HOT NUMBER

Is the Heppner Gazette. Without it the Heppner hills would appear dry and barren. People read it: isiness men advertise in it.

**OFFICIAL** 



100.3, 1896 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

200 200 200

FOURTEENTH YEAR

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

SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 714

## SEMIWEEKLY GAZETTE

Tuesdays and Fridays

OTIS PATTERSON, . . . Editor A. W. PATTERSON. - Business Manage

Advertising Rates Made Known on

At \$2.50 per year, \$1.25 for six months, 75 cts

Application.

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

Train leaves Heppner 10:45 p. m. daily, except unday. Arrives 5:00 a. m. daily, except Monday.

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.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

United States	Officials.
President	Grover Cleveland Ad ai Stevenson Bichard S. Olney John G. Carlisle E. H. Francis Daniel S. Lamont Hilary A. Herbert Wiltiam L. Wilson Judson Harmen
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Governor.  Secretary of State  Treasurer.  Supt. Public Instruction	W. P. Lord H. B. Kincaid Phil. Metschan G. M. Irwin

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

SECRET SOCIETIES. KAWLINS POST, NO. 81. G. A. R. Moste at Lexington, Or., the last Saturday sch month. All veterans are invited to Join. C. C. Boon, Adjutant, tf GEO, W. SEITE.

D. J. McFaul, M. D.

OFFICE: AT MRS. H. WELCH'S RESIDENCE. Night telephone connection with

E. L. FREELAND. MAKES COLLECTIONS.

WRITES INSURANCE. MAKES ABSTRACTS. U. S. LAND COMMISSIONER.

Land Fillings and Final Proofs Taken, NOTARY PUBLIC. MEPPMER, OREGON.

## National Bank of Heppner

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

COLLECTIONS Made on Favorable Terms. EXCHANGE BOUGHT & SOLD

Ontario-Burns Stage Line

H. A. WILLIAMS, Prop.

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

Single Fare \$7.80. Round Trip \$15.00 Through freight \$14 cents per prond.

BURNS-CANYON

# lust Received!

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



Ladies desiring anything in this line will do firm believer in Arbor day. She set out well to call early and make their selections such native trees as she could find growing on the hills, and sent away to before the assortment is broken.

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

## & SLOCUM.

W. E. Hichardson First National Bank

-OF HEPPNER-C. A. RHEA. President - Vice President T. A. RHEA. GEO. W. CONSER. - Cashier S. W. SPENCER. - Ass't Cashier Transacts a General Banking Business.

EXCHANGE

On all parts of the world-Bought and Sold.

Collections made on all points on

Surplus and undivided Profits, \$35,000.00.

STOCK BRANDS. as keep your brand in free of charge. Borg, P. O., Hopping, Or.—Horses, P B on boulder; cattle, same on left hip. H., Hardman, Or.—Horses branded hip. Cattle branded the same. Also on horses right thigh; sattle sar-right shoulder, and cut off end o nem, Felix, Lona, Or.—Horses, circle Ton-ifie; cattle, same on right hip, under half a right and split in left ear

Hood's

Exhibits the True Knightly spirit-Lesson in Courtesy. She was an old German woman. No one knew where she was going, but evidently some distance, for she carried an enormous bundle wrapped in newspaper and containing her personal efects. Supernatural gifts of second sight were not necessary to discover the last fact, for hardly had the old voman entered the train before the contents of her package were exhibted to the view of the other travelers. Newspapers have their uses, but they were never intended for wrapping parcels. The strain and the heat of the poor old creature's arms had been too much for it. There was a sound like the outburst of a long pent-up sigh, followed by a shower of neat but plain garments of feminine wearing ap-

parel along the aisle, and a ripple of aughter which traveled rapidly down the car. Everyone was interested. That ewspaper was gone, the contents of the package were scattered. What was the owner going to do? She did not engers, and it was no laughing mater for her. Just then a man, who had been intently reading his paper, looked up and took in the situation at a glance. He arose quietly, put down his paper and stepped into the sisle. One after the other he took up the different articles, rolled them into tight little bundies, took his own paper and wrapped them neatly in it, fied together the broken string and handed the woman her package in many times better condition than it was before. She was not diffusive in her thanks, but her genti tude was shown in her face. "Oh, tank you, sir; tank you, sir," she said, as she sat down, smiling happily, her re-juvenated bundle clasped tightly in her

rms again. Divers in the Lake of Nemi, near Alano, have found at the bottom of the ure galley in which Emperor Tiberius held his orgies. It suff seems to be wolf and lion, targets with inscripions and rings for the docks. Cardinal large brouse nails were brought up.

If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease — hearseness. If Chemberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes binarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invaluable for coids and whooping cough. For sale by Conser & Brock.

NOTICE TO PATRONS.

on the Slangy Messenger. This is the story of a crusty book ceeper and a bad, bad messenger boy. bookkeeper is employed in a large Chestnut street house. The messenger boy is a part of the mighty service of the Western Union Telegraph company, says the Philadelphia Record. The boy crawled into the office where the book keeper sat at his desk early yesterday morning and asked for Mr. C-, the head of the firm. "Got a message?"

"No," said the boy; "a man asked me to come here and see if he was in." "Well, he's out," snapped the book

"I'll wait," said the boy.

"What for?" inquired the other. "Cat fur," retorted the boy, quickly, The bookkeeper looked back for a minute, then he said: "All right, wait," and went on with his work. The boy sat down and began to whistle "Paradise Alley." He fidgeted around and sang a bit just to tease the bookkeeper. The latter paid no attention to him. The boy grew weary after an hour or so, and finally be asked:

"Say, when's de main guy o' dis place omin' back?" "Don't know," said the bookkeeper,

without looking up.
"Where's 'e at?" naked the boy. "In Europe," said the other.

Then the bad boy used language that thoroughly proved his badness and made it necessary for the porter to eject him.

WHY HE FELT PROUD. telf-fatiefen with lin improvement

He is the young man who writes the newspaper advertisements for a large mercantile firm, says the Detroit Free Press. Pe writes them well, too, and enjoys. I'fe as is the privilege of a mac who has successfully applied himself riends with whom he was talking was whose long acquaintence makes it marible for his to say things which would be resented from other persons. "It seems to me," remarked the friend.

that you are a lucky person."
"Well," was the reply, "that is what the cover the galley in the 15th century, envious always say of men who makes and another attempt was made at the beginning of this century, when some that remark has been made of nearly envious always say of men who makes every man who has worked hard and finally prospered." "You seem to take a rather serious

view of your calling." "I have to. It means shoes and neck ties and house rept and three meals a day and lots of other little things that pake life plessant."

"Still, I don't think it is very much to

groud of Perhaps not. I struggle with my aff-cateem every now and then." "Well, this period of citiz ention has stainly produced drange denomin." That's in There's the 'vyrote of a table elfontion. When Latherthat I am making a good living in era when Shahwpeure or Bryan would Brahaffly work the effects in vain books ing for a job, I tell you I can't help getting a little bit proud, and I might just

as well own up to it."

Balth and sweet treath scened, by

RUINED BY TREES.

A Graveyard That Was Overrun by Locusts.

The Place Became 80 Choked Up by Bank Growth That There ing 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 negeated that when he wrote the document he spelled the word Orrington, and in this 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 it with a get-there impetuosity which generally

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 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 praised it very highly, saying it had large racemes of fragrant white lowers and beautiful pendulous folinge, making it a most suitable ornament for a cemetery. In addition to these qual-Ities, it was thrifty and perfectly hardy, and could be either grown as a hedge or trimmed to a single trunk.

Pollowing 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 per-fectly than that honey locust. It waxed big and strong in the dry, gravel-ly soil, and raised up many offspring, all of which grew wonderfully. Fifteen years later, when Mrs. Baker laid down peautiful grove of her own planting

Around her grave the wild cypress grew in rank yellow profusion. Above it the red cinnamon 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 fouracre 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 lo-custs 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, wih a spade and a pickax, he could dig a good grave in about four house. Now he had to take an ax and a crowbar 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 preva lence of locust trees, saying the tangled growth concealed the graves. The lots were thickets of brushwood, and even the cemetery paths grew up so that men had to swamp new roads whenever a body was interred on the further side

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 brambles and noxious thorns. Some made onalaughts upon the trees, clearing individual tota here and there, which at once grew up to young lo lots. Meetings of lot owners were held, bu no definite plan of action was adopt ed. 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 Snew's Corner. Before 1870 nearly everybody 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

The work was done well-much beter than the average of such jobs. Still it is mid that some five or six hedles were never found. The rank trees grew so rapidly and were such greeds bedeen that the nahes of the dead were taken up to form wood and blossours. Chapin cemetery has been abandoned for more than 23 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 Hving or the dead.-Lewiston (Mr.) Journal.

A Modest Photograph. Mrs. Dearborn-Will my foot show? Photographer-Oh. mercy, not I'm not going to make the picture as leg. as that ... Yout eve fitaterman.

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

"Yes, I've broken my engagement with Miss Prettyman," declared Jones corrowfully.

"Have a quarrel over a philopena? nquired his friend. "No; it was no sudden decision, but

the result of mature deliberation. 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' 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 the germs of tuberculosis on your lips,' and she would swab her mouth with a handkerchief wet with carbolic acid before I could kiss her. I'll just be everlastingly hornswoggled if I marry a girl who has to disinfect herself every time she wants to kiss."-San Francisco

The skill of Japanese jugglers is illustrated by a recent incident at a Japanese dinner, where one of them was employed to entertain the compacy. A foreign guest determined to have no optical de-lusions about what the juggler did. He never let his glances be distracted, and was not once off his guard. Noticing this, 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 trapdoor. After this prolonged watch, the rest of the company assailed him with

fanning himself, and had been so seated for some minutes.—London Tit-Bits. PERILOUS SITUATION.

"I see," said Mrs. 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

"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. 1. 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"-

"Pardor me for interrupting you, Angelina," said Mr. Hardrocks, "but I am merely advertising for a typewriting machine-not the other 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 why, 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!" mid Hardrocks to himself, after he had secured a sent in the car, "I'm almost sorry now that I engaged that little brunette."-Cleveland

ews-Herald. AMERICAN PANTOMIME. Clever Clowns Are Hard to Secure - Some Well-Known Performers.

comparison between English and American pantomime will result favor ably in many particulars for the Amer can, because novelty is sadly lacking the former, says an exchange. To English clown makes his appearance of the singe with a "Here we are again with a certainty that only equals th coming of death and rent day. Hump y-Dumpty, Columbine, the polic ma-

and all other funny people are as stere otyped as three meals a day, and ou cousins across the water look upon them with open-eyed astonishment year after year, with a stoleism 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 inestiable thirst for novelty we should say but

ery short time. Pantomimists like the famous Grinaidi and Ravel families do not flourish now, and the pantomime must combine great apactacular features and ingenious devices as well as comedy elements. Pantomime has never been auccentally engrafted on American soil otherwise it would be an justitution for every large city in the land. But when over it was well done it always paid well. Years ago the Bavels came to New York and became the craze of the town. Francois, the father of the family, could set the house in a roar by walking across the stage, and po-George Fox, who was the best panto mimist the United States ever pro duced, was a good successor to Francois

Ravels-Chicago Nows.

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 Coffeyville, 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 ih and, though properly taken care of, died four days later. A few hours before death, says a Topeka dispatch to the Boston Her-ald, 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 ceme-

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 win-dow to guide his footsteps homeward. One day he took a notion to go to sea, and off he went on a three years' 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

laughter and jeers, and pointed to his side, where the old juggler was seated 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 be-

came 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 pupit orator, and the public was therefore greatly surprised when one bright Sunday morning he skipped the conntey, leaving his wife and children has hind. He came to Kansas and after snatching brands from the burning in different parts of the state, he went to Minneapolls and began to show the people the error of their ways. A great revival followed and hundreds were

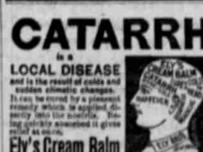
converted. Miss Eunice Bell Lewis, a handsome young heiress of Indianapolis, was one of the converts. She fell in love with the evangelist and married him against the wishes of her friends Shortly after the wedding Dunbar returned to Kansas to fill an engagement at Leavenworth. While he was away the friends of the bride, who had mistrusted the evangelist all along, hald their suspicions before W. D. Webb. 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

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.



Wanted-An Idea