

Eight-Page WEEKLY GAZETTE Subscription price, \$1.50 Leads in Prestige Leads in Circulation Leads in News is the Official and Recognized Representative Journal of the County.

OFFICIAL WEEKLY PAPER Heppner Gazette.

Eight-Page WEEKLY GAZETTE Subscription Price, \$1.50 The Paper is Published Strictly in the Interests of Morrow County and its Taxpayers.

SIXTEENTH YEAR

HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1898.

NO. 710

THE HEPPNER GAZETTE

Published Every Thursday. BY CORLIES MERRITT, Editor and Manager. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Year \$1.50 Six Months .75 Three Months .50

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.

Entered at the Postoffice at Heppner, Oregon, as second-class matter.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

United States Officials. President, William McKinley Vice President, Garret A. Hobart Secretary of State, W. B. Ewing Secretary of Treasury, Lyman B. Dacey Secretary of Interior, Cornelius N. Bliss Secretary of War, Russell A. Alger Secretary of Navy, John D. Long Postmaster-General, Charles Emory Smith Attorney-General, John W. Griggs Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson State of Oregon. Governor, W. P. Lord Secretary of State, H. R. Kincaid Treasurer, Phil Metelan Supt. Public Instruction, G. M. Irwin Attorney General, G. W. McElrath

Sixth Judicial District. Circuit Judge, Stephen A. Lowell Prosecuting Attorney, H. J. Bean Morrow County Officials. Joint Senator, J. W. Morrow Executive, E. L. Freeman County Judge, A. G. Bartholomew Commissioners, J. H. Howard J. W. Beckett Sheriff, Vanter Crawford

THE DALLES, OR. Jay P. Lucas, Register O. S. Wickham, Register

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. D. J. McFaul, M. D. HEPPNER, OREGON. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 12 to 2 p. m. at residence, and 10 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m. at office in the rear of Berg's jewelry store.

C. E. Redfield ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in First National Bank building, Heppner, Oregon.

Ellis & Phelps ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All business attended to in a prompt and satisfactory manner. Notaries Public and Collectors. Office in Natter's Building, Heppner, Oregon.

J. W. Morrow ATTORNEY AT LAW and U. S. COMMISSIONER. Office in Palace hotel building, Heppner, Or.

S. A. D. Gurley, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Practitioner in all State and Federal Courts.

ARLINGTON - OREGON. A. Mallory, U. S. COMMISSIONER. Is authorized to take all kinds of LAND PROSPECTS and LAND FILLS.

D. E. Gilman GENERAL COLLECTOR. Put your old books and notes in his hands and get your money out of them them. Makes a specialty of hard collections.

Dr. M. B. Metzler - DENTIST - Teeth Extracted and Filled. Bridging a specialty. Painless Extraction. Heppner Oregon.

G. B. Hatt TONSORIAL ARTIST. Shaving, 15 Cents Hair Cutting, 25 "

Mathews & Gentry BARBERS. Shaving, 15 Cents Cutting, 25 "

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought. CASTORIA. Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HEPPNER.

Transact a General Banking Business. EXCHANGE ON ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD BOUGHT AND SOLD.

A BEAUTIFUL DISPLAY Is that of plain and decorated Chinaware & Queensware At Gilliam & Bisbee's

GO WHERE YOU CAN GET WHAT YOU WANT.

Gordon's Feed and Sale Stable. Has just been opened to the public and Mr. Gordon, the proprietor, kindly invites his friends to call and try his first-class accommodations.

LIBERTY MARKET THE OLD SHOP! Is the place to go to get your fine pork and lamb chops, steaks and roasts.

A. Abrahamsick Merchant Tailor. Pioneer Tailor of Heppner. His work first-class and satisfactory. Give him a call - May Street.

HEPPNER TRANSFER CO.'S. Belled express is coming. Does deliver work on short order, 10 cents and upwards.

HEPPNER-CANYON CITY Stage Line. Cheapest and most direct route to John Day valley, Canyon City, mining district, Burns and other interior points.

ARLINGTON-FOSSIL STAGE LINE. H. REED & A. G. OHLVIE, Proprietors.

FARE FROM ARLINGTON TO Fossil (50 miles) \$1.00 Round trip \$1.50

Yellowstone Park Exp. The Northern Pacific railway has just issued a new map of the Yellowstone Park, that should be in demand.

CLAUDE BRANTON YET ALIVE.

A Stay of Execution Means Many Possibilities for Him.

The Eugene Register announces that on December 19, four days before the day set by Judge Hamilton upon which Claude Branton was to pay the death penalty, Branton's lawyers, represented by Judge Hale, went before the state supreme court at Salem and presented their claims for a stay of execution.

If surface sentiment exists for anything there is a very large number of people in Lane county who are thirsting for a hanging bee, and the man they desire to see at the end of the rope is Claude Branton, convicted murderer of John Linn, now awaiting the penalty of his crime in the county jail in this city.

THEY FOUND GOLD.

The Story of the Blue Bucket Gold Mines in Eastern Oregon.

The following is taken from the Independence West Side, of December 23d and explains itself: My effort in this letter will be to relate the story of the lost Blue Bucket Mines, from memory, as told by the old miners in early mining days.

O. R. & N. ON TOP.

Has Secured the Right of Way Up Snake River.

"The O. R. & N. has out-generated the Northern Pacific as to right of way down the south bank of the Snake between Raparia and Ainsworth," said a well known contractor, who visited the O. R. & N. extension along that stretch a few days ago, and was in Tacoma Tuesday and said to a Ledger reporter:

State News.

The ice in the Columbia river at The Dalles went out Friday last.

The receiver of the Portland Savings bank will pay a per cent dividend all claims this week.

Mrs. Martha J. Houser, mother of United States Marshal Houser, died at her home in Pendleton last week.

J. W. Maguire, of Arlington, has contracted to do grading for the O. R. & N. Co. near Wallace. He expects to work about 30 teams on the grade.

At the recent city election at Milton the anti-saloon ticket was elected with the exception of one councilman, who was tied by his opponent.

Frank Cantine, of Pendleton, one day last week was sent to the county jail for a 30-day imprisonment for stealing a hammer from Neagle Brothers' blacksmith shop.

Smotherly, the man who shot Joe Frazier, at Susanville, Grant county, about two weeks ago for meddling in his family affairs, was acquitted at his preliminary examination at Canyon City. Frazier is recovering from his wounds.

The Guker, discoverer of the famous Great Northern mine, near Canyon City, has received from the Trans-Mississippi exposition at Omaha a beautiful silver medal and diploma, awarded him for his fine display of wire gold, thread gold and gold-bearing quartz, taken from the Great Northern.

Three young men, named Royer, Chapman and Womach, were arrested for gambling at Milton, one day last week, by Constable M. J. Carney and taken before Justice Parker, of Pendleton. Womach and Royer were released, but Chapman was bound over to the circuit court in \$75 bonds, which were procured at once.

A disease is decimating the goat herds in the Alesca county. Since last August Charles Wolfe has lost 60 head, and in the past two weeks 33 died. Oscar Tom, in the same locality, recently lost 10 head in two weeks. The animals, it is said, begin scouring, and in a day or two expire. Various remedies have been tried, but none so far have proven effective.

The road laws of Oregon contain the following: "Every road supervisor shall erect and keep up at the forks of every highway and every crossing of public roads within his district, a guide or finger board containing an inscription in legible letters directing the way and specifying the distance to the next town or public place situated on each road respectively."

On Monday morning of last week the Pendleton mill race, owned by W. S. Byers, broke and flooded the eastern portion of that city. The race broke in several places, and was caused by the sudden swelling of the current by a chinook wind which melted the snow. Gallies were filled with water, and the streets assumed the appearance of small lakes. The damage to the race has been repaired.

GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

From Grant County News. Mr. Southworth is recovering from the effects of his broken ribs.

The infant son of Wm. Lincoln is very low with typhoid fever.

The postoffice will be removed into the new store of Brown & Simpson's this week.

Billy is going to give the boys at the Great Northern mine a Xmas feed this year. He has ordered a big turkey for the occasion.

Geo. Fogit's sister who has been keeping house for him since the fire, took her departure on the Baker City stage Monday.

Mr. Long, a brother of the late deceased John Long, who with his attorney, Mr. Phelps, was looking after the estate, left for his home in Washington last week.

From the Long Creek Eagle. R. Dsby, of John Day, was a passenger on Monday morning's stage for Heppner.

C. R. Davis, the proprietor of the McDuffee hot springs, was in Long Creek Saturday.

Henry Welch, formerly a resident of Monument, arrived early this week from his home at Silver, Washington.

Judge Everts made a business trip to Monument early this week, returning home by Wednesday morning's stage.

George Rader is confined in his home near Long Creek with rheumatism and has been for some time unable to get out.

Miss Nannie Sloan, of this city, had a tumor removed from her breast Monday, Dr. Miralce performing the operation.

HEALTH BOARD'S SECOND ORDER.

Now includes All Churches and Social Gatherings as a Precaution.

Dr. H. S. Garfield, health officer, says the East Oregonians, on the 20th has served written notice on the several churches not to conduct any public services during the ten days in which the board of health's order holds good, prohibiting all theatres, schools, Christmas trees or other public assemblages.

Monday evening, he went personally to the roller skating rink and ordered the place closed for the ten days.

Dr. Garfield said to the East Oregonian: "In our view, the present situation illustrates the wisdom of the old maxim that an ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure. If we adopt stringent measures, we have more than an even chance of preventing diphtheria and scarlet fever from spreading. If we allowed them to escape from their present prescribed limits, then no one can tell how extensive might be the ravages of the diseases. It is the judgment of our local authorities that, while our people need not be unnecessarily alarmed, nevertheless prudent demands some strictness just now, when there is opportunity to prevent any further loss of life from the maladies which have put in an appearance."

"Hence, we regard it as wise to enjoin all public assemblages of every character, and ask all persons having the city's good at heart to co-operate with the health board. Let us for the short period of ten days abstain from meeting in public, and then, later, enjoy ourselves in religious and social assemblages."

Stop that cough! Take warning. It may lead to consumption. A 25c bottle of Shiloh's Cure may save your life. Sold by Oakes & Wheeler.

After gold was discovered in California some of these emigrants recalled the circumstance of the finding of that yellow stuff, during their wanderings, and then they pronounced it gold. And thus the story was told, and some of them in trying to locate the place, described a creek and a old blue bank that was left of the camp. This is the land of the old blue bucket.

Meek and his part of the train turned up the Malheur river with no sign of a road save occasionally an old Indian trail. The country for the first 30 or 75 miles was not very difficult for travel. They then came to the lower slopes of the Blue mountains and to avoid the main mountains they bore to the south and followed a course skirting the southern slopes of the main mountains and here is where their trouble began. Their oxen wore out, some had already died; their provisions were almost gone; bridges had to be built; wagons had to be let down the steep hill-sides with long ropes; and often they would come to canyons whose sides were perpendicular walls of rock. To go ahead was impossible. Then they would retrace their steps and try another route. Thus they wandered foot sore and hungry for weeks, yet months. Men and women, with no covering on their feet except pieces of raw hide bound around with thorns, in an unknown country surrounded by hostile Indians.

It is said while they were camped on a small creek during their wanderings some one of their party went to bring water to camp and brought some yellow stuff that he had picked up from the bottom of the creek. They hammered it out on the wagon tire and pronounced it metal of some kind; the bottom of the creek was covered with this stuff. None of the emigrants had ever seen gold in its native state, they were not looking for gold, at that time. It was to get out or starve; they were then on short rations, consisting of boiled raw hide and occasionally the carcass of one of their oxen that would die from fatigue. They had no definite idea of where they were. One story was that Meek left them to their distress to save his own life. They finally went to camp, as it was impossible to go further. They had just nearly all their teams and it was with a great deal of a party had been sent out from The Dalles with provisions and they found them camped on Crooked river, some where near where Prinsville now stands, in an almost starving condition, and they were taken to The Dalles.

After gold was discovered in California some of these emigrants recalled the circumstance of the finding of that yellow stuff, during their wanderings, and then they pronounced it gold. And thus the story was told, and some of them in trying to locate the place, described a creek and a old blue bank that was left of the camp. This is the land of the old blue bucket.

Meek and his part of the train turned up the Malheur river with no sign of a road save occasionally an old Indian trail. The country for the first 30 or 75 miles was not very difficult for travel. They then came to the lower slopes of the Blue mountains and to avoid the main mountains they bore to the south and followed a course skirting the southern slopes of the main mountains and here is where their trouble began. Their oxen wore out, some had already died; their provisions were almost gone; bridges had to be built; wagons had to be let down the steep hill-sides with long ropes; and often they would come to canyons whose sides were perpendicular walls of rock. To go ahead was impossible. Then they would retrace their steps and try another route. Thus they wandered foot sore and hungry for weeks, yet months. Men and women, with no covering on their feet except pieces of raw hide bound around with thorns, in an unknown country surrounded by hostile Indians.

It is said while they were camped on a small creek during their wanderings some one of their party went to bring water to camp and brought some yellow stuff that he had picked up from the bottom of the creek. They hammered it out on the wagon tire and pronounced it metal of some kind; the bottom of the creek was covered with this stuff. None of the emigrants had ever seen gold in its native state, they were not looking for gold, at that time. It was to get out or starve; they were then on short rations, consisting of boiled raw hide and occasionally the carcass of one of their oxen that would die from fatigue. They had no definite idea of where they were. One story was that Meek left them to their distress to save his own life. They finally went to camp, as it was impossible to go further. They had just nearly all their teams and it was with a great deal of a party had been sent out from The Dalles with provisions and they found them camped on Crooked river, some where near where Prinsville now stands, in an almost starving condition, and they were taken to The Dalles.

After gold was discovered in California some of these emigrants recalled the circumstance of the finding of that yellow stuff, during their wanderings, and then they pronounced it gold. And thus the story was told, and some of them in trying to locate the place, described a creek and a old blue bank that was left of the camp. This is the land of the old blue bucket.

Meek and his part of the train turned up the Malheur river with no sign of a road save occasionally an old Indian trail. The country for the first 30 or 75 miles was not very difficult for travel. They then came to the lower slopes of the Blue mountains and to avoid the main mountains they bore to the south and followed a course skirting the southern slopes of the main mountains and here is where their trouble began. Their oxen wore out, some had already died; their provisions were almost gone; bridges had to be built; wagons had to be let down the steep hill-sides with long ropes; and often they would come to canyons whose sides were perpendicular walls of rock. To go ahead was impossible. Then they would retrace their steps and try another route. Thus they wandered foot sore and hungry for weeks, yet months. Men and women, with no covering on their feet except pieces of raw hide bound around with thorns, in an unknown country surrounded by hostile Indians.

It is said while they were camped on a small creek during their wanderings some one of their party went to bring water to camp and brought some yellow stuff that he had picked up from the bottom of the creek. They hammered it out on the wagon tire and pronounced it metal of some kind; the bottom of the creek was covered with this stuff. None of the emigrants had ever seen gold in its native state, they were not looking for gold, at that time. It was to get out or starve; they were then on short rations, consisting of boiled raw hide and occasionally the carcass of one of their oxen that would die from fatigue. They had no definite idea of where they were. One story was that Meek left them to their distress to save his own life. They finally went to camp, as it was impossible to go further. They had just nearly all their teams and it was with a great deal of a party had been sent out from The Dalles with provisions and they found them camped on Crooked river, some where near where Prinsville now stands, in an almost starving condition, and they were taken to The Dalles.

After gold was discovered in California some of these emigrants recalled the circumstance of the finding of that yellow stuff, during their wanderings, and then they pronounced it gold. And thus the story was told, and some of them in trying to locate the place, described a creek and a old blue bank that was left of the camp. This is the land of the old blue bucket.

Meek and his part of the train turned up the Malheur river with no sign of a road save occasionally an old Indian trail. The country for the first 30 or 75 miles was not very difficult for travel. They then came to the lower slopes of the Blue mountains and to avoid the main mountains they bore to the south and followed a course skirting the southern slopes of the main mountains and here is where their trouble began. Their oxen wore out, some had already died; their provisions were almost gone; bridges had to be built; wagons had to be let down the steep hill-sides with long ropes; and often they would come to canyons whose sides were perpendicular walls of rock. To go ahead was impossible. Then they would retrace their steps and try another route. Thus they wandered foot sore and hungry for weeks, yet months. Men and women, with no covering on their feet except pieces of raw hide bound around with thorns, in an unknown country surrounded by hostile Indians.

It is said while they were camped on a small creek during their wanderings some one of their party went to bring water to camp and brought some yellow stuff that he had picked up from the bottom of the creek. They hammered it out on the wagon tire and pronounced it metal of some kind; the bottom of the creek was covered with this stuff. None of the emigrants had ever seen gold in its native state, they were not looking for gold, at that time. It was to get out or starve; they were then on short rations, consisting of boiled raw hide and occasionally the carcass of one of their oxen that would die from fatigue. They had no definite idea of where they were. One story was that Meek left them to their distress to save his own life. They finally went to camp, as it was impossible to go further. They had just nearly all their teams and it was with a great deal of a party had been sent out from The Dalles with provisions and they found them camped on Crooked river, some where near where Prinsville now stands, in an almost starving condition, and they were taken to The Dalles.

After gold was discovered in California some of these emigrants recalled the circumstance of the finding of that yellow stuff, during their wanderings, and then they pronounced it gold. And thus the story was told, and some of them in trying to locate the place, described a creek and a old blue bank that was left of the camp. This is the land of the old blue bucket.

Meek and his part of the train turned up the Malheur river with no sign of a road save occasionally an old Indian trail. The country for the first 30 or 75 miles was not very difficult for travel. They then came to the lower slopes of the Blue mountains and to avoid the main mountains they bore to the south and followed a course skirting the southern slopes of the main mountains and here is where their trouble began. Their oxen wore out, some had already died; their provisions were almost gone; bridges had to be built; wagons had to be let down the steep hill-sides with long ropes; and often they would come to canyons whose sides were perpendicular walls of rock. To go ahead was impossible. Then they would retrace their steps and try another route. Thus they wandered foot sore and hungry for weeks, yet months. Men and women, with no covering on their feet except pieces of raw hide bound around with thorns, in an unknown country surrounded by hostile Indians.

It is said while they were camped on a small creek during their wanderings some one of their party went to bring water to camp and brought some yellow stuff that he had picked up from the bottom of the creek. They hammered it out on the wagon tire and pronounced it metal of some kind; the bottom of the creek was covered with this stuff. None of the emigrants had ever seen gold in its native state, they were not looking for gold, at that time. It was to get out or starve; they were then on short rations, consisting of boiled raw hide and occasionally the carcass of one of their oxen that would die from fatigue. They had no definite idea of where they were. One story was that Meek left them to their distress to save his own life. They finally went to camp, as it was impossible to go further. They had just nearly all their teams and it was with a great deal of a party had been sent out from The Dalles with provisions and they found them camped on Crooked river, some where near where Prinsville now stands, in an almost starving condition, and they were taken to The Dalles.

After gold was discovered in California some of these emigrants recalled the circumstance of the finding of that yellow stuff, during their wanderings, and then they pronounced it gold. And thus the story was told, and some of them in trying to locate the place, described a creek and a old blue bank that was left of the camp. This is the land of the old blue bucket.

Meek and his part of the train turned up the Malheur river with no sign of a road save occasionally an old Indian trail. The country for the first 30 or 75 miles was not very difficult for travel. They then came to the lower slopes of the Blue mountains and to avoid the main mountains they bore to the south and followed a course skirting the southern slopes of the main mountains and here is where their trouble began. Their oxen wore out, some had already died; their provisions were almost gone; bridges had to be built; wagons had to be let down the steep hill-sides with long ropes; and often they would come to canyons whose sides were perpendicular walls of rock. To go ahead was impossible. Then they would retrace their steps and try another route. Thus they wandered foot sore and hungry for weeks, yet months. Men and women, with no covering on their feet except pieces of raw hide bound around with thorns, in an unknown country surrounded by hostile Indians.

It is said while they were camped on a small creek during their wanderings some one of their party went to bring water to camp and brought some yellow stuff that he had picked up from the bottom of the creek. They hammered it out on the wagon tire and pronounced it metal of some kind; the bottom of the creek was covered with this stuff. None of the emigrants had ever seen gold in its native state, they were not looking for gold, at that time. It was to get out or starve; they were then on short rations, consisting of boiled raw hide and occasionally the carcass of one of their oxen that would die from fatigue. They had no definite idea of where they were. One story was that Meek left them to their distress to save his own life. They finally went to camp, as it was impossible to go further. They had just nearly all their teams and it was with a great deal of a party had been sent out from The Dalles with provisions and they found them camped on Crooked river, some where near where Prinsville now stands, in an almost starving condition, and they were taken to The Dalles.

After gold was discovered in California some of these emigrants recalled the circumstance of the finding of that yellow stuff, during their wanderings, and then they pronounced it gold. And thus the story was told, and some of them in trying to locate the place, described a creek and a old blue bank that was left of the camp. This is the land of the old blue bucket.

Meek and his part of the train turned up the Malheur river with no sign of a road save occasionally an old Indian trail. The country for the first 30 or 75 miles was not very difficult for travel. They then came to the lower slopes of the Blue mountains and to avoid the main mountains they bore to the south and followed a course skirting the southern slopes of the main mountains and here is where their trouble began. Their oxen wore out, some had already died; their provisions were almost gone; bridges had to be built; wagons had to be let down the steep hill-sides with long ropes; and often they would come to canyons whose sides were perpendicular walls of rock. To go ahead was impossible. Then they would retrace their steps and try another route. Thus they wandered foot sore and hungry for weeks, yet months. Men and women, with no covering on their feet except pieces of raw hide bound around with thorns, in an unknown country surrounded by hostile Indians.

It is said while they were camped on a small creek during their wanderings some one of their party went to bring water to camp and brought some yellow stuff that he had picked up from the bottom of the creek. They hammered it out on the wagon tire and pronounced it metal of some kind; the bottom of the creek was covered with this stuff. None of the emigrants had ever seen gold in its native state, they were not looking for gold, at that time. It was to get out or starve; they were then on short rations, consisting of boiled raw hide and occasionally the carcass of one of their oxen that would die from fatigue. They had no definite idea of where they were. One story was that Meek left them to their distress to save his own life. They finally went to camp, as it was impossible to go further. They had just nearly all their teams and it was with a great deal of a party had been sent out from The Dalles with provisions and they found them camped on Crooked river, some where near where Prinsville now stands, in an almost starving condition, and they were taken to The Dalles.

After gold was discovered in California some of these emigrants recalled the circumstance of the finding of that yellow stuff, during their wanderings, and then they pronounced it gold. And thus the story was told, and some of them in trying to locate the place, described a creek and a old blue bank that was left of the camp. This is the land of the old blue bucket.

Meek and his part of the train turned up the Malheur river with no sign of a road save occasionally an old Indian trail. The country for the first 30 or 75 miles was not very difficult for travel. They then came to the lower slopes of the Blue mountains and to avoid the main mountains they bore to the south and followed a course skirting the southern slopes of the main mountains and here is where their trouble began. Their oxen wore out, some had already died; their provisions were almost gone; bridges had to be built; wagons had to be let down the steep hill-sides with long ropes; and often they would come to canyons whose sides were perpendicular walls of rock. To go ahead was impossible. Then they would retrace their steps and try another route. Thus they wandered foot sore and hungry for weeks, yet months. Men and women, with no covering on their feet except pieces of raw hide bound around with thorns, in an unknown country surrounded by hostile Indians.