The Heppner Gazette.

Issued Every Thursday Morning

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AN INTERESTING LETTER.

R. F. Hynd, En Route to Scotland, Gives His Obsertations.

R. F. Hynd, who is en route to his old home in Scotland, is furnishing the Gazette with a series of letters containing his observations en route. The following is his first, deating mainly with our own country, but giving us his earlier experiences on a big Cunarder:

R. M. S. CAMPANIA, Mid Atlantic,
July 20, 1904.

Editor Gazette:

Sitting under the awning on the upper deck of the Campania, surrounded by a mixed company of all ages and nationalities—some quietly reading in the comfortable deck chairs, others playing "deck pool," while the majority sit around in groups discussing all manner of subjects—I begin the letter I promised you, giving a short sketch of our trip across continent and ocean. Having kept no notes as we sped along, only the principal incidents will be recorded.

We crossed the Snake river at Huntington about midnight, and before we were called for breakfast had passed the Weiser and Payette valleys, the only farming section of any note along the Short Line in Idaho. Aside from a settlement at Shoshone and an occasional glimpse one gets of the Snake river bottom as the train passes along, nothing can be seen west of Pocatello except a vast stretch of rocky, comparatively level country covered with sagebrush, with the higher range of mountains to the north and east. At Pocatello—surely the hottest place out of Texas—we spent fifteen minutes, while the Salt Lake and Butte baggage was being transferred, and at 1 o'clock again started eastward. During the late afternoon we passed the Diamondville coal fields, operated by the Union Pacific system, and a few miles south on a short spur lies the Cumberland mine, from which Heppner has been shipping her coal supply for some time. Why the O. R. and N continues to haul its coal from this point when so much coal is said to lie undisturbed in the Willow Creek basin is a difficult problem to solve. Some day we may see the light!

At 8:45 we reached Green River, where we were joined by the 'Frisco train. All chair cars were cut out and the "Overland Limited," composed of five Pullman sleepers, baggage, express and mail cars, started on its run of forty miles an hour for the Missouri river. During the night we crossed the backbone of the continent and in the morning were speeding along over the prairies of eastern Wyoming. For several hours we passed over a splendid grazing country, supporting at this season of the year thousands of cattle, 90 per cent. of which appeared to be "white faces." Scattering windmills over the prairie furnishes water for the cattle, and as no crops are raised in this section, all stock is driven east to the farming section as winter approaches.

At Sidney, Neb., the farming country begins and for over four hundred miles we passed through as fine a farming section as one could wish to see. The greater part of the way we followed the lazy Platte river, and as far as the eye could reach in all directions stretched the vast cornfields. Immense crops of hay and some early barley were being harvested, but everywhere corn waking. In some cases it stood nearly as high as a horse's back, and the beautiful dark green color of the leaves, with the soil in splendid condition, gave promise of the largest crop that has been grown for years. The numerous small towns along the railroad, the comfortable, and in many cases, handsome farmhouses, the beautiful groves of trees and well kept roads indicate a very prosperous people, and I feel it would be difficult to anchor settlers from this section on our Morrow county hills. On the other hand, they have their zero weather and blizzards in winter, their thunderstorms and hot nights in summer, with cinch bugs, potato bugs and mosquitoes, and an occasional cyclone to break the monotony. The lightning rod agent has done a profitable business in this section, for many of the houses are provided with three, and in some cases four. Perhaps they are needed.

We reached Omaha at 8 p. m., and here were transferred to the Milwaukee road, most of our fellow travelers, among them E. Y. Judd, of Pendleton, going by the Northwestern to Chicago. We crossed the bridge over the Missouri ahead of the Northwestern train, and as we pulled into Chicago the following morning at 9 o'clock we found the same Northwestern train held up by a gatekeeper where the two tracks crossed, waiting for us to pass. Our train had been signalled first and got the right of way—a close race over 500 miles of track.

At the depot we were met by my sister and her husband and accompanied them to their home in the suburbs, seven miles out. On the way we passed through a Polish settlement, one of the largest in the city, where every name on the business houses ended with "isky," and where hundreds of dirty urchins in the street reminded one of the slums of Europe. Had President Roosevelt visited a few such settlements before writing his "race suicide" article he would have discovered that if the American people are neglecting their duty along the line of reproduction the foreigners are supplying the deficiency. Many similar foreign settlements exist in Chicago, generally Poles and Italians, where every line of business is represented and where the nationalities live and trade exclusively among themselves.

The weather was hot and sultry, and when out riding in the afternoon, during a thunder storm and downpour of rain, one car was struck by lightning, burning out all electrical fittings and causing such a shower of sparks and volume of smoke that the passengers stampeded. Luckily it was an open car and all got off safely, no one being struck by the current. It was over in a minute and the passengers were glad to climb aboard to escape the drenching rain. Soon another car came along and pushed us to our destination. Next morning the weather was cool and pleasant, with a breeze blowing from the lake, and thus continued during our stay of three days in Chicago. We visited many places of interest, among them the Board of Trade, where the bulls and bears were howling in the various pits; the Masonic Temple, where from the twenty-second story you look down upon men in the street no larger than flies; and Lincoln Park, with its wild animals and miles of frontage on the lake. What a relief it must be for the little street Arabs to visit such a park, watch the monkeys and the seals, roll on the grass and bathe in the lake during the hot days of a Chicago summer, without costing them a cent. We intended to visit the stockyards and packing houses, but on the morning after our arrival the butchers went out on strike and business came to a standstill. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the Western cattlemen that the differences will soon be adjusted and work resumed.

At 3 p. m. Thursday we boarded the Grand Trunk express for New York, and after a night's ride through the southern point of Canada, reached Niagara Falls at 7 o'clock. Here we spent three hours visiting every point of interest at this world famed resort. Truly it is a grand sight, a description of which you will find in your school books. Descriptions are written and read, but to realize its immensity one must see it.

At 10:30 we took the Black Diamond Express over the Lehigh Valley road, passing through Taughannock Falls, where our former fellow-townsman, W. M. Douglas, now resides. The country around Ithica Lake is one of the prettiest and most picturesque we have passed through and our friend Lindsay has already chosen it for a home when he makes his stake in Oregon. How quickly a cold Eastern winter would drive him back to Rhea Creek! Crops are very light in this section of the state, due, it is said, to a cold, backward spring. In fact we have seen nothing on our journey that would compare with the fine fields of wheat on the reservation near Pendleton, Oregon against the world!

We reached New York at 10:15 p. m., and as we had to report at the Cunard wharf at 8 o'clock the next morning, we saw nothing of the city. On our return we will likely spend a few days there.

What a busy scene presented itself at the steamer dock next morning as we alighted from the street car. The Campania, one of the swiftest of the Atlantic greyhounds, lay quietly at the wharf, while people on foot and in every kind of vehicle on earth, filed into the large warehouse. All the baggage the transfer companies had delivered during the early hours of the morning, stood in rows waiting for the owners to appear with their checks. As soon as identified three labels were placed on each package, one stating destination—Liverpool or Queenstown—one stating whether wanted on voyage, and the other the large initial letter of owner's name. (This last label is to facilitate the handling at Liverpool, as the baggage is taken out and arranged on the wharf during the night, the steamer arriving about midnight. In the morning one knows in what section to find his baggage when the customs inspector comes around.) When labeled the baggage is hurried aboard, for in one hour the twelve hundred passengers and their baggage must be aboard. Dozens of express wagons come along at this late hour with their loads of trunks and one would hardly think it possible that out of the apparent disorder everything could be got aboard in so short a time. Excited women rush along looking for a trunk that hasn't yet been delivered by the traffic company, men swear because the artist with brush and label can't attend to everyone at the same time, while the sailors rush their trucks over the toes of anyone standing in their way. Gradually the pile grows less and by the time the gong sounds all are on board and the visitors rush ashore. The last gangplank drops on the wharf just nine minutes after the scheduled time for leaving—a feat one would have considered impossible half an hour before.

(To be Continued.)

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CONDON WILL BE A RAILROAD POINT.

Neighboring County on the West is Jubilant Over Prospects for That Section.

The O. R. and N. company has decided to build a railroad from Arlington to Condon, in Gilliam county, a road which will enable the farmers to market their grain with a great deal less trouble and give them more time in which to improve their land and get many more acres under cultivation. General Manager E. E. Calvin, of the O. R. and N., announces that work on the line will begin at once. Within a few days engineers will be put in the field and as soon as right-of-way matters can be adjusted the work will begin and the line will be rushed to completion. The new line will be between 45 and 50 miles long. The exact route has not been decided upon in some places where there is difficulty in getting a right-of-way, but Arlington and Condon will be the termini of the new line.

Found 50000 Old Pennies.

An old nail keg was recently unearthed in one of our Western cities by workmen engaged in tearing down an old building. Upon opening it they became very much elated, as it was full of pennies, but their joy was soon turned to disappointment, for on closer examination they were found to be commercial pennies, used during the war, and of no value whatever now. The above has also been the experience of sickly men and women who were deceived into trying various remedies to restore them to health, but because they contained no merit were sadly disappointsd. Not so, however, with those who selected Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to cure them of belching, heartburn, indigestion, dyspepsia or malaria, fever and ague, for today they enjoy perfect health. A trial will convince you too.

Suicide Prevented.

The startling announcement that a preventive of suicide had been discovered will interest many. A run down system or despondency invariably precede suicide, and something has been found that will prevent that condition which makes suicide likely. At the first thought of self destruction take Electric Bitters. It being a great tonic and nervine will strengthen the nerves and build up the system. It's also a great stomach, liver and kidney regulator. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by Slocum Drug Co.

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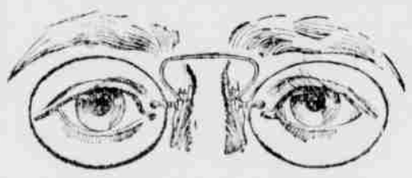

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THE CHEERFUL TELEPHONE

An Institution That Contributes Much Toward the Enlivenment of Mankind.

In a general summing up of the numerous mechanical inventions which contribute largely to the gayety of nations, the telephone, it appears, does not fall behind, says the Indianapolis Journal.

"It just occurred to me the other evening," said a woman of a little coterie of club doits who were having a social chat after the club had adjourned, "that we do not give the telephone its just due of praise as a cheer distributor. One hears a good deal now and then, about the nuisance of the telephone, the wonderful convenience of the convenient telephone, but really I have never heard anyone call it the 'cheerful telephone.' Perhaps, however, one needs to be a suburban dweller to realize what an entertaining and agreeable companion the telephone is. In trite phrase, words can hardly tell what a valuable adjunct the telephone is in the country. In the dull winter days, when my husband was in town and the children at school, my spirits would sometimes flag. Instead of flying to a quinine pill or a dose of cut rate tonic, I would simply fly to the telephone, call up some one of my treasured relatives or intimate friends, either in town or in the country, get a little pleasant sparkle of talk or harmless gossip over the wire, and go back to my sewing or work refreshed and braced in mind and body.

"'Unbeknownst,' too, as good old Sairey Gamp would say, I often administered the telephone cure to my husband and children. If Henry yawned a good deal in the evening and didn't seem to care to read, or to talk, I would say, carelessly:

"'Henry, call up George Blanke and ask how they all are, over there; we haven't heard from them for several days; or, Henry, call up your mother and ask how all the folks are; tell her we want to know.' These little telephone symposiums would brighten dear old Henry up amazingly. When the children were at home from school with colds, too, the telephone was our great comfort. Indeed, I think the world at large is ungenerously silent concerning the countless glorious messages of golden cheer which, day by day, in every direction, flit along the telephone wires."

Antarctic Cold.

Though the temperature fell more than 60 degrees below zero several times at the place where observations were made, these records cannot be regarded as representing the extreme cold in the antarctic regions. Greely and Perry saw nothing worse than 40 or 65 degrees below zero, but, like Capt. Scott, they were close to the sea except during the summer months. The most severe cold on record is that observed in northern Siberia, well inland, says the New York Tribune. A temperature of 90 below was registered a few years ago at Werkojansk. For well known astronomical reasons the winter of the southern hemisphere is colder than that of the northern. If a midwinter observation could be made several hundred miles from the origin in that part of the globe, therefore, it is not improbable that a temperature of fully 100 degrees below zero would be encountered.

In Cases of Suicide.

Dr. Waldo, city of Lancaster, coroner, said in a [illegible] the hand [illegible] wine and beer [illegible] is always [illegible] the fingers sometimes have to be [illegible] before it can be revived. In the cases of suicide there is no grasp at all.

Heppner Gazette—Weekly Oregonian.

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