

Eight-Page
WEEKLY GAZETTE
Subscription price, \$1.50

OFFICIAL
WEEKLY
Heppner

WEEKLY



PAPER
Gazette.

Eight-Page
WEEKLY GAZETTE
Subscription Price, \$1.50

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Interests of Morrow County and
Taxpayers.

SIXTEENTH YEAR

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Is authorized to take all kinds of LAND
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Collections made on reasonable terms.
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GENERAL COLLECTOR.
Put your old books and notes in his
hands and get your money out of them
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-DENTIST-
Teeth Extracted and Filled.
Bridging a specialty
Painless Extraction....
Heppner.....Oregon.

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TONSORIAL ARTIST.
Shaving.....15 Cents
Hair Cutting.....25
Shop, Matlock Corner, Heppner, Oregon.

HEPPNER TRANSFER CO.'S
Belled express is coming. Does deliver
work on short order, 10 cents and up-
wards. This wagon is No. 4, and leaves
your order with it at "Central" tele-
phone office.

We Move Anything!

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Fitch
The Kind You Have Always Bought.
CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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Transact a General Banking Business.
EXCHANGE ON ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD BOUGHT AND SOLD
Collections made on all points on reasonable terms. Surplus and undivided profits \$25,000.

A BEAUTIFUL DISPLAY
Is that of plain and decorated
Chinaware & Queensware At
Gilliam & Bisbee's
And by the way they have anything you can call for in the line of
Hardware, Stoves and Tinware.
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.
Plenty of Hay and Grain for Sale
stable located on west side of Main
street between Wm. Seiverson's and
A. M. Gunn's blacksmith shops.
LIBERTY MARKET
THE OLD SHOP!
Is the place to go to get your fine pork
and lamb chops, steaks and roasts.
Fish Every Friday.
Fine sugar-cured hams and bacon. Pure lead
lard, kettle-rendered, old style. Highest cash
price paid for at stock.
Benj. Mathews.

HEPPNER-CANYON CITY
Stage Line
-B. F. MILLER, Prop.-
Cheapest and most direct route to John Day
valley, Canyon City mining district, Burns and
other interior points.
Stages leave Heppner Daily, Sunday ex-
cepted, at 6:30 a. m. Arrive at Canyon City
in 24 hours.
Leave Canyon City at 4 p. m. arrive at Heppner
in 24 hours connecting with trains.

HEPPNER TO.....MILEAGE.....FARE

Hardman	20	\$1.50
Honolua	25	1.75
Hamilton	65	4.75
Long Creek	75	5.25
Fox Valley	85	5.75
John Day	102	8.00
Canyon City	102	8.00

ARLINGTON-FOSSIL
STAGE LINE
H. REED &
A. G. OGHVIE } Proprietors.
Fare from Arlington to
Fossil (50 miles).....\$5.00.....Round trip \$9.00
Mayville (53 miles).....4.00.....Round trip 7.00
Oenden (59 miles).....3.50.....Round trip 6.50
Olex (28 miles).....2.00.....Round trip 3.50
Chem (19 miles).....1.50.....Round trip 3.00
Stage leaves Arlington every morning
(Sunday excepted) at 6 o'clock; is due
at Fossil at 3 p. m. and arrives at Fos-
sil at 7 p. m.
Comfortable covered coaches and ex-
traordinary drivers.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Robert F. Hynd Favours the
Gazette With Details of
His Trip to Scotland.

EDITOR GAZETTE: Before leaving
Heppner I promised to write you on my
arrival in Scotland, giving a short ac-
count of my experiences crossing land
and water—a journey of something over
7,000 miles. I joined the "Rock Island
excursion" at Heppner Junction, taking
a berth in their sleeper, from which I
was aroused about 7 o'clock next morn-
ing with the request to get up for break-
fast, as we were approaching Meacham.
Here to a handsome log structure on the
summit of the Blue mountains. Old
"Grandma Mears" superintends the O.
R. & N. dining rooms, and attends to the
wants of her patrons with the grace and
agility for which she was famed while
holding the same position at the Bun-
nyville dining rooms some years ago. After
satisfying the inner man we proceeded
eastward, a heavy snow falling till we
reached Huntington at 3 p. m. The
snow had been lying in Idaho for some
time and stockmen were feeding along
the line of railroad. During the day I
met Wm. Rush and wife on the train.
They were on their way east to visit
friends in Nebraska and Ohio. Mr.
Rush, who was in very poor health at
the time he left Heppner, was looking
well—so well, in fact, that at first I did
not recognize him. As he went by the
U. P. we parted company at Granger,
and next morning we were at Ogden,
on the Rio Grande Western railroad. About
9 a. m. we reached Salt Lake City, and
having 12 hours to wait—which I would
state is arranged especially for tourists—a
company of six hired a rig and drove
around the city, visiting the principal
places of interest. The temple, taber-
nacle, Brigham Young's barracks and
other Mormon relics were among the
places visited and proved very interest-
ing, but I will not attempt to describe
them. The wide streets—132 feet—with
the beautiful shade trees, are the pride
of Salt Lake, and justly so, I think.

Next day we passed through the famed
Colorado scenery, on the Denver, Rio
Grande Western and Denver & Rio
Grande railroads, including Glenwood
Springs, the Grand Canyon of the Col-
orado, Tennessee pass and tunnel, Lead
ville, and last but not least, the Royal
Gorge, arriving at Colorado Springs at
8:40 p. m. Next morning we were flying
through Kansas on the Rock Island road,
and at about 2 p. m. crossed the Nebraska
line, arriving in Omaha just before
dark. We passed during the day
some of the finest farming land I have
ever seen, and the corn fields bore evi-
dence of a heavy yield. Farmers were
still gathering their corn and did not
appear to be prepared for the blizzard
that struck them on the following day.
Large bands of cattle and sheep were
being fed in Nebraska and perhaps some
of the corral were filled with Morrow
county muttons. They were apparently
well contented with their lot, which,
were it not for results, would be prefer-
able to their friends on the Oregon hills.

In Iowa we experienced a regular
Western blizzard, but, though delayed,
we were fortunate enough to escape the
worst of it, and reached Chicago very
little behind time. I would here highly
recommend the Rock Island tourist car,
which leaves Portland every Tuesday for
Boston. There is no change from Port-
land to Chicago, and the car is under the
supervision of a special conductor with
a very attentive colored porter. Any
one going East who wishes to enjoy com-
fort, have good attendance and gaze on
the grandest scenery in the world, by all
means take the Rock Island excursion
via Salt Lake and Denver. The time is
arranged so that trains pass the grandest
scenery by daylight; and stop-over privi-
leges are allowed at Denver and Salt
Lake, if desired.

In Chicago I visited the warehouse of
Siberian Bros., whose representative,
Mr. Frank Johnson, has secured consid-
erable wool from Heppner on consig-
ment. The firm were not offering any
of their Oregon wools, believing that after
Christmas prices would improve. Mr.
Willey, well known to Morrow county
growers, conducted me through their
large warehouse and explained the dif-
ferent modes of handling the clips from
the Middle and Southern States. They
do a large business in Ohio and Mich-
igan wools, and some of these were being
sold at 19 to 21 cents. The "American
Stock Breeder and Wool Grower," a
monthly paper with several subscribers
in Morrow county, has its office in the
same building and I had a very pleasant
interview with the editor, Mr. Barb,
He kindly agreed to analyze the stomach
of any sheep dying from the effects of
poison which might be sent to him from
Oregon, and by this means an antidote
might be found which would prove of
great benefit to sheepmen. This I think
is worthy of the consideration of the
Morrow County Woolgrower's Associa-
tion, as an antidote for the poison carry-
ing off so many of our sheep each year
would be worth thousands of dollars to
the county.

In the evening Mr. Willey and I at-
tended a theatre in the twenty first floor
of the Masonic temple and after the per-
formance, took a promenade on top of
what is beyond question the highest
building in the world. The air was ex-
tremely chilly, the thermometer on the

STREET STANDING CLOSE TO ZERO, AND WE DID NOT

hesitate many minutes enjoying the
birds-eye view of the Windy City by gas
light. Before leaving Chicago the bliz-
ard, which evidently was traveling east-
ward, struck the city, and it was more
comfortable sitting by the hotel fire than
out sight-seeing. One must travel to
realize the fact that "there are worse
places than Oregon."

The journey to New York, through
Ohio and Pennsylvania, was without
special interest, and Thanksgiving was
spent on the road. New York was
reached 24 hours before the departure of
the steamer, but, aside from a run up
Broadway and a few hours in Brooklyn,
I saw very little of the city.

What a hurry and excitement there is
on the dock before the sailing of a large
steamer, when about 800 men, women
and children have to embark with their
baggage in the course of an hour. As is
usual on similar occasions, everybody
wails till the last minute, and as the
steamer, the Luconia, of the Cunard line,
was booked to leave at 1 p. m., it was
very lively for an hour previous to that
time. The blizzard, which had hap-
pened to follow us from the Middle States,
here put in its appearance, and after the
males were on board it settled down to
such a heavy snow fall that it was im-
possible to move the ship, as one could
not see ten feet from the vessel's side.
About 3 o'clock it cleared up a little and
we moved from the dock, but had not
proceeded farther than Staten Island
when the fog again closed down on us
and we cast anchor. Here the wind
gradually increased in force and by
midnight it was blowing a hurricane
with snow drifting fearfully. I never
saw such a night in Oregon. At day-
light a foot of snow covered the docks
and while the wind was still blowing a
hurricane the snow had ceased falling
and the atmosphere was clear enough to
justify leaving the anchor and proceed-
ing to sea. I counted twelve steamers
following us down the channel, all hav-
ing been delayed by the fog, and, like
ourselves, taking the first opportunity to
clear the river. As we passed Coney
Island we could see the upper stories of
the fine hotels and summer palaces peer-
ing out of the snow drifts—quite a con-
trast to the gay scenes along this beach
during the summer months. That the
people on shore were experiencing a
severe blizzard could be seen from the
deck of the steamer, as at times the land-
scape was completely hid from view by
the drifting snow, while on the river it
was perfectly clear. As we passed Sandy
Hook and looked out on the "foaming
billows," it was certainly not an enor-
mous sight for one "out on pleasure
boat," or for one who dreaded seasick-
ness. The sea was a raging mass of
foam, but the wind being from the west
we did not experience the full force of
the waves until about 6 o'clock in the
evening. During the afternoon the pas-
sengers were gradually disappearing and
before dark only a few of the best sail-
ors remained, and some of these—myself
amongst the number—were "a little
white about the gills." I managed to
stay in the smoking room on the upper
deck till about midnight, and, as the
moon was shining brightly, notwithstanding
the hurricane that was blowing, and
the sight from the windows was one
never to be forgotten. I have since read
in the dispatches that the storm was a
record breaker on the New England
coast, and I am sure we got our share of
it. The Luconia steamed slowly through
the greater part of the night, but next
morning put on full steam and made an
average of 500 miles per day during the
remainder of the passage. One by one
the passengers made their appearance on
deck during the next few days, all look-
ing a little disfigured after their
struggle with the demon, seasickness.
Very few escaped, and the Cunard com-
pany's expense bill for passenger food
for the first two days was very light. I
was amongst the first to recover and I
observed that at the end of two days
very few seats were occupied when sup-
per was announced. The shaking up
during the first few days appeared to
dampen the spirits of the passengers
during the greater part of the voyage,
and while the weather was very moder-
ate for the season of the year, all ap-
peared to think the weather was too
rough to enjoy themselves, and conse-
quently all were glad when the coast of
Ireland was sighted on Saturday fore-
noon, just six days from the time we left
Sandy Hook.

We landed the Irish passengers and
mailed at Queenstown on Saturday after-
noon, and landed at Liverpool early on
Sunday morning. The mails were sent
ashore on our arrival, but the passengers
were detained till 8 o'clock, at which
time the customs officers arrived and in-
spected our baggage before we could
leave the docks. We are told by our
free trade friends that England taxes no
imports, but let them attempt to land a
trunk or valise and they will find a cus-
toms officer on hand to examine their
baggage. The principle articles subject
to duty here are wines, whiskeys, tobac-
co, cigars and perfumes, and the officers'
search for these articles is thorough.
As no trains leave Liverpool for Scot-
land on Sunday I was obliged to spend
that day in the city, and early next morn-
ing started north, arriving in Dundee
after an eight hours' run.

A few statistics regarding the Luconia,
"the greyhound of the Atlantic," may
prove of interest. She is 625 feet long,
65 feet wide and 43 feet deep. Her ton-
nage is 12,950 and her engines are 30,000
horse power, capable of driving her at a
speed of 22 miles an hour—the average
during her record run of 5 days, 7 hours,
20 minutes. She has accommodations
for 1,400 passengers and carries a crew
all told of 424 men, divided into three
groups or classes—sailors, engineers'
and stewards' departments. To illus-
trate the size of the ship, I would state
that in walking around the promenade
deck four times you have traveled one
mile, and that the funnels, of which
there are two, are 180 feet from the bot-
tom of the ship to their top, and, to quote
from a description of the ship, "were
they tunnels instead of funnels, two
railway trains could easily pass through
abreast, with room to spare." The ship
is fitted up with every modern con-
venience, and has a barber shop, library,
etc. A partial list of the provisions re-
quired when carrying a full list of pas-
sengers is copied from a circular: 20,000
pounds beef, 10,000 pounds mutton, 500
pounds veal, 500 pounds pork, 3,500
pounds fresh fish, 10,000 fowls, 40 tons
potatoes, 1,600 quarts milk, 18,000 eggs,
1,000 pounds tea, 1,500 pounds coffee,
8,000 pounds sugar, 2,400 pounds cheese,
3,000 pounds butter, 8,000 pounds ham,
etc. The steamers of the Cunard com-
pany have carried the British and Ameri-
can mails since 1840, and the Luconia is
at the present time the fastest steamer
crossing the Atlantic.

You may hear from me again, Mr. Ed-
itor. In the meantime, I wish your
readers a happy and prosperous New
Year. Yours truly,
R. F. HYND.

BAKER CITY'S CHANCE

For a Large Trade is Being Lost to Heppner
and Pendleton.
LONG CREEK, Oregon, Jan. 1, 1899.
Evening Republican, Baker City, Ore-
gon. Dear Sir:—Born and reared in the
city of Baker, and still greatly interested
in the future greatness of the thriving
city and the success of its wide-awake
business men, I deem it my duty at this
moment to call their attention, through
the columns of your widely circulated
journal, to a matter that is of the great-
est importance to them.
The subject to which I refer is an old
one to the citizens of Baker, viz: Grant
county trade. From observations the
natural home of a three years' residence
in this county, I am convinced that with
the proper energy on the part of the
right men to advance the interests of
Baker City, nearly the entire trade of
Grant county could be diverted from
various other cities to the Queen City of
the Inland Empire, the natural supply
point for Canyon City and Susanville,
the leading placer and quartz mining
camps of the county. It is beyond my
powers of conception why Heppner and
Pendleton are allowed to draw to the
extent they certainly do, on the trade of
these camps, when the annual outlay of
a few hundred dollars judiciously ex-
pended in road repair would stop it. In
a city situated as is Baker the question
of good roads is too often overlooked,
while in Grant county's interior towns
they command the greatest attention,
and freighters and others are willing to
add a few miles to the length of their
journey if they are assured the roads are
passable. Pendleton keeps a man em-
ployed at an annual expenditure of about
\$600, on what is known as the Long
Creek Pendleton route and that the city
is well repaid for her foresightfulness in
this respect is evidenced by the many
freight wagons constantly traveling this
highway during the summer months.
In conversation with a gentleman re-
cently employed by one of the large min-
ing companies of Susanville, I am in-
formed that the wagon road leading from
that camp to Astoria is in a shameful
condition, and almost impassable during
the whole year. The gentleman stated
that the company by which he was em-
ployed received most of their supplies
over this road heretofore, but in the
future would go to Pendleton. Is not
this Susanville trade worth looking after
and protecting? It certainly is. Susan-
ville, if all reports are true, will within
the next year become one of the leading
camps of Eastern Oregon, and will neces-
sarily require much machinery, provi-
sions, dry goods, and in fact, everything
essential to the support of a great min-
ing camp. Inexperienced as I am in
such matters, I would not attempt to
suggest a remedy for the existing con-
dition, but I am confident that there is
a remedy, and if applied, a great deal of
trade which annually adds to the wealth
of Heppner and Pendleton could be se-
cured to you from the towns and sur-
rounding country of Susanville and
Canyon City.
J. BRADIE BOYD.

SOLDIERS SAW A VOLCANO.

An Impressive Sight Witnessed in Passing
the Ladrones.
Waila Waila Union.
O. B. Bard U. S. Steam Transport
Valencia (at sea, 1906 miles from Manila),
Nov. 15.—While the gloom of night was
being transplanted by the light of day
and just as pale shadows were giving
place to that impenetrable blackness
which during the night time covers the
tropical Pacific like a pall, we passed
the grandest, most sublime spectacle
which has so far come within our range
of vision. Awakened from the fetal
slumber which the oppressive atmos-
phere allows and urged from our
sleeping-places by the voice of the first
officer crying, "Don't you want to see
the volcano?" which at once caused
curiosity to chase from our over-heated
brains the last vestige of desire for sleep,
we ranged ourselves along the port rail
and gave ourselves over to an hour's
"rubber-necking" at things which are
new and strange and which in the half-
light seem weird and uncanny.

Two miles off our weather bow, rising
apparently to a height of 200 feet, but in
reality to 10 times that altitude, is a
black, irregular cone, sharply outlined
against the coming dawn, from whose
summit a blood-red haze glows angrily.
Lonesome and strange it looks all alone
with the rolling ocean upon every hand.
One might almost imagine it to be the
finger of Satan pointing from the deep
to warn the erring mariner that hell
yawns beneath the sea and that all the
waters of the earth cannot subdue its
fires.

Farallons de Cajarro is one of the
Ladrones, the most outlying of them all,
and is situated to the northward of the
principal group and is wholly of volcanic
origin. No reefs, no breakers, no beach,
no soil surrounds this mid sea mountain
and all its products are smoke and birds.
No one can live upon its ever-baked, fire-
breathed rocks and the sun-potent flare
from its crater has been an uninspiring
menace to all explorers who would
"climb the summit."
Even as I write its smoking funnel
tops the eastern horizon and the blazing
sun rays drive me to the water barrel in
a useless effort to find that comfort
which cannot be.

In the fast increasing darkness, which
comes so quickly in the tropics, I sit be-
neath an awning which by the blistering
action of the sun has been turned
the color of brown paper, and, as the
first cool breath of the last 24 hours
enters my nostrils, I think of the over-
coated friends at home and long, if but
for one moment, to feel an electric dis-
charge from nose's end or to bear the crisp,
new snow crunching beneath my feet.
"All things come to him who waits"
and I should not marvel now to see red
heated water—the longer we wait the
hotter it gets.

Since leaving San Francisco enough
has happened and been told to me—it
put in print—to make an interesting
novel, and had I the skill and language,
coupled with sufficient paper and an
absence of the rolling motion to the boat,
it should be at least attempted. Curious
character are there in profusion—men
gathered from every corner of the earth.
The dark-faced Chilian rebel messes on
the deck with the pardoned South African
veteran of the Jameson raid; a
bright young Englishman, deserted from
the royal navy, sleeps beneath the same
blanket with the Irish-American, who
came to our country to join the police
force, but who found a speedier market
for his fighting proclivities at the re-
cruiting office, and each adventurer is
bound for a new field in search of new
adventures. To each of these the sting
of an angry bullet makes no unknown
music, and to each it is a source of ex-
treme regret that we are "carrying war"
into an already conquered country and
are to fight our battles with the elements
—and the mosquitoes—not the natives.
DEN BRILLIOU.

LOCKED IN A BOX CAR.

Three Little Boys Have a Forced Ride From
Portland.
The Times-Mountaineer, under date of
January 3d, says:
When the regular freight arrived here
from the west at an early hour this
morning, the yard man discovered there
was some live freight in one of the cars.
He heard cries of "help" coming from a
box car, and going to it he found three
little boys, the oldest not more than 10
years of age, were locked in the car.
He released them and turned them
over to Marshal Lauer. They gave their
names as Guy Cooney, Fred Matson and
Martin Toomey, and say their parent re-
sides in Albina. The story of how they
happened to be in the car, if true, is
rather exciting, and their ride from Port-
land here was a novel and disagreeable
one. They were sweeping wheat out of
the cars at the yards in Albina when
some one came along, locked the car
door and disappeared. Pretty soon their
car was attached to a train and started
on a journey, they knew not where.
They made all the noise they could, but
did not attract the attention of any one
until the train stopped at the yard here.
The little fellows suffered considerably
from cold and were terribly frightened
as they did not know where they were
going or what would become of them.
Marshal Lauer took the lads in charge,
and gave them quarters at the city jail,
then telegraphed to the chief of police in
Portland to hunt up their parents and
learn what they wished done with the
boys. At the time of going to press no
answers had been received.

Spain's Greatest Need.

Mr. R. P. Oliver, of Barcelona, Spain,
speaks his winters in Aiken, S. C. Weak
nerves had caused severe pains in the
back of his head. On using Electric
Bitters, America's greatest blood and
nerve remedy, all pain soon left him.
He says this grand medicine is what his
country needs. All America knows that
it cures liver and kidney troubles, puri-
fies the blood, tones up the stomach,
strengthens the nerves, puts vim, vigor
and new life into every muscle, nerve
and organ of the body. If was, tired
or ailing you need it. Every bottle
guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold by
Slosson Drug Co.