

OFFICIAL SEMI-WEEKLY PAPER Heppner Gazette.

FREQUENT AND CONSTANT Advertising brought me all I own.—A. T. Stewart.

MY SUCCESS Is owing to my liberality in advertising.—Robert Bonner.

THIRTEENTH YEAR HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1896. WEEKLY NO. 671 SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 42

SEMIWEEKLY GAZETTE. PUBLISHED Tuesdays and Fridays THE PATTERSON PUBLISHING COMPANY.

OTIS PATTERSON, Editor A. W. PATTERSON, Business Manager

At \$2.50 per year, \$1.25 for six months, 75 cts. for three months. Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.

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Train leaves Heppner 10:30 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Arrives 6:15 a. m. daily, except Monday. West bound passenger leaves Willcox Junction 1:15 a. m.; east bound 3:30 a. m. Freight trains leave Willcox Junction going east at 7:25 p. m. and 8:47 a. m.; going west, 4:30 p. m. and 9:56 a. m.

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THE CRISIS. BY HARRIET E. ORCUTT. Robert Strong, reported millionaire, stood in the bay window of one of Chicago's mansions one brilliant sunshiny December morning. There had been a light fall of snow the night before; the breezes had played with it and distributed it most unevenly. The millionaire was watching his enterprising young neighbor over the way, who inhabited the poorest house on the street, and who was out shoveling snow from his sidewalk. Mr. Strong was in a meditative mood. Although surrounded by every evidence of wealth and luxury he did not look nor act like a man who was perfectly satisfied with his life. He had been pacing up and down the room more like some caged animal than like a prosperous member of the board of trade.

"It is time that Hobbes was here!" he was saying as he walked up and down, making an occasional pause at the window. "Why does he not come? I am anxious to know my fate. Wealth or poverty—which is it to be for the future? That fellow over there shoveling snow for exercise works on salary, and has no business cares. I wonder who is happier, he or I? How are we hampered by our environment! I would really like to take a shovel and dispose of those drifts still reposing undisturbed on our front steps. The exercise would do me good, but what a shocking thing it would be! The servants, the family, the whole community would be shocked, inexpressibly shocked! A hundred dollar bill would hardly induce one butler to so far compromise his dignity as to shovel snow. And if I should do it! I have half a mind to try him with a bill and see what the effect would be! He is fond of money. A hundred dollars so easily earned would be a temptation. I am curious to know what he would do! The experiment would probably result in his giving notice, and Mary would be sorry to lose him. I wonder when I saw her last? She seldom takes breakfast with me. Last night I came home late; she had gone for the evening, and came home later still! Yesterday—did I see her yesterday? Yes, we passed each other in the hall and said good morning and good-by! We had an hour together Sunday. Blessed be Sunday! Mary and I are on the best of terms—we have not quarreled for ten years! I think we love each other. But we are both busy. She has had this care of this great house, and company, and society! I have business interests, and the club, and a little politics. So our home life gets lost somewhere. I wonder if we are any happier than we were in the old simple days when we lived for each other, instead of for servants and society? Why do the doorbells? I shall not breathe freely again until I know whether that sale goes through. If the deal goes against us—my God! It can't go against us! If it does I shall be ruined! If Hobbes would only come! A man needs nerves of steel in these days to bear the strain of business. If the deal goes he will come himself, that we may plan together. If it fails—he will write. A messenger will bring the news. That young man over there works as if he enjoyed it. How he makes the snow fly! Here comes his wife. Happy creature! They have no dignity to be compromised. He can shovel snow and she can sweep it without shocking the whole community. What a beautiful morning! The air is like wine, and the sunshine turns the snow into ten thousand glittering diamonds! Surely that was the doorbell! Can it be Hobbes? I must not look too delighted lest he should guess how near ruin I am."

It was not Hobbes, but his daughter Lucy who entered the room. "Do you like the snow, Lucy?" he asked, as she came and stood by his side at the window. "No, papa! I don't like it at all. I can hardly walk to school, the sidewalks are in such a condition! If it was a little farther I should order the carriage." "That would hardly pay for three blocks. Your mother walked two miles every day that she was in high school." "How perfectly dreadful that must

have been! Why didn't she take a car?" "It was a country town, and there were no cars." "No papa! Just look! Those people in the cottage are both out working in the snow. He goes ahead and shovels and she follows with a broom. Isn't it too bad they are so poor they have to work so hard. I always feel sorry for such people." "Do you? How about those who are glad to see the snow that they may earn a few pennies shoveling it?" "They are wretched, of course! Nobody expects them to be happy!" "Our neighbors, the snow shovelers, look happy," he remarked. "They always do, but I should be perfectly miserable if I were so poor. There are three children and they only keep one girl! She trims her own hats and hardly ever has a new dress, and when she does she has to make it herself." "They can't be so very poor," continued Lucy. "The lot that cottage stands on must be worth ten thousand dollars at least." "It is. Edith's father wants to buy it to enlarge his yard, and has offered that, but it has always been her home—her father gave it to her, and her mother died there—and they won't sell. She doesn't want the cottage torn down. They are not poor the way folks are that accept old clothes and provisions. She has a piano and books, but they are poor to have a good time. They can't keep a carriage or go into society or travel in Europe." There was a moment's silence. His daughter's views were something of a surprise to Mr. Strong. "When are you going to get mamma those diamonds you promised her?" asked Lucy, turning away from the window. "I don't know. Is she suffering for them? I am short of money just now." "They are only twenty thousand dollars." "Which is exactly four times the amount of money which could be allotted to each family in the United States by equal division of all the property it contains." "I don't understand you, papa." "Very likely not! But if all the property in the United States should be equally divided among all the people in it, there would be about one thousand dollars apiece. The average family contains five members, so you see when your mother wears those twenty thousand dollar diamonds, she will be wearing the capital of twenty people, or of four families." "What do you mean by that, papa? Do you mean that if mamma has twenty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, twenty other people will have to go without anything at all?" "That is about the size of it, my dear. If there are twenty people and twenty peaches to be divided among them, and one man takes half of the peaches, there will not be but ten left for the other nineteen people, will there?" "I should not like that if I was one of the other people—but I do want mamma to have her diamonds! Mrs. Van Smith has beautiful diamonds and they are not half so rich as you are, papa!" "I fear you do not realize the value of money." "Perhaps not! I hope I never will. I should hate to be poor! By-by! Edith is on her steps and we go together."

A moment later the butler appeared bearing a letter on a silver tray. "He brings my death warrant!" he thought that passed through Mr. Strong's mind. "Hobbes did not come—he has written. The deal has failed. It is my death warrant." He waited until the butler had left the room and then opened the letter with trembling fingers. It was as he feared. The deal had failed! He sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands, caring nothing about particulars. It was enough to know that he was lost. All the world must know his financial distress to-morrow. Ruined! Ruined! Could he face the world and begin again? Could he face his own family? The words of his daughter's "I should hate to be poor" rang in his ears. In his mental distress, those carelessly-spoken words, uttered without thought, weighed more than they should. It seemed to him that they expressed the sentiments of the whole family. How could he tell them that his wealth had vanished even quicker than it had come. He started up and paced the floor, his thoughts settling like whips to scourge him on.

In this, his hour of despair, his whole life passed in review before him. He thought of the high hopes of his youth, when he had wished to be numbered among those who fought for justice and truth and the rights of the people. In the mad scramble for wealth he had ceased to be just, he had dishonored truth, he had trampled upon the rights of others! He had sold the best part of himself for wealth, and now—even that, the price of his infancy, was gone! His life had been a failure from first to last—a miserable failure! Measured by the highest standard it had always been a failure—even though his check had been good for a million. Measured by the lower standard of worldly success, to-morrow men would write upon his brow—failure! It was undesirable! Why should he continue to live when life had lost its value? With a sudden resolve, born of self-contempt and despair, he stepped into another room and came back with a revolver.

And yet—he could not go out of life without one last word to Mary. Poor Mary! She might take it hard! He would assure her that it was not through lack of love for her that he ended his existence, but—that reason could give him for deserting his post at sea side? He sat down to his writing desk and took out some paper. "Dear Mary," he wrote, and then words failed him. How could he tell her? He started blankly at the paper. After all, would it not be the act of a coward to leave his family alone to fight poverty? Had he a right to do it? Suddenly a soft white hand glided

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past his, seized the revolver and removed it. "Robert! Robert! What is the matter? What are you about to do?" cried his wife in distress. "John told me that he brought you a letter, and then you began to walk up and down the room, crazy-like, with a revolver in your hand! Why didn't you come and tell me about it? You have no right to try to bear trouble alone. What is it, Robert, dear?" Her arms were around his neck, and she was covering his face with kisses. "It means, Mary, that we are poor! This house will have to be sold; you will have no carriage, no diamonds, no trips to Europe. I shall not save enough out of the general wreck to pay the running expenses of this house for another six months. We are poor, Mary; poor. Our wealth has taken wings to itself and flown away. There's nothing left, but the little house your father gave you, and perhaps two or three thousand to start me in business in a humble way." "But Robert! You have no reason to despair! We have health, strength, the children and each other! The best gifts of life are still ours! Do you know, Robert, I have thought sometimes that it would be better for the children, if we were not quite so rich? The possession of great wealth tends to make us forgetful of our common humanity. We will more back into the little house in which we were so happy, and let the social bubble float without us. We will live for ourselves and our children. While you are with us, dear, we will be happy whether we are rich or not." Love conquered.

The crisis was past. Robert Strong decided to live, and to so order his future that self-condemnation should not be his portion. —Banner of Gold. CANDLES AS PERQUISITES. One of the Queer Official Observances in Paris. A Paris official recently received his annual present of ten pounds of candles. The man thus favored is the police-commissary of the district of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois and he receives his box of candles from the chamber of notaries.

The origin of this observance dates a long way back. It arose out of a dispute between the police commissary of the Chatelet and the corporation of notaries. The duty of the former was to hold a lighted candle at the door of the chamber as the legal gentlemen were entering it, and on one occasion the commissary, with the spirit which animates many men in office, even in our own great country, complained that it was unfair for the expense of the candles to fall upon him, contending that he ought rather to receive an indemnity for his services. He gained his point, and from that time forward the commissary was given three hundred pounds of wax candles annually. In the course of time the three hundred pounds of wax melted away and dwindled, till in the present day the ancient custom has come down to the gift of a ten-pound box of composite candles.

JOHN JUMPED OFF. But He Didn't Have the Knack of Alighting from Electric Cars. Chinamen are great imitators. On a Ninth street electric car coming downtown, says the Washington Post, was seated one of these child-like and bland celestial, with a penive far-away look on his face, but the next expression would give way occasionally as the notorman turned on more electricity and an expansive grin wander over his features as the car leaped forward as though conscious of the admiration of pedestrians, and the laundryman remarked to the passenger on his left: "We just zippee light long." Between H and I streets one of the passengers stepped out on the footboard, and as the conductor made a motion to catch hold of the bell cord the man shook his head. Taking hold of the side bar he swung out with his face toward the forward end of the car, dropped off lightly, and walked away. Down between G and H streets the Chinaman stepped out on the footboard and again the conductor put his hand to the bell cord. "Don't ling! Don't ling!" said the grinning celestial. "I jumpee off just likee other man." Taking an extra reef in his blouse with both hands, he hopped off at a right angle to the car, landed first on

Faithful to France. A peasant of Dettwiller, near Sarrevois, owned a magnificent white rooster, whose red crest was ample. He conceived the idea of painting its tail feathers in blue as a protest against the celebration of the Sedan victory. The local officials advised him to kill the tri-colored fowl within twenty-four hours. He refused, saying that the bird's crime had not been grave enough for the death penalty. A renegade came to execute the order, and did it with his sword. The peasant picked up the decapitated body and said: "He died for the fatherland."

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