyon extended into the mountain for a full mile, winding and turning, and long enough before it ended the pine trees met above it and prevented a single ray of light from descending. Nothing answering the description of the dying hunter could be found. He had said, as Harkins understood, "five miles to the spot of the peak." Here was the spot. He had described the mouth of the canyon and everything here bore out the description. He said that Bridger went up the canyon about a mile and then turned into a smaller one running to the left.

There was no such canyon. The left bank was solid rock and earth from the wagons to the spot where the great rift stopped short at a flinty tall and rugged foot high. The mighty wrath had split the mountain thus far, but it could go no farther.

Three times the men traveled from the camp to the end of the canyon, and then all were certain that Harkins had been mistaken. They sat down on a boulder in the bed of the canyon to rest and discuss the matter, while the single torch, secured in a cleft, hardly allowed them to see each other's faces.

"Well, we have no right to complain, as we have lost nothing," said the captain. "Indeed, if we had not slipped in here not a man of us would now be wearing his scalp."

"Wasn't the old man Harkins in his last hour?" asked Joe of Harkins, who seemed much cast down.

"He gave no evidence of it; on the contrary, his mind seemed wonderfully clear to the last."

"Perhaps he said to the left instead of the right of Custer's peak," suggested the captain.

"No, I am sure he said to the right, but he may have meant the left."

"It's no use crying over spilt milk," laughed the captain. "If we have lost the cave we have saved our scalps. I'm inclined to think the old man mispoke himself. I believe those renegades gave this place a thorough looking over and are now in the canyon below, if there is a canyon there. If the cave is there they have got the gold ore this, and that ends it."

ghostly figure stood out separate and distinct, but not a face could be seen. "We are doomed men!" groaned Harkins, as he covered his face with his hands to shut out the sight.

"Aye! We shall never leave this spot alive!" added Joe. "Hush, men!" whispered the captain as he raised his hand. "They are dead, true enough, but they are the dead of a thousand years ago--of the cave dwellers and the Aztecs. I have seen them twice before, and they brought no bad luck. Here they come on the other side!"

The three were seated on a rock in the center of the rift. The band of the spectral procession had gone down the canyon several hundred feet and then turned to come back on their left, passing them again within a few feet.

March! March! March! Chant! Chant! Chant! Soft and low and sweet came the notes--like the murmur of the Angus breeze in a forest pine. The feeling of awe was crowded out of the hearts of the living, and a feeling of sadness and reverence crept in.

It was the dead burying its dead! March! March! March! Never the echo of a footfall, never the touch of skeleton foot to the flinty rock. The ear caught no sound but that of the ghostly voices chanting in unison.

And of a sudden he who headed the spectral procession moved to the left and disappeared into the solid wall and was followed by the long lines until the last had been swallowed up and lost sight of. And then, as silence and darkness reigned again, the captain said: "Men, we have a treasure here. Examine that wall and you will find an opening to a cave behind it."

UPPER RHEA CREEK. Mr. Lou Gosney and wife are visiting Mr. Wm. Gosney. Mr. Noah Mulkey made a trip to Heppner this week. We understand that Viola Tolbert is on the sick list. We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Wm. Gosney is quite ill. Mr. Sam Cresson, the golden-haired bachelor, has just returned from the city. Noah Mulkey is going to cut cord wood on Frank Hevland's place this winter. Mr. Grant Copple, who has been herding sheep for Wm. Paulson, is having a vacation. We saw a couple of men returning from the mountains on a hunt a few days ago. They didn't seem to be very heavily loaded. Died--On the 5th, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Flossen. one, yes has gone from among us: Passed, to the regions above, stop, shed a tear in remembrance of one whose life was of love. Mourning, mourn not, fond parents. For he is gone, he is gone, where? Passed to sleep from among us. To rest in his dear savior's care. Rest there in peace, dear George. Rest there in peace, dearie, For some sweet day we shall meet you, Yes, meet you in joy supreme. PANGLOSS. December 10, 1892.

Morrow county is still in the lead. Wm. A. Allyn, a well-known citizen of town, who left Morrow county a short time ago, voting that he would never return, is home again, which was his second year. He says he will return in the spring, if he lives that long. We have the lead to raise the wheat crop. All over the county it is good. I got my lead from the East Oregon. And it is as happy as a clam. My wife, we are the Plymouth Rock; My house, Plymouth Rock; My castle, Plymouth Rock; My Poland-China are my swine. It is reported that Charles Sperry got lost from his horse getting tangled in some barbed wire which was loose on the ground, but it was a mistake. It was Charles, himself, who became tangled in a grove of pine tree bitters. Boys who are always falling in love with every good-looking schoolmate, as they see, get left right often. A CABT AND HORSE TO LOAN. If you wish an accommodation, go to Frank Willows, of Love. He is a good-hearted boy, and will loan you his horse and cart, free of charge. If you break it he will go and have it fixed and charge it to you. This charming story will be continued in the next issue. Remember the Heppner Gazette is only \$3.00 per year. "HIS FOLKS." The following notice was found pinned to a telegraph pole, "Down the line" recently: LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN. A man about the meridian of life and about a meridian in length, wearing a pair of tight trousers, a double barreled cask and marked symptoms of chronic dyspepsia. At the time of his disappearance wore a broad-brimmed, 75-cent, Baker City hat, and his general appearance would indicate he was the property of a "wild west show." When last seen he was in hot pursuit of Burdette Wolf, and as he may have wandered too near the redoubtable of the East Oregon Outlaws, or have been stolen by the gypsies, a great anxiety is felt for his safety. Any information concerning him will be received cheerfully by "HIS FOLKS" Heppner, Dec. 7, 1892.

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.