

WEEKLY GAZETTE

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Lads in Prestige... Lads in Circulation... Lads in News... is the Official and Recognized Representative Journal of the County.

OFFICIAL

WEEKLY

PAPER

Heppner



Gazette.

Heppner Rates Wool to Warm the World. Last year it shipped away 2,247,750 pounds, and Morrow County raised 500,000 bushels of wheat in 1900. Morrow County's climate is most excellent, and you can buy farms and ranches here cheaper than anywhere else on earth or in all Oregon. Population 6000. There are vacant government lands, timber, foothill and prairie, and land may be bought at \$1.25 to \$10 an acre. Morrow County has 263,535 sheep, and the Heppner Warehouses now contain 2,500,000 pounds of 1900 wool.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR

HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1901.

NO. 821

The Heppner Gazette is published every Thursday by W. REDINGTON. Entered at the only U. S. Postoffice in Heppner as second-class matter.

900 DROPS CASTORIA. A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP. Fac Simile Signature of Dr. J. C. Heppner, NEW YORK. 116 months old 35 Doses - 35 CENTS. EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

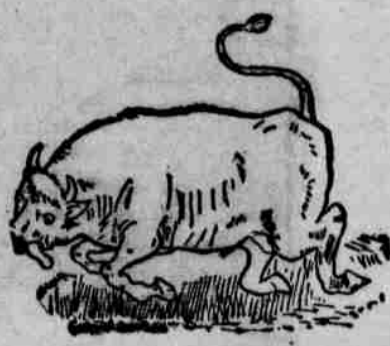
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Heppner

In Use

For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA



THE COW WITH THE CALF.

In the magnificent holiday edition of the Breeder's Gazette Ernest Seton-Thompson, the famous student of wild animals, tells the story of the range cow in a most interesting way, and among other things says:

One day as my wife and I were riding by a small bunch of stock on a western cattle range I said: "Now see how these animals will obey me." Then I addressed the cows: "All you cows whose calves are hidden away in the grass please come forward when I give the signal," and I began a long, high-pitched bleating, the note of a calf in dire distress—

"Baa-a-Baa Baa-a-a."

and as I bawled there was a great commotion. Some of the cows whose calves were with them snorted and looked about. Each calf ran to its mother whereupon she became quiet; the steers tossed their heads, looked about suspiciously and snorted, but settled back to feeding. Four cows, however, snuffed and looked quickly this way and that, then with heads and tails up and a great deal of angry action came trotting toward us. "There," said I, "these four have had calves born within the last few days. The calves are not yet able to follow their mothers so remain 'cached' in some sheltered hollow."

As the angry cows came nearer, we turned and rode off, but I kept on bleating, and the cows continued to follow. We urged our horses to gallop. Three of the cows gave up the pursuit but the fourth followed for nearly half a mile, part of the time at a run. Then I ceased bleating the distress note, and the last cow, the youngest of the four, hesitated, snorted, looked back then to the right hand, and leaving us she set off at a trot for a distant line of willows, where undoubtedly her new-born, probably first-born, calf was concealed, or as the herdsmen say, "cached."

The habits of the range cattle now are no doubt much like those of their wild ancestors. They wander about in small herds composed of cows, calves, steers and a bull which is their master, though not necessarily their leader. When a strange herd approaches there is a good deal of bellowing and snuffing; they all line up, the bull advances and very often a fight en-

sues between himself and the leader of the other band. These fights are seldom very serious. Once or twice I have seen the strange band led by a steer which came up with a good deal of demonstration toward the leader of the first band, but when he got near enough to see that his foe was a bull his courage forsook him. He ran away and his friends followed him. Sometimes the bulls do not care to go with the other cattle. They are then peaceably disposed towards each other. Indeed it is quite a common thing to see two bulls keep together like brothers. Whenever two large animals are seen together in the distance with none others near, it is taken for granted they are bulls. The old males whose season of usefulness is over are commonly solitary.

The mating season is rather extended, doubtless much more so than among their wild ancestors, for domestication has a singularly deranging effect on the reproductive functions. But late summer couplings are apparently most usual, as well as most desirable, for the period of gestation, in the words of an old Yorkshire man, "three months back and three weeks forward," i. e., reckoning one year after the date of the union, and that brings the calf in the middle or late springtime when food is abundant and the weather fine.

When the cow feels that her time has come, she leaves the herd and hides in some sheltered place till the calf is born. He arrives in the world nose first and looks much like a tightly bound little bundle, impossibly small one might think ever to grow into a huge bull, but his mother gets up presently and proceeds to lick him all over, generally uttering a sort of hankering grunt, an expression of motherly love. Under the gentle message of her tongue, the little calf visibly expands. His hair fluffs out, his blood circulates more satisfactorily. After he has been massaged thoroughly from head to foot—and this may take an hour or two—he tries to get on his feet, hind legs first, but his mother's message becomes so vigorous just then, that he is commonly licked off his feet more than once. But he gets stronger and visibly bigger every hour and soon succeeds in standing up, with his legs very widely spread.

After the calf has been up a few minutes, he seems possessed of his first idea, his miserable little tail is jerked and at the same time up goes his head under his mother's chin, for she is still brushing him down. The calf feels that he has not got what he wanted and he does not even know what it was. He makes another butt upwards with his nose, again duplicating the action with his tail. But again he achieves nothing. A little later he tries further along and perhaps gets his head under his mother's shoulder where he takes a mouthful of hair, but lets it go. Instinctively he works back till he gets to her udder and after a few utterly unreasoning jabs with his nose he mouths a teat, begins sucking and so enters on the second stage of life.

At first of course the calf is unable to follow his mother. He is left in the hiding place where he lies still and flat, while she goes off to graze, rarely very far away, and always ready to return at the slightest appearance of danger. Usually her choice of the hiding place is so good that the calf escapes all enemies and gains strength enough to follow his mother about. But sometimes it happens that a watchful coyote marked the cow down in the thicket and knew by his nose or by former experience that a little one was to be there brought into the world. He dare not go near the cow, but he does not go away for he is in the chronic hungry state of the coyote and here is a delicious feast in sight, and in easy reach, too, if only the mother makes the mistake of giving him a chance. He has a wholesome dread of her. He can only hang about, lick his chops and hope. Hours pass by and the coyote is getting dreadfully hungry. But he hangs around, keeping out of sight, believing his time will come. It was mere accident that first betrayed to him the calf's hiding place and there is one other chance needed to bring the calf within his power, that is the absence of the mother. There is only one thing that can bring this about, and that is the remoteness of the water supply. For many hours pass the mother must go to seek her daily drink. Usually the water is near, but this time it happens to be over a mile away. After glancing about keenly for foes, a glance which the coyote escapes by crouching, the mother, not without some misgivings, sets out across the plain to the watering place. The keen yellow eyes of the coyote kindle as he sees this

Wild Reports Denied!

The Health Committee of the Heppner City Council hereby emphatically denies the report printed in the Pendleton East Oregonian to the effect that smallpox is epidemic here. Like many other places all over the country, Heppner has been having its share of the so-called Filipino itch, and has had about a dozen cases, and has some now; but all are very light cases, and are being strictly quarantined. There have been no deaths and no serious sickness, and most of the patients have been able to cook for themselves.

We respectfully ask the outside world not to believe the wild reports about smallpox being epidemic in Heppner.

FRANK GILLIAM, Mayor, S. P. GARRIGUES, J. J. ROBERTS, J. R. SIMONS, Health Committee.

SCHOOL MONEY.

I give below a statement of the County and State school funds paid to the several districts of Morrow county. Column No. 1 is a statement of the county funds apportioned Jan. 7, 1901. Columns No. 2 and No. 3 are statements of the entire amounts of state and county funds paid to the several districts for school year 1900-1901, column No. 2 including column No. 1. Column No. 4 shows totals of state and county funds.

Table with 5 columns: Dist. No., County Fund, State Fund, Total for 1900-1901, Total for 1901-1902. Lists districts 1 through 60 and their respective funding amounts.

Total for school year 1900-1901... \$10,102 13 \$2366 12 \$12,468 25

Respectfully submitted, J. W. SHIPLEY, County Supt.

for he knows that at last his chance, his only chance, has come. When she is far in the offing, he quits his lurking place, keeping well out of sight, trotting quickly along the hollow, straight for the hiding place of the calf. The little fellow sees or hears this approach of what is instinctively known for an enemy. It crouches closely, laying its head flat on the ground, and lies like a stone, showing how well the ancient lesson has been learned. But concealment is hopeless, the savage enemy knows the very spot in the thicket where his unprotected victim lies, and in a moment he bounds up from the grass and springs on it. The calf realizes that hiding is no longer possible, it leaps to its shaky legs and bleats its loudest for its mother:

"Baa, Baa, Baa, Baa," it cries as it vainly struggles to escape. In a moment the coyote has pulled it down. Other coyotes are likely to be near and in a few minutes they are tearing the warm bloody meat from the tender bones. The cow can hear a long way off the distressed cry of her calf and would at once come tearing to save it. Indeed, a strange cow or steer would also come at the cry and drive the coyote away. But the foe is a cunning one, he knows how to bide his time and now there was none to interfere; the cow comes back only to find a few bloody bones where she left her little pink-nosed baby.

She is terribly distressed; for a time she runs about, bawling in a peculiar, unmistakable way. The head is usually left undevoured, and this she stares at and licks repeatedly, just as she used to do when it was alive. Then she will turn and walk away, looking back to see if it is not following her, and uttering a low moaning bellow at intervals. Any coyote she chances to see, she pursues with murderous intent, but they can laugh at her attempts to catch them.

For some days she is in a very bad physical state; milk fever sets in in some form—the mother's craving for her little one is aggravated by her condition. She goes to every small calf she sees until near enough to smell it. Some cows at this time go away when they find the calf is not their own. Some will even give the unwelcome stranger a thrust with the horns, but some cows are disposed to squander the unclaimed love on any little one, and suckle it and thus find both mental and physical comfort in mothering.

During the next few days she goes back many times to look at and hunger over the remains, but time does its work quickly with her. The first day she was there continually, the next the mother was at the tragic spot every hour or so, by the end of a week the head and bones have lost all original semblance; then direct appeal is gone, and their memory fading. Nature has sent physical ease, the little one is forgotten; but from that time on the heart of the mother is ever liable to be stirred to fury by that high-pitched shrill "Baa," the bleat of a calf in terror of its life, and that was the bleat that I used that day to separate the mother cows from the rest of the herd.

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

G. W. Phelps ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office on May street, 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.

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BARGAIN. For sale at \$1100, 100 acres on the edge of Heppner. Town lots may be sold from it at once. Owner will give \$100 for the hay now growing on it. Apply Gaset office.

Come to Morrow County for low-priced lands. Values are sure to double up. Never again will land sell so low as it does now.