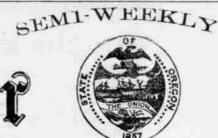
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TWELFTH YEAR

HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1894.

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What Goes to Make Paper. destructible by fire; from hop plants. After that August afternoon Jacques from husks of any and every kind of and Mine. Helm were frequently topaper, while the husks and stems of gether. They talked over their plans, grain. Leaves make a good, strong into paper. There are patents for making paper from sawdust and shavings, from thistles and thistle down from tobacco stalks and tan bark. It is said that there are over two thouand patents in this country covering sand patents in this country covering the manufacture of paper. No matter turning from their walk the day died what the substance, the process is substantially the same; the material is

the kind of paper to be made.

GOIN FISHIN.

Keep steddy, boy, an haul away— We've got a dandy school, When flah is like they air today, We've got to take 'em cool. Suppose ye be some hungry, lad, Jee' now that ain't megan, Ye wouldn't mention sign; Ye wouldn't mention grub, 'I ye had A halibut on yer line.

Waal, this is sumpthin like, I vow, Waal, this is sumpthin like, I yow.
I hope we'll swamp the boat!
Don't look so skeered! I guess the scow
Won't do no worse'n float.
That's well! You really beat the Detch:
That cod is extry flue!
Kow pay her out ag'in, an ketch
A hallbut on yer line.

I'll l'arn ye, if I kin, the way To gaif the largest ones; So git a lot o' line to pay, No odds how far it runs An when ye feel a mighty haul— By jingo! There goes mine! The satan grabbed my bait an all— A halibur or my line

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

It was 5 o'clock of a hot August afternoon at Luc-sur-Mer. The bathers were roaming over the beach or ensconced in cozy, sheltered spots. Women, rosy pink with the heat, were leisurely crocheting and gossiping, emphasizing their remarks with the movement of the white ivory needles. Bright eyed men, their smiling listeners, idly traced hieroglyphics on the sand. Happy children, watched over

by white capped nurses, made mud pies to their hearts' content. Over one small group of loungers presided a young woman, whose pensively graceful, delicate featured face was one of rare sweetness. Her hair was blond, her mouth fresh as a child's, while in her black eyes quivered lights and shadows as on a placid lake. A crowd of young men were gathered about her, each one anxious to claim part of her attention by some trivial little speech. Now and then she would quietly drop a word, and every one stopped talking to hear and ap-

Marguerite Helm was a Norwegian. She had married for love a countryman of hers, a painter, but he had died soon after. Gifted with a marvelous voice, she had resolved to make it her means of support. Going to Paris, she had shut herself up for a year with her grief and her musical studies. Her stay at Luc-sur-Mer was the first dissipation of her

on a foreigner's difficulty in using French idioms. All her admirers seized the opportunity to compliment her on her proficience in the language. "Gentlemen," she said suddenly, "you

shall each tell me which word in all our language you prefer."

After a moment's hesitation the conest began. To the men it was a pretext for new gallantries.

"Marguerite," sighed one. "Norway," murmured another. "Love!" suddenly exclaimed a boy's indeveloped voice—a voice just under-

going a change. The word was so impulsively uttered that everybody started. Marguerite herself bent forward to see the speaker. It guerite was Jacques Lespar, a mere boy of almost girlish beauty. His white fore-head, his straight nose, with its sensitive betokened good blood. His penetrating eyes fixed themselves upon those of Mme. Helm. Hers were filled with a sweet.

indulgent curiosity. "Well, there really are no more children. Make way for the young!" were the remarks heard from the men.

Happily the dinner hour was near, and the group dispersed. Jacques and Mme. Helm remained together. They both felt a little embarrassed at being alone, and neither knew what to say. Finally they began to talk of the weather, of the superb days and warm evenings. Then the boy escorted Marguerite to her hotel

and went home.

Ever since the beginning of the season he had silently admired Mme. Helm. A subtle fascination irresistibly attracted him to her. When she took her morning stroll, he instinctively walked behind her, like a dog following his master. When she sat down on the beach amid her admirers, he furtively slipped in among them, envying, with all the strength of his ingenious youth, the young men who could laugh with her or the old gentleman who called her "Dear How often he had tried to speak child." blesse.

The above are all fine editions of val.

The above are all fine editions of val. to her! But the great sadness rising in opprights, and cannot be had in CHEAP his heart at his utter insignificance would Coupous must accompany the order to secure choke the words in his throat, to reductions usined.

An orphan from his cradle, he was entirely alone in the world. A distant relative had become his guardian and directed his education. He grudgingly managed Jacques' finances and bestowed Paper can be made out of almost only a scant affection upon his ward. snything that can be pounded to pulp. The boy's generous nature was starved er fifty kinds of bark are employed, in this atmosphere of indifference, and while old sacking or bagging makes a he at once loved Marguerite with all the good article. Paper is made out of energy of long suppressed feeling. It banana skins, from bean stalks, pea was his first passion, and like a rich vines, cocoanut fiber, clover and timo- spendthrift he laid at her feet all the thy hay, straw, fresh-water weeds, sea treasures of his heart. As to being paid weeds and more than one hundred dif- in return, he never dared think of that. ferent kinds of grass. Paper has been Ho would have been satisfied if, like a made from hair, fur and wool, from as priest at God's altar, he might be albestos, which furnishes an article in- lowed to worship Marguerite all his life.

pleased, boorish noliteness.

It was the first time since her departure from Norway that Mme. Helm forgot her sorrow. She liked her role of tender mamma and put an unconscious coquetry into her conduct. She would often prelude her remarks with, "I, M. Jacques, who am an old woman"- and she smiled to think of her three and

twenty years. She did not dream how this child adored her. Only once did a slight doubt enter her mind, but Jacques' conduct quickly dispelled it. He treated her like an elder sister and did not mind appearing ridiculous in her eyes. To her this was sufficient proof that he was not in love. Anxious to warn him against life's snares, she continued to show him a calm, motherly affection, and the thought of having for Jacques any other

sentiment would have shocked her. After spending the greater part of an There, now, I'll shet right up, an you Must do the bes' ye kin;
I'll bait another hook or two
An cast 'em in ag'in.
I giss it's bes' to throw yer bait
An set an hump yer spine—
You've got to watch yer chance, an wait
Fer halibut on yer line.
—Yankee Blade.

Sexceedingly hot day indoors, they went one evening for their accustomed after dinner stroll in the fields. The setting sun poured its purple rays over the country, tingeing sky and meadows, houses and trees with fire. The ocean was mottled with red spots, forming bloody streaks.

Hardby a haystack's irregular cont stood out in melancholy profile agains? the sky

"Let's climb it!" said Jacques Marguerite gleefully clapped her hands. Jacques went on to reconnoiter. The seen in the neighborhood.

She began the ascent with great difficulty. Her feet would slip, her fingers lose their hold, while the bits of dry hay scratched her face. Her more sturdy companion followed and belved her along. Reaching the top, they sat down and man honored wherever he is known. looked at each other, then burst out laughing like schoolboys stealing fruit or serious persons caught in a foolish act.

The descent was more easily accomplished. The gayety had passed, and both opened books they had brought. Jacques lay flat on the ground, resting upon his elbow. Marguerite was stretched on a pile of hay which formed a sort of chaise longue. Her tiny feet just the following words related the history peeped from under the hem of her gown. The thin cloth shoes perfectly outlined her arched instep and delicate ankles. It was too hot to read. They were

both silent. Jacques' eyes were riveted

white throat was smooth as the surface of a lake. At every breath her bosom heaved, and the thin material of her dress swelled like a sail. Her whole personality exhaled the subtle perfume of elegance. It was the first time Just now the conversation had turned sorbed in their contemplation. Little with difficulty, and a languor crept over him. The heat of the day mounted to

his head and intoxicated him. The country around was resting after the day's heat. In the faroff fields womtheir heads toward the setting sun as toward a departing friend.

the cries of an angry voice. " exclaimed Mar-"The field guard

In the distance was a man gesticulating threateningly at this couple, who had pulled down his carefully stacked hay. Like two guilty children, their first costrils, his slender, refined hands—all thought was to fly from the ruined hay stack. The boy was up with one bound. But in her haste Marguerite lost her bal-

> and righted her. They ran across the field. For an in-stant they hid behind a large mound of earth, then made straight for the beach. Here they sought shelter in a hut used only by the customs officers and kept very still, fearing to give their pursuer

the alarm. Seated on the narrow bench Mme. Helm leaned against Jacques. She had never seemed so beautiful. Out of breath from the run her cheeks were red, her nostrils quivered. With bended neck and wide open eyes she listened in laugh-

his arm around her waist he drew closer to her. Turning to him in childish glee she said. "Jacques, we are saved!" It was the first time she had called him simply Jacques, and the boy lost his

wrist a passionate kiss. her like a knife. Had she shown too much affection for Jacques? Had she been guilty of coquetry toward him? The days of their intercourse flashed

through her memory, and she found her-Instantly she resolved by some cruelty which Jacques could not forgive to kill them with such benefit. He mentioned the love she had inspired. She cast upon the boy one last look of infinite tenderness; then, gathering all her strength for the deathblow, she said in her cold, beau-

gonaut From the French of Albert Guinon by Alice Ziska.

telephone. For ears that are not positively sound and healthy the telephone is regarded as being positively injurious and being mutually attracted learned to and even in a comparatively robust or Indian corn have also been tried, and know such other well. Every day after gan its continuous use may be followed almost every kind of moss can be made breakfast they walked on the quay, and by a formidable list of physical disturbthe boy made the young woman his con- ances, any one of which may become Marguerite heard his grave chronic. A sparing use of the instruspeeches with a smile and reciprocated ment is therefore advised by those whose by giving good advice with almost moth ears are sound, and an absolute abetention from it in those whose organs are weak or imperfect.-Cincinnati Enquirer

with the setting sun. The women com- R is usual to run three geese with a ing home would greet them with some gander; it is not considered too many ground to a pulp, then spread thinly over a frame and allowed to dry, the over a frame and allowed to dry, the subsequent treatment depending on sold, and the men bow, with a sort of prolific as the Toulouse, says The Poultry prolific as the Toulouse, says The Poultry World. Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U. S. Gov't Report

ABSOLUTELY PURE

JUDGE JOHN M. RICE TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED OF RHEUMATISM.

Orippled for Six Years With Sciatica in its Worst Form. He Expected to die but

was Saved in a Marvelous Manner. (From the Covington, Ky., Post.)

The Hon. John M. Rice, of Louisa, N. Y. Lawrence county, Kentucky, has for the past two years retired from active life as Criminal and Circuit Judge of the sixteenth Judicial District of Ken-

He has for many years served his native county and state in the legislaroad was deserted. No one was to be ture at Frankfort and at Washington, and, until his retirement was a noted figure in politics and Judicial circles. The Judge is well known throughout the state and possesses the best qualities which go to make a Kentucky gentle-

About six years ago the bodiy troubles which finally caused his retirement at a time when his mental sculties were in the zenith of their strength, began their encroachment upon his naturally strong constitution. A few days ago a Kentucky Post reporter called upon Judge Rice, who in of the causes that led to his retirement. "It is just about six years since I had an attack of rheumatism, slight at first, but soon developing into Sciatic rheuon Marguerite. Her red lips trembled matism, which began first with scute like a flower under the breeze. Her soft, shooting pains in the hips, gradually

extending downward to my feet. "My condition became so bad that I eventually lost all power of my legs, and hen the liver, kidneys and bladder and in fact, my whole system, became de-Jacques had noticed these charming de-tails, and unconsciously he became ab-physicians, but receiving no lasting physicians, but receiving no lasting benefit from them, I had recourse to by little his thoughts became confused; patent remedies, trying one kind aft r his soul rose to his eyes. He breathed another until I believe there were none another until I believe there were none I had not sampled.

"In 1888, attended by my son John, I went to Hot Springs, Ark. I was not much benefited by some months stay en were gathering potatoes, and near there when I returned home. My liver them little boys threw clods of earth at was actually dead, and a dull persistent each other. From time to time the cows pain in its region kept me on the rack lying on the grass would low and turn all the time. In 1890 I was reappointed Circuit Judge, but it was impossible for Suddenly through the silent fields rang me to give attention to my duties. In 189; I went to Siturian Springs, Wake-shaw, Wis. I stayed there some time so by beating a hand-bag, from which

but without improvement. "Again I returned home, this time feeling no hopes of recovery. The muscles of my limbs were now reduced atrophy to mere strings. Sciatic pains tortured me terribly, but it was the disordered condition of my liver that ance and fell. He caught her in his arms was I felt gradually wearing my life away. Doctors gave me up, all kinds of remedies had been tried without avail, and there was nothing more for me to do but resign myself to fate.

"I lingered on in this condition sustained almost entirely by stimulants until April, 1893. One day John saw an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for pale people in the Kentucky Post. This was something new, and as one more drug after so many others could not do so much harm, John prevailed upon me ing anxiety for the steps outside.

His ecstasy was complete. Putting to try the Piok Pills. It was, I think, the first week in May the pills rrrived. I remember I was not expected to live for more than three or four days at the time. The effect of the Pills, however, was marvelous and I could soon eat head; with a brusque movement he seized beartily, a thing I had not done for Marguerite's hand and imprinted on her years. The liver began almost instantaneously to perform its functions, and Very pale, she rose, not knowing what to say or think. A great remorse struck the pills saved my life and while I do not crave notriety I cannot refuse to

testify to their worth. The reporter called upon Mr. Hughes the Louisa druggist, who informed him that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, have been very popular, since Judge Rice used several who has found relief in their

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for pale people shows that they contain, street, has a neat barber shop and does work at popular prices, 25 cents shave or hair ont. These have been his chargnecessary to give new life and richness es for months. Don't forget him. to the blood and restore shattered nerves. The Use of the Telephone.

A caution emanates from a French medical school respecting the use of the paralysis. St Vitus' dance, sciatica, paralysis, St Vitus' dance, sciatica, H. Wade, Prop. T. W. AyersJr., agent. *

neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous head ache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sailow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50-they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady,

COST OF BRITISH DEFENSE. The Immense Expense Incurred by Eng-

land's Military Operations The British empire spends as a rule upon defense from \$250,000,000 to \$280,-000,000 a year, of which the military expenditure of India, with the indirect expenditure for the sake of India on

the mobile land forces at home, forms the largest item, says Sir C. W. Dilke, in North American Review. Almost the whole of this vast sum is expended out of British loans or taxes under the control of the parliament of the United Kingdom, and out of India taxes under the indirect control of the house of commons through the secretary of state, who is a member of the govern-ment of the day. This expenditure, although vast, although open to the reproach that it does not do more than maintain a fleet slightly superior to that of France, and an army of very small numbers, is a fleabite as com-pared (in its ill effect upon the wealth of the nation) with the military ex-penditure of Italy, or, in a less degree, with that of other continental powers. The evidences of the overpressure of taxation in India itself, many as they are, are slight in comparison with those which are present in the case of Italy; and it may be assumed therefore that, while the taxpayers of the United Kingdom and of India may make their voices heard in insisting upon better value for their money, the expenditure will not in itself be brought to an end

by bankruptcy. IMITATED A DOG TOO WELL. Powers of a Lancashire Ventriloquist Get

Him Into Trouble. An English professional ventrilo quist in Lancashire lately received what is perhaps as high a compliment to his professional powers as ever was ouid to one of his tribe, and yet, as Mr. Toole used to say, "he is not happy It appears from proceedings at the Wallassey petty sessions that this ventriloquist prided himself greatly on his skill in imitating the cries of a dog, and that one day, at Seacombe Ferry he agreed to give an exhibition of this the most agonizing cries, as of a dog appeared to come. The first result was that an old lady rushed at the ventriloquist and tried to hit him with an umbrella. She desisted when told it was a joke; but a man named Scott, a meat contractor, then rushed across the road, took the ventriloquist by the throat, and struck him on the face and head several times, inflicting injuries which led to erysipelas in the ear, for which the sufferer claimed damages In the witness box he repeated the sham dog-beating performance. For the defense it was contended that the defendant was genuinely deceived by the simulated agonies of the supposed dog, and had simply seized the bag in order to prevent further cruelty; and it was urged that any person playing such tricks in public must take the consequences. Finally the magistrate dismissed the case, but made no order

Information gathered by the German forestry commission assigns to the pine tree a life of 500 to 700 years as a maxi mum, 425 years to the silver fir, 275 years to the larch, 245 years to the red beech, 210 years to the aspen, 200 years to the birch, 170 years to the ash, 146 years to the alder and 130 years to the elm. The heart of the oak begins to rot

at about the age of 300 years. The

holm oak alone escapes this law. But

in England there are several famous old

oaks of gigantic proportions, and with

ages variously estimated at from 700 to

1,800 years. The latter age, however, seems incredible. Those owing us must do a little of what the Gazette has a great deal to occupy its time just now. Every little helps, and money we must have.

Green Mathews, east side of Main

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Used in Millions of Homes-40 Years the Standard.