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OFFICIAL SEMI-WEEKLY PAPER Heppner Gazette

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TWELFTH YEAR

HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1894.

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BAVARIA'S MAD KING.

The Pitiable Condition in Which King Otto Lives.

Although Honored by His Subjects His Death Would Be Considered a Blessing to Them and Their Country.

The reign of the mad King Otto, of Bavaria, unfortunately for the country and the people, promises to continue for some time. The marvellous Wittelsbach strength, according to trustworthy reports, has enabled the king to recover from the effects of the physical weakness which overcame him a short time ago.

Although as a rule he is unable to recognize his relatives, attendants or friends, and remains for hours motionless in his padded room, he has lucid intervals. Not a great while ago he suddenly recognized his attendants and became cognizant of his lofty position.

"Gladly, gladly, would I go to Munich," he is said to have replied, with a look of irremissible sadness in his eyes, "but my people wish to see a well king, and I am sick. Yes, yes, I am sick, and these terrible fancies will not leave me."

Upon another occasion he demanded suddenly that his attendants take him to his capital. In order to avoid an attack of violent excitement, probable in case of a refusal, a stout carriage was summoned to the castle steps.

The king, one of the physicians and an attendant, clad in his royal livery to avoid suspicion, entered the coach, which started on its journey. Looking out of the window the king saw a meadow almost covered with variously-hued flowers. He expressed the desire to gather a bouquet to present to his mother, and the coachman stopped while he plucked the flowers. But the work was too trying, and he returned to the carriage completely exhausted.

He was taken back to the castle and placed in bed. When he awoke the following morning his reason was again clouded and he had entirely forgotten his visit to Munich.

The greatest difficulty which confronts the king's physicians is to persuade him to eat. He is an inveterate smoker of cigarettes. At times the doctors take advantage of his weakness and upon one occasion they placed a package of cigarettes on the table next to his plate. When the king entered the dining-room he rushed at once toward the cigarettes, but the attendant physician quickly threw a napkin over them, saying at the same time: "The cigarettes, your majesty, must follow the dinner."

Keeping the tobacco in his pocket during meal time, the doctor induced the king to eat some nourishing food. He received his reward at the proper time. But such subterfuges are not always successful. Although the good Bavarians celebrate his natal day with becoming loyalty, they would, one and all, welcome his death as a deliverance to the country. Prince Leopold, the regent, is popularly held to be pledged to bring to the throne one of the most enlightened monarchs who have sat upon south German thrones.

THE GREYHOUND.

Dogs Used for the Chase by English Sovereigns and Nobles.

Greyhounds have existed in very much the same form as we find them to-day for more than three thousand years, as we find them pictured on Egyptian monuments of that remote period. The name probably came from their general color in England when King Canute decreed that none but princes and nobles should keep them.

The smooth coated dog is known as the English greyhound, and the rough coated as the Scotch deerhound. In conformation they are very much the same. They are the fastest runners of any of the canine race. On level ground they can go as fast as a race horse, and over hilly ground they can unquestionably beat even the fleet-footed thoroughbred.

The English dog was used in the chase of the red and fallow deer, and it is related that on one occasion Queen Elizabeth witnessed the pulling down of sixteen bucks. The dogs of that day must have been stronger than those now found in England. When the master of the royal hounds now has a meet in the forest of England it is a sorry sight to see the dogs themselves as they chase the deer.

The greyhound is used, however, in coursing hares, and it is one of the national sports of Great Britain. In Texas and some other parts of America where jack rabbits abound greyhounds are kept to chase them.

The English greyhound is a beautiful graceful and aristocratic looking dog but the Scotch deerhound is more dignified in appearance. These dogs are trained to hunt game by the eye alone. They have good noses, however, and if permitted to do so will also hunt by scent.

THE VANISHING MOOSE.

Department of New York's Game for Paris Unknown.

A deer, when started by a hunter or driven by hounds, usually returns in a few days to the same hill or mountain-side where he was first found; but a moose, says Madison Grant in the Century, when once thoroughly alarmed, will start on a long, swinging walk, and, taking with him his entire family, leave for good. It is one of the greatest difficulties—and there are many—in still-hunting this animal, to avoid getting him under way, for then the hunter may as well break camp and start for home.

It is a well-authenticated but little-known fact that they practically left in one season. They were numerous in the Adirondacks, especially in Brown's tract—a large district in what is now the southwestern part of the wilderness—until the period between 1853 and 1854 (probably near the latter year), when they suddenly disappeared. Before this several had been killed yearly. Scattered ones were shot later, but 1853 marked their exit from the annuals of New York game.

Years later, four or five were brought back to Saranac, but would not stay.

A CANINE DRUNKARD.

How a Very Promising Bull-Terrier Took to Consuming Liquor.

We know a drunken dog, says a Saturday Reviewer, we regret to say, a real drunken dog. He was employed in a whisky distillery of some name in an ill-famed place in the north of Ireland, to guard the premises in case of thieves and burglars. He was a bull-terrier of very promising exterior for such a purpose, and he was placed in the proper term to use in describing the outward and visible signs of character. But when we saw him he was a wreck, with only the shattered remains of his promising exterior visible. He was lying propped up on his haunches before the office fire, bleary-eyed, dilapidated, abandoned to vicious habits, with all the marks upon him of a dissipated scoundrel, thin, weak, unsteady in his gait when he got up, tall, awkwardly speaking of, ears much the same. The cause of this melancholy backsliding was thus explained. Soon after he came to the distillery, then a sprightly dog, fully alive to the work of detecting the stealthy steps of thieves and burglars, he felt thirsty. He followed some of the men up a sort of a ladder of steep steps to an upper floor, and there saw a bright liquid looking like water running over the refrigerator. He lapped, and was a low dog. It was a pure spirit; he liked it, and returned to it again and again. The sensation of getting drunk was very agreeable to him; he went up the steep steps as the usual way to sleep-drunk to excess became hopelessly drunk, came down, after falling headlong, lay down by the fire in a stupid condition until he was sober, sleeping off his debauchery, and then again went up to get drunk as before. This was his evil life he was leading when we saw him. A more wretched, ill-conditioned, black-guard-looking dog never was seen. It may well be asked, why such conduct at all? In a busy place such as a distillery, falling away from virtue in a faithful dog may not have been at first observed. Possibly the upper classes in a distillery do not take much notice of dogs, while the lower classes may have had a sympathetic feeling for, and sympathy with, a dog in doing that which they would only be too glad to do themselves if they could. However that may be, the vice had been acquired beyond a hope of reform, and the very curiosity of a literally drunken dog, a lapse unexampled even in a distillery, of a moral nature, proof in all former experience against temptations of such an alcoholic paradise, was enough to let him live, an example to mankind, on the office hearth-stove of an Irish distillery. What his end may be, or may have been, it is painful to contemplate. To imagine a bull-terrier with a delirium tremens is not pleasant, and the M. R. C. V. S. called in on such an occasion would not be in an enviable position. It would be probably pronounced rabies, as every thing else is, and the end would be as any king but peace.

FIRE WITHOUT SMOKE.

A Berlin Inventor's Scheme for Burning Powdered Coal Is Successful.

Wherever there's smoke there's fire is an adage based on observation of unvarying physical laws, but the reverse does not always hold good, for there may be fire without smoke, or at all events without apparent smoke.

The combustion chamber, which takes the place of a furnace, is provided with two apertures, one in the center line of the boiler, occupying the position of the usual fire-hole door, while the other, on the opposite side of the combustion chamber, serves for introducing the coal dust through a pipe, so placed that the dust is evenly dispersed over the whole surface of the chamber. After the first ignition, which may be effected by any source of heat, the combustion continues regularly and intensely under the action of the air current, which is regulated in accordance with the quantity of dust required to produce the necessary heat. The air or steam and dust are intimately mingled in the zone of combustion, while the speed of the current, which has served as a vehicle for the dust, is much reduced. Each particle of fuel held in suspension is by this method brought into such close contact with the oxygen necessary for its combustion that this combustion is so complete as to allow of practically no smoke being generated.

SMUGGLING ENCOURAGED. Customs Officials Who Are Too Lazy to Examine Travelers' Trunks.

One of the most humorous phases of passing through the custom house is connected with the fact that its officials often seem to reserve their gravest displeasure for the very honest people. A writer in the Outlook says that she had bought a dress pattern of loden, a sort of woolen goods made only in the Tyrol, and packed it in the top of her trunk for the inspection of the Italian officials. One after another the trunks were unlocked and closed again until nothing was left but an unpretending little straw one which had been overlooked.

"You have nothing in it—nothing, signora," asked the officer. "Yes, I have," was my unexpected reply. "It is just here on top." I opened the trunk and displayed my outfit. The train whistled, officials gazed, people jostled past and I glared at me. I knew he wanted to say: "Why do you bother me by declaring it?"

He wrenched the loden out of the trunk and started toward the inner office, bidding me follow. There I was greeted by another official in these words, spoken with excitement and much gesticulation: "How is this? Just now at the last moment and the train ready to go. How is this?"

One man was weighing the goods, another pointing a pen in his hand, and half a dozen looking on.

"Why is this?" repeated the chief officer. "Why do you declare this at the very last moment?" "Perhaps it would have been better if I had not declared it at all," I said, in my suavest tones. "But to come at the last moment." "Surely it is not for my pleasure, Mr. Officer, that you ransacked my trunks," I reminded him.

Then he looked at me with the air of childlike helplessness so characteristic of Italians. "But there is no time now to look over your other baggage and see what else you have."

"I put this on top and declared it," I said. "There is nothing else, I assure you. But be tranquil; next time I pass the frontier I will smuggle everything and declare nothing. I promise never to put you to so much trouble again."

A quiver of a smile crossed his lips, but he growled: "But the train is waiting." "Yes," I replied, "and it must still wait until you are pleased to return my goods and allow me to relock my trunk."

The end of it all was that I was bowed out of the office after paying one dollar duty on a four-dollar piece of

ASTONISHED INDIANS.

They Thought a Red-Haired Paleface Something of a Freak of Nature.

Twenty years ago the Indians in Colorado knew but little of the white man, and nothing, hardly of his ways or habits, except from tradition. Among the people who went to settle in Colorado at that time, says Golden Days, was a man with very red hair. He and his party were thrown among the Indians, who thought at first that his hair was painted, just as they painted their own bodies and faces.

An old chief came up to him one day and looked at his hair very carefully. "Ugh!" said he. And then, turning to the interpreter who had the party in charge, he wanted him to ask the man where he got the kind of paint that would color, and yet not be greasy or look daubey. He was told that the man's hair was not painted, but he would not believe it. He once more walked up to the man and scrutinized his locks, running his hand through them and looking at his fingers.

The red-haired man became a little nervous, and half fancied that the chief was calculating how nice a red scalp would look hung to his belt. The interpreter, however, laughingly told the man what the chief had said. Two or three more of the Indians then gathered around the party, and they and the interpreter had a pow-wow. Finally the interpreter asked the man if he would object to putting water on his hair.

He saw that the Indians would not believe that it was painted, until they saw that the water would not wash the color out. The man took some water, rubbed it on his hair and then showed his hands to them. But it took four or five days of wondering examination to convince them that he had not found some peculiar paint, and got himself up in a bright red suit of hair.

When women talk of the decay of chivalry in men they forget that men are what women make them. Men are the exact reflection of their mothers and sisters and wives. Through the history of the men of the past we have accurate knowledge of the character of the women of that time. As it is impossible for the fountain to rise higher than its source, so it is impossible for men to rise higher than their mothers, their sweethearts, wives and sisters.

Borg, the jeweler, is the man to fix up your watch or clock. He keeps a full stock of everything pertaining to his business.

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