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W. C. ALLAWAY, General Agent.

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A MIGHTY HUNTER.

Death of a Once Famous Pennsylvania Nimrod.

In Years Gone By He Was Known as 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 exploits are household words in the western and northern portions of this state. He remembered when elk were yet numerous in the state, and one of his favorite stories was of the time when he was a boy and went with his father on an elk hunt. They followed the elk from the headwaters of the Alleghany river until it crossed the river below where Oil City is now, and led the chase into Ohio, where, on the third day of the hunt, it was killed not far from what is now Mansfield.

This old woodsman ended his career as a hunter and trapper by a series of successes which he declared were the most satisfactory to him 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 bear in it with a magnificent coat of 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 found awaiting him a monstrous old-timer of a he bear, caught in the trap 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 should have yielded each so fine a prize was enough to astonish even a veteran trapper, but when the fourth one came to the front with a third bear, as fine as either of the others, the old trapper rejoiced greatly. It was a trapping event without precedent in the Pennsylvania woods, and as it was a fortnight since Mahn had shot the biggest buck on record 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 he fully intended to do so, for he had lost the sight of one eye entirely, and the other eye was failing. But he was not permitted to retire just yet.

A few weeks after his great trapping experience a delegation of backwoods farmers waited on him and solicited him to go kill a bear or something that was playing havoc with their sheep and pigs. The weather was warm, and Mahn did not care to undertake the task, being then almost 80 years of age. His neighbors insisted, and he took down his gun once more and shouldered his traps. He put out six wildcat traps and four bear traps. The next day each one of five of the former had a wildcat in it, and the sixth one had the lower part of a wildcat's fore leg. Two 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 trap was 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 collection of sheep and pig stealers the old man struck a bloody trail. He followed it, and it led him a mile, where it ended at the foot of a big chestnut tree. On a branch of that tree, well toward the top, lay a wildcat. Mahn brought it down with a single shot. As the wildcat 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 woods. The next day he went out and got his fourth bear. Then he put away his traps and hung up his gun, and never used them again.—Chicago Chronicle.

SPOKE [illegible]

Grand Duke Vladimir Criticised in His Own Presence.

A refreshing story is told in the columns of the Frankfort Gazette: The czar intrusted Count Pahlen, a liberal-minded man, with an inquiry into the causes of the terrible disaster at Moscow on the occasion of the coronation, and the count did not hesitate to tell his majesty, in the presence of Grand Duke Vladimir, that he would have done better not to put the superintendence of the coronation festivals into the hands of the grand duke. This frank declaration staggered the emperor, who asked Count Pahlen to advance his reasons. The count answered: "The grand dukes are in their right place in the army and navy, but if they have to do with purveyors and purveyance they must be cheated." The Grand Duke Vladimir protested against this, but smilingly Count Pahlen reminded him of his own bad experience in connection with the building of the memorial church to Alexander II. In consequence of this frank attitude of Count Pahlen, the minister of justice was ordered to continue the inquiry. He succeeded in clearing up the dark affair, but when the investigation began to take a very disagreeable turn it was determined to submit it not to the ordinary court of justice, but to the ministerial council—in other words, to burke it.

Phosphorus in the Human Body.

The human brain contains a considerable proportion of phosphorus, varying from 1-20 to 1-30 of the entire mass. If the average weight of the Caucasian brain be taken at 47½ ounces it will then contain an amount of phosphorus amounting to from 1 7-12 to 2⅝ ounces. A curious fact regarding this phosphorus in the human brain is that it is almost entirely wanting in the brain-matter of idiots.

LOCAL SQUIBS.

Jimmy Johnson was in from Butter creek yesterday.

Eugene Jones is visiting his brother, Newt, at Sumpter.

Tossed on the Foaming Billows.

You may never have been, but if you cross the Atlantic, no matter how smooth the watery expanse, without sea sickness you are—well, a lucky voyager, that is all. Old tars who have spent their lives on the ocean waves, who were almost born, so to speak, with their "sea legs on," suffer now and then from sea sickness in very tempestuous weather. Sea captains, tourists, commercial travelers and yatchsmen say that their is no finer safeguard against nausea than Hostetters Stomach Bitters, and it has been equally reliable as a preventive by invalids who travel by steamboat and railroad, and who sometimes suffer as much in those conveyances as ocean travelers do in steamships. Billousness, constipation, sick headache and disorders of the stomach caused by oppressive climatic influences or unwholesome or unaccustomed food or water, always yield to the Bitters speedily. This popular medicine also remedies, rheumatic, kidney and nervous disorders, and the infirmities incident to increasing years.

A Milton young man recently called on a Weston young lady to spend the evening. When about to return home the conversation chanced to turn on art, and the lady told him that he reminded her of the Venus of Milo, whereupon the young man chuckled with delight, thinking it was his symmetrical form his sweetheart alluded to. When he got home he consulted an encyclopedia, and to his deep chagrin and mortification found that the Venus of Milo had no arms. He went down in the cellar and tried to butt his brains out on a soft cabbage.—Athena Press.

Leslie Matlock is now displaying his handsome countenance, and dispensing the "ardent," behind the counter at the Arcade, where he will be glad to see his friends.

The True Remedy.

W. M. Repine, editor Tiskilwa, Ill., "Chief," says: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, etc." It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record of cures and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at Conser & Brock's drug store.

Mrs. Harry Carnes left last night for her home in Walla Walla, after a few days visit with her sister, Mrs. Otis Patterson.

Terrible Accident.—It is a terrible accident to be burned or scalded; but the pain and agony and the frightful disfigurements can be quickly overcome without leaving a scar by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. *

W. A. Fisher, of Wagner, came in this morning and dumped off a pair of nice fresh hams at the Gazette's masticating quarters, for which many thanks are hereby tendered.

Frank Lee's father, John Lee, of San Francisco, came in this morning and will take his son's place in the wool-buying business, while Frank will go to Paso Roble's Springs, Cal., for the benefit of his health. John Lee is one of the pioneer wool-buyers on the coast and will remain here until Frank's return about the first of August.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Conser & Brock.

E. O.: Gov. G. W. Rea arrived from Heppner via Portland Wednesday, on his way to the East to attend a family reunion. He is accompanied by Mrs. Cohn, his daughter. They left this morning for the East.

Sam Teed lef yesterday evening for the mountains in the edge of Baker county, to take charge of a band of sheep for Mr. Kirk.

Has Helped Mother.

"My mother has been afflicted with catarrh and stomach trouble. She has taken a number of bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and has derived great benefit from it. We always take Hood's Sarsaparilla when we need a blood purifier and we find Hood's Pills a remedy for sick headache." Mrs. Minnie Spriggs, Oakland, Or.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

O. G. Hughson, representing a paint and oil company of Portland, is in town.

Some for ten, some for twenty and some for thirty years have suffered from piles and then have been quickly and permanently cured by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the great remedy for piles and all forms of skin diseases. *

Lone Rock stage leaves Heppner at 7 o'clock, a. m., Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; arrives at 6 o'clock, p. m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Will make connection with branch train when desired. Fare $2, each way. Freight ½ cent per pound. J. H. Bellenbrock, Prop. Office at Harry Warren's drug store. tf.

KEEPING A HOLIDAY.

How Shall We Plan to Get from It All the Good It Can Give?

What is sure to make it a red-letter day?

What is the very best way to spend it? How shall we plan to get from it all that it can give? To make the very most of a single day, a holiday, a day that we are at liberty to spend as we like, may be something of a puzzle.

It suggests the question—what do you care most about doing with all your time? Time is the stuff of which life is made, and just to be sure of what we care most to do with it is worth thinking about.

Most young people, and in fact pretty much all persons, have some favorite occupation or study, or both in one, some special direction in which they are strongly drawn, that lies outside of the daily necessary routine of work. For those who have ordinarily but little leisure (and in this busy work-a-day world this includes the majority), the indulgence of this private liking is a capital use for at least a part of the holiday. It may lead to important results or it may not—the thing we are most eager to do may be a mere amusement of which we soon tire, or it may be the thing that we were made to do, the real serious business of our lives, which circumstances have seemed to put beyond our reach, yet which perseverance will enable us to achieve.

However that may be, there is no question about the pleasure of doing the thing one likes best. It may be music or history, or football, or wood-carving, or what not—there is certainly a very keen satisfaction in following one's own personal taste. And the chances are that if you are enough in earnest, something worth while will come of it. Too much is made of the motive of making money. It is well to remember that there is another kind of satisfaction in good work, in every kind of employment, done for its own sake. It does not make much difference what the work is. Any kind of useful or beautiful thing done, in the measure in which the heart is thrown into it, doing one's very best for the sake of seeing it well done, is good and satisfying. Time spent in this way is well spent.

If there is any such thing as a secret of happiness, it is surely this—make others happy. And all good work is an antidote for selfishness. Not only that, but it is one of the surest, most lasting and rightful sources of continual happiness. To talk about work as the best play—the best resource—for enjoying a holiday, seems on the surface a contradiction. But the best play is not idleness merely. To be worth having, it must be some kind of activity, and to be really delightful, it must be something loved. To make the most of a holiday, then, it is quite fair to do the very thing that you care for personally, however unimportant it may appear to somebody else.

Something is due to the day itself. Is it Thanksgiving day? Are we not more ready to give thanks in sincerity for material blessings, for abundant food and rich dress, prosperity in the shape of money, houses and lands, than for better culture and richer gains in building up our own characters and lives? Yet these are worth more.

Is it Christmas? Do we think of it as a time of gifts, of merry making, of unusual gayety and self-indulgence, or do we care first for its higher meanings? Do we make it a time of good will toward all, a time for earnest thought and generous deeds to promote the welfare of those whom we love, first, but also, so far as we may, of all our human brothers and sisters?

Even on a holiday, and perhaps most on a holiday, when our time is free from ordinary claims, a little honest discussion with one's self of the very best uses and objects to which we can devote a little of our time will not come amiss.—Country Gentleman.

"Oh, honestly, I couldn't guess what your friend out in Dakota sent you—not in a hundred years," said the South Water street commission man's friend after he had "guessed" for the ninth time, says the Record.

"Well, try it just three times, and if you can't call the turn, then I'll tell you," persisted the commission man.

"Was it—well—let me see—was it some kind of a northern winter apple?" asked the friend, hopefully.

"No; you're cold—try it again. I'll tell you one thing, and that is that it wasn't any kind of fruit," said the commission man.

"Was it some kind of a cake or something your friend's wife made? If it was, why, I couldn't call the turn on the particular kind. Wait—maybe it was a Black hills bear," said the friend, quickly, his face lighting up.

"No, you haven't come within a mile of it. Would you believe me if I told you it was a bunch of reindeer's tongues? Well, that's just what it was, and I'll tell you that he couldn't have sent anything nicer. The tongues were smoked and seasoned just right. They were as tender as mashed potato, and, oh, say, what a sandwich they do make! If you want something you will never forget just slap a couple slices of reindeer's tongue between a couple of salted wafers, have an olive or so on the side, and—yum-yum!"

Out in one of the pretty towns of eastern Washington is a good-looking half-way sort of newspaper fellow who is so "stuck on himself" and is so full of egotism that he is an offense to the gods themselves, says the Northwest Magazine. He is also very loud-voiced. Wherever he may happen to be—in a busy office or drawing-room—his self-important voice and proprietary manner fill every inch of space and make life burdensome to everyone else.

A few days ago a local political club was organized. At the club's first regular meeting a goodly number of solid citizens was present and deep interest was manifested. One or two very sensible addresses had been made, when our would-be Adonis arose and began to speak. He took the position that the others were all wrong. They didn't understand these great questions and he would set them right. And then, in a loud voice, he began to demonstrate his monumental asininity. After awhile an old gray-headed judge arose directly in front of the orator, and pointing a finger at him, said:

"John, if you would only go out on some illimitable desert and let off your wind there you would confer a lasting boon on your suffering townsmen and relieve the atmosphere of a stupendous quantity of noxious gas."

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THE BOSS FEED YARD.—The first feed yard the teamster strikes in Heppner is that conducted by William Gordon, next door to the Heppner Gazette ranch. Mr. Gordon is accommodating, has a good yard and abundant facilities to take care of stock in first class shape. His prices are very reasonable. He has hay and grain for sale. Has lately added *a car load of baled timothy*. tf.

The Gazette will take potatoes, apples, eggs or butter on subscription accounts. Any one owing this office can settle their accounts in this manner and can't do it too soon to suit us.

C. E. Raoous, the contractor and builder, is doing considerable work this season, and is taking new contracts right along. 3tf.

Put a quarter in your pocket and don't spend it till you get down to Low Tillard's. Finest liquors and cigars. Near city hall. a

See those new Russian Tan shoes down at Lichtenthal's. Latest styles, best quality, reasonable prices. You cannot do better anywhere. tf

Come in and subscribe for the "Gazoo." Now is the time. You don't want to miss a whole lot of good, hard reading that is now being published in our "Only."

Notice of Intention.

LAND OFFICE AT THE DALLES, OREGON, June 3rd, 1897.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before J. W. Morrow, county clerk, at Heppner, Oregon, on July 20th, 1897, viz:

HENRY CRAMER,

Hd. E. No. 5970, for the NW¼ NE¼, Sec. 27, S½ SW¼ and SW¼ SE¼ Sec. 22, Tp. 4 S, R 25 E W M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Howell, Henry Howell, Edwin S. Cox, and Fred Knighten, all of Hardman, Oregon.

JAS. F. MOORE, Register.
551-62

Treasurer's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ALL Morrow County warrants registered prior to and including August 1, 1894 will be paid on presentation at the Treasurer's office. Interest ceases after the date of this notice.

FRANK GILLIAM,
Treasurer of Morrow County.
Dated, Heppner, Oregon, June 8, 1897.

Notice of Intention.

LAND OFFICE AT THE DALLES, OREGON, June 1, 1897. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before J. W. Morrow, County Clerk, at Heppner, Oregon, on July 10th, 1897, viz:

EBEN H. ANDREWS,

Hd. E. No. 3948, for the SE¼ Sec. 18, Tp. 1 N. R. 26 E W M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: W. B. Finley, Arthur Hodson, both of Galloway, Oregon, C. E. Musgrave, and Olen Hodsdon, both of Lexington, Oregon.

JAS. F. MOORE, Register.
550-561

WANTED—AN IDEA Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer.

Notice of Intention.

LAND OFFICE AT THE DALLES, OREGON, May 28, 1897. Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before J. W. Morrow, County Clerk, at Heppner Oregon, on July 17, 1897, viz:

CHARLES W. INGRAHAM,

Hd. E. No. 6023, for the SW¼ Sec. 25, Tp. 3 S, R 24 E W M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: A. W. Saling, Harlan Stanton, R. W. Robinson, and G. D. Coats, all of Eight Mile, Oregon.

JAS. F. MOORE, Register.
549-560

Notice of Intention.

LAND OFFICE AT THE DALLES, OREGON. June 22nd, 1897.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before J. W. Morrow, county clerk, at Heppner, Oregon, on August 7th, 1897, viz:

MARTHA C. HOSKINS,

Hd. E. No. 3999, for the S½ NW¼ and N½ SW¼ Sec. 1, Tp 6 S R 26 E W M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Benjamin H. Parker, J. F. Ward, Nelson Cumpton and Samuel Ensley, all of Hardman, Oregon.

JAS. F. MOORE, Register.
556-68

Notice of Intention.

LAND OFFICE AT THE DALLES, OREGON, May 24, 1897.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before J. W. Morrow, County Clerk at Heppner, Oregon, on July 10th, 1897, viz:

WILLIAM E. DRISKELL,

Hd. E. No. 3992, for the W½ SE¼ and S½ SW¼, Sec 13, Tp 2 S, R 25 E, W M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Stephen Lalande, Jay W. Shipley, Nat Shaw, C. N Peck, all of Heppner, Oregon.

JAS. F. MOORE, Register.
548-59

WOOD WANTED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THET THE School board of District No. 1, Heppner, Or., will receive bids for the delivery of sixty (60) cords of wood at the school premises at Heppner, same to be opened on July 3, 1897, wood to be delivered on or before Sept. 1, 1897. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.

Attest:
J. J. ROBERTS, Clerk.
Dated, Heppner, Or., June 14, 1897. 553-58

Heppner to Pendleton via Heppner-Echo Stage Line. Persons desirous of visiting Pendleton can save time and money by taking this route. By acquainting the agents the previous evening the stage will make connection with 2 o'clock train at Echo for Pendleton. Office at City Drug Store. W. D. LOND, Proprietor. *

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WHITE COLLAR LINE.

Columbia River and Puget Sound Navigation Co

Steamers TELEPHONE, BAILEY GATZERT AND OCEAN WAVE.

Leaving Alder Street Dock, Portland, for Astoria, Ilwaco, Long Beach, Ocean Park and Nahcotta. Direct connection with Ilwaco steamers and railroad; also at Young's Bay with Seashore Railroad.

TELEPHONE

Leaves Portland 7 A. M. Daily, except Sunday. Leaves Astoria 7 P. M. Daily, except Sunday.

BAILEY GATZERT

Leaves Portland 8 P. M. Daily, except Sunday. Saturday night, 11 P. M. Leaves Astoria Daily at 6:45 A. M., except Sunday and Monday. Sunday night, 7 P. M.

OCEAN WAVE

Leaves Portland and runs direct to Ilwaco, Tuesday and Thursday at 8 A. M. Saturday at 1 P. M. Leaves Ilwaco Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 A. M. On Sunday night at 6 P. M.

Baggage Checked to Railroad Destination Both Beaches Free of Expense.

For Safety, Speed, Comfort, Pleasure, Travel on the Telephone, Bailey Gatzert and Ocean Wav

Wool Growers!

With McKinley in the White House, we predict higher prices for wool during the coming season, and feel assured that Heppner will attract more Eastern buyers than formerly. Their headquarters will be at the

Wool Growers' Warehouse

and it will be to your interests to store your wool with us. Insurance rates are also much cheaper than last year.

We furnish wool sacks and twine to patrons payable when wool is sold. We pay freight to teamsters, and furnish blank receipts to woolgrowers on application.

We have on hand rolled barley and feed for teamsters.

We pay the highest cash price for sheep pelts and hides.

We are agents for Little's Fluid Dip, and the famous Black Leaf Tobacco Dip.

Mark your wool sacks (H) and direct your teamsters to the lower Warehouse, Heppner, Oregon.

R. F. HYND, Manager.

THE PALACE HOTEL BAR,

J. C. BORCHERS, Prop.

Keeps the Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

The GAZETTE, $2.50 A Year for CASH.