

Some People

Why advertising space because rates are low—generally the circulation is a slight over. Circulation determines the value of advertising; there is no other standard. The Gazette will be able to abide by it.

OFFICIAL SEMI-WEEKLY PAPER. 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, FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1893.

WEEKLY NO. 100, 1/2 SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 50, 1/2

SEMI-WEEKLY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED Tuesdays and Fridays THE PATTERSON PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.

The "GAZETTE" of Long Creek, Grant County, Oregon, is published by the same company every Friday morning.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. Dake's Advertising Agency, 34 and 35 Merchants Exchange, San Francisco, California, where contracts for advertising can be made for it.

THE GAZETTE'S AGENTS.

- Wagoner, B. A. Hunsaker; Arlington, Phil Heppner; Long Creek, Bob Shaw; James Prairie, Oscar De Vaul; Hamilton, Grant Co., Or., Mattie A. Ruffalo; etc.

UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY—LOCAL CARD.

No. 10, mixed leaves Heppner 10:30 a. m. No. 11, ar. at Arlington 7:15 a. m. No. 12, leaves Heppner 7:30 p. m. daily except Sunday.

LONE ROCK STAGE.

Leaves Heppner 7 a. m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, reaching Lone Rock at 5 p. m. Leaves Lone Rock 7 a. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, reaching Heppner at 5 p. m.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

- United States Officials: President, Benjamin Harrison; Secretary of State, John W. Foster; Secretary of Treasury, Charles D. Smith; etc.

HEPPNER TOWN OFFICERS.

- Mayor, T. J. Matlock; Councilmen, O. E. Farnsworth, J. L. Hamilton, etc.

PROFESSIONAL.

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

ATTORNEYS.

J. N. BROWN, JAS. D. HAMILTON. Attorneys at Law. Practice in all courts of the state, insurance, real estate collection and loan agents.

Brown & Hamilton

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.

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 Original Webster's Unabridged DICTIONARY.

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

The dictionary is a necessity in every home, school and business house. It fills a vacancy, and furnishes knowledge which no one but the most educated and ignorant.

Until further notice we will furnish this valuable Dictionary— First—To any new subscriber. Second—To any renewal subscriber. Third—To any subscriber now in arrears who pays up and one year in advance, at the following prices, viz:

SILVER'S CHAMPION

Rocky Mountain News

THE DAILY—BY MAIL.

One Year (by mail) \$6 00 Six Months " " 3 00 Three Months " " 1 50 One Month " " 50

THE WEEKLY—BY MAIL.

One Year (in Advance) \$1 00

LUMBER!

WE HAVE FOR SALE ALL KINDS OF UN-DRESSED LUMBER, 16 miles of Heppner, at what is known as the

SCOTT SAWMILL.

PER 1,000 FEET, ROUGH, \$10 00 CLEAR, 17 50

L. HAMILTON, Prop.

FREE TO THE AFFLICTED.

All who are suffering from the effects of Youthful Errors, Loss of Manhood, Falling 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, 102 1/2 Market Street, San Francisco, California. 465-ly.

FOR 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.

PATENTS

Corsets, Trade-marks, Design Patents, Copyrights, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

PRESS CLAIMS CO., JOHN WEDDERBURN,

P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

FARMERS SAVE MONEY

Write for our Mammoth Catalogue, a 600-page book, showing the latest and best goods manufactured and imported into the United States. We sell only first-class goods at lowest prices with manufacturers' discount on all goods manufactured and imported into the United States.

National Bank of Heppner.

WM. PENLAND, ED. R. BISHOP, President, Cashier.

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

COLLECTIONS

EXCHANGE BOUGHT & SOLD

HEPPNER, OREGON

If You Think FERRY'S SEEDS.

FAT'S RESCUE

GRAP BANK-DICE POINTERS

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE



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The captain suggested, Mark began to fear that he was thinking of using force rather than let so promising a recruit go.

Mark moved away, and it was not until he had got out of sight that he realized he had run a great risk, for he saw that the captain would have detained him had he not believed in his sincerity about enlisting.

Mark went straight to the hotel and paid his bill. He feared the recruiting officer might send for him or have him followed, so without waiting to eat his supper he made a package of his purchases.

CHAPTER VIII. PASSING A PICKET.

Presently the conditions were favorable, and he got up and led the way to the river bank, which he proposed to skirt. He left his bundle, but took Jakey's gun, loaded and capped in his hand.

"Who comes that?" "Corporal of the guard, with relief."

Then there was some muttering and footstep tramping away.

Mark peeped between the roots of the stump toward the point from which the sounds had come. He saw, not a hundred feet away, a man sitting on a log with his musket resting against his shoulder.

"At headquarters, I reckon." Mark turned away. He considered the expediency of going to headquarters and asking for a pass, but regarded this course fraught with too much risk.

He determined to make an attempt to get out of town and across the river by the route over which he had entered. He knew the ground by this route, and that was a great advantage. If he could steal his way beyond the picket he could doubtless find a method of crossing.

Perhaps he might make his way down the river and across at Shell mound, or, still lower, to the mouth of Battle creek held by the Union forces.

Mark skirted the town on the west, and then took a course directly south till he came to the railroad. This he followed to a point near where he had bivouacked the night before.

It was nearly dark. Silhouettes of figures were passing between him and a campfire beside the railroad track. Beyond, the palisades of Lookout mountain stood out boldly against a streak of twilight in the west.

"My good man," talking to the soldier, but without making any sound, "if you will go far enough from that musket you'll never get back to your Sawannee river."

"Nonsense, Mark," the sentinel seemed to say to him: "a shot would arouse the whole picket post. Besides, if that's your game, why don't you riddle me with Jakey's shotgun?"

sounds became fainter and fainter till Mark could hear them no more. He sighed as if he had lost a dear friend.

"Jakey's comfortable anyway," he said, looking down at the boy. He had dropped asleep, and Mark for the first time in his life envied a human being the protection of weakness.

At last Mark heard the relief coming. The sentinel took his gun and began to pace his beat. The usual form was proceeded with, and the relief marched to the sentinel up the river.

But he was disappointed to see the man begin to pace his beat energetically. He seemed to fear that if he did not keep moving he would get drowsy.

The clouds which continued to pass over the moon became heavier. The sentinel would only relax his vigilance, these periods of comparative darkness would be favorable to flight.

In perhaps an hour after the sentinel came on picket he awakened. This was the first sign of hope for Mark.

At last the soldier slid down on to the ground, stretched out his legs and rested his back against the log.

As near as he could guess there remained a quarter of an hour till the relief would come. He looked at the moon, which was now shining with provoking brilliancy; he looked at a man and tried to make sure that he was asleep.

"I'll risk it," he said. He took Jakey up in his arms very carefully, hoping not to waken him, fixing the boy's arm body in the hollow of his left arm.

Mark moved slowly forward, his eyes riveted on the sentinel. A few steps convinced him that the man really slept. Mark turned his back on him and walked a dozen steps noiselessly, picking a place to plant his foot at each step.

"Was it the soldier's voice? Should he turn and shoot him?" "No, only an explosion of a burning brand in the campfire at the picket guard on the railroad track."

He turned to look at the sentinel. The man sat there gazing straight at him; at least so he appeared to Mark. The figure was as plain as day in the moonlight, though too far for Mark to see the eyes.

He cast a quick glance down into Jakey's face. He, too, was sleeping peacefully. While these two were in slumberland Mark felt himself suspended between heaven and hell.

Nonense! Away with such freaks of fancy! Suddenly he trod on a rotten branch. It cracked with a sound which seemed to him like the report of a pistol.

Again he paused and turned. He saw the sentinel motionless. He had slipped farther down, and his hat had fallen farther over his forehead.

He moved backward, his eyes fixed on his sleeping enemy, occasionally turning to see where he stepped. He was getting near to cover. In this way he passed to within a few steps of concealment.

He heard the sentinel get up, shake himself, give a yawn, a grunt, as if chilled, and begin to pace his beat.

Mark moved away cautiously, a great relief would come. He looked at the moon, which was now shining with provoking brilliancy; he looked at a man and tried to make sure that he was asleep.

Ex-Sheriff Bowles of Walla Walla Tries to Kill His Wife and Himself.

Ex-Sheriff A. S. Bowles attempted suicide on his farm near Walla Walla, Saturday afternoon, by cutting a deep gash in his neck with a pocket knife, and stabbing himself twice in the breast, each stab an inch deep and two inches in length.

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.