

WEEKLY GAZETTE

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Is the Official and Recognized Representative Journal of the County.

OFFICIAL

Heppner

WEEKLY



PAPER

Gazette.

Heppner Raises Wool to Warm the World. Last year it shipped away 2,245,750 pounds, and Morrow County raised 50,000 bushels of wheat in 1901.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR

HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1901.

NO. 822

The Heppner Gazette is published every Thursday by J. W. REDINGTON.

Entered at the only U. S. Postoffice in Heppner as second-class matter.

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For Fall and Winter Wear M. LICHTENTHAL. The Pioneer Boot and Shoe Dealer of Heppner, has The Latest Styles of Footwear for Men, Women and Children. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

HOME INDUSTRY. FLOUR FLOUR Heppner Flouring Mill Co. Has secured the services of a first class miller, and keep on hand a full supply of FLOUR, GRAHAM, GERM, MEAL, WHOLE WHEAT, BRAN and SHORTS. Of the very best quality and guaranteed to give satisfaction. The mill exchanges with the farmers, and solicits their patronage. W. L. HOUSTON, Manager.

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.

ON WHITE SAGE MESA. J. E. WING IN BREEDER'S GAZETTE.

The boys all liked the White Sage Mesa; it had such good feed for one thing, the sheep were not much trouble up there; then the country was so smooth, an exactly plain surface, sloping slightly but apparently absolutely flat for miles. Then there was no brush; one could see for miles in any direction, an unruly and wandering ram could not stray far until he was spotted and one of the eager dogs sent to bring him back.

and a suspicious mingling of prismatic colors on each side. Down in the south there rose slowly a wall of dark clouds. Sandy surveyed it uneasily. The sheep had not left their bed-ground. Old Bess, the collie, who had seen many winters in this range, sat on the rock above the tent and howled dismally. "She's going to storm and she's going to do it about right," Sandy muttered. "I wish I was down among the cedars."

heavy to lift. Hastily he piled up half a dozen to mark where he had struck the cliff; then bearing slanting along the edge, the wind jet mostly at his back, he hurried on. A few hundred yards brought him to a turn in the direction of the wall, and to a stretch of broken down cliff. Here he could put them down, if he could turn them. Back, now, filled with fierce determination and impatient haste, he hurries. The blast lifts him almost off his feet. The snow fills his eyes so that he can scarcely see. He struggles on and on, reaches his monument, almost falls over it before he sees it, then turns directly against the storm to meet his herd. As he struggles on a new fear greater than any yet assails him; what if he misses the sheep altogether!

dried apples. He had carried in all the chips within a mile. The camp-mover should have come in day before yesterday. He had been to the railway, 50 miles away for supplies, and with contempt and even rising resentment Sandy remembered the camp-mover's weakness for bad whiskey. "He lets me starve and freeze while he lays around Poker Pete's soaked full of rot-gut whiskey," he murmured. And taking an old sack he strolls out again seeking more chips. The food question was not serious. There was always mutton that one could eat.

The sun was an hour high. There was a brightness about the sun and the snow. The wind was merciful beyond what sometimes seems. Sandy, struggling on before the fierce blasts, his hair filled with ice, his face stung, was not suffering so very much. There was a cruel ache of ears, that stopped after he felt the one needle-like thrust that would have told him, had he known, of freezing; after that there was no more pain of ears. The deadly chill of body was succeeded by numbness; he seemed to have no weight, his feet went on and on and he had the curious feeling of following them without resting up on them. Only his brain was alive, and that seemed very much awake indeed. A crowd of thoughts swept on, like the shapeless forms that hurried by, snowy shapes, of wind-driven snow-spirits. He thought of his associates on the ranch and the pranks they had played on him a few months before when he was but a "tender-foot," of the grim and saturnine camp-mover, his "boss," and the thought came with a thrill, "I am no coward, I am staying with the sheep. I wonder if Lippy Jack would have left his tent today?"

And far Eastward in that little farm house, so far that breakfast was over and the things put away before the stars had paled over White Sage, there had been joy that morning, for the letter had come from Sandy Jim (only to them he was James Lawson), with the check and the few words saying: "Take it, my dear father, and pay it on the mortgage. I wish it was more and I will soon be able to make it more, if I continue to suit them here. I like the life, only it is a little lonely sometimes, but the work is not hard, except now and then. I wish you could see the new Ohio rams we turned in three weeks ago; they would do your eyes good, and when I come home I believe we must clear up the back pasture and put some good sheep on the old home place."

He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is merciful beyond what sometimes seems. Sandy, struggling on before the fierce blasts, his hair filled with ice, his face stung, was not suffering so very much. There was a cruel ache of ears, that stopped after he felt the one needle-like thrust that would have told him, had he known, of freezing; after that there was no more pain of ears. The deadly chill of body was succeeded by numbness; he seemed to have no weight, his feet went on and on and he had the curious feeling of following them without resting up on them. Only his brain was alive, and that seemed very much awake indeed. A crowd of thoughts swept on, like the shapeless forms that hurried by, snowy shapes, of wind-driven snow-spirits. He thought of his associates on the ranch and the pranks they had played on him a few months before when he was but a "tender-foot," of the grim and saturnine camp-mover, his "boss," and the thought came with a thrill, "I am no coward, I am staying with the sheep. I wonder if Lippy Jack would have left his tent today?"

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 RECORDS and LAND CLAIMS. 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. Make 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.

Gentry & Sharp Tonsorial Artists. Your patronage solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hot and Cold Baths. Main Street, near Palace Hotel. Heppner.

Nothing so Good J.B. Natter's beer. It goes right to the spot, and is served up at our Brewery, on upper Main St., Heppner, where an ice-cold cellar in the solid rock keeps it always cool.

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 Gentry office.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y. 50c. and \$1.00 all brands.

Take it all around, Morrow County has a good, beautiful climate, and Pap Simons, who has lived in many places, says there are more pleasant days here on an average than anywhere else.