

**The First \$5 Bill.**

The first \$5 greenback issued by our government was in 1862, and ever since 1864 has been the heirloom of a prominent family. Its age has increased its value greatly. This is also true in regard to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It was introduced fifty years ago, and because it positively cures stomach, liver and bowel disorders it is valued more highly than any other remedy. Those who have once tried it always keep a bottle on hand to cure dyspepsia, nausea, indigestion, dizziness, heartburn, insomnia, chills, colds or malaria. Sickly women, too, realize its wonderful value as a health maker and regulator. Be sure to try it. Your druggist will supply you with the genuine, also give you a copy of our 1904 Illustrated Almanac. Ask for it before the supply is exhausted.

The fire inspection committee of Portland will now turn its attention to the dozens of churches in that city to ascertain if they are properly equipped with safety devices.

J. J. Hill, president of the Great Northern, says the differential tariff imposed by Joseph Chamberlain on foreign wheat will create a surplus of at least 20,000,000 bushels annually in the Northwest states.

**Saved From Terrible Death.**

The family of Mrs. M. L. Bobbitt of Bargertown, Tenn., saw her dying and were powerless to save her. The most skillful physicians and every remedy used, failed, while consumption was slowly but surely taking her life. In this terrible hour Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption turned despair into joy. The first bottle brought immediate relief and its continued use completely cured her. It's the most certain cure in the world for all throat and lung troubles. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Slocum's drug store.

The Oregon City land office has decided that in case of the death of a homesteader, the widow, alone can prove up on the claim.

Petitions are now being speedily circulated by the members of the Direct Primary League to get the amendment on the official ballot at the June election.

**A Very Close Call.**

"I stuck to my engine, although every joint ached and every nerve was racked with pain," writes C. W. Bellamy, a locomotive fireman, of Burlington, Iowa. "I was weak and pale, without any appetite and all run down. As I was about to give up, I got a bottle of Electric Bitters, and after taking it, I felt as well as I ever did in my life." Weak, sickly, run down people always gain new life, strength and vigor from their use. Try them. Satisfaction guaranteed by Slocum Drug Co. Price 50 cents.

The scowhouse moored on the Willamette river, near Fulton, in which Mrs. S. G. Cresp lived alone broke away from its moorings Wednesday, and through fright the woman leaped into the river and swam ashore as the scow started down with the current.

**Wonderful Nerve.**

Is displayed by many a man enduring pains of accidental Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Burns, Sores, Sore Feet or Stiff Joints. But there's no need for it. Bucklen's Arnica Salve will kill the pain and cure the trouble. It's the best Salve on earth for Piles, too. 25c at Slocum Drug Co.

The fire protection committee of Portland has accepted both the Marquam Grand and Cordray's theaters as being reasonably safely equipped, but has not yet completed its investigations in the other Portland theaters.

**Domestic Troubles.**

It is exceptional to find a family where there are no domestic ruptures occasionally, but these can be lessened by having Dr. King's New Life Pills around. Much trouble they save by their great work in Stomach and Liver troubles. They not only relieve you, but cure. 25c at Slocum's drug store.

John F. Damon, the pioneer city editor of the Morning Oregonian, died in Seattle, Wednesday, aged 77.

**MADE A BAD BREAK.**

**Whist Fiend on a Train Goes Too Far in Trying to Get One More Player.**

"I read somewhere, not long ago, a story of an impetuous young fellow who permitted his bad temper and his imagination to lead him into striking a blind man," said a treasury special agent who is on the road a good deal, relates the Washington Star. "The story went that he was standing at a street car transfer station with a young woman, waiting for a car, when he noticed a man standing a short distance away staring, or appearing to stare, pretty hard at the girl. There was, besides, a sort of half-smile on the starrer's face. The impetuous young fellow took the starrer for a masher, and he walked over and, without a word, smashed him in the face. Then he found out that the man he had hit was totally blind—his attendant had left him for a moment to get something in the corner drug store. I can imagine how that young chap must, if his instincts were right, have hated himself for that blow—how he must, indeed, have felt like thrusting the fist that struck the blow into the furnace, as a young college fellow that I once knew did after striking a wrongful blow.

"But on a Pennsylvania train, out of Philadelphia for the west, I saw, a few weeks ago, an incident of the same general sort that impressed me as painfully as it did everyone else who witnessed it. As for the man whose looseness of speech caused him to make the sad mistake, there was really nothing to do but to feel sorry for him.

"He was a clean, snappy, clipper-bull man verging on middle age, and an hour or so after the train left Philadelphia—it was during the afternoon—he started through the smoking compartments of the chair cars and sleepers to get up a whist quartette.

"There were not many male passengers on the train, and of these few not many appeared to know how to play whist. Most of them met his invitation with a courteous nod, negating the proposition on the ground that they didn't understand the game.

"But when a whist fiend makes up his mind to assemble a party on board a train he never gives up trying until he has succeeded or rendered a good many travelers nervous, and that was the case with this solid-looking but snappy Philadelphian.

"After herculean exertions, involving many excited and beseeching tours through several cars, he finally got hold of two men who announced their willingness to take a hand. Then, of course, he became more strenuous than ever in his effort to get the final player.

"He appeared for the fourth successive time in the smoking compartment, in which I sat, and begged each of us once again to 'fill up the four.' Most of the men in the compartment, including myself, didn't know the game of whist, and we succeeded in convincing the snappy-looking man that we were telling the truth about it.

"The last man that he tackled for the fourth successive time was a fine-looking fellow of 30 or so, whose face had a look of trouble in it, although he replied courteously enough to the whist fiend's invitations. Each time he said, in a low tone, that he did not feel like taking a hand.

"On this last time around the whist fiend said to him:

"You'll make the fourth, I'm sure. Come ahead. Table's all ready and the game's waiting."

"No," was the reply of the man with the troubled expression. "I don't feel like joining in. I should like to oblige, but—" and his voice broke a trifle at that, and some of us in the compartment could see that the man was under a strain. But the whist fiend didn't see it.

"You play, don't you?" he persisted.

"Yes, I play," was the reply, still a little hoarse—and then he turned and gazed out of the window.

"Huh—I can't understand a man knowing how to play whist and not wanting to play it—blamed if I can," impatiently mumbled the whist fiend as he started to go out of the car, and he muttered something, too, as he reached the door, that sounded a good deal like 'lobster.'

"The man with the troubled look turned his head about quickly from the window, and he had gone a bit pale, as we could see. He didn't rise from his seat, but he stretched forth a long arm, grasped the whist fiend by the sleeve of his coat, and pulled him into a seat.

"My friend," he said to the startled whist fiend—and there was a wad and gray look around his mouth as he spoke—"you should restrain your impatience and your tongue. I am not a lobster. There is no law compelling me to tell you why I do not elect to join your game of whist, but I shall tell you, not because you have any right to question or impugn the motives of a stranger, but because your deficiency in tact will stand correction. I am not joining your whist party because the basket containing the body of my wife is on the baggage car attached to this train."

"Then the man with the troubled look gazed once more out of the window, nor did he turn his head again. The expression that appeared in the face of the whist fiend was so absolutely pitiful, in its eloquence of the man's mental self-denunciation, that we couldn't help but sympathize with him.

"A thousand pardons, old man," he

said, in a low tone, and he had been a cad, and he went out with the alertness gone from his carriage and his shoulders hunched forward. There was no whist played on the train."

**Impaired Auto.**

"An' wud yez luk at Rafferty an' his wolfe, roidin' round on the shtame roller, d'ye mind!" exclaimed Mrs. Branigan.

"Faith, an' afther business hours that same shtame roller do be Rafferty's horseless kerriage jist," explained Mrs. Muldoon.—Detroit Free Press.

**SOME POTATOES.**

**Millions Upon Millions of Acres Are Raised in Europe—The Product of Different Countries.**

It will astonish most people to hear that 28,856,637 acres are annually under potato culture in Europe, and that the total yield therefrom is estimated at 2,329,211,560 hundredweight. The Gardeners' Magazine states that in the matter of area Russia occupies the highest position, with 9,645,869 acres; Germany ranks next, with 8,004,225 acres, and France occupies the third place, with 3,818,378 acres. The potato areas in the other countries of Europe are as follows: Austria, 2,802,677 acres; Hungary, 1,477,164 acres; United Kingdom, 1,203,184 acres; Italy, 516,000 acres; Holland, 386,049 acres; Sweden, 381,973 acres; Belgium, 348,398 acres; Denmark, 133,387 acres; Norway, 90,661 acres; Roumania, 26,642 acres; Serbia, 15,549 acres, and Bulgaria, 4,481 acres.

In the matter of yield, Germany is first, with 855,277,895 hundredweight; Russia second, with 519,045,932 hundredweight, and France third, with 236,469,441 hundredweight. The yields of other countries are: Austria, 234,100,082 hundredweight; United Kingdom, 118,398,380 hundredweight; Hungary, 95,412,205 hundredweight; Holland, 77,929,590 hundredweight; Sweden, 51,821,800 hundredweight; Belgium, 47,083,147 hundredweight; Norway, 21,996,142 hundredweight; Denmark, 21,177,681 hundredweight; Italy, 13,818,293 hundredweight; Roumania, 2,495,314 hundredweight; Serbia, 835,983 hundredweight, and Bulgaria, 410,755 hundredweight. These figures illustrate the great difference in the yield per acre in the different countries. The United Kingdom, which is sixth in area, is fifth in yield, heading Hungary by nearly 23,000,000 hundredweight, although having an area of about 273,000 acres less.

**Census Inquiries.**

While the American census is in the nature of a national "account of stock," embracing inquiries relating to population, mortality, agriculture and manufacture, that of other countries is generally confined to an enumeration of population by sex, age, nativity, conjugal condition, occupation, etc., and in some cases details relating to dwellings.

**Changed His Mind.**

Woozley—I used to think that it was possible for man to live on bread alone. Fuzziey—Then you have changed your mind, eh? Woozley—That's what. You see I married a cooking school graduate.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**SECRET OF RADIUM HEAT.**

Lord Kelvin Suggests It May Be Supplied by Ethereal Waves—Illustrates His Theory.

What Prof. C. V. Boys termed "the miracle of radium" has naturally received much attention in London scientific circles. At a recent meeting of the science branch of the British association Lord Kelvin, in a paper which he read, made an interesting suggestion in connection with its perpetual emission of heat at, according to M. Curie's calculation, a rate of about 90 centigrade calories per gramme per hour.

He said that if the emission of heat at this rate went on for 10,000 hours there would be as much heat as would raise the temperature of 900,000 grammes of water one degree centigrade. It seemed utterly impossible to Lord Kelvin that this would come from the store of energy lost out of a gramme of radium in 10,000 hours.

It seemed, therefore, absolutely certain that the energy must somehow be supplied from without. He suggested that ethereal waves might in some way supply energy to radium while it was emitting heat to matter around it.

Lord Kelvin illustrated his theory by the following comparison: Suppose a piece of white and a piece of black cloth, hermetically sealed in similar glass cases, were submerged in similar glass vessels of water and exposed to the sun. The water in the vessel containing the black cloth would be kept very sensibly warmer than that containing the white cloth.

Here the thermal energy was communicated to the black cloth by waves of sunlight and was given out as thermometric heat to the water in the glass around it.

Thus through the water there was actually an energy traveling inward in virtue of the waves of light and outward through the same space in virtue of thermal conduction.

Lord Kelvin suggested that experiments be made comparing the heat emission from radium wholly surrounded with thick lead with that found in the surroundings heretofore used.

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