

HERE IT IS.

For the past 75 or 30 weeks many citizens of Morrow county have been saying that what was needed was an illustrated paper to picture this region and some of its people as they actually are, and that such a paper sent to the middle west would result in bringing many people here, doubling the population and increasing the value of lands by creating a new demand for them. It looks like a good proposition, in the interest of all.

Well, the Gazette this week tries to fill the long-felt want. It shows by pictures from actual photos just how people and homes and stores and ranches and stock look here, gives the price of lands, etc. It is a pretty expensive edition, but it hopes to benefit Morrow county many times more than its cost.

THE MAN WHO MOVES.

People in the east and middle west who are otherwise very intelligent, seem to have very crude ideas as to the Pacific Northwest, and in writing here for information they ask some questions that seem supremely silly.

A man in Illinois writes to the Heppner Gazette for information, and in the course of his long letter asks:

Is there much sickness out there? How does the climate compare with ours here?

Would you advise me to move to Oregon?

In answer the Gazette would say that like every place else on earth there is some sickness here, comprising stomach-ache from over-eating, and an occasional trace of jimjams from over-drinking, also some scattering cases of Filipino itch. But Morrow county has no fever-nager or such, and the climate is generally healthful.

As to how the climate compares with yours, you forgot to enclose along a bottle of yours for analysis, so no fair comparison can be made. Still, it is safe to say that Oregon's climate is better than that of Illinois.

As to advising you to move, we wouldn't advise you at all. If you come you will find good land at low prices, but you will have to take chances same as other people, and are as liable to have a brick chimney fall on you here as elsewhere.

When Mr. Crooks, the indomitable leader of the Astor overland party, conducted his men through Eastern Oregon nearly 100 years ago, they all nearly starved. But now this is a land of plenty, and no one need starve who will work.

Morrow county is well managed, and is practically out of debt. Her warrants are worth their face and only cost 6 per cent. interest. They are being wiped up, and those out only amount to about \$13,000.

Morrow county has room for workers, but none for idlers. It can support double its present population. If you are in the middle west, sell your cyclone cellar and come here.

There is vacant government land in Morrow county—plateau, foothill and mountain timbered land. There is semi-arid land near the Columbia that may be bought at 50 cents an acre; if irrigated it will produce good crops.

FOR FRUIT.

Morrow county is a very fair fruit country, and can always raise enough for its own use. Sometimes spring sunshine starts the sap in Feb., and then if a short cold snap comes later, most of the fruit buds are killed for that year. Otherwise otherwise.

There are quite a few orchards here, and this season they fed tons of their apples to the hogs.

IT MOVED UP.

The beginning of the last century found Morrow county without a rag to its back. The beginning of the present century finds it with a good wardrobe and a fair start toward making a nice little county. So there has been progress, but nothing like what is sure to come.

TREASURY RAIDERS.

The State game warden is again shouting for more money and citing populous States as making larger appropriations.

Really the thing for Oregon to do is to advertise an amnesty proclamation and have all its wild game come in from the mountains and camp at the Normal schools and fraternize with the pupils, and board at the Portland Hotel in view of foreign tourists, and linger in Portland's pretty city park. Then the wild game would be doing some good in the world, instead of eating up good grass needed for sheep; the people could then see its wild game, and its keep would cost less than the sums now spent it its name, from which it gets no feed.

Bugs are not bad here, but they cost the State a \$ an ounce in having their pictures taken and rules sent out as to how to sit down on them.

The John Day country, south from Heppner, is a rugged region and a great grazing country, besides being sown with precious metals. It was named after John Day, the famous Kentucky hunter who crossed the plains with the Astor party nearly a century ago.

Always reliable—The Weekly Oregonian.

GRAINS AND GRASSES.

Outside of starting alfalfa fields along the bottoms, very little has been done here to improve the natural grasses.

But now Col. R. C. Judson, whose map you see hanging over yonder,

is carrying on experiments with many new grasses to see which will yield

best in Eastern Oregon. He is the head of the O. R. & N. Industrial Department, which is specially established to make more productive the territory tributary to that railroad company's system.

Col. Judson has a new species of alfalfa to grow all the year without irrigation, and when it gets to growing over the Heppner Hills Morrow county will raise 20 head of stock where it does 1 now. He is also introducing new varieties of wheat which will increase the yield and mature earlier than the kinds now used, which sometimes shrivel in hot winds which occasionally visit Eastern Oregon on stated dates and catch some of the wheat in the dough. Two weeks' earlier maturing will cure this.

Col. Judson was a bugler boy in a Minnesota regiment during the civil war, but quit blowing as soon as mustered out. He states only plain facts about Eastern Oregon, and, backed up by President Mohler and Col. Crooks, he is doing a great work in the development of the Pacific Northwest.

POETS ARE HERE.

An Indiana man writes and asks if the Northwest has poets. Yes, it has some who write with much better jingle than J. Honeycomb Kiley. Here is the home of poetry. Wilkeon Miller soared from here, and Herbert Bashford is going to be his successor in being near to nature.

Sam Simpson was an Oregon poet and wrote this:

From the Cascade's frozen gorges, Leaping like a child at play, Winding, widening through the valley Bright Williams glides away. Onward ever, Lovely river, Softly calling to the sea; Time that scars us, Maims and mars us, Leaves no track or trench on thee. Sam was heavy on water, but rarely drank any.

Dick Neville, of Heppner, is quite a poet, and is author of The Cowbell Must Not Wring Tonight, altho that fine poem has been claimed by others.

Among the most promising poets of Oregon is



INDIANS.

People who are threatening to come here want to know if there is any danger from Indians. No, not now.

There are Indians here, but they are picturesque vagabonds and tramps on horseback. Blind Jim and Columbia Joe have little outfits of about 100 souls who winter in wickiups along the Columbia and often camp near Heppner on their way to and from the mountains to dig canas and hunt. They bother nobody, and have always supported themselves and spurred others of free rations on reservations. Blind Jim says his people have always been free since they came here from Japan, and that he well remembers seeing Columbus traumping up the Columbia with a gripsack to see about building a boat railway, having left his ships at Celilo. Jim is a picturesque pevaricator.



War-Map of Cutmouth John.

He was a Umattilla warrior who for years acted as scout and guide for soldiers in their campaigns against hostiles. In the Indian wars of 22 years ago Heppner people fought up, but no hostiles came within 25 miles. 40 miles east of here, in '78, the gallant old First Cavalry, under Gen. O. O. Howard and Col. C. E. S. Wood, defeated four times their number of Snake Indians and drove them out of what ought to have been an impregnable position in the rimrock at the head of Bear Fork of Birch creek. But the Indian question is settled here.

It was a mistake to send T. A. Wood back to Washington in the interest of the Indian War veteran business. He is a bogus veteran, and has the reputation of being a bilk.

Everybody at all points of the compass get ready to attend the great Exposition in Portland in 1905. It will be a gigantic enterprise, and



DAN W. McALLEN

Was one of the main men in originating it. When in Portland drop in and see Dan at 3d and Morrison, where everybody makes a street-car start for all over the earth. He is head of the great dry goods house of McAllen & McDonnell, with branches at Astoria, and is a most enterprising, helpful man.



Triumphal Arch

Erected by the graduating class of the Heppner Academy of Music. This is much better than planting a class tree one year and letting it die the next. Arch looks like the one built by Gen. Jaxon in honor of Imp. Caesar when he was re-elected to congress and returned to Washington after conquering Rome. Also looks like the artistic entrance the poet Longfellow used to have on his washboard.

Little Paloma Skram has been getting a \$ apiece out of audiences in Portland, and a few years ago the child could play the piano no better than some of the girls who inflict instrumental torture on Heppner households.

Over at Texas Bar Miss G Wendolene Winthrop has started a stewdio, and after stewing a pan of dried apples she slammed them against the wall and then asked her assembled admirers: "How is that for an Italian sundie?"

Vordi, who recently died in Italy, though very busy with his music, took time to invent macaroni, and should have invented a W for the German language, so that Wagner would not be pronounced Vogner.



Mules We Have Met.

Pat Crowe, the Kudahee kidnapper, is well remembered as a former Heppner herder who went on many a drunk with Happy Jack, who is now chasing revenue cutters around Puget Sound. Crowe has undoubtedly returned to the Heppner Hills, but the snowfall this winter has been too light to track him.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HAIR.

Its Profusion, at Her Age, Has Always Been a Wonder. Over 80 years old, Queen Victoria has had luxuriant hair, which has for years been a marvel. The court physician, following Prof. Von's discovery, has treated her Majesty's scalp with a germ destroying preparation, which he has always kept secret. It is now known, however, that the remedy for Jandruff, the germ destroying element, is embodied in Newb's Herpsicide, the only hair preparation on the market that does destroy the dandruff germ. Without Jandruff, hair will grow profusely, and falling hair will be stopped. "Destroy the cause you remove the effect."



This is the way that Old Man Breeding and Dock Shobe had to do when they first struck the country.

A dozen or 15 years ago settlers in Eastern Oregon used to have experiences like that above. People had to chalk out their trails and swim rivers and ford creeks. Now the bulk of the public pioneering has been done; streams have been bridged and roads built, and the rough spots have been smoothed down, and you see people pleasure-riding like this.

THE CAMP-ROBBER.

BY JERRY NUNAN. As I came to camp one evening, I found a smiling stranger there; I was lonely and gaily had I him Welcome to my humble fare. He had been walking all day long And for several days before, And had parted with his last cent Some time ere he'd reached my door— Work now hunting, nothing more.

Whist I busied myself cooking Extra alajax for us two, He related his adventures And the troubles he'd been through: Once was rich in California, morning by that golden shore; But the drouths and Chinese labor Had driven him to my door— Drouths and Chinese, nothing more.

"Stranger," quoth I, "you'd better stay here Amongst our bunchgrass hills I ween, Where drouths will not affect you And Chinese are seldom seen. You might wander all your lifetime And not increase your store; But if you settle you may some day Stand upon your pins once more." Sighed he: "Settle! Nevermore!"

On next morning, much in sorrow, I bade good luck to my friend the tramp; But he returned while I was absent, And stole every blanket in the camp! So I was wrong when I advised him To settle down and tramp no more; For if he keeps on robbing sheep-camps, He'll no doubt increase his store. I now have a padlock on my door.

VETERAN SOLDIERS.

Among other veterans of the civil war who live in Morrow county are the following: O E Farnsworth, C G Fuqua, W Jones, E B Stanton, J S Boothby, A Ashbaugh, G W Smith, Jas Notan, C C Boone, Jackson Hill, Wm Owens, G W Maxwell, T W Owens, J H Inskip, Jacob Shamer, N S Driskill, Fred Biesmer, E D Rood, S L Lefler, D A Shepard, Dick Neville, Andy Rood, J C Bell, A G Bartholomew, J M Hamblet, N B Williams, M C Driskill, N S Driskill, A J Stevenson, H D Miskell, Foster Adams, G W Rea, J L Swipe, W A Biddell, H E Warren, B C Rush, B F Haviland, R K Simpson, T J League, M S Fox, Joe Filkins, G C Brown, B H Winters, J T Hockett.

HOSTILES WERE IN FLOWER.

Gen. L. P. Bradley, one of the most estimable of men, may not think he comes here in retirement that the frontier has forgotten him. Around the stove of Heppner's Palace Hotel these evenings his name is often mentioned by Pat Quaid in connection with stirring scenes on the frontier. Pat was all through the wild Rocky mountain region when Indians were bad, and with another prospector blew into Fort C. F. Smith, and the hostiles were so thick that Gen. Bradley made them stay there until the main war-particles had moved off, and thus saved their scalps. While young and venturesome, Pat went through many bad places, and now realizes that Gen. Bradley kept him above ground. The General was all through the civil war in an Illinois regiment, then went with the regulars and fought Indians for years. The Sioux had great respect for him. He was retired 16 years ago, and built his home on Reeves Aves' Prospect Hill, Tacoma, where he has a very fine water-view.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION.

Notice is hereby given that the county superintendent of Morrow county will hold the regular examination of applicants for state papers at Heppner as follows: Commencing Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 9 o'clock a. m. and continuing until Saturday, Feb. 16, at 4 o'clock p. m. Wednesday—penmanship, history, spelling, algebra, reading, composition. Thursday—written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, bookkeeping, English literature, civil government. Friday—physiology, geography, physical geography, mental arithmetic, school law. Saturday—botany, plain geometry, general history, physics, psychology. J. W. SHIPLEY, County Superintendent.

HEPPNER MARKET PRICES.

Table with market prices for various goods like flour, oats, hay, alfalfa, etc.

IT PAYS. It is now generally admitted that sheep-raising and wool-growing in Morrow county are pretty fair paying propositions. There are at present in Morrow county 233,535 head of sheep, and O. E. Farnsworth, who has been running sheep here for 23 years says that sheep pay an annual 50 per cent. net profit on the investment. He says they have been doing that for the past three years, but that for 5 years previous to that, in free trade days, sheep paid practically nothing, and many men ran behind. Sheep are herded here in average bands of 2000 head, and herders get an average of \$30 a month and board. It is a lonely life. Present prices on sheep here are \$5 a head for breeding ewes and \$2.50 a head for yearlings of mixed sexes delivered after shearing next spring.

ACTIVE YOUNG MEN.

The store of Matlock & Hart has had recent renovation and immense improvement. A large space at the east end that was formerly occupied by only empty air now has a commodious gallery for the clerical department. New double-decked show-cases have been added on the lower floor, and the active young proprietors show all symptoms of keeping up with the procession.

Home-seekers with means, and investors should come here. On account of the low prices at which its lands are offered, Morrow county expects to double its population this year. Good land can be bought here at \$1.25 to \$5 an acre.

EWES WANTED.

Sheepmen, take notice. I want to buy 1500 ewes. Must be first-class; let me hear from you. J. Dannels, 271 5th St., Portland, Ore.

\$5 REWARD.

Strayed away from Chapman's place on Butler creek, a blue sheep dog. Description—short and chunky, bob tail, little white spot in one eye. Will pay \$5 reward to any person bringing him there, or any information leading to his recovery. D. W. CHAPMAN, Vinson, Ore.

A GOOD MAN, TOO. Geo. T. Angel, of Boston and the U. S., is doing a good work for humanity through his paper, Our Dumb Animals, which include mules, although they have their say. At showing up the horrors of war Mr. Angel is a true warrior, and the change that has come over him in this respect shows how the world progresses in the cause of humanity.

You would not think that this was the same Geo. Angel who used to be a dare-devil cannoner in Baxter's Battery when it dashed out over the cobblestones of Boston's suburbs, every piece on the jump and spare wheels rikoshing over the ka-soms. You would not think this was the same Angel who used to march down State street in the front rank of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery and sit down at the big banquet of warriors in Faneuil hall, the old cradle of liberty over the ka-soms. Mr. Angel may contradict this, but it will have a 10 day start on him but he can catch up with it.

May heaven bless the good work you are engaged in, Mr. Angel, and speed the day when the horrors of war will be abolished.

TEACHING.

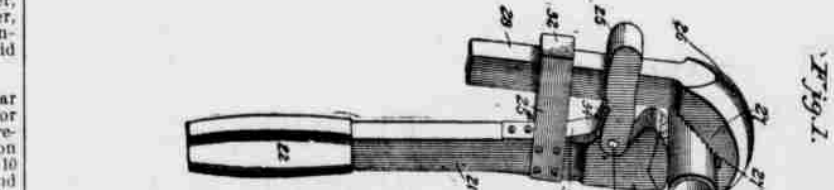
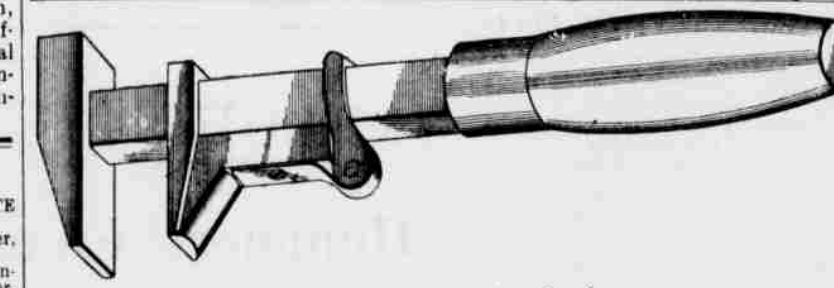
J. W. Shipley, county superintendent of schools, says that teachers' wages in Morrow county average about \$40 a month, and there are 43 districts and 60 teachers. In Heppner the principal gets \$1000 for 9 months' school; at Lexington \$600 for 8 months; at Lone \$495; at Hardman \$400.

SAD DEATH.

Heppner people were very much grieved and shocked to learn of the death at St. Vincent's hospital, Portland, on the 25th, of Constance Hughes, the bright little daughter of Wm. Hughes. She was 10 1/2 years old. She was taken there last week for an operation for appendicitis. The funeral services occurred Sunday at the Heppner Episcopal church, which was crowded with her former schoolmates. Her parents are on a visit to Europe, and know nothing of their little daughter's death.

Washington State is now threatening to build a monument to volunteers it allowed while at Vancouver to go hungry and ragged and do all sorts of mental drudgery.

Advertisement for 'The Twentieth Century' featuring 'The Clutch' Wrench. Text includes 'We Will Keep Abreast of It!', 'THE TWENTIETH CENTURY', 'Will be one of Wonderful Progress', 'We are going to keep a Larger Stock than ever and do a Bigger Business than ever.', 'MINOR & CO., Heppner, Oregon.', 'DISEASES CURED.', 'RED FRONT STABLE.', 'CITATION.', 'THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, for the County of Morrow.', 'In the matter of the estate of John N. Elder, deceased. Citation.', 'The Clutch' Wrench Both Plain and Pipe. Invented and Patented by W. T. HATTEN, Heppner Or. State and County Rights for sale. Description—A clutch loop is pivoted to the moveable jaw and engages the main shank to lock the moveable jaw at any desired adjustment; the loop is held in its engaged position by a spring, and to slide the jaw is necessary to depress the loop against the action of the spring. The device is simple, convenient and possesses great strength and durability.



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