Heppner

TENTH YEAR

HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1893.

SEMIWEEKLY GAZETTE,

Tuesdays and Fridays -RY-THE PATTERSON PUBLISHING COMPANY.

ALVAH W. PATTERSON Bus, Manage OTIS PATTERSON At \$3.00 per year, \$1.50 for six months, \$1.00 for three months; if paid for in advance, \$3.50.

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.

The "EACLE," of Long Creek, Grant County, Oregon, is published by the same company every Friday morning. Subscription price, \$2 per year. For advertising rates, address ORLIN L. PATTERSON, Editor and Manager, Long Creek, Oregon, or "Gazetto," Hoppner, Oregon.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. Dake's
Advertising Agency, 64 and 65 Merchants
Exchange, San Francisco, California, where oneracts for advertising can be made for it.

THE GAZETTE'S AGENTS.

| A Hunsake Phili Heppne The Eag Bob Sha Oscar De Vac tlen McFerr |
|--|
| The Eag |
| Rob Shu |
| |
| 2.1 |
| OSCAL DE VA |
| H. C. Wrig |
| H. C. Wrig |
| J. A. Woole |
| attle A. Rud |
| T. J. Ca |
| H. C. Wrig J. A. Woole attle A. Rud T. J. Ca R. R. McHale S. L. Parri |
| G. P. Skelte |
| |
| J. E. Sno |
| F. T. MeCallo |
| J. E. Sno F. I. McCallo John Edingto G. McCrosk |
| |
| Postmast Liss Stella Fir J. F. All rew Ashbau B. F. Hevis |
| ties Stella Fla |
| J. F. All |
| water Aulabatta |
| n F Heyla |
| S Wh |
| B. F. Hevin S. Wh R. M. Johns W. P. Snyd |
| TU D Singel |
| W. P. Snyd |
| Der Halace |
| A. B. SICKIIS |
| rbert Halste V. B. McAlist PRECINCY. |
| |

UNION PACFIC RAILWAY -- LOCAL CARD.

No. 10, mixed leaves Heppner 10:00 a.m.

10. ar. at Arlington 1:15 a.m.

10. leaves ar. at Heppner 7:10 p. m. daily screen Sunday. East bound, main line ar. at Arlington 3:52 p. m West leaves

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, Wednes days and Fridays, reaching Heppner at 5 p. Makes connection with the Lone Rock Fossi Makes connection with the Lone Rock-Fossil tri-weekly route. Agenta, Slocum-Johnston Drug Co., Heppuer

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State of Oregon fronstrer. Supt. Public Instruction. Seventh Judicial District.

regit Judge..... rosscuting Attorney..... Morrow County Officials. Commissioners
J. M. Baker.
Clerk.
Sheriff
Trensurer.... HEPPNER TOWN OFFICERS

O. E. Farnsworth, M. terson, S. P. Garrigues m. A. A. Roberts. E. G. Slocum J. W. Rasmus. Precinct Officers. Instice of the Peace.... United States Land Officers. THE DALLES, OR.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Doric Lodge No. 20 K. of P. meets ev-ory Trackay evening at 7.30 o'clock in their Castle Hall, Sational Bank build-ing. Sojourning brothers cordially in-vited to attend. H. Scherkzingers, C. U. E. R. SWINGURNE, K. of H. & S. tf.

BAWLINS POST, NO. 21.

G. A. B. Meets at Lexington, Or., the last Saturday

PROFESSIONAL

A. ROBERTS, Real Estate, Insurance and Collections. Office in Conneil Chambers, Heppner, Or. swtf.

At Abrahamsick's. In addition to his tailoring business, he has added a fine line of underwear of all kinds, negliges shirts, hosiery, etc. Also has on hand some elegant patterns for suits. A. Abrahamsick, May street, Heppner, Or.

SHOEMAKER.-Ed. Birbeck, a shoemak

a car load of Mitchell Wagons, Hacks, California Medical and Surgical Ixetc., and have also a large supply of farming implements of all kinds.

8 Prancisco, California.

102914 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

102914 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

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 AMBRICAN FARMER, published at Springfield and Cleveland, Obio.

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 arrange ment 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 seen at our office.

The Original Webster's Unabridged DICTIONARY.



SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE Night trains are running on same time as before. derivation and definition of same regular standard size, containing Oraquare links of printed surface ad in cloth half moreceo and sleep

Until-further notice we will furnish the

edges, \$3.00 Fifty cents added in all cases for express age to Heppner.

2. As the publishers limit the time and number of books they will furnish at the low rices, we advise all who desire to avail them-elves of this great opportunity to attend to it

SILVER'S CHAMPION

THE DAILY-BY MAIL. Subscription price reduced as follows: One Year (by mail) : : \$6 00

Six Months " ; Three Months " : : : One Month " : : THE WEEKLY-BY MAIL.

One Year (in Advance) The News is the only consistent champion of sliver in the West, and should be in every home in the West, and in the hands of every mine and business man in Colorado.

Send in your subscriptions at once Address. THE NEWS.

Denver, Colo.

LUMBER! WE HAVE FOR SALE ALL KINDS OF UN

SCOTT SAWMILL PER 1,000 FEET, ROUGH, - - - 110 00 CLEAR,

IF DELIVERED IN HEPPNER, WILL ADD

L. HAMILTON, Prop.

D. A. Hamilton, Man'gr

FREE TO THE AFFLICTED. All who are suffering from the effects er and repairer of many years' experience, has just located in the Abrahamsick puilding, on May street, where he
is prepared to do everything in his line.

It Birbeck is strictly a first-class work,

It Birbeck is strictly a first-class work,

Which are the effects of these terrible man and warrants all work. Give him a disorders will receive, FREE OF CHARGE, full directions how to treat and cure Coffin & McFarland have just received themselves at home by writing to the

RHEUMATISM

neuralgia, and sciatica can always be successfully treated

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

A cure is sure to follow the persistent use of this medicine.

Has Cured Others will cure you.

Caroets, Trade-marks, Design Palents, Copyrights, And all Patent business conducted for

MODERATE FEES. Information and advice given to inventors wi charge. Address

PRESS CLAIMS CO., JOHN WEDDERBURN,

Managing Attorney, P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D.Q.

**This Company is managed by a combination of the largest and most influential newspapers in the United States, for the express purpose of protecting their subscribers against unscrupilous and incompetent Patent Agents, and each paper printing this advertisement vouches for the responsibility and high standing of the Press Claims Company.



The Gelebrated French Gure, Warranted "APHRODITINE" or money to cure



POSITIVE GUARANTEE to cure any

BEFORE generative or AFTER gant of either sex whether arising from the excessive use of Stimulants, Tobacco or Opium. or through youthful indiscretion, over indulg-ence, Act, such as Loss of Brain Power, Waly al-ness, Bearing down Pains in the Back, Seminal Weakness, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration Nocturnat Emission, Leucorrhos, Dizziness, Weak Mem. ory, Loss of Power and Impotency, which if ne-glected often lead to premature old age and insan-

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, vir:
Full Cloth bound, git side and back stamps, marbled edges, \$1-00.
Half Morocco, bound, git side and back stamps, marbled edges, \$1-50.
Full Sheep bound, leather label, marbled edges, \$5.00.
Full Sheep bound, leather label, marbled edges, \$5.00.
Fifty cents added in all cases for express.

ESTABLISHED IN 1877.

Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Light Bramabs, Rose and Single Comb Brown Leghorns, Partridge Cochins, Houdans and Sil-

ver Spangled Hamburgs.

Ready for Delivery, BOOK YOUR ORDERS FOR CHOICE SELECTIONS.

My Fowls have no Superior

I GUARANT E SATISFACTION TO EVERY CUSTOMER.

Send for Catalogue.
Address
J. M. GARRISON,



cientific American



RECULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS, PURIFY THE BLOOD.

Indigestion, Biliousses, Headache, Consti-pation, Byspepsia, Chronic Liver Trunkies, Dizzinces, Had Complexion, Dysentory, Officative Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bewels. Ripans Tabules contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Pleasant to take, and, affectual. Over immediate relief. Sold by dringples. A trial bottle sent by mall on recorpt of tocates. Address

THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO. them.

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

ABSOLUTELY PURE

"I reckon you're the men we're look-ing for," said an officer seated in the

stern.
"Who are you looking for?" asked

Deserters from the —th Tennes-

Mark knew it was all up with him,

'Hand over your guns," said the offi-

The guns were handed into the boat,

"Well, never mind the popgun.

His assumption of being on General

Bragg's staff, which had been so suc

a halter about his neck.

all except Jakey's shotgun.

"That other one too."

against him.

On landing all were taken to the pro-

vost marshal's office. The soldiers ac-

the -th Tennessee regiment, but stout-

before anything would come out as to

staff. You ought to know him, colonel.

"The devil!" exclaimed the colonel.

"You don't belong to any such place

"Let me hear you say New York."

hold you for further information."

guard. It was reported that Mark had

been personating an officer of the staff,

and this looked very suspicious; indeed quite enough so to warrant their trying

Mark was searched and everything of value taken from him. They went

lining of his coat, but as he was a child the search was not very thorough, or

they would have found the bills in his

time Jakey realized that there was some

thing more momentous than a squirrel

They took his gun, but by this

sumed carelessness.

I believe you are a spy."

strange town.'

"I belong in east Tennessee."

"Who are you?"

enough to warrant an attempt.

COPPRIGHT, 1892, BY AMERICAN PRESS ASS' CHAPTER IX. DESPERATE SITUATION.



"My hanchtkuff," he whined. Never was there a more surprised declaration came. It seemed possible to look on any man's face than on Mark's them that perhaps he would not wish to look on any man's face than on Mark's at the moment he discovered the men into whose midst he had fallen. He knew the range of the Confederate picket line, and was unable to understand how this party could be a part of it. The men looked equally surprised at his appearance. Indeed they seemed more disconcerted at his sudden coming than he was at their being there. When he made his leap among them they were about to get into the boat, and one of them held the painter in his hand. Mark in a twinkling made up its mind that they were not pleased at ins ap-

Mark in a twinkling made up 15 mind that they were not pleased at in appearance. He determined to play a bold game. He had no defined plan when he began to speak to them—it came to him as he proceeded.

"What are you men doing here?" he of the enemy; he would not be released asked in a tone that none but a soldier without a thorough questioning, and he knows how to assume. No one answered. "What regiment do you belong to?"

"Is there a noncommissioned officer knowledged that they were members of among you?"

There was so much of authority it. ly denied that they were deserters. They Mark's tone that it compelled an auswer, were Union men, some of the northernand a respectful one "No, sir."

"You men are away from your com- the purpose of flying to the stars and mands without permission. I can see stripes as soon as they could get near The men looked guilty, but said noth-, were sent to their regiment under guard.

"You evidently don't know me. I am to Mark: an officer of General Bragg's staff on an important mission of secret service." He waited a moment to discover the effect of his words and then proceeded:

his assumption of authority.
"What promise?" asked the provost "It is a matter of the greatest moment that I get across the river at once. I want you men to pull me over and then

marshal quickly.

marshal quickly.

"He's an officer on General Bragg's report immediately to your colonel. Give me your names." Without appearing to doubt for a mo

ment that he would be obeyed, he called on the men successively, and each man responded with his name. There were five men, and as each answered he saluted respectfully.

"Now what regiment do you belong

The —th Tennessee. "The old story," said Mark severely. "You men are doubtless from east Tensace. You are deserters, trying to get

back to where you came from." Mark had hit the nail on the head. The men looked terror stricken. He knew, when he ordered them to pull across the river, that they would obey him gladly. And if he should leave them to report to their colonel, they would attempt to make their way north

instead. "Get into the boat, every one of you." Every man got into the boat, and one of them took the oars.

Now if you will get me over quickly I'll see what I can do for you with your commanding officer when I return. Jakey was standing on the bank with his eyes wide open at this scene. Mark

had been a hero with him; now he was a little less than a god. "Do you want to get across the river. my little man?" asked Mark, as if he

had never seen the boy before.
"Does I want ter? Course I does." "Jump in then, quick. I've no time

Jakey came down and got in with the "Give way," cried Mark, and the boat shot out from the shore.

Not a dozen strokes had been taken before Mark, who was delighted at the success of his assurance, saw a sight him for a spy by drumhead court marthat made his heart sink within him. A tial and executing him the next morning. boat shot around Moccasin point from the eastward. God in heaven! It was full of armed through Jakey's pockets and felt of the

As soon as they saw the skiff with Mark and the deserters in it-for such were—they pulled straight for In five minutes they were along-

was searched till he saw a soldier take Souri's red silk handkerchief. He had produced the impression on the searchers he had at first produced upon Mark—that he was stupid beyond his years. As the man grasped the handkerchief and was about to put it in his pocket Jakey set

up a howl.
"What's the matter, sonny?" asked one

of the soldiers.
"My hanchikuff," he whined. "Is it yours?"

"Yas. "Give the boy his wipe," said the man to the would be appropriator. "Don't

rob a child." So Jakey preserved his handkerchief. Then they were marched away to-gether to a small building used for a negro jail. It was two stories high, though the lower story had no windows. The upper part was reached by a long flight of steps outside the building. The lower part was a dungeon, and though used to confine negroes there had been a num-ber of east Tennesseeans imprisoned there. The place was kept by an old man and his wife named Triggs. Mark was put into a room in the upper story. A guard was stationed at the door, and the only window was barred. Had Mark been arrested with definite proof that he Mark, with as much coolness as he could was a spy, he would doubtless have been

put in the dungeon.

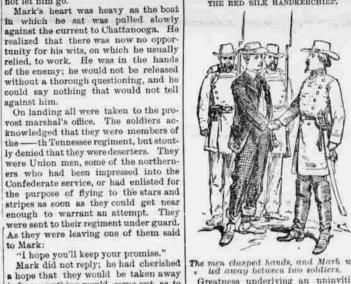
As it was, he was only guarded with ordinary caution. This, however, seemed quite sufficient to prevent his escape. Jakey was put into a room by himself, but he was not required to stay there. essful a ruse, suddenly appeared to him He was suffered to go and come at will, except that the guard at the gate was ordered not to let him leave the yard. He asked the jailer's wife to permit him to go in to Mark so often the first morning of his arrival that at last the guard at the door was instructed to pass him "That's only a shotgun, captain," said in and out at will.

"Well, Jakey," said Mark, when they were together in their new quarters, "this looks pretty blue." Every moment the deserters looked

for Mark to declare his exalted position "Reckon it does."
"You'd better not stay here. Go out on General Bragg's staff, but no such in the yard and I'll try to think up some pian. But I must confess I don't see any way out," and Mark rested his elbows on his knees, and putting his face in his hands thought upon his perilous

'Jest you don't worrit," said Jakey. sumep'n'll turn up sho. "Well, go out into the surlight. Don't stay here. If they sentence me to hang

I'll try to get them to send you home." CHAPTER X. THE RED SILK HANDKERCHIEF.



ted away between two soldiers Greatness underlying an uninviting exterior is often called out by circum stances. President Lincoln would not

have been the "great emancipator" had he not been born in the nick of time General Grant would not have become prominent as a soldier had the civil war ccurred before or after he was of fit age "Oh, I saw the men were doing some to lead the Union armies, and Jakey thing they were ashamed of, and I bluffed Slack-well, Jakey would not have de 'em to row me across," said Mark with veloped his ability as a strategist had it not been for his friend, Mark Malone and the negro jail at Chattanooga.

and think out a plan for his friend's es-You're not southern born at all. You're cape as he was to demonstrate a propo a Yankee. I thought you were only sition of Euclid. He could neither add trying to get north with these men; now columns of two figures nor spell words of one syllable; indeed he could neither "I'm a southern man, sarten," said read, write nor cipher, the want of an Mark, with such coolness that the officer ability to read or write being a great was for a moment in doubt as to his surdisadvantage to him in his present responsible position. But the desire to help his friend out of a bad fix having "New York."
"New York," repeated the colonel iron got into his brain, from the nature of the case it simmered there, and then boiled a little, and simmered and boiled ically. "If you were a southern man you'd say Niew Yawk. I shall have to again. Like most people of genius Jakey was unconscious of his own pow "I would like to go to my home in Tennessee. I came here to buy a gun for my brother. But if you won't let that was his slater Souri. Then came the thought that if Souri were only me I'll have to stay with you, I suppose. Only I hope you won't separate the thought that if Souri were only us. Jakey's very young, and I don't there "she mought do a heap." This led lately or to the problem how to get led Jakey up to the problem how to get box. For her there. The problem was too diffiwant to turn him adrift alone in a cuit for his young brain to solve, so he "I shall have to hold you till I can regot no further until circumstances came port the case to headquarters," said the to his aid, or may he not have had the officer, and Mark and Jakey were led away to a room in the house occupied ther without being definitely conscious by the provest marshal for prisoners temporarily passing through his hands. of them? The reply that came to the announcement of the capture of the citizen and the boy was to hold them under vigilant

gun at stake, and parted with it without When he left Mark he went out into showing any great reluctance. He realized that Mark, for whom he had by the jailyard and began to strell about with his hands in his pockets. To a this time conceived a regard little short casual observer he was simply a boy with no playmates, who did not know of idolatry, was in danger, and the boy for the first time began to feel that his what to do with himself. If any one had been near him he would have seen his friend could not accomplish everything.

Jakey stood looking on stolidly as Mark little eyes continually watching for some means of communication with the out-Occasionally he would wander near the fence, first casting a sly glance at the jail. There were cracks between the boards, and Jakey was looking out for a good wide crack to spy through. At last he found a place to suit him and hovered about it listening for a footstep, and occasionally getting a quick glance through the opening by putting his eye to it. But Jakey knew well that if caught at this he would be called into the jail and forced to stay there, so he preferred to rely on his sense of hearing rather than on his

WEEKLY NO. 521.

ense of sight. The jail was in an unfrequented place, and he was not soon rewarded. A man went by, but he was too far; then another man, but Jakey studied his face and let him go without stopping him, At last an old negro woman passed with a basket on her arm, smoking a short

clay pipe. "Anntie!" called the boy. "Lo'd a massy! Is de angel ob de Lo'd speaken to his sarvent from de clouds?" said the old woman, starting and dropping her basket.

"Auntie, hyar at the crack!" "Who is yo' callen? Yo' mus' be a chile from yo' voice."

"Put yer eye close up to de fence and can see me at the crack." The woman drew near and put her eye to the crack. Jakey stood off a little way, and she could see him

plainly. Meanwhile he pretended to have lost something on the ground. "Why bress my po ole heart, honey, of y ain't nothen but a leetle boy in de jailyard. "T'aught t' be nuff to keep dem po' misable po' white east Tennessans dar what dey had in de cellar wid-out keepen a chile."

"My brother's a prisoner, 'n so air I," said Jakey in a melancholy voice. "Climb ober de fence, honey, and run

away." "The fence air too high, 'n I ain't a goen fur to leave my brother anyway. See hyar, aunty, air you niggers Union

"Why, honey, do you tink we turn ag'in ou' own folks! Ain't de Yankee sojers comen down fur to gib us libera-

"Ef y' c'd save a Union sojer from hangen, w'd y' do it?"
"Fo' de Lo'd I would!"

"Then send this hanchikuff to Souri "Who Souri Slack!"

"She's my sister. She lives at Farmer Black's. "Whar dat?" "On the Anderson road, close onter the Sequatchie river."
While this conversation was going on

Jakey continued his efforts to find some-thing at his feet. He picked up a stone, rolled in the handkerchief and threw them over the fence. "What good dat do?" asked the col-

ored woman, picking up the missile of "When Souri gits it she'll know." "Will dat sabe de Union sojer's neck?" "Mebbe 't mought, 'n mebbe 't moughtn't."

"I cain't go myself—I'm too ole—but I'll start hit along.

She picked up her basket and was moving away when Jakey called to her. "Auntie!" "What, honey?" "Yer mought git some un to tote hit ter an old nigger named Jefferson Ran-

olph, ez lives up a creek 'bout five mile

from hyar, near the pike runnen that a-way. Mebbe he'll pass hit on." "Sho nuff."

"Nuthen."

"Fur fun.

"Yo' boy, thar!" The jailer's wife was standing in an open window regarding Jakey severely. "Come away from that ar fence!" Jakey skipped along toward her, do-

ing a little waltzing as he went.
"Ef that ar boy wasn't sich a chile. I'd think he'd b'en up to sumep'n. "What war yer a-doen by that ar fence?" she asked when he came up.

"What war that y' throwed over!" Jakey was as incompetent to sit down "Oh, I war only throwen stones. "What yer throwen stones that a-way

> "Well, y' just keep away from th' fence er y' shan't play in th' yard at all. I'll shet y' up with thet big brother o' yourn. "Waal, I won't go thar no more." And

Jakey took a top out of his trousers pocket and began plugging imaginary tops on the ground.
[TO BE CONTINUED.] Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

Buckles's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilbiains corns and all skin cruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Slocum-Johnson Drug Company.

Sold Out.-E. H. Slocum has disposed of his interest in the Heppner Furniture germs of reason within him to go fur- Co. All outstanding accounts of the company are now in his possession and must be settled immediately.



Used in Millions of Homes-40 Years the Standard.