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WEEKLY GAZETTE

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Is the Official and Recognized Representative Journal of the County.

OFFICIAL WEEKLY PAPER

Heppner Gazette.

Heppner Raises Wool to Warm the World. Last year it shipped away 3,245,750 pounds, and Morrow County raised 900,000 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 5000.

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.

NINETEENTH YEAR — HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1901. — NO. 832

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J. W. REDINGTON.

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" Coroner.....Dr. E. R. Hustock
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Councilmen.....S. P. Gorrill, J. R. Simons, J. J. Roberts, E. W. Rhea, Geo. Noble and Thos. Quaid.
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Treasurer.....L. W. Briggs
Marshal.....George Thornton

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Constable.....G. B. Hatt

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on May street. Heppner, Oregon.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW and U. S. COMMISSIONER.
Office in Palace hotel building, Heppner, Or.

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

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Is authorized to take all kinds of LAND PROOFS and LAND FILINGS.
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Put your old books and notes in his hands and get your money out of them
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Morrow county has a dozen townships of mountain timber lands that will some day yield immense incomes to lumbermen and fuel dealers.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought
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A Leading Eastern Oregon Hotel
Every Modern Convenience.
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One of the finest equipped Bars and Clubrooms in the state in connection....
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For Business Heppner is one of the Leading Towns of the West.

For Spring and Summer 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.
Old Stand, Main Street. Repairing a Specialty.

HEPPNER FLOURING MILLS,

Have secured the services of a first class miller, and keep on hand a full supply of
Flour, Graham, Rolled Barley, Whole Wheat Flour, Bran and Shorts
Of the very best quality and guaranteed to give satisfaction.
W. L. HOUSTON, Manager.

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NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

Published on Thursday, and known for nearly sixty years in every part of the United States as a National Family Newspaper of the highest class, for farmers and villagers. It contains all the most important general news of The Daily Tribune up to hour of going to press, an agricultural department of the highest order, has entertaining reading for every member of the family, old and young, market reports which are accepted as authority by farmers and country merchants, and is clean, up to date, interesting and instructive.

Regular subscription price, $1 per year.

The Weekly Tribune is given for one year as a free premium to all new subscribers to the Heppner Gazette and to all old subscribers who pay up to date and one year in advance.

Send all orders to Gazette, Heppner.

FOR POOR PEOPLE.

Whitman College, at Walla Walla, with its magnificent new brick buildings, was put upon its feet by Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the Chicago philanthropist, who has given over two millions of dollars to educational institutions, but says he is not a liberal man. He puts it thus: "I am not a benevolent man. I am the most economical, close-fisted man you ever put your eyes on. You can tell it by my face. It's there. I never went to a foot-ball game or a baseball game in my life. What I am doing is done on business principles. After practicing rigid economy for seventy years, I asked myself what I should do with my money. I could not carry it out of the world in my dead hands, and coffins were not made to carry money in. For that reason I turned my attention to sixteen different colleges. I did not establish new ones. We have enough. I wanted to provide a place for poor boys and girls in the colleges and that is the reason I have been giving my money away."

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

Boston, April 27.—The American Wool and Cotton Reporter says:

Aside from the liberal purchases of fine Australian and Ohio Delaine, made at the very beginning of the week under review by a well known mill, which practically cleans up the supply of such stock in the market, the usual trade has ruled very dull and has presented locally few features of interest. The sales referred to consisted of something like 1500 bales of Australian, which were taken, it is reported, at prices ranging from 32 to 34 cents, equivalent to a clean cost of 65@57 cents. The Delaine wools amounted to about 150,000 pounds, and the prices paid are understood to have been 28@29 cents.

The sales reflect the tendency of the demand toward fine wools, which are relatively much stronger than medium low wools and they indicate the confidence of consumers in this class of stock on which prices are firmly held. Taking the market as a whole, the purchasing has been mostly of a piecing-out character. There is no disposition to anticipate future requirements to any great extent, and no speculative tendency is noticeable. While trading may be very dull, the tone of the market as far as prices are concerned is very steady.

The sales for the week in Boston amounted to 2,591,000 pounds domestic and 690,000 pounds foreign, making a total of 3,231,000 pounds, against a total of 4,256,000 for the corresponding week last year. The sales since January 1 amount to 76,123,000 pounds, against 52,159,200 pounds for the corresponding time last year.

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

Miles—"Where is your friend Jaggs now?" Giles—"He's gone to the spirit land." Miles—"Indeed! It's strange I never heard of his demise." Giles—"Oh, he isn't dead. He's visiting relatives in Kentucky."

Judge—"Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence?" Prisoner—"Well, all I've got to say is I hope you'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, and let me off easy."

Consumption

is, by no means, the dreadful disease it is thought to be—in the beginning.

It can always be stopped—in the beginning. The trouble is: you don't know you've got it; you don't believe it; you won't believe it—till you are forced to. Then it is dangerous.

Don't be afraid: but attend to it quick—you can do it yourself and at home.

Take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, and live carefully every way.

This is sound doctrine, whatever you may think or be told; and, if heeded, will save life.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

HORRORS OF WAR.

Mac Clarke's brother Charles, writing from Winburg, So. Africa, says:

"This morning Major Leary and a company of cavalry rode out and burned several homes. They brought in ex President Steyn's brother in-law and wife, whose home they razed, near here. The British have resolved to devastate the country homes, so that the Boers cannot be furnished with shelter or supplies by Boer farmers.

"This is mighty hard treatment, but it's the only remedy.

"A story in circulation here says that Winburg is to be made a bait for the Boers. The commissary department is sending trainload after trainload of provisions here, enough to last the garrison for years. With all the farm houses burnt down, the Boers will be unable to secure food, and those large supplies will be the bait which will entice them on to attack. Then our garrison would evacuate and leave the place to the Boers. Then the British cavalry would approach and shell the town and perform the hemming-in process."

PARIS EXPOSITION PRIZES

The United States received more prizes at the Paris Exposition than any other nation, except France. The total being 1,981. It is also a remarkable fact, that though the inhabitants of every country suffer from digestive troubles, and though every clime offers some alleviative therefrom, it remains for America to produce an absolutely reliable remedy for such common diseases. This remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Half a century ago, it was placed upon the market, and from that day to this, it has never been equalled. It has an almost unparalled record for the cure of dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, sick headache, sour stomach, belching, heartburn, nervousness, fatigue, insomnia, or any other disturbance of the stomach. Give it a trial.

INSURANCE THAT INSURES.

Accidents will happen, especially on stock ranches where wild animals have to be handled, and sickness and death will come to all.

This the universal rule, but modern methods provide a way to mitigate the evil and ease a man's last moments by the assurance that his wife and little ones will not become objects of charity as soon as he has crossed over the free ferry.

Life insurance gives the family ready cash to live on, and makes them independent of the world.

The New York Life Insurance Co. is one of the strongest in the world. It has so much money that it takes pleasure in paying policies the moment they are due.

Drop a line to Frank McFarland, 189 13th street, Portland, Ore., and he will mail you a sample policy, and take your application, and insure you so that your family will need for nothing when you are called away, as you surely will be, sooner or later.

OLD SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE.

M. M. Austin, a civil war veteran, of Winchester, Indiana, writes: "My wife was sick a long time in spite of good doctor's treatment, but was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills, worked wonders for her health." They always do. Try them. Only 25 cents at Slocum Drug Co.

Biliousness is a condition characterized by a disturbance of the digestive organs. The stomach is debilitated, the liver torpid, the bowels constipated. There is a loathing of food, pain in the bowels, dizziness, coated tongue and vomiting, first of the undigested or partly digested food and then of bile. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets allay the disturbances of the stomach and create a healthy appetite. They also tone up the liver to a healthy action and regulate the bowels. Try them and you are certain to be much pleased with the result. For sale by Conser & Warren, druggists.

The day is not distant when every inch of land will be deeded and doubled up in price. If you want to buy a good 324-acre place at $5 an acre, call on J. W. Redington, Gazette office.

CAKE RECEIPTS.

POUND CAKE (measured in cup, and always reliable).—Two cups butter, three cups sugar, three cups flour, eight eggs, rind and juice of one lemon.

COCOANUT CAKE.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, whites of six eggs, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cream of tartar, three cups flour, one cup milk, one small cocoanut, rind of a lemon.

SPONGE CAKE.—One pound eggs, one pound sugar, one-half pound flour, rind and juice of one large lemon. Beat thoroughly the yolks and the sugar; then add the whites of eggs, and beat for fifteen minutes—no less; then the lemon and flour. Bake very carefully.

SILVER CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One-half cup butter, one and one-half cups sugar, whites of four eggs, three-fourths cup milk, two and one-half cups flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar. Bake in three layers. Filling: One-fourth cake chocolate mixed with the whites of two eggs well beaten; confectioner's sugar sufficient to stiffen it.

COMMODORE CAKE (an old-fashioned receipt).—Three-fourths pounds butter, one and one-fourth pounds sugar, one and one-fourth pounds flour, four eggs, one pint sweet milk, a level teaspoonful of saleratus, two pounds raisins, one-half pound citron, three tablespoonfuls cinnamon, one large tablespoonful of cloves, one of mace mixed in a wineglass of wine or brandy, one nutmeg.—Harper's Bazar

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE GRANDMOTHER TRICK.

(Concluded from last week.)

Up the street of the date-palm he came panting. At a corner near Trindad's hut he hid, or thought he hid. He sat down on a rock, round an angle, to see if they came marching by with their grandmother.

The sun was very hot, and he looked broiling,—he was a magnificent monument of pain, but he would see the thing through.

Two of Trinidad's sons—large, overgrown boys in white cotton and sandals—suddenly came running across his view toward the house of mourning. They had evidently been out on an errand since Jaggers left. They were lugging with good speed four large jute sacks full of something which seemed like bottles.

A little silver change clinked in the hand of one, and he didn't seem sad. Jaggers pricked up his ears. They also pricked up theirs, stared at him, and dashed on in a delirium, the contents of the bags rattling. A little later the renewed wailing in the house of mourning could be heard by Theophilus. He broiled on.

At noon the whistle of the distant new white brewery (which brews the beer called Porfirio Diaz), shrilly proclaimed the hour, and the ponderous bells of Cortes' cathedral tolled forth.

Just then three of those same gruel-smeared heads peered round the corner stealthily at Jaggers. With a great hustling those youngsters then tore back, probably as a kind of announcement.

Now, it must be remembered that the wages which Jaggers paid were very large, worthy of continuous cultivation.

Out of the house of mourning came the cortege. Four brawny grandsons bore the coffin high on their shoulders. It was plainly heavy, and the lid was nailed down. Trailing on behind came Trinidad and Marcelina, twined round one another, wailing; the 7 other children, down to the tiniest, a solemn toddler, with nothing on but a shirt; the aged women; the coffin-maker, benevolently smiling; and many neighbors, all more or less joyous.

The three inharmonious pigs were seen to appear disconsolate for a moment at the door. Among the neighbor women was one all muffled up, so that only sepulchral eyes peered forth. She took the death of this grandmother hard, and as they passed the corner Jaggers, seated on his rock, broiled on.

After a moment he arose and followed. They had told him that servants were tricky. He'd see it through. So he pursued the cortege for 2 weary miles. The whole length of Cuernavaca they went. Some of the mourners now and then turned and apprised their fellows that Theophilus was pursuing still.

Out of the town, down the zigzag decent into the canon, up the winding zigzag ascent to the opposite summit, went the procession. But Jaggers paused on hither heights. There wasn't any use going any further. He could see across to the place where the great gate of the cemetery rose up. He sat down on the precipice's edge and watched the cortege go climbing. Yes, sure enough, they entered the walled grave-yard; the gate closed after them. Jaggers, subdued, strode home in murky reverie.

A scout at the cemetery-gate saw him go. On through the city of the dead plunged the cortege, now with rude haste. Hilarious grew the mourning. Through a rear gate they made the joyous exit. Running, laughing, dancing along a narrow path which, hidden from Cuernavaca, leads to San Anton, rollicked the funeral, coffin and all. That casket rattled like bottles. The old woman who had stalked on, muffled, tore the cloth from her head, revealed herself as the coffin-maker's great aunt, the whilom corpse, and rapturously cried, "Whoopee!"

In San Anton the festival was at its height. Crowds sported and gambled, watched the bull-fight, bought granaditas, sent up balloons, and drank, and drank! Amid unseemly merriment the coffin was torn open. Dozens of bottles of the cheapest brand of Porfirio Diaz beer came gurgling out. The oldest son's ice-cream freezer, ice, and flavorings were dumped on the ground. Trinidad and remembers Marcelina twined about each other, leaned against a tree and laughed till they could stand no longer, but fell.

The fifty remaining cents of Jagger's five dollars furnished joy for the toddlers. In half an hour the eldest son was selling ices and crying, with peculiar vigor: "Jamaica, limon y pina!"

This shows what a roundabout way the peons will persistently adopt to accomplish a purpose, and how frankness is their very last resort. It also hints at the oft-proved fact that some of the greatest wonders in this land of wonders are Americans. The vat is not yet finished; and Trinity Thin, so it is whispered, has yet other grandmothers in reserve.—C. T. Embree, in Argonaut.

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

Occasionally we meet people to whom it seems to come natural to be pleasant, writes Patrick Collins. Such are as welcome wherever they go as the flowers in May, and the most charming thing about them is that they help to make other people pleasant, too.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," he said to his father, with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him, smiling, as he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"Top of the morning to you, Pollywog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget, with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in we had gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all, but he had in fact changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother, when I spoke to her about it afterwards, "just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I guess there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder or sweeter temper. I am sure of that."

PLAIN TRUTH.

In China some years ago a famous ex-confederate general who had a West Point training and had served in Egypt and elsewhere but failed to get a good footing, came to Prince Li for service. Li Hung took him to his heart, gave him plenty to drink, and asked him to review his army.

"What do you think of my army, general?"

"Do you want the truth, or what the other fellows tell you?"

"I want the truth, of course."

"Well, then, your army is not worth a ——, and here is my head."

"No, thank you, I don't want your head, for you are the only man, excepting Gen. Grant, who ever told me the truth about my army."

"Now, what do you want for telling the truth?"

"I want money to get out of China, and enough left to buy the old farm, so that I may die there and be buried like a gentleman."

"I'll give you a ticket home, but money to buy the farm, no; you will get drunk."

COST OF FARMING.

County Commissioner E. C. Ashbaugh, a pioneer farmer of Morrow county, who raised 15,000 bushels of wheat the past season, says that the cost of raising wheat here is about as follows:

Plowing old ground per acre	$ [illegible]
Harrowing	[illegible]
Harvesting	[illegible]
Sacks	[illegible]
Threshing	1.25
	[illegible]