

OFFICIAL SEMI-WEEKLY PAPER Heppner Gazette.

The man who tries to advertise With printer's ink consistent, One word must learn nor from it turn, And that one word's persistent.

THIRTEENTH YEAR

HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1895.

WEEKLY NO. 622 SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 225

SEMIWEEKLY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED Tuesdays and Fridays

THE PATTERSON PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.

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

UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY--LOCAL CARD.

No. 9, mixed, leaves Heppner 3:30 p. m. daily except Sunday. Arrives at Willows Junction 6:20 p. m.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

United States Officials. President... Grover Cleveland Vice-President... Adlai Stevenson Secretary of State... John M. Sherman

SECRET SOCIETIES.

J. H. FELL, M. D., Physician & Surgeon.

LUMBER!

SCOTT SAWMILL.

L. HAMILTON, Prop.

D.A. Hamilton, Manager

PATENTS

THE COMPASS COMPANY.

RIPANS & TABULES

GIFFENBERG BROS.

O.R.&N. EAST TO THE EAST GIVES THE CHOICE

Of Two Transcontinental ROUTES GREAT UNION NORTHERN RY. PACIFIC RY.

Ocean Steamers Leave Portland Every 5 Days For

SAN FRANCISCO.

QUICK TIME!

San Francisco

Southern Pacific Co.

MARLIN REPEATING RIFLES

CHICKEN RAISING PAYS

The "ERIE"

FREE

THE NEW YORK MUSICAL ECHO CO.

PATENTS

THE COMPASS COMPANY.

RIPANS & TABULES

GIFFENBERG BROS.

PATENTS

RIPANS & TABULES

GIFFENBERG BROS.

TAKE THE BEST CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S GURE

THE GREAT HUDYAN

WHAT YOUR THUMB TELLS

THE "ERIE"

FREE

THE COMPASS COMPANY.

FREE

THE COMPASS COMPANY.

FREE

THE COMPASS COMPANY.

FREE

THE COMPASS COMPANY.

FREE

THE COMPASS COMPANY.

FREE

THE COMPASS COMPANY.

ANOTHER ORIENTAL WAR

Imminence of a Struggle Between Holland and Lombok.

An Island in the Dutch East Indies That is Contesting the Supremacy of the Netherlands--History of the Trouble.

Besides the war between China and Japan the orient is the scene of another war. The sovereigns who are contending for the mastery are the fourteen-year-old Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and Balinese Rajah, who claims sovereignty over the island of Lombok, Dutch East Indies.

The contest, writes Thomas Parie Gordon in Golden Days, is not an unequal one as might at first be supposed; for the young queen's troops have met with such serious reverses as to cast a gloom over the whole kingdom.

The queen's birthday was to have been celebrated on a grand scale at The Hague, August 31, but on account of the losses sustained by her troops at Lombok she gave orders to abandon the usual festivities.

For over half a century the Dutch have exercised sovereignty over Lombok, in trying to discipline whose oriental ruler their troops have met with so disastrous a defeat; but this sovereignty has been merely nominal, the latter a strict Brahmin--has been for some years trying to rid himself entirely of the Dutch influence in his country's affairs, and recently, with this end in view, he tried to secure the support of the British government.

That was about four months ago. When he found that his efforts were ineffectual he procured a small flotilla of naval vessels, and made other warlike preparations.

The Dutch authorities protested against such proceedings, but the rajah paid no attention to them. War was then declared, and three battalions of the colonial army were sent against him, with artillery, and five men-of-war to support them, to teach the oriental potentate a lesson. But the Dutch, instead of teaching him a lesson, met with overwhelming defeat, as has been recorded in the cable dispatches which have been received at this writing. There had been bloody battles before in the East Indies, but never have Europeans been so badly beaten.

Lombok--called Tanah Sasek by the natives and Selaprang by the Balinese--is an island group, lying against the east of Java, with the island of Bali intervening. It has an area of about 2,998 square miles, which is watered by numerous small streams, scarcely any of which are navigable, and dotted over with many mountain lakes.

There are two mountain ranges, between which is a well-watered plain, wholly planted with rice, the hillside producing coffee and Indian corn. The scenery throughout the island is beautiful--forested mountains and thorny jungles alternating with the rich alluvial plains, which are cultivated like gardens under an ancient and elaborate system of irrigation.

To the naturalist, Lombok is of peculiar interest as the frontier island of the Australian region, with its cockatoos and mound-builders and bee-eaters and ground-thrushes. The population is about half a million.

There can be little doubt as to the outcome of the war. While the rajah may be able to keep off the Dutch for months and years, sooner or later Wilhelmina's troops must be victorious.

At best, the war can only cause her the loss of that one island, although if all the other Dutch colonies, encouraged by the outcome of the war in Lombok, should link hands and revolt, their independence would probably result.

It is interesting to call attention to the colonies of Holland, this little European kingdom, with an area of but 12,649 square miles and a population of 4,669,576--which is about the area of Delaware and Maryland together, and half a million less than the population of the state of Pennsylvania--rules a colonial territory of 796,137 square miles, with a population of 33,000,000.

The colonial possessions fall naturally into two groups--the East Indian archipelago including Java, Madura, Bali, Lombok, Sumatra, the Moluccas, Celebes, Timor, parts of Borneo, and the western part of New Guinea--and the West Indies, the chief of which are Dutch Guiana and Curacao. Holland once had considerable territory on the coast of Guinea, but this was disposed of by sales to Great Britain in 1872.

Queen Wilhelmina, whose birthday festivities were abandoned on account of the Dutch reverses in the East Indies, was born August 31, 1880, and succeeded to the throne on the death of her father, King William III., on November 23, 1890.

She is now a fine, tall girl of fourteen. Her birthday festivities last year, by her special desire, took the form of school treats on a very large scale. Next winter the young queen is to figure on a new issue of coins and stamps, with her hair done up in a womanly fashion.

THE GARIBOLDI'S FINERY. She Twists Her Young Husband Round Her Fingers in a Delightful Way.

Her Finery is a Delightful Way. She has been hearing some very pretty stories of the young czar's kind heart and benevolent instincts, and the manner in which she is alleged to be twisting the czar round her fingers is described as perfectly delightful from an English standpoint. With all

her graces and virtues, however, Alexandra Feodorovna has a woman's love for finery and trinkets, and she is indulging in it to the utmost. She has just given a Copenhagen jeweler a truly regal order for a diamond coronet and a necklace of oriental pearls. The coronet, which is to be framed of Greek crosses and worn in the Grecian knot of her hair, will cost two hundred and forty thousand dollars, and the necklace will be worth three hundred and forty thousand dollars.

Besides the rich jewels that belong of right to the czarina, presents galore are pouring in upon the young empress. The shah of Persia sent her a superb pearl necklace, which has quite a history of its own. In reaching the Russian capital, says a society tatter, this necklace only returns to its original home. It originally belonged to Catherine the Great, who was so fond of it that she used to sleep with it around her neck.

But greatly attached to it though she was, Catherine for some reason or other gave it to one of her two Orloff favorites, who took it first to Germany and then to Paris with him. In the French capital he met with that extraordinary adventurer, St. Germain, the magician, who went into the best circles, was a great favorite with the king, and, in fact, ruled the court society of the day. This brilliant charlatan, who used to assert that he was over eight hundred years old and had known the Saviour in Jerusalem, bought this necklace from Orloff and sold it to the czarina empress.

Thus it found its way to the land of the lion and the sun, whence it is now returned to the land of the bear.

DAINTY POWDER PUFFS. Cost the Lives of Nearly Twenty Thousand Young Swans Every Year.

A new count in the indictment against woman in the matter of her envying plumage ornamentation is found in the way in which it is said the needs of her dressing table are supplied.

An English journal warns the London ladies that their powder puffs, those airy necessities of the toilet, are heavy with the blood of slaughtered innocents.

It is stated that as many as twenty thousand young swans--egrets, as they are called--are killed every year to supply this dainty stuff, to say nothing of innumerable young birds of the elder duck and wild goose variety. The bulk of these are imported--the swan and geese from the islands of the Baltic and from Norway and Sweden, and the elders from the northern and more icebound seas.

One egret will make nearly a dozen average-sized "puffs," which shows how many women must be, to a greater or less extent, addicted to the use of powder.

The puff trade is highly profitable, as may be judged from the fact that the down of egret costs a little more than twenty-five cents, the poor creature often being plucked alive so that it may bear another crop, while the puffs are sold at from seventy-five cents upward, nicely mounted in bone and blue or pink satin, which amounts to comparatively nothing.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

Karnes, once a famous family of oil operators, had their home, and some of them live there and throughout yet. One of these is Henry Karnes. The other day, early in the morning, he heard his pig, which had reached the proper condition for killing, squealing in such an agonizing way in the pen that he knew something was wrong with it.

Karnes' first thought was bear, for now and then, even at this late date, bears venture from the distant woods to the sleepy towns in that part of the valley and try their skill on pigs and sheep. So Karnes took his gun and hurried to the pig pen. But instead of bears rats were the impudent invaders of the pig pen and hungry assailants of the pig.

The sty was simply alive with rats. The pig was prostrate on the floor of the pen, and literally covered with this horde of rats, which were squealing, fighting among themselves for vantage ground on the fat porker, and gnawing at his head to his rump. To fire his gun into the swarming rats would be the endangering of the pig, and thinking that a prompt and vigorous attack on the rats would put them to flight, he clubbed his gun and began mauling right and left with it. The pig had plainly made a desperate fight against its assailants for scores of rats lay dead about the pen. The moment Karnes nipped into the rats those in the outer ranks turned on him. They came at him in such force that he was unable to fight them off, and after a brief attempt to hold his ground he turned and fled. Hastening back to the house he drew the buckshot from his gun and loaded it with fine shot. Returning to the pen, he gave the great body of rats, shooting along the side of the pig as he did not to injure it, the charge of both barrels. Many of them were swept down before it, but their places were quickly taken by others. Karnes fired five times. The rats that were left still held their ground.

The shots had attracted the attention of the neighbors, who ran to the place to see what was going on. This arrival of reinforcements alarmed the rats, and the survivors retreated, scampering away in all directions. The pig was dead. The flesh had been stripped from it clear to the bone in many places. Its eyes had been plucked out, and its heart half eaten in two. A half-bushel basketful of dead rats were taken from the pen. Where the rodents came from so suddenly in such great numbers is not known. None of them has been seen since.

Famous for Its Canoes. Tighman's island, a part of Talbot county, Md., and connected with the mainland by a bridge, is famous in the Chesapeake region for its canoes. The island is about three square miles in area, and is densely populated by a hardy race of eastern shore men, who gain their living in the waters of the bay. When law on the laws of Maryland interfere with their ordinary pursuits, the Tighman's islanders build canoes, and do it admirably well. The true Chesapeake canoe is still a dugout. Sometimes two or three logs are hollowed for the purpose and joined together. The result is a remarkably staunch boat, good in all waters, and almost indestructible.

Founder of the Japanese Navy. The founder of the Japanese navy was an Englishman named Will Adams, who went to the eastern seas as a pilot of a Dutch fleet in 1598, and was cast away in Japan a couple of years later. He became a Japanese noble and constructor of the navy to the tycoon, but was never allowed to return to England. He died about twenty years after, very ingeniously leaving half of his property to his wife and family in England and the other half to his wife and family in Japan. After his death he was deified. A few years ago his tomb and that of his Japanese wife were discovered.

Slightly Changed. A young Colorado mining engineer, who will call himself "Drew," was once seated in a chair in a Denver barber shop undergoing a shave. The talk turned on the case of a man who, being on trial for murder, had been recognized by visitors to the courtroom as a young theological student from a middle state, where he had been the possessor of a spotless reputation and a totally different name. The conversation thereupon drifted to the subject of changed identities. Morton's barber rubbed the razor on the strop reflectively and said: "Yes, it's surprising how many men change their names after they get out west. By the way, Morton, what was your name back east?" "Mister Morton," was the quiet reply.

Machine-Made Speeches. Turned Out with Marvellous Rapidity by a Recent English Invention.

There is no doubt that both the typewriting machine and the phonograph are very ingenious and useful inventions, but the chief difficulty with them, says the New York Times, is that they cannot be made to act automatically. It is in order to fill this want that a distinguished inventor, whose name is for the present withheld, has invented an automatic writer, and, judging from the private exhibition of the machine which was recently given in London to a committee of members of the Royal society, it bids fair to prove the greatest invention of the age or any age.

In appearance the machine is said to be not wholly unlike a typewriting machine. It, however, is provided with a sort of hopper, in which are placed blocks of metal, each one of which is provided with a complete word, instead of a single letter. When this hopper is filled and the small electric engine which furnishes the motive power of the machine is set in action it instantly begins to print. Of course, what is printed depends in a good degree upon the selection of words which are placed in the hopper, but it is understood the machine can be used for almost any sort of composition.

At the exhibition already mentioned the hopper was filled with a supply of words relating to the English political situation, and in ten minutes after the engine had been started the machine had printed two full columns, each of about the length of an ordinary column of a newspaper. When these were read they were instantly recognized to be a speech on home rule in the general style of Mr. Gladstone. The hopper was next filled with a choice selection of the very finest words in the language, and the machine thereupon printed what was at once perceived to be an essay after the manner of Mr. Ruskin on political economy. More words were added and three pages of what any critic would have unhesitatingly accepted as a passage from a new novel by Mr. Meredith delighted the committee. The last experiment was made with the hopper filled with words taken from the slang Dictionary and the result was a story in dialect which was held to be superior to almost any dialect story hitherto published.

RATS ON THE RAMPAGE. They Invade a Farmer's Premises and Destroy His Cattle.

The village of President, an old-time petroleum center, is in the Oil creek of Pennsylvania. There is where the

WHIPPED HER DRESSMAKER.

An Exasperated Customer's Patience Worn Out--Justified in Court. A case was recently tried in a justice's court in Pittsburgh which, if established as a precedent, will lead to a notable reform, says the Washington Star. One woman employed another to make a dress for her, and in spite of repeated calls and constant protestations that she had nothing to wear that did not make her look like a perfect fright, the dressmaker continued to delay the manufacture of the gown with that calm and superior scorn so many of the class affect. The customer at last grew desperate and in a moment of frenzied anger sallied into the dressmaker and punished her physically in a hair-pulling, face-scratching, hysterical, womanly way. The assault was arrested and tried before a justice, who promptly dismissed the action. The possibility that other courts may follow a similar course in similar cases awakens a glad tone of hope in the heart. When a woman can take out of her dressmaker or a man out of his tailor substantial repayment of soul for the vexation and disappointment incident upon the averting delay in finishing a dress or a suit the millenium will surely be getting close to its place in the calendar.

SCOTCH PATRIOTISM.

Sawney Was "Wet" But He Was Also Full of Fight. The Scotch of the present day are patriotic, but not inclined to militarism. The recruiting sergeant goes among starving crofters and idle workmen, but he finds few willing to take the royal shilling and serve their country as soldiers. A writer in the Scotch Review says that this reluctance to enlist, shown by Scotchmen, is due to a craze for personal independence and to a rooted dislike to strict discipline. "We'll no pairt with our liberty!" is Sawney's response to the appeal to follow his country's flag. By way of contrast to this reluctance, the writer tells an incident illustrative of the martial spirit which animated the young Scotch recruit of former days.

The intended recruit was brought up to the orderly-room for inspection by the commanding officer of the regiment. On being measured, he was found to be a trifle under the regimental standard of height.

He was a strong built and likely-looking young fellow, and therefore the colonel reluctantly decided that he could not be accepted. Expressing his regret, he told the recruit that he was too short to be enlisted.

"O colonel," exclaimed the excited recruit, "ye'll surely no turn me back! I'm wee, but I'm wicked." ("Wicked" was Scotch for spunky, mettled.) The colonel stretched a point and passed him.

Only 50c. Read This All Through. THE QUEEN OF FASHION

Illustrating The Celebrated McCall Bazar Patterns

Established Twenty-Five Years.

You may think you cannot afford another paper. You cannot afford to be without it. The Queen of Fashion will actually save you from fifty to five hundred times as much by its help, "How to make over old dresses, and how to make it, etc., etc." The way to begin real economy.

OUR SPECIALTY. \$10.00 to \$15.00 paid in full. Just how to do it. All the latest styles in every kind of dress, from the simple to the most elaborate. The Queen of Fashion is the only paper of the kind. A valuable, clean household paper for only 50c. a year.

THE QUEEN OF FASHION

Illustrating The Celebrated McCall Bazar Patterns

Established Twenty-Five Years.

You may think you cannot afford another paper. You cannot afford to be without it. The Queen of Fashion will actually save you from fifty to five hundred times as much by its help, "How to make over old dresses, and how to make it, etc., etc." The way to begin real economy.

OUR SPECIALTY. \$10.00 to \$15.00 paid in full. Just how to do it. All the latest styles in every kind of dress, from the simple to the most elaborate. The Queen of Fashion is the only paper of the kind. A valuable, clean household paper for only 50c. a year.

THE QUEEN OF FASHION

Illustrating The Celebrated McCall Bazar Patterns

Established Twenty-Five Years.

You may think you cannot afford another paper. You cannot afford to be without it. The Queen of Fashion will actually save you from fifty to five hundred times as much by its help, "How to make over old dresses, and how to make it, etc., etc." The way to begin real economy.

OUR SPECIALTY. \$10.00 to \$15.00 paid in full. Just how to do it. All the latest styles in every kind of dress, from the simple to the most elaborate. The Queen of Fashion is the only paper of the kind. A valuable, clean household paper for only 50c. a year.

THE QUEEN OF FASHION

Illustrating The Celebrated McCall Bazar Patterns

Established Twenty-Five Years.

You may think you cannot afford another paper. You cannot afford to be without it. The Queen of Fashion will actually save you from fifty to five hundred times as much by its help, "How to make over old dresses, and how to make it, etc., etc." The way to begin real economy.

OUR SPECIALTY. \$10.00 to \$15.00 paid in full. Just how to do it. All the latest styles in every kind of dress, from the simple to the most elaborate. The Queen of Fashion is the only paper of the kind. A valuable, clean household paper for only 50c. a year.

THE QUEEN OF FASHION

Illustrating The Celebrated McCall Bazar Patterns