

**LOCAL MARKETS.**  
Heppner Quotations on Staples Bought and Sold Here.

**RETAIL GROCERY PRICES.**  
COFFEE—Mocha and Java, best 45c per pound; next grade, 35c per pound; package coffee, Lion and Arbuckle, 6 packages for \$1.  
RICE—Best head rice 10c per pound; next grade 6½ cents per pound.  
SUGAR—Cane granulated, best \$6 85 per sack; do 13 pounds \$1.  
SALT—Coarse 65c per 100; 40c 50 pounds.  
FLOUR—\$4 45@5 00 per barrel.  
BACON—15@20c per pound.  
HAMS—16@18c per pound.  
COAL OIL—\$1 25@1 75 for 5 gallons; \$3 50 per case.

**VEGETABLES.**  
POTATOES—1c per pound.  
CABBAGE—3c per pound.  
ONIONS—3c per pound.  
**FRUITS.**  
APPLES—Green 1c per pound.  
BANANAS—40c per dozen.  
LEMONS—30c per dozen.  
ORANGES—40c@60c per dozen.  
**LIVESTOCK AND POULTRY.**  
Prices paid by dealer to the producer.  
CHICKENS—\$3 50 per dozen.  
BUTTER—ranch, 40 and 50c per roll.  
EGGS—30c per doz.  
**BEEF CATTLE, ETC.**  
COWS—\$1 75@2 00 per hundred.  
STEERS—\$2 50@2 75 per hundred.  
VEAL—Dressed, 5c per pound.  
SHEEP—\$1 50@2 50.  
HOGS—Live, 4¼@5c; dressed, 6¼c @7c per pound.

State of Ohio, County of Toledo ss.  
Lucas County, ss.  
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
FRANK J. CHENEY,  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.  
A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.  
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all druggists, 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Depends a Good Deal Upon the Climate to Which They Have Become Accustomed.**

An expert nurseryman says the hardiness or non-hardiness of trees depends largely upon where the seeds from which the trees in question sprang came from. Satisfactory results are seldom experienced by planting a seed obtained from the sunny south, say. By planting seeds gradually further north, however, trees may be at length hardened and acclimated until a seed from such a tree may be reasonably expected to thrive and mature its fruits.  
Trees, like people, says the Philadelphia Record, acquire their habits from the climate in which they live. The northern tree knows instinctively when the time has come to ripen its fruits. The southern tree follows the same instinct, being in no hurry, as there is little likelihood of real cold. With transplantings further north its habit changes.

The great trouble with most people is that they want to jump a tree from south to north at one move. This same idea is evident in the attempt to bring various fruit trees from Russia to the northern United States.  
Apples and plums from the land of the great white czar have taken kindly to the below zero conditions of the gentle Dakotas.

**STILL ON THE BOOKS.**

Government Treasurer Carries an Item Representing Paper Long Ago Destroyed.  
The books of the United States treasury still carry an item of \$1,000,000, which represents United States notes which are supposed to have been consumed in the great Chicago fire 25 years ago, says the New York Sun. It was known that there was \$1,000,000 of currency, more or less, in the vaults of the sub-treasury then, and that none of it was recovered, but the denominations of those notes and the exact amount are unknown, as the books of the cashier were consumed also. There could not have been, however, very many dollars less or very many dollars more than \$1,000,000, and it would simplify the accounts of the treasury and save a great deal of labor to the book-keepers if congress should pass a bill or resolution recognizing the fact that this money is no longer in existence, for every day when the cashier of the treasury balances his accounts he has to include this item, deducting it or adding it as the case may be from the amount in hand. It appears upon every daily weekly, monthly and yearly statement of the assets and liabilities of the government as "unknown destroyed United States notes, \$1,000,000."

**The Most Valued Possession of the Sea Captain.**

The Making of Chronometers a Refined Art That Is Followed by But Few—Expensive Instruments.

New York, as the leading seaport of the country, is the center of an important industry on which depends in a large measure the safety of thousands of ocean travelers, says the Philadelphia Ledger. This is the manufacturing, and particularly the rating, of marine chronometers. Nearly every shipmaster, upon entering New York after an ocean voyage, obtains from the customhouse a permit to land his chronometer, so that it may be rated according to standard time. This rating may be likened to the daily comparison which the man with the fine watch makes with his jeweler's timepiece.

In the case of a chronometer the adjuster keeps a careful record of its variation, and this record goes with the clock when it is returned to the ship. The importance to a captain of knowing whether his chronometer is running fast or slow cannot be over-estimated, for, although it may vary only five seconds a month, each second makes a difference of four miles in a ship's course, and a mistake of such a short distance, if not corrected, might result in a wreck and the loss of many lives. Knowing the exact variation of his chronometer, the captain is, therefore, able to make the necessary allowance for it when he ascertains the latitude and longitude of the vessel after taking his sight, or in other words, after determining the angular position of the sun through the use of the sextant.

Many of the large ocean liners carry three chronometers, the ordinary vessel one and the deep-water ships sometimes two or three, but the life of an ocean timepiece, if well taken care of, is 100 years and more, and accordingly the maker has to meet no great demand. As a matter of fact, a chronometer really goes out of service only when it sinks with a vessel. A shipmaster, when about to abandon his command at sea, invariably thinks of four things that should be saved—his logbook, sextant, compass and chronometer. With these and a fair supply of provisions he feels a certain sense of security when he risks his life in an open boat. A derelict with a chronometer on board is indeed a rarity. And when one reads of a captain who has been unable to save his chronometer the story is indubitably proof that the summons to

**GOOD OLD ARMY BEANS.**

As Prepared by the Expert Military "Chef," They Are a Most Palatable Food.

"Beans are the soldiers' mainstay," says Thomas P. Dillon, a retired United States cavalry officer, according to the Philadelphia Record. "The American soldier, at a pinch, can equal the performance of an Arab on a handful of dried dates—he can ride and fight all day on a mere handful of beans, properly prepared. There is nothing to equal the army baked bean. Your celebrated 'Boston baked' are but a poor imitation of the succulent article turned out by a regular army cook. There's an art in cooking them that nobody but an army man can ever acquire. I've been on service when for a week at a time our menu consisted of beans for breakfast, beans for dinner and beans for supper; and did the troopers tire of the monotony? Not a bit of it. They sang for more, and in spite of hard work and lack of variety at mess the fellows actually got fat. That demonstrated to me the nutritive quality of beans, and I made it a point to get into the good graces of the cook and learn how to bake them. It isn't such an elaborate process, but there's a trick in doing it right. My friends are all fond of beans the way I cook them, and many a time I've been asked for the recipe, but that's a thing I don't give away to everyone. You see, people enjoy a dish all the better when they know it's something that not everybody can get up. It might take some of the zest away if they could say of my beans: 'I know how to make them.'"

**KNOWLEDGE WAS POWER.**

How Familiarity with the Chinese Language Made a Woman a Countess.

One of the unmarried women in diplomatic circles at Washington is Countess Marguerite Cassini, the accomplished niece of the Russian ambassador, who is a countess in her own right, not by heredity, but by special grace of the czar, and a curious story is told of the manner in which she won her title. It was when Count Cassini had his fateful conference with Li Hung Chang at Peking, long before the Boxer trouble. The count's interpreter was away, for Li's call was unexpected, and as the Chinese statesman could not speak Russian and the Russian diplomat did not understand Chinese the conference came to a deadlock. The count's niece, who had picked up something of the language, stepped into the breach and the affair was arranged to the satisfaction of both parties. The Chinese empress loaded her with presents, the czar's government made a note of the service performed, and when there was a question a couple of years ago of the young lady's precedence at Washington, where the count was then ambassador, the czar himself counfounded her rivals by making her a countess. This was something like rapid promotion for the lady.

**CHINESE ARMY ROLLS.**

They Include with the Soldiers, Their Horses and Every Article of Equipment.

Now that China has Russia for a near neighbor, it remains to be seen how successfully, or otherwise, the middle kingdom will continue to practice its favorite game of bluff. How it has reinforced its army is shown by the Swedish explorer, Herdin, says Youth's Companion.

The Chinese have a most extraordinary way of enumerating troops. They are not content with counting the soldiers only, but reckon in also their horses, rines, shoes, breeches and so forth, so that the resultant total is a long way above what it ought to be.

They apparently go on the supposition that the rifle is at least as valuable as the man, and by an analogous train of reasoning they argue that a man is of little use if he has to travel on foot, that he cannot go about naked, and so on. Hence they count the whole kit, horse, rifle, breeches and all.

By this peculiar process of arithmetic they fancy they deceive the Russians into believing their garrisons much stronger than they are.

Many Acres of Tobacco in the Connecticut Valley Covered with Big Tents.

Travelers in the Connecticut valley may sometimes see many acres covered with white cheesecloth supported, at a height of nine feet from the ground, on a framework of posts and wires. Under these vast tents Sumatra tobacco is grown. Experiments conducted by the department of agriculture led to the use of this system of protecting the tobacco plants, and the results have been found excellent. The light, sandy soil along the Connecticut river is well suited for the growth of Sumatra tobacco. The United States government furnishes the seed and supervises the cultivation, preparation and sale of the product, the farmers paying the cost and receiving the profit. That the great cloth canopies can withstand storms was proved a year ago last July, when a hail-storm caused much damage to crops in open fields, but the acres of covered tobacco escaped injury. The cost of the shade is from \$260 to \$360 per acre.

**WEAPON FOR WOMEN.**

The Up-to-Date Hatpin Is Extremely Dangerous.

Better Than a Revolver in the Hands of a Woman Attacked by a Highwayman—How It Is Used.

"What shall we do in case we are attacked by some ruffian?" is the question women have asked in every part of the country since the recurrence of the brutal "hold-ups" by tramps. The man to whom the question is put, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, will immediately answer: "Carry a revolver." But women dread revolvers almost as much as they do the possibility of attack when out at night. Few women possess the nerve necessary to use a pistol with effect when set upon by a burly stranger in a lonely road. Then there is the objection to a revolver in the possession of a woman that she would be averse to suspecting the motive of every man she met, and would probably feel to draw the revolver until too late for fear of making a foolish mistake. When, then, can be provided for her that will be as readily in her hands as a revolver, and yet absolutely safe so far as she is concerned, and ever ready at hand whether wanted for use or not?

The answer to the puzzle has been provided by those who make women's hatpins. A hatpin has been designed and will soon be ready for sale that is intended primarily for use as a weapon of defense. It is in reality a stiletto, masquerading as an innocent little hatpin. It is made of fine steel, that will bend but will not break, as sharp as a needle and hardened at the end so that it can be used with deadly effect as a dagger, and with a handle that enables a woman to grasp it for use as a weapon and hold it so that it cannot easily be pulled from the hand.

There are two ways of holding the new hatpin. It can be held with the thumb pressed against the top, or with the button grasped to the palm of the hand. In either way it is quite as terrible a weapon as a razor, and one moreover that cannot easily be wrested from the hand that holds it.

The method of using the new weapon to the best advantage when attached to the aim at the face of the highwayman. It is not likely that he will wait for the blow. A woman armed with one of these stilletos, even if she has not the slightest idea of the rules of the dagger duello is likely to do more damage in a few seconds than a hungry fiend. The whole of little blade is so small that it is impossible to grasp it to wrest it away from its owner, and, unless kept in it and so light that, used by a woman trembled by fear, it is likely to be more dangerous to a highwayman than a Gallin gun.

In considering the advantages of this weapon in the hands of women, those who advocate its use point out that every woman is familiar with its use. While the average woman would find a revolver cumbersome and difficult to draw from pocket or bag, the hatpin can be whisked out in a second by a practiced hand. No woman would care to be forever plucking a revolver from her pocket when out in a lonely district. And yet there are times when a suspicious looking character comes into the odium and prudence whispers: "Beware of him." While most women would shrink under those circumstances from pulling out a revolver, it is an innocent act to put the hand to the hat and draw out one of the stiletto hatpins. With this in her hand the nervous woman is ready for the stranger, whatever his intentions. If he is an innocent man he will probably take no notice of the woman's action. If he is a rascal it is more than probable that he will mark the motive for the act and let the woman pass unmolested.

It is an axiom with the members of the police force that the woman with the hatpin is more to be feared than an armed and desperate burglar. The reason is that the burglar's hand could not travel hipward without a bullet or a club disabling his arm. The woman with the hatpin, however, has to be watched with lynx eyes, and even then is likely to have the weapon concealed up her sleeve for use when opportunity comes. The inventors of the stiletto hatpin had this in mind when they decided to design a weapon that would be peculiarly a woman's weapon, and yet be sufficiently deadly to do as much damage as the most ardent opponent of the gentleman of the road could wish.

**Uses of the Telephone.**

To the making of Irish bulls there is no end, according to Marshall P. Wilder. Here is one of the latest breaks of the Celtic species, if the humorist is to be believed:

An Irishman just over sees a telephone on the wall, and never having seen one before, asks what it is.

"That's a telephone," he is told.

"That's a tellyphone used for?" queries Pat.

"Why, to talk through, of course."

"Can I talk to Mike upstairs through that thing?"

"Why, of course."

Pat goes to the telephone and calls up Mike. "Is that you, Mike?"

"Yes," comes the answer.

"Well," says Pat, "stick yer head out the window. I want to talk to ya."

Rochester Post-Express.

**Morrow County, Oregon.**

Morrow County is a new country, and like all other new countries, is awaiting development. Located in the Columbia river valley, and skirted on the South with a spur of the Blue mountains, within the boundaries of Morrow county is a territory 75 miles in length by 35 miles in width, and containing 1,313,280 acres of land. Formerly stockraising was the principal industry, but latterly the fertility of the land is bringing agriculture to the front. Immense wheat crops are grown with little cultivation, the soil being mixed with a volcanic ash which is very rich in wheat-producing qualities. The 1904 crop will aggregate 1,400,000 bushels, much of it from virgin soil.  
Morrow county has thousands of head of sheep, horses and cattle. The wool production for 1904 was 2,500,000 pounds. Alfalfa and fruit growing are profitable industries, rapidly growing in importance. The county has also a great coal field, soon to be developed.

**The Heppner Gazette**

Is the best exponent of the industrial life of the town and county. Keeps its readers thoroughly posted as to their progress and development. A good medium to send to eastern friends, thoroughly reliable, wide-awake and progressive,

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