



SALEM proposes to rebuild her woolen mill, and Salem will do it. Right vigorous "hog," that.

The big Owyhee ditch, over in Malheur county, Ore., and Owyhee county, Idaho, is completed. It reclaims a vast body.

A big snow-storm is reported in the Eastern states, attended with a terrific gale of wind. The destruction of property is considerable.

The man who says that the "silver lunatics" are all dead either doesn't know what he is talking about or is warbling through his millinery.

The Nicaragua canal should be constructed at an early date by this government. It would work a wonderful benefit to the entire country.

The Torrens land system was adopted in Cook county, Ill., last election. It simplifies conveyances and prevents so-called defects of titles.

It would not be surprising if Oregon's republican delegates should cast their votes in national convention for a western man, and probably that man will be Allison.

Two debauchers of young girls under sixteen years of age, J. C. Wangeman and Dr. Geo. Monroe, have been apprehended at Portland for crimes committed in that city.

CORBETT has given up the ring forever and has conferred the championship on Peter Maher. It is more than likely that Maher and Fitzsimmons will meet in the near future.

The Arlington Record in a recent issue suggests that the Gazette has begun its free special campaign. This is no silver hobby of the Gazette's, but it does seek to express its own ideas of what it believes to be right.

Those Americans who have been sojourning recently in Turkey claim that Minister Terrill's conduct is shameful and that he ought to be removed, and one preacher in Jefferson City, Mo., says he should be hanged. Mr. Terrill is to be heard from yet.

LLOYD MONTGOMERY, the Brownsville murderer, has confessed to the killing of his father and mother, in addition to his former confession in which he said that he shot McKeecher. He is only sixteen years of age, and his youthfulness may save his neck, but he cannot expect less than a life sentence.

SENATOR THURSTON says the West is for McKinley. Perhaps they are, but Senator Thurston is a mighty small man any way you take him, except when it comes to filling his pockets, to know so much. The solicitor of the Union Pacific, that was, has no right to presume to represent anything but the corporations.

MORE bonds will be sold soon, the proceeds of which will be devoted to pay running expenses of the government. It is a simple problem of mathematics that if one pays out more than they are getting in, they must borrow to keep up or go broke. But if even this is followed up right along without effort to change the conditions, what then?

IN AN effort to down its competitor, the O. R. & N., the Southern Pacific has made a sweeping reduction in freights between San Francisco and Portland. If they

cannot freeze them out otherwise, the S. P. will put on freight boats between Portland and Frisco and carry freight for \$1 per ton. This fight is fun for the public.

When the Chill Mists of the Morning Hang like a pall over the surface of the earth, it will be well for you before venturing into the raw vaporous air, charged, perhaps, with the seeds of malaria or provocative of rheumatic twinges, to take a wineglassful of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and thus shield yourself from atmospheric influences threatening to health. If you happen to get snowed, sleeted or rained upon, use the same preventive, and avoid the rheumatism or a dangerous cold. The agreeable warmth in the circulation by this genial stomachic, its invigorating and regulating properties commend it to all appreciative of the fact that prevention is better than cure. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, nervousness and kidney trouble, sick headache and d-bility.

CHRISTMAS AND CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

When stately chrysanthemums are in their prime, Christmas thoughts are in the air; and the happy combination of both in Demorest's Magazine for December makes it an ideal Christmas number. Page after page of handsome illustrations depict various phases of Christmas pleasures, and a timely article on "The Infant Christ in Legend and Art," embellished with numerous and beautiful reproductions of the Madonna by modern painters, gives some curious legends about the Christ-child, and similar legends about a virgin-born savior that exist in all the religions of the East. There is a superbly illustrated paper on the Atlanta Exposition; stories by Gilbert Parker and Joseph Hatton are among the fiction; there are Christmas poems, and lots of suggestions about Christmas gifts and entertainments, and every one of the departments is replete with timely and valuable information. In addition to all this, there is the beautiful picture of "Chrysanthemums," a perfect reproduction of the water-color by the eminent artist Paul de Longpre, which is given as a Christmas supplement. Everyone who possesses the lovely "Yard of Pansies" and "Yard of Roses" needs this to complete a trio of pictures that cannot be surpassed for decorative effect; and anyone may obtain it, also a December number of Demorest's, by cutting out this notice and sending it, with twenty cents in stamps, to the address below. The original painting of "Chrysanthemums," which is valued at \$1,000, is to be given to the person who, previous to April 1, 1896, obtains for Demorest's Magazine the greatest number of subscribers. This is an unprecedented offer, full particulars of which are given in the December number. Demorest's is published for \$2 a year, by the Demorest Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

None But Ayer's at the World's Fair. Ayer's Sarsaparilla enjoys the extraordinary distinction of having been the only blood purifier shown an exhibit at the World's fair, Chicago. Manufacturers of other sarsaparillas sought by every means to obtain a showing of their goods, but they were all turned away under the application of the rule forbidding the entry of patent medicines and nostrums. The decision of the World's fair authorities in favor of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is in effect as follows: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla is not a patent medicine. It does not belong to the list of nostrums. It is here on its merits."

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE NOTES.

Congressman Ellis visited the college a short time ago. Mr. Ellis seemed highly pleased with the institution.

There will be a football game here Thanksgiving day, between Uncle Sam's trigger pullers of Vancouver barracks and O. A. C. It will be played at the college.

The examinations for the second month are over and the grades made out. These grades go to the student, while those at the end of the term are sent to the parents.

Pres. Bloss has arrived from California and is again in his place in the college. While away he visited several of the leading schools of California, including Berkeley and Stanford.

The new dairy has been completed and is now in operation. The butter made there will go to supply the dormitory. The class take great interest in trying to learn all they can in dairying.

A STUDENT.

ORVILLE, Nov. 25, 1895.

MONSIEUR C. F. Moore & Co., Newberg, Ore., says: "We sell more of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy than all other cough remedies together, and it always gives satisfaction." Mr. J. F. Allen, Fox, Ore., says: "I believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be the best I have handled." Mr. W. H. Hylbeck, Columbus, Wash., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy sells well and is highly praised by all who use it." For sale by Sloan-Johnson Drug Co.

Harold A. Pilkington, of Portland, brother of Dr. Pilkington, of Pendleton, was recently released from the penitentiary where he served a term for embezzlement. He was pardoned by Gov. Lord, having but a short time to serve.

There is nothing that causes women greater discomfort and misery than the constantly recurring headache. Men suffer less with headaches. "My wife's health was very indifferent, having headache continually, and just two packages of Serravallo's Liver Regulator released her from all headache and gave tone and vigor to her whole system. I have never regretted its use."—M. B. DeFord, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

Notice.—I take this method of informing the public in general, and all my former patrons in particular, that I have disposed of my general merchandise business at Hardman, Oregon, to G. A. Brown. All those owing me are requested to call and settle their accounts either by cash or note, on or before Dec. 1st, 1895. W. E. KAHLER, Hardman, Ore.

TRANSFORMATION.

Dark, heavy clouds above. A leaden sea below. A wretched art. O love, I may not go.

I look on land and sea; I deem all things as grey; Life holds no light for me— 'Tis thou art away.

Above, the dull, dark cloud; Below, the leaden sea; O woe a heavy shroud, For hope hath died!

Behold, the sleeping tide; 'Tis 'neath a sudden wind; The clouds are scattered wide, As they were blind.

The blue of heaven, the earth Is gladdened by the sun; Now joy hath sudden birth, New hopes are won.

And I, too, can rejoice; My heart leaps with the tide; I see the light in thy voice; O love, abide!

—Gerard Merick, in St. Paul's.

A DAY OF MARTYRDOM.

The colonel and the young reporter were sipping their respective portions of a cold bottle of beer and listening to the whir of an electric fan the other night when the colonel grew reminiscent.

"Away before the war," remarked the colonel, musingly, "when I was just sprouting my first whisker—a spittle-shanked, quaint-looking product of the effete east—my father sent me out into southwest Missouri to get braced up. I don't know what the matter with me, but I was all run down, and my father was convinced that a season on the Missouri farm of my uncle would prove beneficial alike to my mind and body. I might say before going further that it did."

"I had my mother a sorrowful good-by, away back in New York city, and in due course of time I landed on the farm of my uncle. It was a revelation. The verdure-clad hills, the breezes smelling spicy and sweet, the cold water from the well, wholesome food in large quantities, horses to ride and a lovely pool to go swimming in made a new boy of me in a week. Barring the fact that I was compelled to retire with the rest of the family at nine o'clock at night and get up at an hour in the morning when the dew on the grass felt to my bare feet like ice water, that farm was heaven. It was two heavens when I got acquainted with Melvina Drake."

"Melvina Drake was about the fourteenth child of a farmer living about two miles nearer town than my uncle. Her father, Solomon Drake, was the poorest man in the county. He was poorer than watered buttermilk, but the nicest, mildest-mannered old man you ever saw. His wife was a skinny, sallow, forsaken-looking, over-worked woman, with no pleasure for her but death. Both were hard-working but honest, but they had some kind of a hoodoo on them. They were old residents in that part of the country, and their ancestors had been there before them, but as far back as the memory of man could extend the Drakes had always been poor—as my uncle said—'poor as snaffles.' About all the Drakes seemed fitted for was increasing the population and getting hold of horses that couldn't draw anything but flies."

"As I was saying, Melvina was about the fourteenth of the Drake brood, and she was a dream. I guess she was about sixteen years, big and sweet and healthy. Her cheeks were as rosy and clear as Missouri apples, and her eyes were big and blue. And she was so doggone innocent that I hope I may die if it didn't use to embarrass me like thunder."

"Consequence was I got 'mashed' on Melvina; had 'mashed.' I don't believe a stronger case of calf love ever developed in this whole state of Missouri. If I saw one of my cousins or any other boy talking to her I would go to some secluded spot and cry and but my soft noodle against a tree. At night I used to lay awake and dream myself a hero. I used to imagine Melvina tearing down the road on a fiery steed with certain death staring her in the face, and me coming up unexpectedly, stopping the horse and rescuing her, standing by in the operation a broken leg and sundry other breaks. Then I'd imagine Melvina nursing me back to life and finally marrying me. My head was full of such stuff."

"One day, along in June, there came out our way a wagon loaded with circus sides, paste pots and bill stickers, and they slithered the country side with signs announcing that the great Egyptian-Mexican circus was coming to show in town on the Fourth of July. When I left home my father gave me ten dollars, and I had most of it left. I made up my mind that I would take Melvina to the circus, and directly my dreams at night took the form of a monster lion rushing at her with open mouth, and me engaging the lion just as he was about to grab her, and choking him to death with one hand."

"The next time I saw Melvina—I used to see her every day; in fact, I came pretty near being with her all the time—I asked her if she'd go to the circus. I thought she'd faint. Her eyes opened wide, and so did her mouth, and astonishment was engraved on every line of her countenance. She said she would go, but that she just sat down and cried. I sat down, too, and that was the first time I ever kissed her. Young man, that kiss is a sacred memory with me. I have experienced a good many sensations in my time, but the sensation of kissing a maiden as sweet as Melvina, sweet lips, white teeth from having heavenly eyes are running down and making pearly drops on your budding mustache, is something better than all of them put together. And when, like Melvina, she puts her brown, bare arms around your neck and kisses back—one of those long, clinging kisses that Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes about—words are superfluous. But I have often wondered, since I have been some calloused and cynical, where Melvina learned to kiss. She was a revelation to me."

"Finally the glorious Fourth came around and I got ready for the circus. I might explain here that I had brought a suit of store clothes and a pair of shoes from the east with me, but I had never worn the clothes on the farm and seldom wore the shoes. Everybody down in that section wear barefooted, boys and men, and I did as the Romans did. This Fourth of July morning I put on a 'blind shirt,' my 'store clothes,' my shoes and socks, and I brushed and cleaned myself up. I was positively unrecognizable. After breakfast, followed by the powdered 'cut cutting' 'bobbing' of my

relatives, I started down the road to meet Melvina. I had arranged with her to walk to town, starting on the walk back in the moonlight, when we could 'hold hands' as we strolled along the road and slobber over each other. My uncle wanted us to go in the wagon with him and his family, but I was too wise.

"It was two miles to the Drake cabin, and four miles to town. I was to meet Melvina at the sweet smell of orchards, ripening grain and new-mown hay, and I was the happiest youth in Missouri. I made up my mind I was going to spend every cent I possessed on Melvina."

"Directly I came to where she was. She had on a dress that couldn't be cost more than a quarter, but she looked like a queen in it, although, I must confess, it fit her like it was cut out with a pair of shears. A wide brimmed hat sat jauntily on her brown curls, and her face looked like a ripe peach to a hungry man. I noticed she had no shoes on, but that cut no ice with me, for she had as pretty a foot and ankle as anybody would want to look at."

"I had calculated on making a hit with Melvina with my store clothes, and I did. I paralyzed her. She just stood and looked at me while wave after wave of hot blushes chased up her white neck and congregated in her face. I stood simpering like a prize idiot. She began to cry, and wouldn't tell me what the matter with her, and I, wise in the ignorance of youth, didn't know that like all women, she was proud, and ashamed to be seen with me, because of the splendor of my raiment. I jollied her along, told her how nice and sweet she looked, swore she would be the belle of the circus, and was generally so lavish in my praise of her that she consented, finally, to go with me if I'd let her go home and fix up a bit. Still I didn't know what was the matter, but I let her go."

"I laid down in the shade of a tree on the grass to wait for her. The sun climbed higher and wagons loaded with country people rattled by on the way to the circus. I had just figured out that we would miss the parade and grand free concert outside the big tent if Melvina didn't hurry when she hove in view. I looked at her a second and then jumped in the air so suddenly I jarred myself. If my raiment had paralyzed Melvina she got even all right. She had placed a cheap ribbon around her neck and spoiled the beauty of it, and had covered her pretty feet with a pair of shagreened, hard, heavy, cowhide shoes. Between the tops of her shoes and the bottom of her dress appeared occasional glimpses of a pair of stockings of the variety known as barber pole. They were striped red and yellow and the stripes were wide. But she had something else on that knocked me speechless."

"Years and years had this crowning feature of Melvina's attire been in the Drake family. It was an heirloom, I guess, and the only piece of finery the family possessed. Melvina, blushing and simpering—hardly knowing whether I would sufficiently admire it or not—was wearing it, regulation fashion. It was an old-fashioned muff, of some heavy black fur and as big as a bass drum."

"Perspiration broke out of every pore in my body. The idea of me, togged out in 'store clothes' and looking like a dude, going to a circus on the Fourth of July with a girl carrying a muff that must have weighed eight pounds and would have warmed an ice house, was maddening. But Melvina looked so thoroughly self-satisfied that I hadn't the heart to tell her that the sweet simplicity of the dress she wore when she first met me was more becoming by far than the big cowhide boots and the muff. So I made the best of it and let it go."

"I am an old man now, but the memory of the attention I created in that little country town that day is as vivid in my mind as is the fact that I just paid for the last drink. The circus wasn't in it. A number of times I was tempted to run away, miles and miles, but Melvina was having such a good time that I looked pleasant and stood it. She never took her hands out of that muff all day, only to eat and drink, and several times she asked me to take it for her while she fixed up her hair or tied her shoe or something. One time, while I was holding the muff, I lost her for a few minutes in the crowd, and then I endured more agony until I found her again than I did when I got shot through the leg in the war. We walked home in the moonlight all right, but we didn't 'hold hands,' partly because Melvina had her hands in the muff and partly because I was so dazed, blundered mad at her that I could have slapped her. They made it so hot for me when I got home to my uncle's with their remarks about Melvina's muff that I started home the next day. I don't know what ever became of Melvina Drake, but I do know that I suffered one day, for her sake, the most martyrdom."—St. Louis Republic.

Mrs. W. B. Meek, who resides at Camptonville, Cal., says her daughter was for several years troubled at times with severe cramps in the stomach, and would be in such agony that it was necessary to call a physician. Having read about Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy she concluded to try it. She found that it always gave prompt relief. It was seldom necessary to give the second dose. "It has not only saved me lots of worry and time," she says, "but also doctor bills. It is my opinion that every family should have a bottle of this remedy in the house." For sale by Sloan-Johnson Drug Co.

Now is the time to get the Weekly Oregonian, the greatest newspaper of the West. With the Gazette, both strictly in advance, one year, \$3.50. No better combination of newspapers can be made in the state. Besides we will give as a premium an additional journal, the Web-foot Plaster, an agricultural paper. Come in now and subscribe.

Ben Matthews is now sole proprietor of the city meat market where he keeps a fresh supply of beef, pork, mutton, veal, sausage, bacon and lard, which he sells at the lowest prices. He is at Fred Beck, the Portland butcher, until with him. If

RELIC OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Stinging Letter from the Commander on Army Resignations.

Mrs. John S. Brown, the wife of Vice President Brown, of the First national bank of Brownsville, has a relic which is not for sale, being nothing less than an autograph letter of Gen. George Washington. The letter, says the Indianapolis News, was found many years ago among the papers of Maj. Beall, of Virginia, the great-grandfather of Mrs. Brown, and it has been treasured as a precious heirloom ever since. Maj. Beall was in the continental army, and the letter was written to him upon his resignation from the service, after the terrible winter at Valley Forge. The letter is still in good condition, having carefully been framed, and is one of the few autograph letters of Washington extant. It has the characteristic signature, and none of the letter is written in a comparatively plain hand. The letter reads as follows:

"Headquarters, 31st March, 1778.—Sir: I have received your commission of this date inclosing your resignation. The frequency of resignation throughout the army is truly alarming. In the Virginia line this spirit unapparently seems to rage like an epidemic disease. I am at a loss to account how gentlemen can reconcile such an abandonment of the public interest at this crisis of our affairs, either with the principles of honor or duty to themselves and their country. If, however, you think yourself warranted and are determined to quit the army I must at least insist upon your retaining your commission till the arrival of more officers in camp. I am, sir, your most Obedt. Servt., G. Washington."

A FATHER'S TEMERITY.

Fought a Lion with His Elms to Release His Child.

An English missionary in Africa was sitting in his tent door when he saw a party of natives approaching. They were bringing to him a boy whose head was covered with a piece of calico, on removing which the missionary saw two deep furrows, one on each side of the scalp. The boy had been mangled by a lion a few evenings before, says the Youth's Companion. The boy had been brought to the Englishman for treatment, and while he did what he could for the sufferer the man related what the missionary calls "as curious a lion adventure as I ever heard."

The party were on their way to the coast, and at night had made fires and lain down to sleep. Suddenly they were awakened by the deep growls of a lion. It had leaped among them, and had already seized a boy, whose screams mingled with the horrid growls of his captor. The men ran this way and that in their terror, each thinking of his own safety. Not so the boy's father. He was big and strong, and besides, it was his child who was screaming. He had no time to snatch up so much as a spear, but went straight at the lion, and struck it again and again full in its face with his clenched fist, all the while uttering fierce cries of anger.

The lion was cowed; it relinquished its hold of the boy, and sprang away into the darkness, leaving the father with his bleeding son in his arms. The scattered company came together again, replenished the fires, and took care of the lad's wounds as best they could. Now they had brought him to the missionary, who washed his wounds with carbolic acid and water and bound them up. The patient was doing well when the missionary last saw him, more than a week later.

Lost—On the streets of Heppner, a school order on Dist. I, signed by J. W. Morrow and made payable to the order of Otis Patterson. The finder will confer a great favor by returning same to the Gazette office, or to the advertiser. It is of no value to any person except the owner.

FOR SALE OR TRADE.

A good 220 acre ranch property, 12 miles from The Dalles, in Washington, 7 1/2 miles from Lyle steamer landing on Middle Columbia river—100 acres cultivated, 6 room frame house, 40x50 barn. Good spring water, small orchard, oak and pine timber sufficient for family use. Near school and postoffice. Adjacent to good range on Kitchikan river. Will take small payment down, balance long time.

A snap for some one wanting a good home.

It. F. O. BECKNER, Heppner, O.

KARL'S GLOVER ROOT PURIFIER FOR THE BLOOD. IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN. CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, BRUISES ON THE SKIN, BRUISES, COMPLEXION, BRUISES, LEAD, MERCURY, COPPER, SODIUM, POTASSIUM, AND ALL OTHERS. An approved laxative and purgative. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c, 10c, 25c, and \$1.00 per package. Samples free.

LETTERS ADVERTISED AT HEPPNER. Curran, Frank. Hendrix, Gen. Curran, John. Nolan, Frank. Curran, John. Nolan, Frank. Curran, John. Nolan, Frank.

DISOLUTION NOTICE. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE partnership existing between W. J. Lester and N. J. Lester, doing a general grocery business in the town of Heppner, under the firm name of Lester, Bros., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. W. J. Lester has received all the debts due, and all accounts against said firm.

WANTED—Several trustworthy gentlemen or ladies to travel in Oregon, for establishment of reliable banks and systems. Steady position. Enclose references and all addresses. The Institution Company, Third Floor, Omaha, Neb.

Ben Matthews is now sole proprietor of the city meat market where he keeps a fresh supply of beef, pork, mutton, veal, sausage, bacon and lard, which he sells at the lowest prices. He is at Fred Beck, the Portland butcher, until with him. If

the whole oil. You look at cod-liver oil. It is so much oil or fat. But the chemists come along and tell us that in that oil are united, in almost invisible form, most valuable medicinal agents, that the fat of cod-liver oil is only one of its merits, and that no process of medical skill or chemical science can unite these peculiar properties with oil as they exist in nature. This is why there can be no substitute for cod-liver oil. When you get Scott's Emulsion you get the whole oil divided into tiny little particles, digested, and ready to be taken up into the system. The hypophosphites which are combined with it are valuable tonics, increasing the appetite, strengthening the nerves, and restoring vitality in the weakened system.

When you ask for Scott's Emulsion and your druggist gives you a salmon-colored package with the picture of a man and fish on it—you can trust that man with your prescriptions! 50 cents and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

ELLIS & LYONS, Attorneys at Law. All business attended to in a prompt and satisfactory manner. Notaries Public and Collectors. OFFICE IN NATIONAL BANK BUILDING. OREGON.

Grand Bicycle Prize Given Away BY WELLS & WARREN, Druggists.

To every person making a cash purchase of 25 cents we will give a coupon ticket which entitles the holder to an equal show in the grand prize. The person receiving the bicycle can exchange for other goods of same value.

We carry the most complete line of the following goods that ever came to Heppner: Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Putty, Glass, Stationery, School Books, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Candles, Nuts, and Cigars, and will pay the highest cash price at any time for county and city warrants. Goods along Echo and Lone Rock stage routes delivered free of charge. Prescription work a specialty. Mail orders receive prompt attention. Office of Dr. McMorris in our store.

OUR PRICES ARE LOW! Wells & Warren, HEPPNER, OREGON

A Brand New Man! It is not meant that the MAN IS SO NEW, but that this paper is called upon to announce to the public that the Hardman mercantile business of W. E. Kahler has been sold to

GEO. A. BROWN, A Well Known Morrow County Boy. He proposes to carry everything and to sell at prices in competition with the railroad. This is no idle jest, and an inspection of Mr. Brown's stock and place of business will convince you.

GEO. A. BROWN, Hardman, Oregon, Successor to W. E. KAHLER.

Do You Want a Rig? Don't You Want a Place to Put up Your Team? Are You in Need of a Saddle Horse? All these can be procured at Thompson & Binns, Lower Main Street, Heppner, Oregon.

THOMPSON & BINNS, LIVERYMEN, HEPPNER.

THE Palace Hotel, C. S. VAN DEYS, Proprietor. I have taken full control of this popular house, and will make it strictly first class.

MEALS, 25 CTS. BEDS, 25 CTS. Free Bath and Free Bus for all Guests.

DISCOVERED AT LAST! IF Mr. Columbus were alive today and called at Mat Lichtenhal's he might make a new discovery quite as memorable as that of 1492. Chris was a great discoverer in his day. He would at this time discover the finest stock of Shoes ever shown in Heppner, and the cheapest as well. What more does mortal man want? The Old Original Shoe Merchant, M. LICHTENTHAL, Main Street, Heppner, Oregon. Custom Work a Specialty.

LEGAL BLANKS. Plenty of them at the Gazette Office.