

A HOT NUMBER In the Heppner Gazette. Without it the Heppner kills would appear dry and barren. People read it; business men advertise in it.

A LARGE NUMBER... Of Morrow County's citizens read the Heppner Gazette. Not much of an authority on agriculture or politics, but true to the interests of its neighbors.

FOURTEENTH YEAR

HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1896.

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Just Received!

We have just received a Large Line of Ladies' and Misses Jackets and Capes

In The Latest Styles!



Ladies desiring anything in this line will do well to call early and make their selections before the assortment is broken.

We Have in These Goods All Qualities Ranging in Price From \$2 to \$18...

WILLS & SLOCUM.

First National Bank

OF HEPPNER. C. A. RHEA, President T. A. RHEA, Vice President G. W. CONSER, Cashier S. W. SPENCER, Ass't Cashier

EXCHANGE

Bought and Sold.

National Bank of Heppner.

W. PENLAND, ED. H. HINSHOP, President, Cashier.

Ontario-Burns Stage Line

AND BURNS-CANYON STAGE LINE. H. A. WILLIAMS, Prop.

ONTARIO-BURNS

Leaves Burns Daily at 6 p. m. and arrives at Ontario in 42 hours. Single Fare \$7.50. Round Trip \$15.00.

BURNS-CANYON

Leaves Burns daily except Sundays. Connects with the Oregon, Prineville and Lakeview Stage Lines.

Good Accommodations for Passengers.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of a new idea for a business? We have a large number of ideas for sale.

THE BOOKKEEPER

How the Bookkeeper Got His Revenge on the Hungry Messenger.

This is the story of a crusty bookkeeper and a bad, bad messenger boy. The bookkeeper is employed in a large Chestnut street house.

He had lately come over from Europe. One spring morning in the fourth decade of the present century, a coaster came in from Boston, having a few trees on board billed to Mrs. Baker.

One of the trees was a hedge or trimmed to a single trunk. Following the printed instructions, which came with every tree, she planted her honey locust in the family lot.

It was a beautiful tree, and she was proud of it. She had read in a magazine that it was a beautiful tree.

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RUINED BY TREES.

A Graveyard That Was Overrun by Locusts.

The Place Became So Choked Up by the Rank Growth That There Was No Room for Living or Dead.

In 1788, when the old revolutionary sailors living on the New Worcester plantation, across the Penobscot from Bangor, wanted to get the place incorporated and applied for a charter, they intended to call the town Orangetown, in honor of Orangetown, Md., but the early education of the man who drew up the petition had been so badly neglected that when he wrote the document he spelled the word Orrington, and in that manner was a good town name born from very poor orthography.

During the 108 years which have passed since then the people have made very few blunders. They not only know what they want, but they go with a get-there impetuosity which generally wins success.

In fact, some citizens of Orrington can be truthfully charged with having too much zeal. One resident—a woman, bearing the name of Baker—has made herself famous for all time by a little act of thoughtful kindness that would never have been noticed had it been done in most towns. Mrs. Baker, though she lived and died years before Secretary Morton was known, was a firm believer in Arbor day. She set out such native trees as she could find growing on the hills, and sent away to friends and got several varieties that had lately come over from Europe.

One spring morning in the fourth decade of the present century, a coaster came in from Boston, having a few trees on board billed to Mrs. Baker. Among them was a rare species known as the honey locust. The agent who sold it to her priced it very highly, saying it had rare racemes of fragrant white flowers and beautiful pendulous foliage, making it a most suitable ornament for a cemetery. In addition to these qualities, it was thrifty and perfectly hardy, and could be either grown as a hedge or trimmed to a single trunk.

Following the printed instructions, which came with every tree, she planted her honey locust in the family lot in the old Chapin cemetery on the road from Orrington Center to Orrington. No tree ever kept its contract more perfectly than that honey locust. It waxed big and strong in the dry, gravelly soil, and raised up many offspring, all of which grew wonderfully. Fifteen years later, when Mrs. Baker laid down the cares of life, she was put to rest in a beautiful grave of her own planting.

Around her grave the wild cypress grew in rank yellow profusion. Above it the red cinnabar rose bloomed all through the summer months, and over these the rare honey locusts swayed their fragrant blossoms, until every dallying wind stole away deeply laden with sweetness. Surely, if there were ever a place where death was robbed of its terrors, this was the spot.

New tenants came to the little four-acre cemetery as the years went on. The Harrimans, noted for their strength; the Chapins, famous in finance; the Bakers, with their handsome children; and several other good people, having finished their work, were laid away for a long, sweet rest among the flowers.

The people died, but the honey locusts lived. They not only lived, but took such a joy in living that by 1850 the sexton complained bitterly about the tough roots of the locust trees which he was forced to cut off in order to dig a new grave. In former years, with a spade and a pickaxe, he could dig a good grave in about forty hours. Now he has to take an axe and a crossbar along, and when he had dug a grave he found the whole day was used up. Several owners of burial plots that were inclosed with expensive fences, as well as those who had erected stones or monuments, complained about the prevalence of locust trees, saying the tangled growth concealed the graves. The locusts were thickets of brushwood, and even the cemetery paths grew up so that men had to sweep new roads whenever a body was interred on the further side of the inclosure.

About the time the war closed the residents woke up to the fact that their beautiful cemetery had been transformed into a wilderness, filled with thistles and noxious thorns. Some made onslaughts upon the trees, clearing individual lots here and there, which at once grew up to young locusts from roots on the unrelieved lots. Meetings of the town were held, but no definite plan of action was adopted. Meanwhile the locusts grew and entrance to the cemetery became more difficult every year. Shortly after it was learned that the locusts could not be eradicated the survivors began to take up their dead and move them to other cemeteries. Some went to Mill Creek, others to Orrington village, and still others to the hillside yard at Snow's Corner. Before 1870 nearly every body was up and away. Then the town voted to pay for the removal of those whose friends had all died or moved away, and the grave diggers went all over the yard.

The work was done well—much better than the average of such jobs. Still it is said that some five or six bodies were never found. The rank trees grew so rapidly and were such greedy feeders that the ashes of the dead were taken up to form soil and blossoms. Chapin cemetery has been abandoned for more than 20 years. The locusts are 40 feet high and stand as thickly as troops in review. They so thoroughly occupy the lands that there is no room for the living or the dead.—Leviston (Me.) Journal.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

Afraid of Germs. "Yes, I've broken my engagement with Miss Prettyman," declared Jones, sorrowfully. "Have a quarrel over a philopena?" inquired his friend. "No; it was no sudden decision, but the result of mature deliberation. I can never marry that girl."

"Why? She seemed to be absolute perfection and just suited for you in every way." "Well, probably she is, but I couldn't stand it. You know her father is a bacteriologist who does nothing but study wiggletails through a spyglass and talk about bacilli. Every time I started to kiss the girl she would say: 'Excuse me, but you might have germs of tuberculosis on your lips,' and she would swab her mouth with a handkerchief wet with carbolic acid before I could kiss her. Till just before last, I was lastingly horseshoed if I marry a girl who has to disinfect herself every time she wants to kiss."—San Francisco Post.

Are Fond of a Job. The skill of Japanese jugglers is illustrated by a recent incident at a Japanese dinner, where one of them was employed to entertain the company. A foreign guest determined to have no optical delusions about what the juggler did. He never let his glance be distracted, and was not once off his guard. Noticing that the old juggler played to him entirely. An immense porcelain vase was brought in and set in the middle of the room, and the old juggler, crawling up, let himself down into it slowly. The skeptic then sat for half an hour without taking his eyes from the vase, which he had first been convinced was sound and firm and stood on no tripod.

PERILOUS SITUATION. Hardrocks Narrowly Escapes a Scam with His Wife. "I see," said Mr. Hardrocks, as she crumpled up her morning paper, "that you are advertising for a typewriter."

"Yes," her husband replied, "I had to come to it. My business is of such a nature that the pen won't do any more." "Humph!" his loving wife returned, staring at him hard. "And I see that you say in your advertisement: 'Must not be too old, and must come with a good supply of ribbons.' I want to know what you mean by putting such things in the paper over your name. I shall be the one to decide whether your typewriter is too old or not and whether she has enough ribbons or not. Have you ceased to care for me that you can deliberately—"

"Pardoe me for interrupting you, Angelina," said Mr. Hardrocks, "but I am merely advertising for a typewriter machine and nothing of the kind." "Oh!" the lady retorted, "I hope you don't think it makes any difference to me whether you have a typewriter or not, or what kind of a one you get." "Oh! dear, no! I couldn't think that for a minute," Mr. Hardrocks returned. "I know that you are one of the most sensible little women in the world, and that you have the confidence in me that I deserve. Of course, if you don't think I ought to have a typewriter, I'll not get one. I guess we could worry along in the old-fashioned way."

"Not for the world," his wife said, as she kissed him at the door. "You must have one, dear; and get any kind you want." "By Jove!" said Hardrocks to himself, after he had secured a sent in the car, "I'm almost sorry now that I engaged that little brunette."—Cleveland News-Herald.

AMERICAN PANTOMIME. Clever Clowns Are Hard to Secure—Some Well-Known Features. A comparison between English and American pantomime will result favorably in many particulars for the American, because novelty is sadly lacking in the former, says an exchange. The English clown makes his appearance on the stage with a "Here we are again" with a certainty that only equals the coming of death and rent day. Humph-Dumpty, Columbine, the pole man and all other funny people are as stereotyped as three meals a day, and our cousins across the water look upon them with open-eyed astonishment year after year, with a stoicism that borders on the ridiculous. If the same tactics were followed by purveyors of that class of entertainment here, how long would it last? With the American insatiable thirst for novelty we should say but a very short time.

Pantomimists like the famous Grimaldi and Bavel families do not flourish now, and the pantomime seems coming great spectacular features and ingenious devices as well as comedy elements. Pantomime has never been so successfully grafted on American soil otherwise it would be an institution in every large city in the land. But when ever it was well done it always paid well. Years ago the Bavel family was in New York and became the craze of the town. Francis, the father of the family, would set the house in a roar by walking across the stage, and prove George Fox, who was the best pantomimist the United States ever produced, was a good enough to be Francis Bavel.—Chicago News.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of a new idea for a business? We have a large number of ideas for sale.

A CHECKERED CAREER.

Deplorable End of the Author of a Beautiful Song.

The Ups and Downs in the Life of the Composer of "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother," Once So Popular.

A few days ago an old man, dressed in rags, appeared at the city prison in Corvallis, Kan., and asked the jailer to allow him to sleep in one of the empty cells over night. He declined to tell his name, but said he had arrived on a freight train from Texas. His request was granted. Next morning he was found to be ill and, though properly taken care of, died four days later. A few hours before death says a Toledo dispatch to the Boston Herald, he called the jailer to his side and told him his name was Edward Dunbar, and that he was the author of that beautiful hymn: "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother." He was buried in the Coffeyville cemetery.

When Dunbar was a small boy he lived in New Bedford, Mass., and worked in a factory. His mother lived at the foot of the street on which the factory was located, and, as the lad's work kept him away till after dark, she always placed a light in the window to guide his footsteps homeward. One day he took a notion to go to sea, and off he went on a three-year cruise. During his absence his mother fell ill and was at death's door. She talked incessantly about her boy, and every night she asked those around her to place a light in the window in anticipation of his return. When she realized that her end had come, she said: "Tell Edward that I will set a light in the window of Heaven for him." These were her last words.

The lad had grown to manhood ere he returned home, and his mother's dying message so affected him that he reformed and became a preacher. In the course of his reformation he wrote the song: "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother." The song became widely known.

Rev. Edward Dunbar married a young woman in New Bedford during his work in a great revival in 1858, and several children were the result of this union. The young divine soon made a reputation as a brilliant pulpit orator, and the public was therefore greatly surprised when one bright Sunday morning he skipped the country, leaving his wife and children behind. He came to Kansas, and after snatching brands from the burning in different parts of the state, he went to Minneapolis and began to show the people the error of their ways. A great revival followed and hundreds were converted.

Miss Enice Bell Lewis, a handsome young heiress of Indianapolis, was one of the converts. She fell in love with the evangelist and married him against the wishes of her friends. Shortly after the wedding Dunbar returned to Kansas to fill an engagement at Leavenworth. While he was away the friends of the bride, who had mistrusted the evangelist all along, laid their suspicions before W. D. Wells, now judge of the Second judicial district of Kansas, and Judge Austin Young, who were law partners in Minneapolis, and they took the case. The result was that they soon found evidence sufficient to warrant an arrest, and Dunbar's ministerial career was brought to a close.

WRITING WITH MILK.

Novel Substitute for Ink, Available for All Readers with Dirty Fingers.

In the course of a trial in France last year a letter was read from a man named Turpin, a chemist, under sentence of five years' imprisonment as a spy, giving directions to a friend with a view to establishing a secret correspondence with him while in prison. This led to an official inquiry on the subject by the French authorities, and some strange revelations were obtained from some of the convicts.

It appears, says Chambers' Journal, that when information has to be conveyed to a prisoner, a formal letter, containing apparently nothing but a few trivial facts of a personal nature, is forwarded to the prison. This is read by the governor, who stamps it, and allows it to be handed on to the man to whom it is addressed. The latter, however, is aware that there is another letter to be read within the lines, this being written in milk, and being easily decipherable on being rubbed over with a dirty finger.

CATARRH

LOCAL DISEASE

It is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes. It can be cured by a pleasant remedy known as Ely's Cream Balm.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of a new idea for a business? We have a large number of ideas for sale.