



THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The president's message is not an extensive document, as delivered to congress the first of this week. It starts out with some random remarks about our foreign relations, including the Chinese war, Waller incident and Turkish question, together with a mere mention of the fact that Chili has endeavored to adopt the gold standard—"sound currency." If Mr. Cleveland had been graced with one-fifth of the wisdom accredited to him he would have kept silent on the subject of "foreign relations." Too many of our people remember the liaison with Queen "Lil," and also the disgraceful hauling down of the American flag in Hawaii. They have also noted the fact that if the United States had been under more patriotic rule, Mr. Waller would have been out of prison long ago, Mr. Terrill would have been recalled from Turkey, and perpetrators of outrages on Americans from one end of the earth to the other would have been punished.

The recommendation for Americans to participate in the Paris Exposition of 1900 is timely. The facts relating to the Alaskan boundary and other matters are set forth clearly and the recommendations are good. The president refers to Venezuelan matters and contends that the United States must insist upon the strict observance of the Monroe doctrine. Speculations are made that the agreement by which this country is jointly bound with England and Germany to assume the management of Samoa, should be abrogated, that strict neutrality in Cuban matters should be maintained and that the United States should not become involved in Eastern troubles, notably those of Turkey. A good suggestion is made in reference to the improvement of the consular service.

Indirectly the president recommends reciprocal relations with other governments in the matter of trade, and mentions the trouble between Germany and the United States as one in which reciprocal matters have been cast to the winds, or, at least, where was expected an eye for an eye.

The president rehearses his well known views on finance, tries to explain why he allowed the English speculators to plunder us, says the Wilson bill saved the country from being plundered of its remaining wad of gold, recommends the retirement of the greenbacks and treasury notes, and ends by asking that the power of the banks may be extended by allowing them a circulation equal to the full amount of bonds deposited and that the tax on circulation be reduced to one-fourth of one per cent.

The president's message—Cleveland's—would not be complete without something being said against the coinage of silver into real money. No one is disappointed in this particular. In all, the message is a weak, unpatriotic document. It is characteristic of the man, and reflects nothing but him. As a partisan measure it is a failure—as a patriotic effort it is a disgrace. It has a few, a very few good points, but they are indeed scintillating.

CONGRESSIONAL DOINGS.

The republicans of the house met last Saturday and proceeded to organize, with Grosvenor, of Ohio, as chairman, and Ellis, of Oregon, as secretary. These gentlemen will serve in their respective capacities during the entire session. The result of the first caucus is as follows: Thos. B. Reed, speaker; Alex McDowell, clerk; B. E.

Russell, sergeant-at-arms; W. J. Glenn, doorkeeper; J. C. McElroy, postmaster; Rev. H. N. Condon, chaplain. With the exception of the election of the chaplain, it was a "cut and dried" affair and the combination could not be broken. No legislative action of importance will be made this week. The republicans of the senate are worrying now about whether or not they can organize, and as they are a few short of the necessary number this session, it is more than likely that the populists will keep in the middle of the road and let the democrats and republicans fight it out. As neither party has a majority, it will be an interesting contest.

With the house republican, and the senate tied up, it is not supposed that the executive can do much with his bull whip this time.

REED, the "czar," has again been chosen to the speakership of the house.

DUPONT, of Delaware, is claiming a seat in the U. S. senate. His case will be determined soon.

EX-SHERIFF FURNISH got away with the Pendleton mayorship, while Mr. Van Orsdall was elected marshal.

CONGRESSMAN BARHAM, of California, will introduce a bill looking to the building of the Nicaragua canal by the government.

The populists have decided to prevent republican organization in the senate and will remain with their candidates. With the Utah senators, the republicans will yet be one short of the necessary number to organize.

The president's message is a unique instrument. It appears that if the Wilson bill had not been passed when it was, not only all our gold would have been drawn over to England, but the executive would have gotten caught in the mad whirl, fish and all, and transported over, too. Rot, rats; rats, rot.

HON. W. R. ELLIS, member of congress from this district, has publican congressional caucus. He received 139 votes to 77 for Mr. Hooker, of New York. This election is a compliment to our representative, and shows him possessed of influence among his associates in the party.—Dallas Chronicle.

A Welcome Usher of '96. The beginning of the new year will have a welcome usher in the shape of a fresh Almanac, descriptive of the origin, nature and uses of the national tonic and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Combined with the descriptive matter will be found calendar and astronomical calculations, absolutely reliable for correctness, statistics, illustrations, verities carefully selected, and other mental food highly profitable and entertaining. On this pamphlet, published and printed annually by the Hostetter Company, of Pittsburg, 60 hands are employed in the mechanical department alone. Eleven months are devoted to its preparation. It is procurable free of charge at drug stores and country stores everywhere, and is printed in English, German, French, Spanish, Welsh, Norwegian, Holland, Swedish and Bohemian.

EAGLETS.

From the Long Creek Paper. Newton Robertson was up from Hamilton Saturday on land business.

Deer are being seen on the lower ranges of the Blues near Long Creek. The snows are driving them out of the higher ranges.

Rev. Emma Barrett and Rev. Lewis are expected to commence the holding of a protracted meeting in the city tomorrow evening.

C. H. Lee and Tom Williams got back from a hunting trip on upper Long creek Tuesday evening. They brought an elk back with them.

S. S. Denning, formerly an attorney residing in Grant county, has a large practice at Moscow, Idaho. P. W. McRoberts, also a former resident of this county, is in the real estate and insurance business at the same place.

Dr. J. H. Fell, formerly a resident of Long Creek and for years a resident of Grant county, has located in Pendleton, where he expects to reside permanently and continue the practice of his profession. Dr. Fell is a graduate of Hosh Medical college, a successful practitioner of years experience, and Pendleton is to be congratulated upon the advent of such a valuable addition to its medical fraternity.

Major J. T. Pleton is manager of the State Hotel at Denison, Texas, which the traveling man may say is one of the best hotels in that section. In speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy Major Pleton says: "I have used it myself and in my family for several years, and take pleasure in saying that I consider it an infallible cure for diarrhoea and dysentery. I always recommend it, and have frequently administered it to my guests in the hotel, and in every case it has proven itself worthy of unqualified commendation. For sale by Paul Olsen, druggist."

EIGHT MILE NOTES.

Thanksgiving day was quiet at Eight Mile. A family gathering at Mr. James Jones' was all that was heard of. On Dec. 9th, there will be an open W. C. T. U. meeting at Eight Mile Center. Everybody is invited. A chance for any one to speak on the temperance question will be given.

Farmers are encouraged about their fall sown grain. It looks better now since the snow and rain. But what encouragement has the farmer to raise anything to sell? After all expenses are paid, what does a farmer realize on his grain? After feeding and caring for his hogs, what does he realize on them? After caring for the fowls and raising young ones, and then dividing with the coyotes, what does the farmer realize on what is left?

I wonder what strangers think when they read the Gazette and see not a word from a member of the W. C. T. U. on the subject of temperance. Perhaps they will think that the temperance people don't want to preach what they don't practice. Fight against the saloon, then elect men for officers that favor the saloon, are in favor of license, and for the keeping of the saloon open day and night and Sundays. Farmers complain that there is no place that they can feel free to go to warm themselves or to spend the evening but at a saloon. If the W. C. T. U.'s have a room where a cup of good strong coffee can be had, a good warm fire lit by and good reading matter to pass time away, isn't this enough? Speak out and whenever a W. C. T. U.'s husband disgraces her by voting for the whiskies, let her make a more desperate effort to show him the wrong he has done, and to work the more earnestly in the temperance cause. If only men would practice what they preach! If they preach temperance, let them vote temperance, but not preach temperance and vote for interference. When will the voters arouse themselves and choke down the liquor traffic that is destroying our nation? E. M. C.

If you are anxious to find the most reliable blood-purifier, read in Ayer's Almanac the testimonials of those who have been cured of such terrible diseases as catarrh, rheumatism, and scrofula, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then govern yourself accordingly.

CURE FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

The National Surgical Institute, Pacific Branch, 319 Bush Street, San Francisco, successfully treats all cases of Orthopedic Surgery, Diseases of the Spine, Hip and Knee Joints, Paralysis, Piles, Fistula, Nasal Catarrh, Bow Legs, Knock Knees, all Deformities and Chronic Diseases. Their success in treating these cases is shown by thousands of references from trustworthy people all over the country. Persons having afflicted children or friends should convince themselves of the merits of these surgeons by attending the Public Hotel, Vancouver, Thursday Dec. 12th, one day. Olfers from 8 a. m. to 1 p. m., to examine cases. Send for circular. References may be had to J. C. Hayes, Heppner, J. F. McFarren, Gooseberry, J. M. Bedford, Arlington, A. H. Windsor, Lexington. 46

LINCOLN'S FIRST VOTE.

In McClure's Magazine for December is printed a facsimile of Lincoln's first vote, along with the following account of the circumstances under which it was cast: Lincoln's first vote was cast at New Salem, "in the Chary's Grove precinct," August 1, 1831. At this election he sided Mr. Graham, who was one of the clerks. In the early days in Illinois, elections were conducted by the viva voce method. The people did not try voting by ballot, but the experiment was unpopular. It required too much "book learning," and in 1829 the viva voce method of voting was retained. The judges and clerks sat at a table with the ballot-box before them. The voter walked up and announced the candidate of his choice, and it was recorded in his presence. There was no ticket-peddling, and ballot-box stuffing was impossible. To this simple system we are indebted for the record of Lincoln's first vote. Lincoln's first vote for president was not cast until the next year (November 5, 1832), when he voted for Henry Clay.

The Shakers have made a great hit. Their Digestive Cordial is said to be the most successful remedy for stomach troubles ever introduced. It immediately relieves all pain and distress after eating, builds up the feeble system and makes the weak strong. The fact is, foods properly digested are better than so-called tonics. The Cordial not only contains food already digested, but is a digester of other foods. Food that is not digested does more harm than good. People who use the Cordial insure the digestion of what food they eat and in this way get the benefit of it and grow strong. The little pamphlets which the Shakers have sent druggists for free distribution, contain most interesting information on the subject of dyspepsia.

LALOX is not a mixture of drugs. It is nothing but Castor Oil made palatable.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—The musical society of Glen club which has been meeting every Monday evening at the residence of J. N. Brown is preparing a cantata, "Let and Saved," which they expect to place before the public in the near future. The members of the Episcopal church have also commenced to prepare a drama for the benefit of that church, to be presented also sometime within the next month or six weeks.

The wife of Mr. D. Robinson, a prominent lumberman of Harwick, N. Y., was sick with rheumatism for five months. In speaking of it, Mr. Robinson says: "Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the only thing that gave her any relief from pain. For the relief of pain I cannot be beat." Many very bad cases of rheumatism have been cured by it. For sale at 25 cents per bottle by Paul Olsen, Druggist.

WANTED.—Several trustworthy gentlemen or ladies to travel in Oregon, and collect for the publisher of the Gazette. Send names and references to the publisher, P. O. Box 100, Portland, Ore.

THE SILENT SISTERS.

BY I. ZANGWILL.

They had quarreled in girlhood, and never to speak to each other again, warring and drying their forefingers to the accompaniment of an ancient childish incantation; and while they lived on the paternal farm they kept their foolish oath with the stubbornness of a slow country stock, despite the alternate coaxing and enticement of their parents, notwithstanding the perpetual every-day contact of their lives, through every vicissitude of season and weather, of joy and sorrow, of death and misfortune did not reconcile them, and when their father died, and the old farm was sold up, they traveled to London in the same silence, by the same train, in search of similar situations. Service separated them for years, although there was only a stone's throw between them. They often stared at each other in the streets. Honor, the elder, married a local artisan, and a half year later Mercy, and two younger, married a fellow-workman of Jane's husband. The two husbands were friends, and often visited each other's houses, which were on opposite sides of the same sordid street, and their wives made them welcome. Neither Honor nor Mercy suffered an allusion to the breach; it was understood that their silence must be received in silence. Each of the sisters had a quiverful of children, who played and quarreled together in the streets and in one another's houses, but not even the street affrays and mutual grievances of the children could provoke the mother's to words. They stood at their doors in impotent fury, almost bursting with the lecture of the month's shut against the effervescence of angry speech. When either lost a child, the other watched the funeral from her window, dumb as the mutes.

The years rolled on, and still the river of silence flowed between their lives. Their good looks faded; the burden of life and of child-bearing was heavy upon them. Gray hairs streaked their brown tresses, then brown hairs streaked their gray tresses. The puckers of age replaced the dimples of youth. The years rolled on, and death grew busy among the families. Honor's husband died, and Mercy lost a son, who died a week after his wife. Cholera took several of the younger children. But the sisters themselves lived on, bent and shriveled by toil and sorrow even more than by the slow frost of the years.

Then one day Mercy took to her death-bed. An internal disease, too long neglected, would carry her off within a week. So the doctor told Jim, Mercy's husband. Through him the news traveled to Honor's eldest son, who still lived with her. By the evening it reached Honor.

She went upstairs abruptly when he told her, leaving him wondering at her stony aspect. When she came down she was bonneted and shawled. She was filled with joyous amazement to see her hobbler across the street, and for the first time in her life, pass over her sister Mercy's threshold. The sick-room, the wasted, wrinkled countenance of the dying creature, she raised herself slightly in bed, her lips parted, then shut tightly, and her face darkened.

Honor turned angrily to Mercy's husband, who hung about impatiently. "Why did you let her run down so low?" she said. "I didn't know," the old man stammered, taken back by her presence even more than by her question. "She was always a woman to say nothing."

Honor put him impatiently aside and examined the medicine bottle on the bedside table. "Isn't it time she took her dose?" "I desay," Honor snorted wrathfully. "What's the use of a man?" she inquired as she carefully measured out the fluid and put it to her sister's lips, which opened to receive it and then closed tightly again.

"How is your wife feeling now?" Honor asked after a pause. "How are you now, Mercy?" asked the old man, awkwardly. The old woman shook her head. "I'm a-going fast, Jim," she grumbled weakly, and a tear of self-pity trickled down her parched cheek.

"What rubbish she do talk!" cried Honor, sharply. "Why d'ye stand there like a tailor's dummy? Why don't you tell her to cheer up?" "Cheer up, Mercy?" quavered the old man hoarsely.

But Mercy groaned instead, and turned fretfully on her other side with her face to the wall. "I'm too old, I'm too old," she moaned. "This is the end o' me." "Did you ever hear the like?" Honor asked Jim angrily, as she smoothed his wife's pillow. "She was always conceited about her age, settin' herself up as the equal of her elders; and here am I, her elder sister, as carried her in my arms when I was five and she was two, still hale and strong, and with no mind for underground for many a long day. Nib three times a year age a was once, my you, and now she has the impudence to talk o' dyin' before me."

She looked defiantly at the yellow, dried-up creature in the bed. Mercy's withered lips twitched, but no sound came from them. Jim, strung up by the situation, took the word. "You can't do no good up here," the doctor says. "You might look after the kids downstairs a bit when you can spare an hour; and I've got to go to the shop. I'll send you a telegram if there's a change," he whispered to the daughter; and she, not wholly discontented to return to her living interests, kissed her mother, lingered a little and then stole quietly away.

All that day the old women remained together in solemn silence, broken only by the doctor's visit. He reported that Mercy might last a couple of days more. In the evening Jim replaced his sister-in-law, who slept peacefully. At midnight she awoke and sent him to bed. The sufferer tossed about restlessly. At half-past two she awoke, and Honor fed her with some broth as she would have fed a baby. Mercy, indeed, looked scarcely bigger than an infant, and Honor had the advantage of her only by being puffied out with clothes. A church clock in the distance struck three. Then the silence fell deeper. The watcher drowsed. The lamp flickered, tossing her shadow about the walls as if she, too, were turning feverishly from side to side. A strange ticking made itself heard in the wainscoting. Mercy sat up with a scream of terror. "Jim!" she shrieked. "Jim!"

Honor started up, opened her mouth to cry "Hush!" then checked herself, suddenly frozen. "Jim," cried the dying creature, "listen! Is that the death spider?" Honor listened, her blood curdling. Then she went towards the door and opened it. "Jim," she said in low tones, speaking towards the landing; "tell her it's nothing. It's only a mouse. She was always a nervous little thing." And she closed the door softly, and pressing her trembling sister tenderly back on the pillow, tucked her up snugly in the blanket.

Next morning, when Jim was really present, the patient begged pathetically to have a grandchild with her in the room; and she said, "Don't leave me alone, with not a soul to talk to." Honor winced, but said nothing. The youngest child, who did not have to go to school, was brought—a pretty boy with brown curls, which the sun, streaming through the panes, turned to gold. The morning passed slowly. About noon Mercy took the child's hand and smoothed his curls.

"My sister Honor had golden curls like that," she whispered. "They were in the family, Bobby." Honor answered: "your granny had them, too, when she was a girl." There was a long pause. Mercy's eyes were half-glazed, but her vision was inward now.

"The magnomet will be growin' in the meadows, Bobby," she murmured. "Yes, and the heart's-ease," said Honor, softly. "We live in the country, you know, Bobby."

"There is flowers in the country," "Yes, and trees," said Honor. "I wonder if your granny remembers when we were larrapped for stealin' apples?"

"Ay, that I do, Bobby, he, he!" croaked the dying creature, with a burst of enthusiasm. "We was a pair o' tomboys. The varmer he ran after us, cryin' 'Ye! Ye!' but we wouldn't take no gar. He, he, he!"

Honor wept at the laughter. The native idiosyncrasy, unshared for half a century, made her face shine under the tears. "Don't let your granny excite herself, Bobby. Let me give her her drink." She moved the boy aside, and Mercy's lips automatically opened to the draught.

"Tom was wif us, Bobby," she gurgled, still vibrating with amusement, "and he tumbled over on the heather, and Tommy is dead this forty year, Bobby," whimpered Honor.

Mercy's head fell back and an expression of supreme exhaustion came over the face. Half an hour passed. Bobby was called down to dinner. The doctor had been sent for. Suddenly Mercy sat up with a jerk.

"It is growin' dark, Tom," she said, hoarsely; "hain't it time to call the cattle home from the ma'shes?" "She's takin' rubbish again," said Honor, chidingly. "Tell her she's in London, Bobby."

A wave of intelligence traversed the yellow face. Still sitting up, Mercy bent towards the side of the bed. "Ally is Honor still there? Kiss me—Bobby." Her hands groped blindly. Honor bent down, and the old women's withered lips met.

And in that kiss Mercy passed away into the greater Silence.—Outlook.

1109 Howard Street. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c.

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If you have borrowed from health to satisfy the demands of business, if your blood is not getting that constant supply of fat from your food it should have, you must pay back from somewhere, and the somewhere will be from the fat stored up in the body. The sign of this borrowing is thinness; the result, nerve-waste. You need fat to keep the blood in health unless you want to live with no reserve force—live from hand to mouth. SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is more than a medicine. It is a food. The Hypophosphites make it a nerve food, too. It comes as near perfection as good things ever come in this world.

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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. These gentlemen are well acquainted with Grant, Harney, Crook, Gilliam and other counties, and can save money and time in making these sections with traveling men. Prices in keeping with the times.

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I have taken full control of this popular house, and will make it strictly first class.

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Otis Patterson NOTARY PUBLIC & CONVEYANCER