

The Heppner Gazette.

Issued Every Thursday Morning

OUR CLUBBING LIST.

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105 YEARS OLD.

Interesting Story of One of Eastern Oregon's Pioneers.

A keen-eyed, quick-witted, nervous little man, hair white as the driven snow, with the brown skin of the French-Canadian, browner with a century's bronzing on the frontier—the oldest man in Eastern Oregon may be seen on the streets of the little town of Union, Union county, on any Saturday afternoon, says the Blue Mountain Eagle.

It is Moses Lore, of Catherine creek, and he was born where Montreal now stands, seven days before George Washington, first president of the United States, died in December, 1799.

His 105 years are carried lightly. His step is yet quick and his voice clear, although he says "ze fog comes to ze eva verie oftin," and he can no longer see his rifle sights.

For forty-two years he has lived four miles from Union on his little ranch in the shadow of the frowning Blue mountain cliffs. Three generations of his family have made his house their home and the county of Union, and the state of Oregon have been practically hewn from the wilderness during the last half of his eventful and thrilling life.

His story reads like a romance and yet it is but one of thousands that might be unearthed among the pioneers of Eastern Oregon.

Born of French-Canadian parents where the beautiful city of Montreal now stands, in December, 1799, he imbibed with his mother's milk the spirit of adventure. When but a boy he came to Detroit, then headquarters for all the powerful Indian tribes of the central West. At 24 he came to St. Louis, then the outfitting point for that wondrous crusade of voyagers, Indian fighters, trappers, hunters and restless spirited frontiersmen, which pushed civilization into the Northwest.

He joined a private party of hunters, consisting of thirty men, bound for the virgin beaver fields of the Kootenai, in British Columbia, and after innumerable hardships and adventures they reached their goal.

For ten years he lived among the Indians around Pend d'Oreille and Couer d'Alene lakes, only seeing the face of a white man on the occasional visits of Hudson bay parties to their Indian camp.

Tiring of the nomadic Indian life, and hungering for a sight of white men's homes, he left the Indians and came to Clearwater, where he worked for Spaulding, the associate of Dr. Whitman, for a year.

He recalls Spaulding's kindly teachings and remarkable humane treatment of the Indians and once warned the missionary of a secret plot among the Indians to murder all the whites at the mission.

He came down on the Snake and the Columbia and stopped at the Whitman settlement and then thirsting for the green fields of the beautiful Willamette he followed the resistless tide of settlement on down, westward, locating at French Prairie, Marion county, the Canadian settlement, where he took part in the formation of Oregon territory and stood by the government of

the United States against the Hudson Bay company.

He located a claim in French Prairie in 1839, married a half-breed squaw, from whom he was separated thirty years ago, and who lives today with a great granddaughter, six miles from Meacham, in the Blue mountains.

He followed the ignis fatuus dream of gold to the California mines, sickened with scurvy, went broke and came back to his farm at French Prairie, content to raise cattle and listen to his bronzed wife croon to her babes in the shadows of the Cascades.

When settlement and civilization crowded thickly about his wilderness in the Willamette, he turned his eyes to Eastern Oregon, and was the first Frenchman to settle on Catherine creek, a settlement of French people which later became famous throughout Eastern Oregon.

That was in 1862 and he lives today on the old homestead. About his checkered and variegated life the whole history of the rise and establishment of an empire clusters. He sat in the "wolf meetings" at French Prairie, where the virgin empire of Oregon tumbled in the balance. He hauled his wheat to Dr. John McLaughlin's grist mill at Oregon City. Was an associate of F. X. Matthien, the only survivor of the 102 who voted on the establishment of a provisional government for Oregon and has seen the state grow from the "Old Oregon" to the new.

When he speaks of the thrilling scenes through which he has passed, since that memorable year of 1824, in which he turned his face westward from St. Louis—now eighty years ago—more than the length of two full generations of men, he taps his forehead restlessly and says: "Wait, wait; let me tink, dat es many years ago; ze head some time forget, you know."

He will celebrate his 105th birthday next December, and is as cheerful and sprightly as most men of 50.

Depth of Ocean Cables.

There seems to be no logical reason why cables cannot be laid across any section of the ocean regardless of the depth. Some portions of the Atlantic cables now in use are over three miles below the surface. There is also no logical reason why you should continue to suffer from loss of appetite, belching, flatulency, sour stomach, headache, indigestion, dyspepsia or malaria, fever and ague when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will positively cure you. It has cured thousands of other cases, probably more serious than yours during its half century experience, and this, together with the fact that prominent physicians never hesitate in recommending it, should be sufficient reason for urging you to try it. The genuine has our private stamp over neck of the bottle.

Another threshing machine burned in Umatilla county last Saturday, the third one to burn this season in the same field.

Confessions of a Priest.

Rev. John S. Cox, of Wake, Ark., writes: "For twelve years I suffered from yellow jaundice. I consulted a number of physicians and tried all sorts of medicines, but got no relief. Then I began the use of Electric Bitters and feel that I am now cured of a disease that had me in its grasp for twelve years." If you want a reliable medicine for kidney and liver trouble, stomach disorder or general debility, get Electric Bitters. It's guaranteed by the Slocum Drug Co. Only 50c.

There is no vacant dwelling house in Pilot Rock and several new ones are being built.

Part of next year's wheat crop is up and growing already in portions of eastern Oregon.

Broke Into His House.

S. LeQuino, of Cavendish, Vt., was robbed of his customary health by invasion of chronic constipation. When Dr. King's New Life Pills broke into his house his trouble was arrested and now he's entirely cured. They're guaranteed to cure. 25c at Slocum Drug Co.

A hop buyer says Josephine county produces the finest hops he ever saw.

The news of both hemispheres—in The Weekly Oregonian.

Oregon Cow Champion.

Today the dairymen of the world have taken off their hats to an Oregon milch cow. Imperial Loretta D., of the Ladd Crystal Spring farm, in southeast Portland, has been crowned queen of the Jerseys at the world's fair. After a contest lasting 120 days, in which she was matched against the highest specimens of milch cows of all nations, this magnificent animal has won the greatest triumph in the world's history of dairying, and she brings home to Oregon the highest honors ever conferred upon a dairying estate.

For the entire 120 days, the duration of the St. Louis test, she gave 5,752.4 pounds of milk, a daily average of 47.93 pounds, and producing 280.16 pounds of butter fat, a daily average of 2.33 pounds, which to the farmer's wife means an average of two and three-quarter pounds of churned butter daily for the 120 days.

For 92 days Loretta produced over 2.5 pounds of butter fat every 24 hours, her largest production being on August 13—3.13 pounds—equivalent to 3.71 pounds of butter. On 16 days, she made over three pounds of butter a day. Her best seven days' yield was for the week ending September 10—20.61 pounds of butter—exceeding the wonderful record of the great Brown Bessie at Chicago.

Comparing Loretta D.'s wonderful performance at St. Louis with the record of the world's championship contestants at the Chicago exposition, it is found that Oregon's cow has distanced the great winners at the Columbian exposition. In the Chicago contest Ida Marigold, the champion cheese cow, gave in the first 15 days of the test 673.6 pounds of milk, a daily average of 44.9 pounds, her largest daily yield being 46.7 pounds. Loretta at St. Louis in the same number of days and at the beginning of the test, gave 749.8 pounds, a daily average of 49.98 pounds, her largest daily yield being 55.6 pounds, and on all but two days she surpassed Ida's largest yield.

In the final 90-day test at Chicago, by the three champions in all breeds contesting, Ida Marigold, the champion cheese cow, gave 3,448.3 pounds of milk, a daily average of 38.81 pounds; and 164.28 pounds of butter fat, a daily average of 1.825. Merry Maiden, the sweepstakes champion, gave 3,041.2 pounds of milk, a daily average of 33.79; and 164.31 pounds of butter fat, a daily average of 1.831. Brown Bessie, the champion butter cow, gave 3,634 pounds of milk, a daily average of 40.37 pounds; and 178.12 pounds of butter fat, a daily average of 1.98.

For the same time at the St. Louis contest Oregon's great champion has made the following record:

Four thousand, four hundred and sixty-two pounds of milk, a daily average of 49.67 pounds.

Two hundred and seven and thirty-one hundredths pounds of butter fat, a daily average of 2.33 pounds.

In a nutshell, the great Loretta D. has performed the marvel of producing, in 90 days, 207.31 pounds of butter fat, as against 178.12 pounds produced in the same period by the previous world's champion cow.

It has been a hard-fought contest—a contest between feeders and the cows of the breeds. It was a splendid finish, every cow in the Jersey herd in perfect condition, although the pace has been very fast.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FACTORY PAYS PIANO LESSONS

Six Months' Best Instruction Absolutely Free.

You Select the Teacher, We Pay the Bill. Unique Methods of Introducing a Splendid Piano. Prices and Particulars. Not necessarily to Pay All Cash.

For two years the makers of the magnificent Story & Clark pianos have tried to prevail upon us to handle their pianos in this Western territory.

They saw in this Western territory a splendid market for a high-grade instrument and understood the advantage of placing their product with an enterprising, up-to-date concern such as the Eilers Piano House is said to be. During that time, although we understood the great merit of the Story & Clark pianos, we deemed it impracticable to add to our immense list of fine pianos, which comprised then, as it does now, 30 of the best American makes, all of well-established reputation.

But when, early in the Spring, it became known that we had discontinued the agency for a well-known piano, owing to its failure to maintain its original standard, Mr. E. H. Story, president of the Story & Clark Company, renewed his overtures, with the result that today there are three carloads of Story & Clark pianos, the very cream of this justly celebrated factory, now in Portland.

The Story & Clark Company proposes to make up for lost time. They intend that the Story & Clark piano shall be a household word in the Northwest; that it shall have the prestige it deserves and that by the time the three carloads are disposed of the praises of Story & Clark pianos shall be sung by as many lips as if it had been selling here regularly for many years.

Here's How They'll Do It!

To accomplish this they have authorized to make the most liberal offer that piano buyers, East or West, have ever had:

We are to sell every one of the instruments in these three carloads at dealers' wholesale price. Just think! A magnificent Story & Clark piano, the superb \$450 style for \$296, \$308 and \$312, respectively, and all other styles at corresponding reductions.

We Pay For Lessons.

Every purchaser of the Story & Clark pianos in these first three carloads may select whichever teacher or music school preferred and the bill for six months' tuition of one of the family will be paid by us for account of the Story & Clark Piano Company.

Whatever text books are needed in the course of the tuition will be furnished gratis by the Eilers Piano House for the Story & Clark Company.

And last, but not least, Mr. Story has promised to send each buyer of one of these Story & Clark pianos a fine music cabinet as a present next Christmas.

Only Three Carloads, No More.

Bear in mind that if you wish to participate in this offer, you will have to attend to it promptly. It applies only to the first three carloads.

We want the people of the country and in the towns throughout this territory to share in the exceptional benefits of this special offer of the Story & Clark Company. For this reason we have employed extra office help to handle the immense correspondence which this sale is making and to fill orders so that buyers from a distance can be assured of prompt attention. We would prefer to have you come into the store and see the instruments, but if you cannot, we will send you catalogues that will give you a very clear idea of just what they are.

All the other privileges are extended to the purchasers of these pianos, no matter how far away they may be.

Every one of them is fully guaranteed and purchase may be made on our easy-payment system if preferred. Eilers Piano House, 351 Washington street, corner Park.

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Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Fitch*

A Question of Tacks

Any reader of this paper, enclosing 25 cents in silver, by postal note or in one and two cent stamps, will be sent The Daily Journal one month; or The Sunday Journal two months; or the Semi-Weekly Journal three months; or the Weekly Journal four months, and in addition a match safe filled with tacks, postage prepaid. Address The Journal, Portland, Oregon.

Saves Two from Death.

"Our little daughter had a most fatal attack of whooping cough and bronchitis," writes Mrs. W. K. Hayward, of Armonk, N. Y., "but when all other remedies failed we saved her life with Dr. King's New Discovery. Our niece, who had consumption in an advanced stage, also used this wonderful medicine, and today she is perfectly well. Disruptive throat and lung diseases yield to Dr. King's New Discovery as to no medicine on earth. Infallible for coughs and colds. 50c and \$1 bottles guaranteed by Slocum Drug Co. Trial bottles free.

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