OFFICIAL

Heppner



PAPER

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE GAZETTE

The paper of the people.

TWELFTH YEAR

HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1894.

SEMIWEEKLY GAZETTE.

Tuesdays and Fridays

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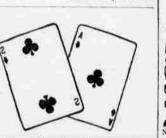
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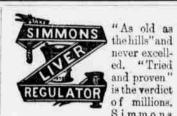
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The above are all fine editions of valable copyrights, and cannot be had in CHEAP Conpons must accompany the order to secure the reductions named.

RAW OYSTERS.

A Muca Relished Preprandial Dish of the Athenians and Romans. Raw oysters were eaten at Athens and Rome as a predrandial whet. Romans coated their cysters with honey and kept them until they were slightly putrid. The simple and clumsy methods of Apicius, the third celebrated glutton of the name, for preserving oysters was to wash them in vinegar and pack them in vessels coated with The oysters thus prepared, says the National Grocer, were sent from Britain to Emperor Trajan when in Parthia were considered "fresh" and have been sufficient to entitle this man's name to be handed down through twenty centuries. If he is to be deemed famous in direct proportion to the nastiness of his invention, he should be famous indeed. Brillat Savarin's preprandial what consisted of three or four dozen oysters. Laderte, whom he used to entertain my pockit," complained because he could not get his fill of oysters. Savaria latermined to give him cat's faction in this respect, dozen, when imports turned his atten-

tion to the dinner with powers unem-

BEFORE THE BLOSSOM

In the tassed time of spring
Love's the only song to sing.
Ere the ranks of solid shade
Hide the bluebird's ditting wing.
While in open forest glade
No mysterious sound or thing
Haunt of green has found or made,
Love's the only song to sing.

Though in May each bush be dressed Like a bride, and every nest Learn Love's joyous repetend. Yet the half told tale is best At the budding—with its end Much too secret to be guessed, And its fancies that attend April's passion unexpressed.

Love and Nature communing
Gave us Arcady. Still ring—
Vales across and groves among—
Wistful memories, echolog
Fan's faroff and fluty song.
Poet, nothing harsher eing:
1e, like Love and Nature, young
In the tasseltime of spring.
—Robert N. Johns

A STRUGGLIN CHIEL.

It's a' aboot my ainsel', when I was yet an"_ f auld Dunblane. Fayther's wee bit o' a cottage was by the noo famous cathe- oot. a cottage was by the noo famous cathe- oot. "Was it the pebble you lied to me dral ruins that are visited by tourists aboot, Jock?" frae a' parts. Some auld beeches pro- An I had to admit that it was. Oh, tected us frae the simmer's heat an win- the shame an sorrow o' w'at wad othergither afore our separation. But we life.

were sae puir i' those far back days!

Mother wore the same manteele year after year, an fayther's class an mine lad. He is as honest as you an his mither ware always a way and wish him on the course take. were always o' raploch, a vera coarse cloth. Yet oor chimla lug was a warm him a spot an I hae na seen its equal sin'. Fay-sent." ther was simply unlucky, an mither an

"Better bide at hame, laddie," she wad mifter a'?" whisper again an again. "Stay wi' fay-ther an me, an dinna fret." "But we'll a' be starvin," I wad argue i' turn. "Better let me gang awa' i'

search o' siller." "No. Jockie! Dinns think about it! Edinburgh is a braw town an a wicked one! Dunblane an the Allan are far better.

Sae, though I secretly rebelled, I still staid i' the auld home, wi' little to eat save waterbrose, which mither made o' meal an water, wi'oot the pleasant addition o' milk an butter.

An then cam' the struggle of which I maun tell, recht there i' Dunblane. I warked wi' fayther at any day's labor that cam' to his diligent hand, an one autumn mornin it chanced to be oot Kippenross way. We walked along the Allan i silence, niver ance lookin up at San Francisco the grand and beeches owreheid, for we were baith thinkin an thinkin hard. My cen were on the groun, or I wadna hae foun w'at I did. It was something brecht an shinin directly i' my path, an

stoopt an pockited it i' a flash "W'at was it?" askt fayther carelessly. "A braw bit o' a pebble," I answered.
"It can gae on mither's shelf." An wi

But mony times that day I drew forth wi' that he ganged awa', his braw plaid flyin back on the stiff mornin breeze. waited us. to walk alang the bonnie Allan. Perhaps disgrace the name you has given me!"

a hue and cry wad be raised aboot the "You has our blessing to tak' wi' you a hue and cry wad be raised aboot the lost jewel. Or it might has lain for to Edinburgh," said fayther. "Mither weeks, juist where I foun it, and there an me will forgie an try to forget if we wad be na further question. I the latter can, but it was a lie you told me, Jock; case I could gae to Edinburgh an sell my lucky find, an sae get a start i' life, such tempted again say to yoursel', 'I told think how wrang it wad a be, for I had tell anither!" but my ain selfish advancemen' in view.

"Where's the pebble you foun for kisst me ance mair.
mither, Jock?" askt fayther that nicht. "I maun hae lost it again," I stammered, for it was my first lie to either him or mither. I wanted to tell them the trowth then an' there, but yet I kep' it back because I was sae plackless, for they wad baith say, "Your pebble may prove a diamond, an you maun find its rightfu' owner, Jockie Blacklock!" But that wasna at a' to my notion, an I stole out under the moon an stars instead, to be alsne wi' my struggle 'tween recht and wrang. An ivry ance an awhile I wad leuk the stane in my pockit owre. Wat a sparkle it had! Perhaps it was whose was it? Weel, I hoped then that I might never ken.

But the vera next nicht, as I cam' slow from work along the Allan, I saw a man i'a braw velvet plaid seerchin' rade 4-5.
Low'sy Groves, reverie for plano,
Low's Groves, reverie for pl He had a blackthorn stick i' his han, an he was scatterin the beech leaves recht an lef. A second glance tauld me it was auld Laird Kinross, o' Edinburgh, who had a shootin box near by. He didna leuk up at my approach, an l juist stood an watched him i' silence. wanted to pass on, but somehow I couldna do it, for the brecht thing he seercht for was in my pockit. Conscience whispers. "Be honest an true, Jock Blacklock!" But satan shoutit: "Keep the auld laird's stane! He has many anither, an this ane will gie you a stert i' Edinburgh." Sae I hesitated for a

spell. But Laird Kinross lenkt up at las'. "My gude lad," he said kindly, "I hae lost a diamond o' mooch value. It was yestermorn when we cam' through to the hunt, an it was recht here by the Allan. Perhaps you has heard o' its findin."

An the gude Gou about god me strength to answer. "I has, my laird."

His keen gray een quickly leukt me owre. "You may hae foun it your ain-An I answered again: "I did that, my faird, an here is your precious stane. It has been a load on my heart an conscience, though light as a bit feather i'

be tule it frae my tremblin han." "Yes, my laird." "But you has been an honest lad for a' that, an I shall reward you as you de-Wat is your name?"

"Jock Blacklock, my laird." "Aye, may hap a descendant o' the pair poet Burns' gude friend, Dr. B.ackiock.*
"I dinna ken. I fear na," I returned. "I am juist the son o' my fayther, James Blacklock, an he is Dunblane born." "How wad you like to gae to Edin-

burgh?" he speirt next.

My heart gied a great boun. "It's the ane wish o' my life!" I cried.

The old laird smiled. "Ane o' my

friens there is a banker. He needs an honest lad o' your am age, an you shall hae the place as sune as you wish. I fell on my knees i' gratitude, but he bid me rise at ance. "Hae you a mither, Jock?" he speirt again.

"Then tak' me to her an we'll arrange aboot the Edinburgh matter." I led the way to oor cottage wi' falter-

"Ave, my laird."

as was her humble fashion. "I am Laird Kinross," the auld nobleman began. "Your son Jock foun an re-stored to me the diamond I had lost,

But juist here my ain fayther stepped

ter's cauld, an we were vera hoppy the- wise has bin the proodest minute o' my

would wish him, an I has come to tak' him awa' to Edinburgh, wi' your con-Fayther leukt at mither, mither leukt

ther was simply unlucky, an mither an me offen suffered i' consequence. Sae little o' beuk learnin fell to my share, nor did I blame my parents fer it. But o' them i' the een, because o' yestreen's I had my ain way to mak', an I sune resolved that I wad gae to Edinburgh to mak' it. But puir mither wasna willin.

Tayther leukt at mither, mither leukt at mither, an then they baith leukt at mither, mither leukt at mither an mither leukt at mither leukt at mither, mither leukt at mither leukt

if he will but tak' it, wi' your permis-

"Oh, Jockie!" sighed mither, "I wad has staked my ain life on your trowth. "He shall mak' a fresh start!" pit i' the gude auld laird. "An you maun trust

him again for his youth's sake!"

"Jock's a steady goin lad, but the finding o' the diamond turned his heid. It was his first lie, an"-"It shall be my las'l" I cried, wi' a

'That we will, mither!" cried fayther.

burst o' tears. Mither kissed me then, an Laird Kinross tuk frae his pockit a heavy purse, also pittin a han fu' o' gowd on the ha' table. "It's for Jock's coffit an his findin o' my diamond," he said. "Dinns re-fuse it! the laddie deserves it a'; an on the morrow he shall gae wi' me to Edinburgh.' Sae fayther an mither thanked him

heartily, but I couldns say a word. son to you, an one you will niver forget. that we hurried on to the wark that God keep you a' till the morrow!" An

> sae far awa', an they often cam' | honest to the day o' my death an ne'er always remember that. When you are

> > "Nor will I," I cried sadly, as mither

I went to Edinburgh the next day wi' Laird Kinross, as agreed upon. Mr. Brayham, the banker, proved a gude maister. My position at the first was a lowly ane, but step by step I rose, as any ither laddie can an will. Laird Kinross' generous handfu' o' gowd kept fayther and mither free frae want till I was able to help them my ainsel'. I cam' to America at las', and they didna hesitate to come wi' me. I prospered here also an am noo called a mon o means. But the foundation o' my success was laid the autumn mornin I reworth a bundred pounds or mair! An stored to Laird Kinross his braw dia-

mond against my own selfish desire. Fayther and mither died five years apart, an they baith died blessing me. "You have been a gude son," they said i' turn, "honest an true, as you promist. God keep you, Jockie, to the en

An their loving blessing follows me still like a constant benediction. Surely they are watchin and waitin aboon. An I maun meet them there.—Mrs. Finley Braden in New York Observer.

Proper Ventilation of Rooms. There are various contrivances for ventilating rooms, all of which are more or less expensive and a large majority of hem quite worthless. The best way to ventilate a room is by means of open dres. However, open fires are not suficiently warm in winter, and there are few houses that are provided with the ideal heating arrangement of modified steam heat with grates. Lacking this and indeed under any circumstances, a deeping room or a sitting room should be, so to put it, washed out with pure sir every day.

Whatever the temperature outside, every window should be opened, and the outer air allowed to pour through it from ten to twenty minutes each day. As a rule rooms are kept too warm. No room should be kept heated beyond a temperature of 68 degs. The system of a person living in a superheated atmosphere becomes so vitiated that it shivers at the slightest change and takes cold on Upon which I replied, 'My good woman,' or that "You wanted to keep it?" he spelrt as

> Cowley, who died in 1967, made a remark applicable to new as well as old Books on love and the relation of the England about his surprise "to see ladies | sexes, whether from the standpoint of a wear such high shoes that they cannot man or a woman, are generally excesswalk in without one to lead them."

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

A Terrible dans

"Were you ever troubled with the thought while you walked along some street," said Charles Ebert, "that some how you ought not to step on the cracks ing footstep. I had lied to fayther aboot the "pebble," an how could I confess it ment or the boards of the walk? You a' to mither? She met us at the door-stane wi' wond'rin een, courtesyin low. That is the meanest habit to form. Cigarette smoking is bad, and cigars are expensive and so had also. Tobacco chewing is abominable and drinking is killing, but the crack dodging habit is the worst of all. If I could exchange this miserable feeling that possesses me when I walk along the streets for any one of those habits—providing I didn't possess all of them already-I would do

it instantly. "I will start out of a morning for a pleasant stroll, just to see the beauty of nature, and unconsciously I will begin to step over all cracks. Then I will accidentally step on one, and all my prospective pleasure is gone—simply dispelled and driven away by that one mis-erable thought of utter uselessness that I have stepped on a crack. I have started for home of a nighttime fairly tired and conscious of duties well done, purposing to enjoy a long, sound sleep.

Again I fall into the desire to avoid step-

ping on those miserable partition lines.
"If I succeed in avoiding all of them, I rest beautifully, but if not then I go "Yes," said Laird Kinross, "a gude home and have a restless, nervous sleep place I an Edinburgh bank awaits him in which there is no satisfaction whatever. Of all the diabolical mental inventions that go to break up a man's happiness and peace of mind this one mental status of avoiding cracks is the most consummate that any evil genius could afflict a man with."-St. Louis

Globe-Democrat.

Sandwich Islanders and Their Ills. When a Kanaka feels a bit out of sorts he imagines that he has not been diligent enough in his devotions to some particular god. He immediately procures a bunch of awa or something in the nature of a comforting drink, and after a short prayer to his mountain or river deity he murmurs apologetically, "Here's your food" or "Here's your drink," as the case may be. Then he devours the solids or liquids himself. If the Kanaka's health improves, the god is appeared. If sickness still creeps over him, he turns to the Kahuna. One of the guild is im-Laird Kinross pit his ungloved han on my worthless heid at parting—"Puir laddie," he said. "It will be a gude lesson to you, an one you will him. the Kahuna begins preparing to drive

out the sickness or the evil spirit.

Preston S. Brooks came to MassaThe patient is stripped and laid flat, chusetts, says the Boston Herald. It waited us.

But mony times that day I drew forth
the stane an leukt it owre. That it was
mair than a pebble I had kenned at first
ther an mither. "Forgie!" I cried. "I
had deceived you baith! But it shall na
was its owner? There were lairds an
ladies na sae far awa', an they often cam'
honest to the day o' my death an ne'er

with that be ganged awa', his braw plaid
flyin back on the stiff mornin breeze.
Then I turned me quick to dear faymair than a pebble I had kenned at first
ther an mither. "Forgie!" I cried. "I
had with a bunch of ti leaves the Kahuna rubs him all over, murmuring
in the town of North Bridgewater,
meaningless words the while. If the
Kanaka gets well, the Kahuna's infinmittee of citizens had been chosen
ence is increased. If the Kanaka dies, he
was a doomed man anyhow, and the Kahonest to the day o' my death an ne'er
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honest to the day o' covertly, and the Kahunas keep under cover.—Horolulu Cor. Chicago Tribune.

An English Duke Receives a Tip. The English journals mention an amusing epilogue of a pilgrimage to Rome. Just after the last train which brought the pilgrims back to London had entered the Victoria station an old lady burdened with packages was with difficulty trying to find a carriage when a middle aged man, simply dressed, ap-

proached and offered his services. Thinking she had to do with one of the employes, the good woman gave him her bundles, which the obliging man carried to the end of the station and then, hailing a cab, placed the old lady and her impedimenta within, and giving the driver the address she had indicated, called to him to drive on. As the car-riage was about to roll off the woman placed a fee of twopence in the hand of the man who had rendered her the serv-

He was simply the Duke of Norfolk The duke pocketed the twopence, thinking the adventure very original. over, it was the first time in his life that he had ever earned any money by his

own labor. Model City to Be Built. A "City of the Future," such as Bel-lamy dreamed of, will be shown at the World's fair of Paris, which is planned

for the year 1900. The Inventions Nouvelles proposes a departure from the usual toy arrange-ment of miniature models, Eiffel towers, etc., and advocates the erection of a city on a site sufficiently large to illustrate practically all the most prominent new inventions, as well as the fruits of modern electro technique. The cost of erecting this future model city is to be covered by renting out the houses, hotels. etc., as well as all the stores to the exhibitors. At the close of the exposition the entire site, with buildings, etc., will be utilized as the nucleus for a new quarter of the city of Paris,-Philadel-

On the Subject of Dress.

"I have not much time to think of dress," said Mrs. Bentham Edwards in an interview, "and I was greatly amused by the remark of a former old landlady, who, anxious that I should look my best at some social gathering, remarked austhe least provocution .- New York Tele- if all folks dressed according to their talents, two-thirds, I fear, would go but scautily clothed.""

ively stinid and exasperating.

KNOCKED THE BRIDE SENSELESS

Only an Unfortunate Incident Growing Out of a Bridal Custom. A well-known New York drummer returning from a southern trip relates the following story as of actual occurrence at a negro wedding in Char-

leston, S. C.: After the ceremony had been concluded in the most approved style the groom, who was employed at one of the phosphate mines, a few miles from the city, bundled his bride into a rude cart, loaded some household effects into it and prepared, among salvos of cheers and best wishes, to take her

At this stage in the proceedings one darky, who had traveled and been present as a waiter at the wedding of some white folks, suggested that the proper thing to do was to throw shoes after the departing couple as they

drove away.

The idea took immensely, and such a scrambling as followed when the colored belles and beaux began to divest their feet of boots and shoes of various sizes and weights! Many of the men had no stockings on beneath their shoes, but that made no difference. They all hung back, suppressing heir enthusiasm until the happy groom brought a bale stick down on the back of the mule and started his

bridal trip. Then with a howl of joy the guests burst forth and began a fusillade which was by no means relished by the happy pair. The air was filled with flying mis-siles. One gigantic boot struck the groom in the small of the back and drew from him a wild yell of agony. Another hurtling through the air with

unerring aim struck the bride full on the head and knocked her senseless. This was too much for the groom. Leaping from his cart, with his hale stick in hand, he set about to thrush every one of the guests. As might be inferred, a wild riot ensued, or was about to, when a policeman came up and put a stop to it. Nothing, how-ever, could appease the dusky groom until the officer assured him that he was not the victim of an indignity, but merely the object of a bridal custo such as white folks always observed.

IGNORANT SPIRITS

They Had Not Kept Up with the Latest Obitoary News.

A friend relates to me an incident. that occurred on the evening of the day when the news of the death of huna did his best. Such of the Kanakas ask questions and otherwise represent as patronize a Kahuna nowadays do it the andience in the interest of candid investigation. Jacob W. Crosby, a well-known citizen, was one of the committee. He was to do the questioneommittee. He was to do the placetory ing. After a few introductory in-quiries, to which replies were made by the regulation one, two or three raps, Mr. Crosby astounded the spirit world

by the query: "Is the spirit of Preston S. Brooks present?" There was no reply and the question was repeated. Then there were some hesitating raps at the table, but it could not be determined whether the answer was in the affirmative or the negative.

"You know that he is dead, don't you?" shouted the committeeman. The answer by raps was now disinetly "no." "Well, he is, thank God!" yelled 'Uncle Jake," who was wrought up or great excitement, as he struck the

table with his ponderous fist; "and you had better make a note of it." HER BEST.

Pathetic Instances of the Child's Instinct for Fun.

Mrs. Molesworth, who writes a movng article in Woman's Work, concernng the necessity of obtaining "fun. food and fresh air" for all classes of children, says that there are among London's poor thousands of little one who never had a toy. Yet still the child's instinct to "make

selieve" surmounts every practical ob-

stacle, and there is a true story of one little sufferer from a chronic disease whose only plaything were the spots of damp on the wall beside her bed. She played they were real and alive; she gave them names and imaginary qualities. Another true story showed how far the little candle of a wise and loving word may throw its beams. A teacher

was trying to impress upon her little pupils some idea of the real meaning of giving.
"Whatever it may be," she said, "our offering to God should be of our best,

at a Sunday school for London's poor

of what we prize most." In one baby heart her words found ready response. Next day a little creature consided her offering to the teacher; it was a carefully tied package, containing a few grains of rice This was her most precious and perhaps her only treasure.

Bride, of Orange, Va., as a team. In winter they are attached to an ice-boat and draw him over the ice at a speed of a mile in forty-eight seconds.

A FLOCK of geese is used by Dr. Me-

THE condor soars higher than any other known species of bird, spending nine-tenths of its life floating above the rarifled atmosphere at a height of over three miles above the level of the sea.

time menti