FOURTEENTH YEAR

HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1896.

SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 709

SEMIWEEKLY GAZETTE.

Tuesdays and Fridays

THE PATTERSON PUBLISHING COMPANY. OTIS PATTERSON.

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O. R. & N .-- LOCAL CARD.

Sunday.

day.

West bound passenger leaves Heppner Junction 1:11 a. m.; east bound 1:33 a. m.

Freight trains leave Heppner Junction going east at 7:45 p. m. and 9:10 a. m.; going west, 4:30 p. m. and 6:15 a. m.

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Precinct Officers. United States Land Officers THE DALLES, OR. LA GRANDE, OR.

KAWLINS POST, NO. 2L.

Moets at Lexington, Or., the last Saturds act month. All veterans are invited to join.
C. C. Boos, GEO. W. SEITH.
Adjutant, tf Commands

SECRET SOCIETIES

D. J. McFaul, M. D.

OFFICE: AT J. M. HAGER'S RESIDENCE.

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STENOGRAPHER.

HEPPRINE, ORDOOM. National Bank of Heppner

WM. PENLAND, ED. R. BISHOP.

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINES

COLLECTIONS Made on Favorable Terms. EXCHANGE BOUGHT & SOLD

HEPPNER. Ontario-Burns Stage Line

BURNS-GANYON STAGELINE

H. A. WILLIAMS, Prop.

ONTARIO-BURNS Leaves Burns Daily at 6 p. m. and ar-rives at Outsrio in 42 hours.

Single Fare \$7.80. Round Trip \$18.00 Through freight \$14 cents per pound.

BURNS-CANYON

Good Accommodations for Passengers

Wanted-An Idea THE PERSON NAMED AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON NAMED AND ADDRESS O

NO JOY IN LEADVILLE.

Life There Has Grown Too Tame to Inter There used to be a deal more variety and life in Leadville than there is now,

In its early days every phase of human nature was represented here, and if there was any wickedness common to any other section of the globe of which this camp had no specimen some pub-lic-spirited bad man would import a supply. It was a lively mining camp in all that the term implies, and never hid the light of its wickedness under a bushel. Nothing was hidden, neither the saloons nor the gambling houses nor the worst places. The man who wanted to be bad need seek but lightly for an opportunity. As for the divertarget.

affairs of their neighbors; there does what is now Mansfield. not seem to be an undue amount of other days may be interested in knowing that its sanitary condition from a moral standpoint is still bad and needing fumigation and disinfection. An energetic and general conflagration along that thoroughfare would result Leadville is no worse than many other towns, and by comparison with some of them, and es ceially with its former self, is a brig and shining light set upon a hill.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Lord Bramwell's Plety. The late bishop of Winchester is said to have possessed, among his many other qualities, that of sarcasm. A good late Lord Bramwell, who, meeting him his robes after reading prayers in the house of lords, apologized for having been absent from the ceremony. "When I kneel down it gives me palpitation of the heart," said Lord Bramwell; "and it would not be respectful for me to sit or stand while your lordship was praying." Bishop Thorold, perhaps knowing almost as much about the old baron's sanetity as did Lord Bramwell himself, answered, in measured tones: "Pray do not mention it, Lord Bramwards inquired who had read prayers that afternoon, and, on being told, remarked, with a sparkle in his eyes: "He's a sharp fellow." — Household Words.

One of Maine's Widows. Etlen Phillips, relict of George, a not permitted to retire just yet. brother of Wendell Phillips. Her husband was a graduate from Harvard col- experience a delegation of backwoods friends being Dr. O. W. Holmes and was playing havoc with their sheep and James Freeman Clark. Mrs. Phillips pigs. The weather was warm, and has in her house several antique relics Mahn did not care to undertake the of great interest and historical value, task, being then almost 80 years of age. among them being a marble top table and drawer which belonged to John down his gun once more and shouldered Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, and a his traps. He put out six wildcat traps copper ewer and sideboard, once the and four bear traps. The next day property of John Phillips, the first each one of five of the former had a mayor of the city of Boston. She tells wildcat in it, and the sixth one had the many an interesting reminiscence of lower part of a wildcat's fore leg. Two intimately acquainted.

STOCK BRANDS.

While you seep your subscription paid up you makesp your brand in free of charge. Borg, P. O., Heppner, Or.—Rorses, P B on left houlder; cattle, same on left hip. Chapin, H., Hardman, Or.—Horses her con right hip. Cattle branded the same-sends CI on horses right thigh; eattle trand on right shoulder, and cut off a

Johnson, Fallz, Lena, Or.—Horace, circle T on left stille; cattle, same on right hip, under half trop in right and solit in left ear

Kumberland, W. G., Mount Vernon, Or.—I Lon-catile on right and left sides, swallow fork in left sar and under crop in right asr. Horses same brand on left shoulder. Hange in Grant county. Lotten, Stephen, Fux, Or.—6 Lon left hip on cattle, grop and split on right asr. Horses same brand on left shoulder. Hange Grant

A MIGHTY HUNTER.

eppner

Death of a Once Famous Pennsylvania Nimrod

the Most Successful Trapper and Woodsman of the East.

Joseph Mahn, of Elk county, once famous as a mighty hunter, died a few days ago, nearly 90 years old. It was less than ten years ago that failing eyesight compelled him to give up his life in the woods. He had hunted and trapped in the Pennsylvania woods since 1820, and the stories of his extisement of an impromptu duel to the death, that was so easily obtained as to quickly lose its charm. Everybody car. He remembered when elk were yet ried a "gun," and, soon or late, every- numerous in the state, and one of his body used it with a fellow-being for a favorite stories was of the time when he was a boy and went with his father Now this is largely changed. Lead- on an elk hunt. They followed the elk ville is not yet a prominent way station from the headwaters of the Alleghany on the route to the better land, but is river until it crossed the river below as peaceful as the average town of its where Oil City is now, and led the chase size in or out of the mining region. into Ohio, where, on the third day of Men here are too busy to attend to the hunt, it was killed not far from

This old woodsman ended his career drinking, and business goes on about as it does elsewhere. State street is still here, and those who knew it in most satisfactory to bim of all his exploits. He was trapping in Center county, and had four bear traps out. He started out one morning to look after them. The first trap he visited had done good work. It had a big in a purification of the moral and phys-fur. The old trapper shot the bear and went on to another trap. That one had a surprise for him. It was not a bear, but an ugly, glaring, snarling catamount, the largest one Mahn had ever seen in all his career in the forest. It was not only ugly, but extremely tough, for the trapper had to shoot it five times before it would die. This trophy

was over four feet long. After killing the catamount Mahn went on to the third trap, and there he story is told of a retort he made to the found awaiting him a monstrous oldtimer of a he bear, caught in the trap on his way back to his room to take off by both fore feet. How the bear managed to get both feet into the trap was something Mahn could not understand, as it was a thing unheard of in bear trapping. This bear was a savage old chap, and resented its capture with so much tenacity that he would not give up until four rifle bullets induced him to. That three traps in succession thould have yielded each so fine a prize was enough to astonish even a veteran trapper, but when the fourth one came well! I am sure your lordship can be to the front with a third bear, as fine as equally devout whether you are stand-ing, kneeling, or sitting—I will not say joiced greatly. It was a trapping event chin tightly, to prevent his threat berecord as having been killed in the state, he was willing to go home and rest the remainder of his days on the laurels these exploits alone had won him. And There is now living in Hartland, Me., be fully intended to do so, for he had at the ripe old age of 75 years, one of lost the sight of one eye entirely, and Maine's notable widows. This is Mrs. the other eye was failing. But he was

A few weeks after his great trapping lege, a member of the famous class of farmers waited on him and solicited 28, among his classmates and intimate him to go kill a bear or something that Wendell Phillips, with whom she was of the bear traps had each a big bear. A third bear trap was missing. The chain was broken loose from the wooden clog, and it was plain that a bear had walked off with the trap to one of his legs. The fourth bear trap had not

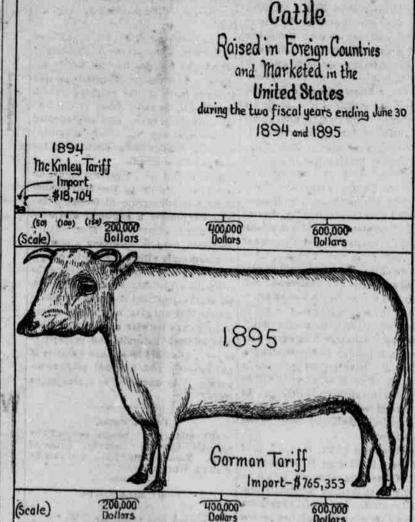
been disturbed. Mahn did not intend to go home without recovering his missing bear trap. He tracked the bear that had it to a swamp and scared it out. The trapwas fast to one of the bear's fore feet. The bear was inclined to fight the trapper, but Mahn killed it with two shots. On his way back home to get help to carry in this most unheard of coliecion of sheep and pig stealers the old man struck a bloody trail. He followed t, and it led him a mile, where it ended away his traps and hung up his gun, and never used them again. - Chicago Chroniele.

It is whispered that three times as nany New York men as women invoke the aid of face massage to smooth away the furrows time has plowed upon

The handsomest lunch cloths are made of fine linep and have a deep border of renaissance lace. Doylie. and buffet covers are also edged with the same beautiful lace. It washes well and is handsome as long as it lasts. The latest card cases and pocket-

books are made from a leather that is alled elephant's hide. It has rather a rough surface, and is of a light tan color. They are mounted at the coners in dull gold, or have a plain gold band around them, headed by a narrow bending.

Hood's



FIGHT WITH TWO LIONS.

Hairbreadth Escape from the Ci a Hungry Beast.

He saw, above the ledge and a little beyond, the ears and head of a lion as it sat watching the deer. Jake rose in his saddle to place a bullet, as he said, midway between those ears, when a powerful lion leaped from behind a tree on the ledge of rock above and, striking him in the chest, carried him off his horse, headlong down the mountain, and his horse ran wildly away. A moment later Jake was lying on his back in the snow, his head up hill and the beast standing over him with one paw planted firmly on his chest, the other slightly lifted, and wagging its tail in delight, while its hot breath was exhaled into Jake's

without precedent in the Pennsylvania woods, and as it was a fortnight since for his knife. He found the fulfe and as he drew it a slight grating sound caused the lion to rebound at his feet and as it did so it uttered a scream which Jake knew only gave him the chance of a moment. It was a call for the other lion. Fearing to make a motion of escape or resistance he moved his hand back in the snow in search of his rifle, which had been lost in the fail.

His finger touched the stock. He cautiously pulled it down by his side and still looking his captor straight in the eyes slowly turned the rifle till its muzzle faced the lion. The bullet passed through its heart and it sank on Jake's feet. Before he could move from his helpless position the other lion bounced over the precipice and somewhat overleaping its mark lit in the snow and instantly received a bullet in its brain. The two lions lay dead not ten feet apart.-Outing.

His Title, were The last three names on the hotel register reads

"P. I. Potmore, M. D." "Hiram All, U. S. N."

"Reginald de Courcey Styles, M. A." The man with the untutored whiskers and the chronic sun grins pendered a noment and wrote:

"Reuben Ontes, P. C." "What's the 'P. C.' for, old man?" asked the commercial traveler, with the cary assurance born of a business life

begun at the age of eight years. "Prominent Citizen, mister, Prominent Citizen. I got the biggest farm, the fattest hawgs and give more money to the campaign fund than any other man in my township."-Indianapolis Journal.

Sept it to his Mother in Germany. it, and it led him a mile, where it ended at the foot of a hig chestnut tree. On a branch of that tree, well toward the top, lay a wildeat. Mahn brought it down with a single shot. As the wildeat was minus one fore paw, the old trapper knew he had bagged the cat that had got out of his sixth trap. Mahn had left his undisturbed bear trap in the words. The next day he went out and got his fourth hear. Then he put away his traps and hung up his real.

WITH THE SCIENTISTS.

When water freezes it expands with force which Trautwine estimates at not less than 30,000 pounds to the square inch.

The water animals were lower in organism and older in existence than the air-breathing animals. They naturally by gad, sir!"
found their existence easier than did "I don't see nd their existence easier than did animals exposed to the vicissitudes the next chair, "what you expect."

same dimensions show over 1,100.

large as the salar system absolutely is, in these times?" ompared with the size of our own

"It is immaterial, in my judgment, whether the sheep grower receives any benefit from the tariff or not..."

Whether he does or does not I am for free wood."—Extract from the speech of but have benefit from the elected from the speech of the wood. "No, that's where you make a mintending. Try than. It cannot be shown to be seen to be the wood of the continue. The struct from the speech of the wood of the wood reward him. I make no doubt, sir, with a smile, and a 'thank you.'"

"No, that's where you make a mintake. She'd call a policeman and have him arrest the man for trying to make the wood of the wood reward him. I make no doubt, sir, with a smile, and a 'thank you."

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"No, that's where you make a mintake. She'd call a policeman and have him arrest the man for trying to make the man for tryin

WOMAN EDITOR OF THE FUTURE. Has Trouble with Her Staff-Con cerned Over the Evils of Rum. "Helen!"

The manuging editor of the future spoke sharply. She was evidently angry about something.
"Yes, ma'am," replied the private secretary, quickly responding to the sum-

"Write a note to Miss Doolittle telling her that we will dispense with her services in the local room in the future."

"Yes, ma'am." "She is drinking too much," explained the managing editor. "I am sorry for her poor father, who is a widower and has to depend on her for support, but I can't help it. She will

"I'll do it at once, ma'am. "This liquor evil is becoming a very erious matter," continued the manag ng editor, musingly. "I don't much blame those poor men out in Kansas who have been holding prayer meetings in the street in an attempt to break up the saloon business. They are taking long chances of insult, though. It's no place for men. I don't see what their wives are thinking of to let them do it. We'll have to have a good spe-

cial on the subject before long. "Meanwhile," continued the managing editor, coming down to business again, "tell Mrs. Slasher that I want a good stiff editorial on the women who persist in going out between the acts to see a girl or get a clove. It's an insult to the gentlemen they take to the

looking up from her notebook, "What

"Leave a note for Mr. Prettyman about his society. Twice recently he has made the wistake of referring to Mr. and Mrs. Jones, instead of Mrs. and Mr. Jones, as everyone knows it ought to be. It's inexcusable. "Yes, ma'am."

"Then tell the city editor that I want a good interview with Mrs. Margin, the president of the board of trade, on the alump in wheat. There ought to be a was badly squeezed and that Jennie Plunger made so much that she blew in on the board of trade and squared herself by buying her husband a diamond ring and a scalskin coat."

With a wave of the hand the editor of the future dismussed her private secretary and gave her attention to an editorial on "The Absurd Claims of the New Man."-N. Y. Sun.

DANGER OF POLITENESS.

Offices of the Old-Time Gentlemen No Louger Desired. "It makes my blood boil, sir," said the fine old southern gentleman, sitting in the dry comfort of the hotel, "to see a

thing like that!" He pointed, says the New York Journal, out to the street, where a young woman was struggling through the rain, one hand attempting to hold an umbrells and keep her dress from the uddles at the same time, the other hand clutching a huge bundle.

"It couldn't have happened in my day,

"Expect? By gad, sir, in my state, A heavenly census is now being taken and in my youthful days, such a thingby the Paris observatory; to count the wouldn't be permitted. Why, believe stars the heavens are photographed in me, the girl woudn't have gone two sections. Some of these sections show steps before some conricous gentleman, only a dozen stars, while others of the sir, would have stepped up to her and carried her impediments for her. 1 J. E. Gore, writing on the "Size of the myself, sir, would have been the first. Solar System," says that "enormously Has the fashion of gallantry passed, air,

"Look here, major, do you happen to earth, it is, compared with the size of know what that girl you're watching the visible universe, merely as adrop in would do if a man tried her with any

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

DEEPLY IN DEBT.

The Prince of Wales Owes Vast Sums of Money.

His Royal Highness Ofton Subjected to Deep Humiliation by Requests from Creditors—The Tranby Croft Baccarat Incident.

What does the prince of Wales owe? Probably nobody alive could answer the question, even approximately, offhand. For 30 years at least his books have shown a balance on the wrong side, and despite the large sums annually passing into his strong box, the deficit is be-lieved to have increased every year with gloomy regularity. In 1884 he was said to be getting, from all sources combined, about \$600,000 a year. What his gross income is now it would puzzle inybody to find out. Mr. Gladstone, in 1889, with that knightly deference to the dynastic principle which has al-ways been so marked a characteristic in him (and which has been constantly repaid by the most spiteful ingratitude from at least the head of the lynasty), passed through the house of commons a measure to consolidate, rearrange and otherwise reform the whole business of royal grants, with particular reference to the prince of Wales and his family. Mr. Gladstone rouched for the bill in a speech of great earnestness and eloquence, and it went through all right, but I have never met anyone who felt sure that he understood the exact effect of its provisions. It was assumed, however, that it cer tainly left the prince no worse off than he was before, and it did, in one respect, definitely increase his specified income by creating a new grant of \$180,000 a year to him for his children—this to be in lieu of further grants to them as individuals during his lifetime. Since then his elder son has died and his elder daughter has married a banker-peer, who is also an intimate friend of the prince, and who, we may be sure, has relieved him from the necessity of accounting for that particular fourth of the grant. Another

a cousin of the Danish family, who will be handsomely provided for from a sinuncial point of ciew, and it may be beavy outlay is to be dreaded by the prince, her father. The prince of Wales still has, therefore, a gross income of \$500,000 or more, and yet, with all the machinery for lightening his current expenses, which experience and necessity have perfected, he gets more and more into debt. I have seen with my own eyes a letter written not long ago by his principal man of business to an old-established firm of wine merchants, to whom the prince and owed about \$6,000 for five years or more. They had asked very respectfully for a settlement, and this, in substance, was the answer, which, as has been said, I personally saw: "His "I have that, ma'am," said Helen, royal highness is extremely annoyed at your communication, and instructs

ment will be at once and permanently withdrawn. I inclose \$750 on account, which is the most that can be done at present," It is easy to think harshly of the situation disclosed by such a document as this, but somehow to me the pathos of it comes uppermost. If ever a man was thrust by fortune into a false position, alump in wheat. There ought to be a good story in that. I understand that a vise, by forces entirely beyond his conthe firm of Mesdames Coupon & Bond troi, it is this unhappy prince of Wales. It is not open to him to go through the bankruptcy court. He cannot cut down his current outlay to any such economical point as would vield savings large enough to affect the ever-mounting principal of his debts. He has to go on in the weary treadmill, using the money that comes in to extinguish here and there ancient claims which double themselves at usurious rates, mean-

me to say ant if he gets any more such

letters his patronage of your establish-

while contracting new obligations to rise up and confound him later on. If there were no other signs of this, the social humiliations to which the prince has surrendered himself during the past dozen years, solely for the sake of the money they would yield, would furnish ample cyidence. I have spoken often before of the peculiar significance of Reuben Sessoun's presence at that notorious Tranhy Croft baccarat party. The repellent aid creature did not play at the game, but he had an important connection with it all the same-a connection which slone accounted for his having been admitted to the house at all. His function was to sit behind the prince and to put on the table out of his pocket the necessary counters when ever the prince lost. All the chips that the prince won were net gain to his

royal highness. A plain man might be forgiven for thinking that it was not worth while to be a royal highness on such terms as these. But practically, all the sporting princes of Europe have gone down on to the level, and are not assumed to be seen there. The prince of Wales suffers from the double misfortune of being much harder up and of living in a vastly brighter blaze of publicity than the others. That is all. Of course there are princes of great position, like the German emperor and his brother, who do not play eards, and who hate the whole debased atmosphere of gambling and so called "sport" in which so much of modern royalty is plunged. But they are rare exceptions, and through the others, the great majority, this new and sinister figure of the court favorite, ! BLY BROTHERS, on War

called indifferently Hirsch, or Sassoun, or Bleichroder, or Polnakoff, has been brought into familiar prominence. Sometimes one of them, as in the case of Baron Hirsch, combines with servile and fawning instincts notable and even lofty qualities. Mankind very properly is willing, in the case of Maurice Hirsch, to pass over lightly and quickly the meaner and baser side of his character and life, and to dwell for a long time upon the splendor and magnitude of his philanthropic conceptions. — Harold Frederick, in N. Y. Times.

TALKING UNITED STATES.

A Small Boy Enlightens His Teacher on the Real Vernacular. In a four-roomed house in a short thorough fare in the most populous part

of the west side live "Jamesy" and his family. His family consists of a father and mother, and a younger brother and a younger sister. Although "Jamesy," as the eldest child, is perhaps the most important member of the family, he is less than seven years old, and not very large for his age. The greater portion of his brief life has been spent on the sidewalk, where he learned to fight his own battles and take a few hard knocks without grieving. His father and mother are hard-working people, but they have been so busy for two or three years getting soup bones and firewood to throw at the wolf that "Jamesy's" education has been neglected. The boy learned many things, but he didn't get them out of a primer. For two months he had been "hustlin" papers, until a truant inspector found him one day and took him home. "Jamesy's" mother was told that the boy belonged in school, and that he must be started in at once. She was a well-meaning woman and agreed that "Jamesy's" education should begin the

next morning. . The boy went to the schoolhouse half determined to "duck" at recess, but the teacher treated him so kindly and there was so much of a novelty in the show that he decided to remain. He soon began to feel at home, and he scraped up a whispering acquaintance with a small Jew boy at his right. The teach er interested him greatly. He watched her draw a picture of a cube, and then heard her read off a row of figures from the blackboard, and he concluded that world, except the man at the one cent show who made a beautiful colored landscape while the orchestra played one tune.

Toward the close of the morning session the tencher said:

"Now, children, I am going to read to you a little piece out of this book, and I want you to listen very closely, so that you can repeat it to me when I have finished."

This aroused Jimmie. If there was anything he delighted in it was repeating, with sundry emphatic gestures, to his younger brother at home accounts of the daring exploits of Tom Dalton and Jesse James as he heard them from the lips of older boys. He was certainly interested, and if school was like this he made up his mind to put up with several disagreeable features and return the next forenoon. He straightened himself in his sent at the request to "sit erect," prepared to absorb every word of the expected story.

The teacher said: "Now, I will read this from this little book, and any of you who wish to can repeat it to the class in your own words. Dor't try to say it as I read it, but just as you would say it." Jimmie's eyes grew big. and he was all attention. The teacher read this short lesson from the first

"See the cow! Is it not a pretty cow? Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can the cow run as fast as the horse? No, the cow cannot run as fast as the horse."

"Criminy!" thought Jimmie, "is 'at all? 'At's dead easy." His hand was up in a twinkling, in imitation of sever-al others. His interested face caught the teacher's eye, and she said: "Well, James, you may try it, but be careful to get it right. You may stand up by

your seat." "Jamsey" arose. Ordinarily he was not bashful, but now his face was flushed, and he was trembling with importance, as he said:

"Get onto de cow. Ain't she a beaut? C'n she git a move on? Sure. C'n she hump herself as fast as de horse? Naw, she ain't in it wid de horse, see!"

The teacher was overcome, but, nevertheless, "Jamesy" was a favorite from that moment.—Chicago Record.

Theodore Roosevelt has a "eartoon

room," which might be called a pic-

torial kitchen; for it contains posted

spon the walls numerous caricatures 'rossting" him. CATARRH

