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.

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

SEVENTEENTH YEAR — HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1899. — NO. 749

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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.

A. Mallory,
U. S. COMMISSIONER NOTARY PUBLIC
Is authorized to take all kinds of LAND PROOFS and LAND FILINGS.
Collections made on reasonable terms.
Office at residence on Chase street.
Government land script for sale.

D. E. Gilman
GENERAL COLLECTOR.
Put your old books and notes in his hands and get your money out of them. Makes a specialty of hard collections.
Office in J. N. Brown's building, Heppner, Or.

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

G. B. Hatt
Tonsorial Artist
Shop, Matlock Corner, Heppner, Oregon.

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

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. Scrivner's and A. M. Gunn's blacksmith shops.
For the ladies—A fine horse and lady's saddle.

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 leaf lard, kettle-rendered, old style. Highest cash price paid for at stock.
Bock & 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 excepted, 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.

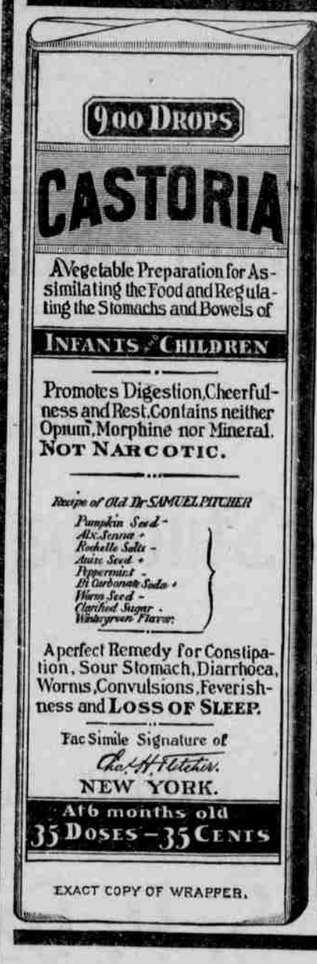
HEPPNER TO	MILES	FARE
Hardman	20	$1.50
Monument	55	4.00
Hamilton	65	4.75
Long Creek	75	5.50
Fox Valley	83	6.00
John Day	102	8.00
Canyon City	104	8.00

Stages connect with trains at Heppner.
Note.—Having stocked up this line with new covered coaches and good teams I am prepared give first-class service to the public.

ARLINGTON-FOSSIL Stage Line
H. REED & A. G. OGILVIE } Proprietors.
FARE FROM ARLINGTON TO

Fossil (60 miles)	$5.00	Round trip	$9.00
Mayville (53 miles)	4.00	Round trip	7.00
Condon (39 miles)	3.00	Round trip	6.00
Clem (28 miles)	2.00	Round trip	3.50
Olex (19 miles)	1.50	Round trip	3.50

Stage leaves Arlington every morning (Sunday excepted) at 6 o'clock; is due at Condon at 3 p. m. and arrives at Fossil at 7 p. m.
Comfortable covered coaches and careful, experienced drivers.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF HEPPNER.
O. A. RHEA.....President | G. W. CONSER.....Cashier
T. A. RHEA.....Vice President | E. L. FREELAND..Assistant Cashier
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 $35,000.

GOLD GOLD GOLD
You can save it by trading with
Gilliam & Bisbee
Who carry a COMPLETE LINE
Of Heavy and Shelf Hardware, Graniteware, Tinware, Agricultural Implements, Wagons, Hacks, Etc., Paints and Oils (the best in the world). Crockery and Glassware.
Give us the cash and you can get as good and as many goods from us as you can get laid down in Heppner from anywhere. This we guarantee.

That 14-Year Old Stuff, "Kohn's Best,"
.... On Tap Down at The ....
TELEPHONE SALOON
• • • IT IS RARE GOODS • • •
New Stand, City Hotel Building,
LOW TILLARD, Prop.

THE ART OF BREWING
Was Perfected by the Production of....
HOP GOLD
And now the entire world Knows this perfect product As the Star Brewery beer....
On draught at all popular saloons
STAR BREWERY CO.
203 Washington St., Portland, Or.

Good Goods....
Fair Prices.
—AT—
T. R. HOWARD'S.
Groceries, Provisions, Glassware, Tinware and Furnishing Goods.
Staple and Fancy Groceries. Fine Teas and Coffees.
T. R. HOWARD, Heppner.

LAID TO REST.

Uncle Jack Morrow Passed Peacefully Away Friday Afternoon.

Sad is our realization that Uncle Jack Morrow has joined the great majority in the silent beyond. Loved and honored by men, women and children alike, the grim destroyer is responsible for the gloom of sadness which spread over our entire county when the announcement of his death was made.

Already the press of the state has eulogized his memory in a fitting tribute to one so deserving of praise. Courageous, strong and just he had the confidence of his followers, and his life's work at its finish leaves this community an inheritance deserving of the gratitude so manifest. Morrow county stands a monument to his memory for the generations to come, the creation of which was due to his efforts as a member of the legislature in 1885.

The city of Heppner was named at his suggestion in consideration of his faithful partner, Henry Heppner, who stood shoulder to shoulder with him in their struggle as pioneers for the supremacy of this section of Eastern Oregon, and it was truly a pathetic illustration of devotion witnessed at the side of the grave as Henry paid his farewell tribute, with tearful eyes, to one whom he had known as none other, save those bound to Jackson L. Morrow in family relationship, as he realized that their joint labors were at an end.

Born in the state of Kentucky on October 17, 1827, he would have been 72 years of age next month. Forty years of that period he has spent in Eastern Oregon.

A veteran of early Indian wars, he carried a badly injured leg from the effects of a rifle ball, which necessitated a late operation at the Good Samaritan hospital in Portland last winter. Since then he has gradually weakened until the end came peacefully on Friday at 4:30 p. m.

The funeral services were held Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m., under the auspices of the Masonic Lodge, of which he was a leading member, and the attendance of those from far and near was the true indication of the esteem in which he was held.

Senator J. W. Morrow, his only son, survives him.

The following is the beautiful tribute to his memory reported to the Morning Oregonian by J. W. Redington, formerly editor of the Gazette, and a devoted admirer and associate of Uncle Jack's:

HEPPNER, Or., Sept. 24—(Staff correspondence.)—These Morrow county hills seem sad today, for his brother Masons have just buried a good man—a man who gave the county its name on the maps of the world, and left it a legacy of an honored reputation.

It is warm up on this treeless hillside today, and the sun beats down, but the people of city and country have climbed up here, 500 feet above the town he founded, to pay their last tribute of respect to Mr. Morrow. Old neighbors trudged through the dust as they would not do for many other men, and his numerous friends throughout the Northwest will be glad to learn that in dying he died as he lived—patient, tolerant, broad-minded, unassuming.

Mr. Morrow's neighbor pioneers came today for miles around, bringing simple tributes of a few flowers, and they found him in his casket, with a peaceful face. There was no sign of suffering—a few days' gradual sinking—and when the silent messenger came it was like the stopping of a clock whose machinery had served its time, and there was no sudden shock about its pausing.

The simple service at the house was exactly such as would suit a man of such simple tastes—a sweet refrain from the girl-voices that had grown up around him, and the simple forms of his order, and the concourse of people passed through the home he had founded 26 years ago, and took the last look, and overflowed into the well-shaded grounds, under the trees that Mr. Morrow had set out with his own hands. For he was a tree-planter, as most men with a good streak in them always are. And the roses and the home honeysuckles he trained on his porches showed how near he was to nature.

Mr. Morrow had passed the threescore and ten that so many men fail to reach, and numerous of his mile stones were modestly marked with good deeds, and as the sun goes down in a flood of crimson, bathing the rolling hills in a sea of purple and leaving a glorious golden glow of love-light in the gleaming, so will his memory abide with those who knew him, and it is but a simple, truthful tribute to say that his sympathy was as swift as the flight of the wild duck, his wrath as slow as the speed of the snail.

The little children will miss Mr. Morrow, for he always had a kind word for them. He was a simple, straightforward man, who practiced the golden rule, and whose good common sense forbade wasting time straining eyes to sight the unsightable or attain the untainable along the spectral aisles of thought, the termination of whose windings we do not know.

His light went out as the crimson sunset faded from the summit of old Mount Adams. The golden glow has gone, the purple haze has vanished, and the world is better for his having lived.

No shade of shrubbery, no wealth of flowers, is possible up on this sun scorched hillside above the water levels where it would be possible to beautify such a cemetry. There are no soughing pines, no somber evergreens up here, but the yellow sage blooming as a reminder of first frosts soon to herald the coming fall, and the beautiful blue lupine will come with the showers of spring, and an occasional meadow lark even now sweetly sings, only waiting till the shadows have a little longer grown.

And now the Masons have tenderly dropped the last sprig of evergreen into their brother's grave, the clods have fallen, the mound has been rounded up, the people have gone down the hill.

But as the sun disappears over Judge Dutton's ridge and slants its shafts against the summit of Morgan mountain and the hanging-lamps of heaven and the arc lights of earth twinkle out and gleam and glisten, and the big harvest moon looks down as it only can in this ambient air, they all know that the new made grave contains one who appreciated their brightness before his eyes became sightless.

The Morrow monument is far from the traveled highway and arteries of trade but the noble character of Uncle Jack will long cast its shadow in homes and public places.

Farewell, firm friend; may your sleep be peaceful, painless, and may the realms you have entered into be no less beautiful than the wonderous clouds that look on such fairy forms as you have watched those splendid summer sunsets from the western portals of your Heppner home. J. W. R.

The Mt. Sterling Klondike

Ashland Tidings.

Considerable interest attaches to the reports which have been reaching here of the phenomenally rich strikes made by William Angle and Jordan Brown in their "Klondike" quartz claim on Sterling mountain. The Tidings has noted these reports on several occasions. M. L. Alford, of this city, returned from the Beaver creek section Monday and brought some rich specimens from the claim referred to which were placed on exhibition at the Bank of Ashland Tuesday and aroused increased interest in the lucky find. The claim was located about a year ago and is situated on Sterling mountain, just over the state line in California and south of Ashland butte, some 20 miles from Ashland in a direct line. The claim is near the summit of the mountain at an elevation of probably 8000 feet above sea level, and was accidentally discovered by Messrs. Brown and Angle, who found a piece of float from it while prospecting the country thereabouts, and almost the first stroke of the pick into the ground in tracing up the float uncovered a rich strike of quartz which startled the prospectors, who appear now to have as a result a genuine bonanza and no mistake. Last year they dug out several thousand dollars before the snows of winter drove them off the claim and it is estimated that they have already taken out this season fully $20,000. Just how long the claim will hold out, no one pretends to know, but there are plenty of people who would like to have Angle and Brown's chances of taking a fortune out of the lead yet. Whether the ledge is in place or a slide has been discussed but not fully determined and matters little to the owners at the present rate it is yielding the yellow metal. The bedrock upon which the ledge of porphyry and quartz, in which the gold is found, lays, pitches into the mountain at a decided angle, and the pay streak of rich rock is found next to the bedrock, for a width of sometimes three or four inches. Mr. Alford spent some time with the lucky miners and helped them pan some quartz, reports of the richness of which sounds like early tales from the Alaska Klondike. In two pans which he washed, Mr. Alford estimates that there was fully $1000 in gold, the second pan yielding about $700. Three thousand dollars was taken out in one day recently by the owners, who have run a cut into the mountain for a short distance and are working thus far at a depth of only 26 feet.

The country over there has been full of prospectors hoping to be fortunate enough to strike a streak of good luck and many locations have been made on the mountain since the find was made by Angle and Brown, but the latter have a practical monopoly of the gold production in the immediate vicinity thus far.

Bismarck's Iron Nerve
Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25 cents at Slocum Drug Co's.

PRAISE FOR DR. RASMUS.

What Portland Methodists Think of Their Retiring Pastor.

Spokesman-Review

Grace M. E. Church at Portland, Ore., knows when it has been in luck. The Rev. Henry Rasmus, formerly of Spokane, has just completed five years of service there, and the following expression of sentiment in the unanimous voice of the quarterly conference of Grace M. E. church:

"In view of the fact that the Rev. Henry Rasmus, D. D., is soon to sever his relations as pastor of Grace M. E. church, Portland, Ore., having served us the full term of five years allowed by our polity, we, the members of the quarterly conference of this church, desire to make this formal yet heartfelt statement of our appreciation of his 'labor of love' and the highly successful work which he has done while here among us.

"During the pastorate of Dr. Rasmus, our church membership has been very largely increased, and the material interests of the church greatly improved. Despite the greatest financial depression ever known in this northwest, the church debt has been much reduced during his term of service. He has gone in and out among us, leaving everywhere evidence of his true Christian character, and inculcating in our hearts by his preaching the true Christian graces of spirit and life. We have listened, with great profit and tireless delight, to his masterful presentations of gospel truth, as, Sabbath after Sabbath, he has, for five years past, preached to us the pure word of God, and we do most cordially commend his ministry to those who may be so fortunate as to secure his services hereafter.

"The relations existing between this church and Dr. Rasmus, and also his most estimable wife and family, have always been of the most cordial, pleasant and helpful character, and we shall ever remember his term of service among us as one of work and spiritual life.

"Our love and our prayers will follow him. GRACE M. E. CHURCH.

HIS BUSY LIFE.

Henry Irving Rasmus, D D, who is just completing a five years pastorate at Grace Methodist church in this city, entered the regular traveling connection of the Methodist church organization in 1895, says the Oregonian. Like most methodist preachers, he began with humble, obscure work. He had served two such charges with credit to himself and successful results, when, five years after his admission into the ministry, he was appointed by Bishop John H. Vincent presiding elder of Spokane district, where, for two years, he made a splendid record. Congregations taxing the capacity of the churches greeted him everywhere. During that time Dr, Rasmus saw 10 new churches built within the bounds of his district.

In 1892, by unanimous request of the official board, he was invited to First church, Spokane, and was appointed pastor by Bishop Walden. Great crowds attended his ministry there, particularly Sunday evenings, when even standing room was not to be had.

This continued for two years, when he was transferred to Grace church, Portland. This morning he will close his fifth year with this church. During his Portland pastorate, the membership of the church has increased from 320 to 450, which is something remarkable in a city, where membership is constantly changing. Within the same period of time, something like $45,000 has been raised and expended for benevolent purposes, and the work of the church. The indebtedness, which amounted to about $32,000 when Dr. Rasmus came, has been reduced to $20,000. The reverend doctor's ministry has been appreciated by all classes, and in parting with his church he will leave it stronger in many ways than when he came to it.

AWFUL BLAZE.

The Salem Flouring Mills Consumed—Two Hundred Thousand Dollar Fire.

Salem Sentinel.

Shortly before 4 o'clock on the morning of September 23d fire was discovered in the second mill of the Salem Flouring Mills Co. The alarm was promptly turned in and the fire department's response was immediate. But before water could be put on the entire upper floors of the mill were one mass of leaping flames. The fire having originated probably from combustion of the dry flour dust and the mill being dry as tinder the flames spread rapidly, consuming the mill proper and the wheat warehouse.

The mills were insured for $65,000, which included the flour warehouse and contents, which were saved through the fire boys' heroic work. The loss to the mill company will exceed the insurance, as the two buildings and machinery were valuable. The company loses some wheat also.

But the heavy loss falls upon the farmer, as usual. The farmers lose from 75,000 to 100,000 bushels of uninsured wheat that was deposited in the warehouse on storage. A very few of the farmers had their wheat insured.

The Salem company owns the big brick mills and will no doubt arrange at once to store wheat there and put in milling machinery.

A WALLA WALLA TRAGEDY.

Orin Baker Byland Shoots His Wife, Brother and Himself.

WALLA WALLA, Sept. 22—Passengers who were waiting for the southbound passenger train in Walla Walla, Thursday afternoon, to go to Pendleton, were startled by hearing five shots fired rather closely together. In a few moments they had learned the details of a tragedy that bids fair to take rank as the most remarkable on record in the Inland Empire.

A man named Byland, from Montana, shot his brother, then killed his wife, and then ended the affair by committing suicide.

Just as soon as the fact became known great crowds of people began to gather at the cabin which was the scene of the killings, and there was a degree of excitement that has never before been equaled in the Garden City.

It was at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, just before the schedule time for the southbound to pull out for Pendleton. Sitting near the passenger station, so the railroad men stated, a man had been industriously writing on foolscap paper. He wrote on apparently in a hurry, until he had covered half a dozen sheets, and then, concluding his literary labors, went away, going to a small house or cabin near the station.

There were Byland's brother, and wife and Mrs. Byland's mother. He produced a pistol, shot his brother, one bullet sufficient to accomplish his purpose. Mrs. Byland started to run from the place and the murderer fired at her, sending three bullets before she fell dead. Lying on the ground beside the dead body of his wife, he turned the barrel of the weapon against his temple and pulled the trigger, dying a double murderer and a suicide.

It was learned that Byland came from Montana. He had followed his victims, so it was claimed, and found them in the house near the Walla Walla passenger station, living together.

First, he wrote the letter, addressing it to the coroner, telling of his family troubles, and alleging that his wife's mother had made such trouble between them that he and his wife could no longer live together. Against the mother-in-law he appeared to have the bitterest animosity, and it was his expressed intention to kill her, and, in fact, it was she principally whom he wanted to kill.

Addressing the letter, he proceeded to his bloody work, and in a few minutes had done what in his frenzy of hatred he had beforehand determined.

His name was Orin Baker Byland; his wife's name Ella Byland; his brother's name Charles H. Byland.

The brother, wife and mother were living together in the cabin, but it is believed that Byland did not do the deed from a feeling of doubt as to his wife's faithfulness. As a matter of fact, he expressed himself in affectionate terms regarding his wife, and appeared to entertain strong affection for her to the last.

The coroner impaneled a jury, and today they found a verdict in accordance with the facts as here stated.

The tragedy, terrible as it is, will not demand the usual trial to ascertain guilt, since the murderer is also a suicide, and no one lives who can be punished for the deeds. All three died at the instant the bullets entered their bodies.

At the court house in Pendleton, the name of Charles H. Byland was found on the 1898 tax roll. In that year he was down for the polltax only, no property tax being charged against his name. This is the same name as that of the brother, who was shot by the enraged Byland in Walla Walla. Whether it is the same man no one here can yet tell. It is known that there have been several people of the name of Byland who have lived in Umatilla county. A family of that name lived on Weston mountain, and there were a number of brothers.

A Palace of Salt

Utah's glittering Salt Palace, with its Midway Plaisance and other attractions, opens at Salt Lake City August 21st. The Rio Grande Western, the only line running through the Mormon capital, has arranged to give holders of all classes of tickets a day stopover at Salt Lake in order that they may have an opportunity of visiting this wonderful structure, built of salt crystals taken from the brine of the Great Salt Lake itself. The inauguration of the Rio Grande Western's dining car service, doing away with the necessity of stopping trains at eating stations, leaves nothing to be desired for an ideal trip across the continent; for the equipment and train service are equal, if not superior, to those of any of the trans-continental lines. Furthermore, no line traverses any section of the American continent where there is so much grandeur of scenery. A daylight ride through the heart of the Rockies leaves nothing to be desired. For information as to rates and for descriptive pamphlets, address J. D. Mansfield, general agent, Washington street, Portland, Or.

Volcanic Eruptions
Are grand, but skin eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve cures them; also old, running and fever sores, ulcers, felons, boils, corns, warts, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, chapped hands, chilblains. Best pile cure on earth. Drives out pains and aches. Only 25 cent a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Slocum Drug Co.