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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.

THE CRISIS.

BY HARRIET E. ORCUTT.

Robert Strong, reported millionaire, stood in the bay window of one of Chicago's mansions one brilliant sunshiny December morning. There had been a light fall of snow the night before; the breezes had played with it and distributed it most unequally. The millionaire was watching his enterprising young neighbor over the way, who inhabited the poorest house on the street, and who was out shoveling snow from his sidewalk. Mr. Strong was in a meditative mood. Although surrounded by every evidence of wealth and luxury he did not look nor act like a man who was perfectly satisfied with life. He had been pacing up and down the room more like some caged animal than like a prosperous member of the board of trade.

"It is time that Hobbes was here!" he was saying as he walked up and down, making an occasional pause at the window. "Why does he not come? I am anxious to know my fate. Wealth or poverty—which is it to be for the future? That fellow over there shoveling snow for exercise works on salary, and has no business cares. I wonder who is happier, he or I? How we are hampered by our environment! I would really like to take a shovel and dispose of those drifts still reposing undisturbed on our front steps. The exercise would do me good, but what a shocking thing it would be! The servants, the family, the whole community would be shocked, inexpressibly shocked! A hundred dollar bill would hardly induce one butler to so far compromise his dignity as to shovel snow. And if I should do it! I have half a mind to try him with a bill and see what the effect would be! He is fond of money. A hundred dollars so easily earned would be a temptation. I am curious to know what he would do! The experiment would probably result in his giving notice, and Mary would be sorry to lose him. I wonder when I saw her last? She seldom takes breakfast with me. Last night I came home late; she had gone for the evening—and came home later still! Yesterday—did I see her yesterday? Yes, we passed each other in the hall and said good morning and good-by! We had an hour together Sunday. Blessed be Sunday! Mary and I are on the best of terms—we have not quarreled for ten years! I think we love each other. But we are both so busy. She has the care of this great house, and company, and society! I have business interests, and the club, and a little politics. So our home life gets lost somewhere. I wonder if we are any happier than we were in the old simple days when we lived for each other, instead of for servants and society! Was that the doorbell? I shall not breathe freely again until I know whether that sale goes through. If the deal goes against us—my God! It can't go against us! If it does I shall be ruined! If Hobbes would only come! A man needs nerves of steel in these days to bear the strain of business. If the deal goes he will come even that, the price of his infamy, was gone! His life had been a failure from first to last—a miserable failure! Measured by the highest standard it had always been a failure—even though his check had been good for a million! Measured by the lower standard of worldly success, to-morrow men would write upon his brow—failure! It was unendurable! Why should he continue to live when life had lost its value? With a sudden resolve, born of self-contempt and despair, he stepped into another room and came back with a revolver.

And yet—he could not go out of life witout one last word to Mary. Poor Mary! She might take it hard! He would assure her that it was not through lack of love for her that he ended his existence, but—what reason could he give for deserting his post at her side? He sat down to his writing desk and took out some paper.

"Dear Mary," he wrote, and then words failed him. How could he tell her? He stared blankly at the paper. After all, would it not be the act of a coward to leave his family alone to fight poverty? Had he a right to do it?

Suddenly a soft white hand glided past his, seized the revolver and removed it.

"Robert! Robert! What is the matter? What are you about to do?" cried his wife in distress. "John told me that he brought you a letter, and then you began to walk up and down the room, crazy-like, with a revolver in your hand! Why didn't you come and tell me about it? You have no right to try to bear trouble alone. What is it, Robert, dear?"

Her arms were around his neck, and she was covering his face with kisses.

"It means, Mary, that we are poor! This house will have to be sold; you will have no carriage, no diamonds, no trips to Europe. I shall not save enough out of the general wreck to pay the running expenses of this house for another six months. We are poor, Mary; poor. Our wealth has taken wings to itself and flown away. There's nothing left, but the little house your father gave you, and perhaps two or three thousand to start me in business in a humble way."

"But Robert! You have no reason to despair! We have health, strength, the children and each other! The best gifts of life are still ours! Do you know, Robert, I have thought sometimes that it would be better for the children, if we were not quite so rich? The possession of great wealth tends to make us forgetful of our common humanity. We will move back into the little house in which we were so happy, and let the social bubble float without us. We will live for ourselves and our children. While you are with us, dear, we will be happy whether we are rich or not."

Love conquered.

The crisis was past. Robert Strong decided to live, and to so order his future that self-condemnation should not be his portion.—Banner of Gold.

Abraham Hayward, the famous Quarterly Reviewer, once thought that he would like to have some ancestors, so he walked straight to a picture dealer's. Selecting a portrait of a cavalier in half armor, with features not quite unlike his own, Mr. Hayward made a bid for it, but deeming the price asked too high, he went his way. A few days later Mr. Hayward went to dine with Lord Houghton, and was astonished to find the picture in the dining-room. Seeing that it attracted his guest's attention, Lord Houghton said: "Very good picture, that! Came into my hands in a curious way. Portrait of a Milnes of the commonwealth period—an ancestor of mine." "Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Hayward; "he was very near being an ancestor of mine."

LOCAL SQUIBS.

Do you want teaspoons, tablespoons, and other silverware? You can get it at E. W. Rhea & Co's. 569-70

E J. McAllister has been appointed postmaster at Lexington, Morrow, county, Oregon, says the Oregonian.

Long Creek Eagle: Michael Chiari, who owns a ranch on the Middle Fork, is supposed to have been lost some time ago in the Greenhorn mountains and possibly perished. He went up to the mines at Granite in April and started to return about June 1st. He left his employer, expecting to be absent but a short time, and was seen afterward on a trail leading to this part of Grant county, but to date he has never turned up, neither at his home on the Middle Fork nor at the mines. Considerable inquiry has been made about him, but no trace of him can be found.

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. For sale by Conser & Brock. *

Clark Wood, of the Weston Leader, has retired from the editorial department of that paper. The Leader is now in the hands of L. S. Wood, local editor and Homer Beathe, foreman, who promise to keep the paper up to its former high standard.

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. For sale by Conser & Brock. *

Every known plant is occasionally inhabited by its own peculiar aphis or plant louse, says an exchange. These curious insects breed with wonderful rapidity—a French naturalist proving that a pair of them will, within six weeks, produce five generations, or a grand totel of 5,904,900,000.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whisky nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents and $1.00 per bottle at Conser & Brock's Drug Store.

Reports come from the Clondyke region that three men, Charles A. Blackstone, George Batcher and J. W. Molique, had frozen to death recently, while prospecting at Cook's inlet. Blackstone was well known in Pendleton and Umatilla county. This chilling piece of information will no doubt have a tendency to bring down the mercury to a more normal condition of those who have been suffering from the Clondyke fever.

Not only piles of the very worst kind can be cured by Dewitt's Witch Hazel Salve, but eczema, scalds, burns, bruises, boils, ulcers and all other skin troubles can be instantly relieved by the same remedy. For sale by Conser & Brock. *

Long Creek Eagle: Chas. Jones and family, of Heppner, were in the city early this week, being on an outing tour in Grant county.

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.

An eastern agricultural paper says that dried eggs are being put upon the market. Fresh eggs are broken and churned by machinery and then evaporated. It is claimed that in this form they will keep indefinitely and that when cooked in various ways with hot water they taste just like fresh eggs.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted in notes and accounts due to Noble & Co. are requested to come forward and settle same as soon as possible. We still continue in business and will sell goods as low as can be bought anywhere in the state.

NOBLE & CO.
Heppner, Or., June 24, '97. tf.

Long Creek Eagle: H. E. Burt, who came up from Portland recently en route for the McDuffee hot springs, was taken to Canyon City last Saturday by C. L. Williams, of this city, where he was examined by Judge Boley and adjudged insane. Sheriff Livingstone started below with him in charge Tuesday, and will turn him over to the asylum authorities.

The business man who cannot afford to advertise in a newspaper usually winds up with the sheriff's sale column. A man who ceases to do business should go out of business.

Sick headache can be quickly and completely overcome by using those famous little pills known as "Dewitt's Little Early Risers." For sale by Conser & Brock. *

An exchange very aptly remarks that it is a good old-fashioned rule to remember in listening to gossip, that any one who will bring will carry.

Dr. John W. Resmus, of the Redlight has keg beer on draught—the Hop Gold. Best of liquors and cigars in stock. tf

TRICKY SHOPPERS.

Ladies Who Rob the Millinery Stores of Designs.

"That lady didn't come here to buy: her 'maid' is a small dressmaker, and she's after designs; I know her."

This was the remark of a saleslady in one of the large shopping stores, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, and, on being asked for an explanation, she said:

"It is quite a customary thing for so-called ladies to go shopping with their maids, not with the remotest intention of buying anything, but with the purpose of seeing the latest fashions and copying them at home afterward. Ladies will sometimes get these 'small dressmakers' to accompany them on these thieving expeditions; then, with their heads cramful of the most delicious notions, hie straight to some cheap mart, buy silks, velvets and other materials needed, and 'dish up' exact counterparts of the models they have seen.

"When it is considered that for Paris models leading firms often pay a big price for each gown, it will be seen that a direct infringement of the copyright, so to speak, is most disastrous to them. It is the custom of firms who have been taken in in this way to keep what they call their exclusive models' strictly secret. These are never shown in the windows, and are only brought forward to customers who are well known and trusted."

A New Dish to Him.

Corn calls to mind the duke of Marlborough's first experience with green corn on the cob. The incident was related by a gentleman who happened to travel in the same train with the duke the day he arrived in New York. It was the Newport train. Presently the duke went into the dining car to get a bit of luncheon. It happened to be in the green corn season, and he noticed that nearly everybody in the car was eating the corn from the cob. He had never seen anything like it before. He asked the waiter what it was, ordered a portion, and, receiving it, bit into it as he would bite into an apple. He had attempted to bite into the cob and had evidently received a shock—too great a shock to try the experiment again; for, upon being told that he must spread butter, salt and pepper on the corn and bite gently, he perversely took his fork and patiently picked the kernels, one by one, from the cob.

Old-Time Doctors.

In the 17th and 18th centuries doctors carried canes with hollow heads, perforated like a pepper caster. These contained aromatic powders, and when entering a sick room the doctor would strike the cane smartly on the floor and apply its head to his nose for the purpose of disinfecting that member and thus of preventing contagion.

A BRIDE FOR THE ASKING.

Pleasant Way of Selecting a Wife Practiced in Naples.

In the church of Santa Maria Annunziata, at Naples, girls assemble once a year for the purpose of being chosen in marriage. On the day of Our Lady, before its altar kneels a silent row of 30 girls dressed in black, and with folded hands. They are orphans of the neighboring foundling asylum, and once a year those who have reached the age of 18 have a chance of being chosen in marriage by any honest man whose character is good.

At the door leading to the sacristy, says the Richmond Star, stands a gray-haired priest, the head of the foundling institution. By and by a young man approaches him and hands him a packet of papers. These the priest reads carefully, and, being satisfied, leads the candidate toward the row of girls. The man walks slowly along the row—at last he stops; his choice is made, and he stretches out his hand. The girl rises, puts out her hand into that of the stranger by way of consent, and together they disappear into the sacristy. The ice having been broken others follow, and this goes on until the suitors are exhausted, or all the girls have been chosen.

English Humor.

A strange society was brought to light during the hearing of a case before the Thames magistrate. Several men were charged with stealing a watch from a sailor, and were all discharged except Alexander Fullerton, on whom was found a savings bank book for $245 and a card of membership of a society with a curious title. It bore the following inscription: "National Liars' association—Having been a member of the above association, and finding you are a bigger liar than myself, I must congratulate you on relieving me of this card." It must be gratifying to the East end community, as well as a tribute to Fullerton's own abilities, that he had found no one worthy of relieving him of the card. The magistrate remanded him for inquiries.

A Wealthy Railroad Fireman.

A young man in blue overalls and a greasy cap and jacket is now employed as fireman on the Long Island railroad. He is George D. Pratt, the son of the late Charles Pratt, the multi-millionaire Standard Oil prince. Young Pratt was graduated from Amherst college with honors in 1893. As one of the representatives of his father's estate, who is the second largest stockholder of the Long Island Railroad company, he proposes to learn the railroad business through every grade, from laborer up. He started in the car shops at Morris Park, and after service at the bench, the forge and in the assembling-room, he learned how to use tools, how every part of a locomotive is made, and how the whole is put together. After having served the requisite apprenticeship in that department, he jumped into the locomotive cab and commenced shoveling coal in the capacity of a fireman.

Iron and Steel.

It is difficult, says a Belgian journal, to distinguish between iron and steel tools. They have the same polish and workmanship; use will commonly show the difference. To make the distinction quickly place the tool upon a stone, and drop upon it some diluted nitric acid (four parts of water to one of acid). If the tool remains clean it is of iron; if of steel, it will show a black spot where touched with the acid. These spots can be easily rubbed off.

A Tool for Thieves.

Thieves are using a contrivance looking like an ordinary walking stick, but which is so arranged that by pressing a spring at the handle the ferrule will spread apart and form a sort of spring clip that will take hold of anything that is within reach. The thing is called "the continental lifting stick."

WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

LUNG TROUBLES AND CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

An Eminent New York Chemist and Scientist Makes a Free Offer to Our Readers.

The distinguished chemist, T. A. Slocum, of New York City, demonstrating his discovery of a reliable cure for Consumption (Pulmonary Tuberculosis), bronchial, lung and chest troubles, stubborn coughs, catarrhal affections, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh, and all conditions of wasting away, will send THREE FREE BOTTLES (all different) of his New Discoveries to any afflicted reader of this paper writing for them.

His "New Scientific Treatment" has cured thousands permanently by its timely use, and he considers it a simple professional duty to suffering humanity to donate a trial of his infallible cure.

Science daily develops new wonders, and this great chemist, patiently experimenting for years, has produced results as beneficial to humanity as can be claimed by any modern genius. His assertion that lung troubles and consumption are curable in any climate is proven by "heartfelt letters of gratitude," filed in his American and European laboratories in thousands from those cured in all parts of the world.

The dread Consumption, uninterrupted, means speedy and certain death.

Simply write to T. A. Slocum, M. C., 98 Pine street, New York, giving post-office and express address, and the free medicine will be promptly sent direct from his laboratory.

Sufferers should take instant advantage of his generous proposition.

Please tell the Doctor that you saw this in the Gazette, published at Heppner, Oregon. July 9-7-1 yr.

NOTICE.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF HEPPNER, located at Heppner, in the state of Oregon, is closing up its affairs. All note holders and others, creditors of said association, are therefore hereby notified to present the notes and other claims against the association for payment.

ED. R. BISHOP, Cashier.
555-76

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.

Come to the Gazette office and get a decent lot of envelops printed. Government envelops look cheap, and besides you cannot get your business card printed thereon. tf

"Never Fail" headache wafers at Conser & Brock's. This medicine will cure any kind of a headache in short order. tf.

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."

Any person who is interested in British Columbia should write to W. H. Hurlburt, general passenger agent of the O. R. & N., for a copy of Pat Donan's little "booklet," "The New Bonanzaland." It is well worth the trouble. 60-tf.

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Keeps the Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

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.

Hick Mathews and V. Gentry, under the firm name of Mathews & Gentry, are associated together in the barber business in the new stand, two doors south of the postoffice. They solicit a call. Shaving, 15 cents. tf.

A good bicycle, suitable for either lady or gentleman, in fine repair, new pneumatic tires, for sale cheap at Gilliam & Bisbee's. tf

Now is the time to get the Weekly Oregonian, the greatest newspaper of the West. With the Gazette, both strictly in advance, one year, $3.50. No better combination of newspapers can be made in the state.

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.

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.
556-67

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE of Oregon, for the County of Morrow.

The Oregon Mortgage Company, Limited, a Corporation, Plaintiff,
vs.
Berend Poppenga and Ella Poppenga, Defendants.

To Berend Poppenga and Ella Poppenga, defendants above named.

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer or otherwise plead to the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the first day of the next regular term of the Circuit Court for Morrow County, Oregon, to-wit:

Monday, the 6th day of September, 1897;

and if you fail to so answer or otherwise plead, for want thereof, plaintiff will take judgment against defendant, Berend Poppenga, for the sum of $450.00 together with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from the 1st day of December, 1895, and for the further sum of $50.00 attorneys' fees and for the costs in this suit, and plaintiff will apply to the court for a decree of foreclosure and sale of the following described mortgaged premises, to-wit: The SW¼ of the NE¼ and the S½ of the SW¼ and the NW¼ of the SW¼ of section 19, township 4, south of range 25, E. W. M., and for the application of the proceeds of said sale of property to the payment of the judgment and costs herein prayed for against defendant, Berend Poppenga.

This summons is published by virtue of an order made by Hon. Stephen A. Lowell, Judge of the above entitled court on the 23rd day of July, 1897.

ELLIS & LYONS,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs.
64-77

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE of Oregon, for Morrow county.

Rothchild Brothers, Plaintiffs,
vs.
Robert Krick, Defendant.

To the above named defendant, Robert Krick:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause of action on or before the first day of the next term of the above entitled court, to-wit:

Monday, the 6th day of September, 1897;

and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of $141, the costs and disbursements of this action, and for the sale of the property belonging to you heretofore attached in this action, and will apply the proceeds of said sale to the payment of said judgment, costs and disbursements.

This summons is served on you in pursuance of an order of Hon. Stephen A. Lowell, Judge of the above entitled court, made and entered in said action on the 21st day of July, 1897.

BROWN & REDFIELD,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs.
64-77

NORTH PACIFIC

Rural Spirit

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