

Almost Blind

Scrofula Affects the Eyes—Little Boy Treated by an Oculist Without Relief—But Now He is Well.

"When my little boy was three months old his eyes became very sore and he was almost blind. I took him to an oculist who treated him for six months, and left him as bad as he was at the beginning. Finally Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I began giving it to him. In less than three weeks he was able to go into the sun without covering his eyes, and today his eyes are perfectly well, and his ears and nose, which were badly affected, are also well. Hood's Sarsaparilla has certainly done wonders for my boy." Mrs. JAMES H. PAINTER, Amador, California.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1.50 for 60 Pills. Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Take Notice.

1. The sum of five cents per line will be charged for "cards of thanks," "resolutions of respect," lists of wedding presents and favors, and obituary notices, (other than those the editor shall himself deem a matter of news) and notices of special meetings for whatever purpose.

2. Notices of church and society and all other entertainments from which revenue is to be derived, shall be charged for at the rate of five cents a line. These rules will be strictly adhered to in every instance.

Advertising rates reasonable and made known upon application.

A GOOD CLUBBING LIST.

Now that the great political campaign is over and the winter season again with us, all will want an adequate supply of fresh and varied reading matter for the long evenings. Cognizant of this the Gazette has made clubbing arrangements with a number of periodicals and now offers the following to all new and renewal subscribers:

The GAZETTE \$1.50 and	Club Rate
Weekly Oregonian, \$1.50	\$3.50
S. F. Examiner, \$1.50	3.75
N. Y. Tribune, \$1.00	3.00
Inter-Ocean, \$1.00	3.25
S. F. Chronicle, \$1.50	3.75
Three-a-Week N. Y. World, \$1.00	3.50
Webfoot Hunter, 5c	2.50
Leslie's Weekly, 4c.	5.00

Here and There.

Cool weather still prevails.
Cream improves strawberries. See Marie. 7it
Fine cows and fine milk at the Shorthorn dairy. 7it
W. E. Kalor was down from Hardman Wednesday.
Conser & Brock's for the "Never Fail" headache wafer. 1t
Hon. T. J. Matlock was in from his ranch yesterday.
N. S. Whelton's returned from Portland this morning.
Drink the famous Hop Gold beer, on draught everywhere. 52-5
Milk for babies from single cow from the Shorthorn dairy. 7it
Nels Jones is in from his Butter creek ranch for machinery repairs.
Heppner is very "woolly" these days, but she is not so awfully wild.
Sam Wilkinson, the woolbuyer, got back Tuesday from The Dalles.
A back for sale or trade for lighter rig or milk cow. N. C. Maria. 7it
Buy milk from the Shorthorn dairy. N. C. Maria, Prop. 7it
Mrs. Julia Bradley returned from Portland on Wednesday morning.
Andrew Neal and wife were in from Lone Rock Wednesday of last week.
Jacob Betz, mayor of Walls Walla, was in Heppner yesterday on business.
The Hop Gold beer is the best beer. All first class saloons handle it. 52-5
Any one desiring the services of a first class sheepherder call at this office. 1t
Mrs. Geo. Conser and brother, Waldon Rhea, returned from Portland this morning.
Second rank work at the K. of P. hall next Tuesday night. All Knights should come out.
Sam Teed, who has been herding a band of the Swagartz sheep the past six weeks, has returned to Heppner.
Miss Robinson, of Walls Walla, came in this morning. She will remain for some time visiting relatives and friends.
"Never Fail" headache wafers at Conser & Brock's. This medicine will cure any kind of a headache in short order. 1t
Dr. John W. Rasmus, of the Redlight, has keg beer on draught—the Hop Gold. Best of liquors and cigars in stock. 1t
Luscious strawberries growing in the vicinity of Heppner are coming in daily now and find a ready market at \$1.50 per crate.
M. Liechtenthal has the finest line of ladies' and gents' tan shoes that ever came to Heppner. Mat wants to back the proposition. 50-4
The agency warehouse, eight miles east of Pendleton, was burned last night. The origin of the fire has not yet been learned.
Cordon Globe: From Walls Walla and all Eastern Oregon points the O. R. & N. has reduced rates on wheat 40 cents a ton, the rate now being 75 cents a bushel.
Dr. J. E. Adkins is up from Hillsboro and those desiring anything in the line of dentistry should call on him at his office in the rear of P. O. Borg's jewelry store. Will remain only a short time. 48-1t.
Hundreds of thousands have been induced to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy by reading what it has done for others, and having tested its merits for themselves are today its warmest friends. For sale by Conser & Brock.

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It has, like no other building, been handed over by man to nature; time molding and tinting into life its structure already so absolutely organic, so fit to live. For its curves and vaultings, its cupolas mutually supported, the weight of each carried by all; the very color of the marbles, brown, blond, living colors and the irregular symmetry, flower-like, of their natural patterning, are so seemingly organic as ready for vitality. Time has added that, with the polish and dimming alternately of the marbles, the billowing of the pavement, the slanting of the columns and last, but not least, the tarnishing of the gold and the granulating of the mosaic into an uneven surface; the gold seeming to have become alive and in a way vegetable, and to have faded and shrunk like autumn leaves.
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Laureson is very fond of his queer pet, and has taught him many interesting tricks. Among others he has trained him to handle a bow, and with a miniature violin Czar manages to scrape the strings in a way that is not unmusical. Of course it has been impossible to teach him really to play a piece, but he has really to play a piece, with his fiddle grasped in his tiny claws. Czar produces a sort of half-screaming sound that is altogether weird and fantastic. Laureson is himself a violinist of no mean order, and Czar likes nothing better than to sit on his master's knee and listen to his playing.
BOLD AS A LION.
Simple Justified by Audacity of an East Indian Beast.
Appros of the death of Maj. Sandback from wounds inflicted by a lioness while hunting in Somaliland, reference may be made to an interesting article in Scribner by Capt. C. J. Mellie. Among other things Capt. Mellie gives a striking instance of a lion's great audacity. An English officer was shooting recently in Somaliland. One night, when he was in bed inside his tent, a lion sprang over the rough thorn fence which it is usual to throw up around one's encampment at night. Instead of picking up one of the men or animals that must have been lying about asleep inside the fence, he would have gone to the sportsman himself, and made a dash into his tent and seized him—fortunately only by the hand. Then, by some wonderful piece of luck, as the lion changed his grip for the shoulder, he grabbed the pillow instead and so vanished with his prize. The pillow was found next morning covered with hundreds of yards distant in the jungle.

FISH THAT DRANK WINE.

Some of Them Developed a Taste for It and Got Drunk.
"Did you ever see drunken fish?" inquired a Sonoma county wine grower. "No one would confess that he had seen intoxicated fish, says the San Francisco Post, and the silence indicated a predisposition to incredulity. "I suppose you are going to tell us past and the great dead. All noble churches give us this; how much more, therefore, says the Contemporary Review, St. Mark's, which is noblest and most venerable!
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STOCKMEN, FARMERS, EVERYBODY!

You Don't Expect Goods for Nothing!
BUT YOU DO WANT LOW PRICES to suit the times. You want fresh groceries and supplies; you want substantial gents' furnishings. You can find what you want at T. R. Howard's...
MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED!
T. R. Howard
Main Street, Heppner, Oregon.
GILLIAM & BISBEE,
At the old stand, have the usual spring outfit of
FARMING UTENSILS, HARDWARE AND CAMP OUTFITS,
Besides the thousand odds and ends that are too numerous to mention.
Call on
GILLIAM & BISBEE,
Next Door to First National Bank Building.
THE ART OF BREWING
Was Perfected by the Production of....
HOP GOLD
And now the entire world knows this perfect product As the Star Brewery beer....
On draught at all popular saloons
STAR BREWERY COMPANY,
203 Washington St., Portland, Or.
You can Wager Your Sox that You are Always at Home at
THE WELCOME
On Willow Street, near the City Hall.
THE BEST WET GOODS in the MARKET.
They try to please all. Fine club rooms in connection.
LOW TILLARD, Prop.
FRANK ROGERS
J. J. ROBERTS
Rogers & Roberts,
—Contractors and Builders—
Plans and Estimates Given on Short Notice.
All Kinds of Repair Work Done
OFFICE HOURS—Day and Night. Leave your orders "Any Old Place" and Rog. or Jim will get 'em. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
BOOTS AND SHOES...
THE PLACE TO GET THEM IS AT
M. LICHTENTHAL'S
He has anything in this line that you may desire and you can depend on it if you get a good article when Mat guarantees it.
SHOES IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
Old Stand, Main Street. Repairing a Specialty
NEW DRUG STORE!
YOU CAN FIND IT
Next Door to the Postoffice.
We are prepared to fill prescriptions with Fresh Drugs. Our stock is new and fresh and an experienced pharmacist is in charge at all times. Telephone connections with all parts of Heppner and the Long Distance. Call up No. 17.
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Laureson is very fond of his queer pet, and has taught him many interesting tricks. Among others he has trained him to handle a bow, and with a miniature violin Czar manages to scrape the strings in a way that is not unmusical. Of course it has been impossible to teach him really to play a piece, but he has really to play a piece, with his fiddle grasped in his tiny claws. Czar produces a sort of half-screaming sound that is altogether weird and fantastic. Laureson is himself a violinist of no mean order, and Czar likes nothing better than to sit on his master's knee and listen to his playing.
BOLD AS A LION.
Simple Justified by Audacity of an East Indian Beast.
Appros of the death of Maj. Sandback from wounds inflicted by a lioness while hunting in Somaliland, reference may be made to an interesting article in Scribner by Capt. C. J. Mellie. Among other things Capt. Mellie gives a striking instance of a lion's great audacity. An English officer was shooting recently in Somaliland. One night, when he was in bed inside his tent, a lion sprang over the rough thorn fence which it is usual to throw up around one's encampment at night. Instead of picking up one of the men or animals that must have been lying about asleep inside the fence, he would have gone to the sportsman himself, and made a dash into his tent and seized him—fortunately only by the hand. Then, by some wonderful piece of luck, as the lion changed his grip for the shoulder, he grabbed the pillow instead and so vanished with his prize. The pillow was found next morning covered with hundreds of yards distant in the jungle.

FISH THAT DRANK WINE.

Some of Them Developed a Taste for It and Got Drunk.
"Did you ever see drunken fish?" inquired a Sonoma county wine grower. "No one would confess that he had seen intoxicated fish, says the San Francisco Post, and the silence indicated a predisposition to incredulity. "I suppose you are going to tell us past and the great dead. All noble churches give us this; how much more, therefore, says the Contemporary Review, St. Mark's, which is noblest and most venerable!
It has, like no other building, been handed over by man to nature; time molding and tinting into life its structure already so absolutely organic, so fit to live. For its curves and vaultings, its cupolas mutually supported, the weight of each carried by all; the very color of the marbles, brown, blond, living colors and the irregular symmetry, flower-like, of their natural patterning, are so seemingly organic as ready for vitality. Time has added that, with the polish and dimming alternately of the marbles, the billowing of the pavement, the slanting of the columns and last, but not least, the tarnishing of the gold and the granulating of the mosaic into an uneven surface; the gold seeming to have become alive and in a way vegetable, and to have faded and shrunk like autumn leaves.
One Sunday morning they were singing some fugue composition, by I know not whom. How well it suited the old St. Mark's! The constant interchange of vault and vault, cupola and cupola, column and column, handing on their energies to one another; the springing up of new details gathered at once into the great general balance of lines and forces; all this seemed to find its natural voice in that fugue, to express, in that continuous revolution of theme chasing, enveloping theme, its own grave emotion of life everlasting: Being, becoming; becoming, being.
A VALUABLE RAT, THIS.
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