SEMI-WEEKLY **OFFICIAL**



PAPER

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THIRTEENTH YEAR

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HEPPNER, MOR'ROW COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1896.

SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 6784

SEMIWEEKLY GAZETTE.

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Try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, they are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood partitier and vermifuge. For sale by Conser & Brook, druggists.

THE DOG REFORMED. Turned Over a New Leaf After a Nearly Fatal Illuers.

writes: "The dog was a creature of servant of the house through a bad illness with the utmost care and affection, and when the creature recovered you. it was found, to the surprise of all, to have turned over a new leaf; it had become perfectly awest-tempered, had forgotten or laid aside all tiresome tricks and ways, and was, as they said, altogether another dog. After the anisnal's death the servant who had been so kind to it seemed inconsolable, and Mrs. Harold Brown, by way of cheering her, said to her: But, you know, the bishop thinks there may be snother life for animals as well as for men, so the editor of the Weekly Ray, a paper that, perhaps, you will see him again," and the poor woman, with tears in her admiration of M. Cousset and all his eyes, replied: 'I knew it, ma'am, I did, but I didn't think it was right to say so, but now, if the bishop thinks so, too, I know it is all right with the poor

Very Tender-Hearted. Mile. Augustine Broban, the celehumane to all animals, one day at table found a fly caught on her plate. She took it up tenderly with her thumb and finger and called her maid. "Maris," she said, "take this fly—be careful, now, don't hirt him!-and put him outdoors." The girl took the fly and west away, but presently Mile. Brohan own her standing near with a troubled expression on her face. "Well, Mario," she oxid, "did you do as I told. "No, mulemoisethe, I've got the fly still; I comidn't venture to put him. outdoors—it was raining, and he might have taken cold."

AN INTERVIEW.

How a Great Frenchman Was Beaten by a Girl Reporter.

I am a lady journalist, and engaged on the staff of the Weekly Ray. I never was a pudding-and-pie sort of girl; and I think when I started going to town, and left the household duties to my sister, my people actually felt a sense of relief.

For some time I wrote at random, sending in contributions to all sorts of papers, some of which reached their mark. The majority, however, like carrier pigeons or the Australian boom erang, faithfully returned to me.

At last I attracted the attention of the editor of the Weekly Ray, or at least my work did; and after a few more successes he offered me a post on "A lady interviewer, you know. Miss Neville," said he to me, "can frequent-

ly attain her object where a man would fail, and I shall be glad to see what success you may have at the business.' Time went on, and I had "fixed" hundreds of notables, when one day, entering the editor's room to submit some copy to him, I perceived by the way he greeted me that he had some special commission in store.

"Good morning, Miss Neville. The very person I wanted to see. Take a I sat down, while the editor pushed

his papers aside, laid down his glasses and commenced. "You have no doubt heard that the famous Frenchman, M. Jean Coussot, has arrived in London for a stay of a

few days, and has taken up his quarters at the Hotel Bristol?" "What, the 'unapproachable' in London!" said L "No, I am ashamed to say that I had not heard of it."

"Well, it is nevertheless a fact," continued my chief, adding with a smile: 'And very aptly you have christened him, for not only has he never been interviewed, but has declared his decision that he never will be. Now, although Coussot has never done anything so very remarkable, beyond writing some epigrammatic plays and jingling verses, and posing with great success as an art critic, a wit, cynic, and leader of fashion, yet he has 'a vogue,' and whatever opinions and impressions fall from his lips people will greedily de-

"Therefore," said I, anticipating his coming remark, "what you suggest is OUS DISEASES that I should endeavor to obtain the

"That's it," said the editor. by, if you succeed, rendering your paper a great service and covering yourself with glory." Next morning-I had spent all the previous day and night thinking about

ny task-I presented myself at the Hotel Bristol. "Is M. Jean Conssot within?" "Yes, miss," said the hall porter, much to my delight. "What name?" I handed him one of my cards, which

e in turn passed to a boy in buttons, who disappeared upstairs with it. A minute later he returned. "Kindly step this way, miss!" Was the great man really going to see me? It would be something even to receive a refusal

direct from his own lips. Up and up we went, till, on the third or fourth landing, a man servant, holding my card in his fingers, confronted

explained, with a bow, eying me curiously all the time. "What might be madame's business?"

Perfectly well aware that I might as well beat a retreat at once as hope for success if I answered his question, business is with monsieur," I said, calmly. "Kindly hand him my card,

and he will see me." Still hesitating, but evidently impressed by the assurance with which I spoke, the man turned and tapped at an adjacent door.

"Enter!" responded a voice from within. The man left the door apar behind him. Silently I stepped up to it and peeped through the crack, being rewarded for my temerity by the sight of a rather stout figure of medium height, clad in a long freek coat, with a bullet-shaped head, hair cropped tight, a well-formed nose, and a straight astache of enormous proportions.

"Mees Margareet Neveel!" I heard Lovers of dogs will appreciate this him say. "No! I do not think I know amusing story culled from Dr. Kitchen's the lady." Then he added, turning to memoir of the late bishop of Win-chester. Of one of the bishop's pets he or old?" Is mademoiselle young

"Young, sir," said the man; and in my bad disposition, with many evil tricks anxiety I had almost called through and ways. It was nursed by an old the opening of the door "and pretty." "Did you ask her beezneez?"

"Yesnir, She said it was direct with "Vell, I vill see her in one moment," came the welcome words; but, as I stepped back from the door, they were

followed by: "But shust make sure her beezneez has nosing to do with ze A groan almost escaped me. It was no use prevarienting when, in a mo-ment's time, I should be in the great man's presence. I told the servant candidly that I did indeed come from that had always expressed its greatest

ahores. The man's face relaxed as I said this. He returned to the room, and a second after I heard M. Coussot's voice from within

works, to bid him welcome to our

"Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Ver' goot! ver' goot brated French comedienne, who was so indeed! Teil Mees Never! I feel ze honor greatly, but" - and here he raised his tones-"M. Coussot is nevalr interviewed."

"So much for the glory I was to be covered with," said I, as, hurrying from the scene of my defeat, I turned into Regent street. Next morning, still feeling a bit ashamed of myself, I went into the

city to keep an appointment that the editor had made for me. That over, I was coming down Threadneedle street, intending to walk back to the office, when passing the entrance to the Pank of England, I sent to the Ray offices for me, benefug-

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

saw a sight that made my heart go thump!

Three genial - looking gentlemen, locked arm in arm, were emerging from under the famous portals, and in the central figure I recognized M. Jean

Coussot himself. Falling back a pace, I "shadowed" them. They got to the corner and Suddenly they shook hands violently, and, with much raising of hats and vociferous interchange of good wishes, left him. He crossed over to the Man-sion house. I followed. Why I did so,

I can hardly say, except that I still felt a lingering hope that fate would yet befriend me. Arrived on the opposite pavement, M. Coussot stopped and took up his station on the curb, critically eying

the various road cars and omnibuses as they came up. A Hammersmith car drew up, and, with unsuspected agility, he jumped on to the steps and nimbly climbed up-

I followed, and took a seat behind As we neared the top of Cheapside, I thought it time to commence opera-

"Excuse me," said I, in my softest possible tones, "I am not sure if I am on the right car. Does this one go to Hyde Park corner, can you tell As he heard my voice M. Coussot jerked round on his seat, and, as he

looked at me, politely raised his hat. "Ah, meest I am a strangair in London," he said. "I vill inquire of the And bending over the rail, "Do you pass ze Hyde Park cornair?" he asked;

and then turned to me again with: Yes, zis car pass ze cornair." "Thank you, so much," said I, sweetly, trembling inwardly lest this should prove to be the conclusion of our con-

But the gallant Frenchman showed no insention of again turning his back towards me. On the contrary, he wheeled still further round, and, keeping his eyes fixed upon my face, said: Zere are so many 'buses and things in your London that it ese ver' con-

versation.

complexing, confusing." "Very confusing," I agreed. "Have you never been in London before?" "Ne-vair," said he. "I vant mouch to come, but somehow never do till

this." "And are you disappointed or pleased with London now you have seen it?" I ventured, feeling that this question marked an epoch in my life. "Vell," said he slowly, and I hung on

his very words, "I am both disappoint and pleased. It is a grand city, but it makes one's head ache, there is so mouch beezneez. (How I remembered tisat word!) And I do not find it pret-"Monsieur has so many callers," he 'ty It is too mouch duil, too gray, too "neutral tint,' as you say."

He seemed to enjoy chatting like this, and, just as the shops and sideturnings flitted by us, so we went lightly from one subject to the other, until I knew the cause was won, and that, if I could only remember all he had said, I had enough material to fill a whole page of the Ray. At Hyde Park corner I prepared to

alight, having, just in order to prevent wounding his feelings, assured him that I believed Apsley house, which had attracted his attention, to be the habitation of the Guard's club. "Ah! You get down here! I regret!

Will mademoiselle exchange cards in memory of our deelightful conversa-"Oh! Pray excuse me!" said L "! have been too indiscreet already."

"No! No!" he protested. "I have enjoy ver' mouch. But mademoiselle may have curiosity as to who she has been talking." And then in much the same tones as the intelligence might be announced, "I am the German emperor!" the versatile Gaul, again raising his hat, said: "I am Jean Cous-

"Roally" I gasped, in affected surprise, and without another word descended the steps.

bus, which soon landed me at Piccadilly circus Into an aerated brend shop I rushed, pulled out my note book, and began to scribble for dear life.

A second after I jumped on to another

"What can I get you?" murmured an attendant. "Coffee," said I, laconically. on, oblivious of the girl's proximity.

"What?" she persisted.
"What what?" said I, looking up, angry at the continued interruption. When I had jotted down all that I could remember, I took a hansom to the

"Knock out those two columns of Parliamentary Gossip," directed my editor when he had just cast an eye over my copy, "and the contents bill must be altered to Jean Coussot's Views of London." Well done, Miss. Neville! I'll have a chat with you.

As may be remembered, the publication of that interview caused a great sensation in the journalistic world. But the most pleasing mements of this little epinode that I possess is an exquisitely fashioned small gold brooch. embellished with the letters "M. N." in diamonds, that M. Coussot himself. on the back the words in English: "To the Victor from the Vanquished."-Pall Mall Budget.

Gave His Portrait. The king of Belgium, when walking one day, called at a farmhouse and asked for a glass of milk. While he was drinking it, he heard the hostess say to stopped at the edge of the pavement, talking, laughing, gesticulating wildly. her husband in Flemish: "I wonder what that long-nosed Englishman will give us for the milk?" Whereupon the king took out a five-franc piece, and handed it to the woman, saying in Flemish: "Allow me to offer you the

portrait of the long-nosed Englishman." -Youth's Companie HUNTING AN APACHE.

A Leaf Taken from Army Life in Western Arizona. The following is a part of a letter from a former Indianapolitan, the wife of an army officer, who is stationed at Fort Apache, A. T., and it gives some idea of army life as it is found in those remote regions, says the Minneapolis Journal. "The captain (her husband) is away on a practice march. He has been prepared to leave on an hour's notice since the middle of July. He only takes, for his company, fifteen days' rations, so he may not be gone so very long. An Apache Indian named 'Kid' murdered another eight years

prison he killed the sheriff and two assistants and escaped, and they have been trying to catch him ever since. "He makes Mexico his headquarters, but stirs us up every little while by a raid, by stealing a girl or two and slaughtering somebody. He was reported near here a few days ago; so three troops of cavalry are out, in detachments, scouring the country for him. The captain, under orders to march east to Mount Ord for the annual encampment, was suddenly sent west in order to establish a supply camp for cavalry. 'Kid' is probably in Mexico by now, but he could lead them

ago or so. He was captured, tried and

sentenced to Yuma. On the way to

a merry dance were he in the neighbor "He could stand behind a rock or a cactus within a stone's throw of the whole regiment of cavalry seeking him and laugh their efforts to seorh, or he could run his pony till it dropped, seize another-the whole of Arizona is his livery stable-or, if wo other was convenient, he could, without troubling himself in the least, walk seventy-five miles in twenty-four hours, which to more than a cavalry horse can do, to say nothing of a white man. These In-

dians are wonderful. "We know of one case where a man and his wife made eighty miles in eleven hours-walking-and started back the next day. They scoop out sand in places known but to themselves, find water. put back the sand, and no white man suspects its vicinity. They live on the wild beans and certain roots which they dig, and so do not have to carry food, cooking utensils or betray themselves by a fire. A cavalry horse has to carry the rider, carbine, ammunition, blankets, overcoats, canteen, cooking utensils and rations; then another has to go along to carry forage for the horse. Indian ponies live off the country, so that looking for the 'Kid,' with every Indian on the reservation his friend and not yours, is worse than the proverbial needle in the haystack. Every rock, bush and mountain is like-

wise in league against you." POLLY'S USEFULNESS

Installed as a Solicitor for Money for the

It has hitherto been customary to fritter away the intellectual force of parrots by merely teaching them to say "Pretty Poll" and things of that sort, but the municipal authorities of a French town have instituted what it is to be hoped will become a general reform. The poor-box at the town hall, it

seems, had for a long time been in a condition discreditable to the more prosperous of the inhabitants. To remind them of their duty toward their poorer neighbors a parrot was purchased, which was installed close to the box and trained to cry: "For the poor, if you please!"

The result, it appears, has been highly satisfactory, pence and silver having been freely given in response to the bird's appeal.

The idea is capable of being applied in a variety of ways. Parrots might be used, for example, to warn passers-by of the proximity of wet paint on fences "Yes, please," I answered, writing entering a house to wipe their feet. In fact, parrots might be made really

useful members of society. An Old Japanese Bank.

Japan has a banking house that has been in business without a break for could remember, I took a hansom to the offices of the Hay, shut myself up in an empty room, and never stopped till my interview was written, revised, and repeat the province of the Hay, shut myself up in an empty room, and never stopped till my interview was written. his caste and went into the liquor trade, manufacturing saki from rice. One of his sons established a bank, which two centuries ago was removed to Trio, the present capital, and from the name of the principal at the time took the name by which it is now known. of the Mitsui bank. Like the Roths childs, the whole family is engaged in the business, a marked feature of which is that the capital belongs to all in common, while no one member can claim a separate share. The most competent individual is chosen president. The bank has now over thirty branches, and is the largest private