

A NEW KIND OF BERRY.

One That Is New to the Credulous and Cautious Only, and a Fraud.

The newest thing in small fruits is the "Arctic" berry. In parts of the west enterprising agents have been going about among the farmers exhibiting attractive-looking berries preserved in alcohol. They are about three times the size of a strawberry and with the color of an orange.

"Very delicious," says the agent, who claims that it is a brand-new fruit of extraordinary merit. He explains that it was obtained by crossing the strawberry and the wild cherry, the huckleberry and various other berries. In response to orders he is willing to deliver a limited number of plants.

Naturally, says the Detroit Free Press, orders in plenty have been forthcoming. But it turns out on investigation that the new and wonderful berry is nothing more nor less than the white mulberry, long familiar and not greatly esteemed. In other words, the whole business is a fraud, and the exasperation of the victims is rendered more intense by the fact that all the plants, which they had set out so carefully, are killed by the first frost.

The Band Indispensable.

Nightcaps and cotton ear wads are provided by the proprietor of a hotel at Vytira, Hungary, for those of his guests who retire early and do not wish to be kept awake by a gypsy band which plays nightly at the hotel. **FOLLY WORRIED THE NURSE.**

Learned to Cry Just Like the Baby Did.

A nurse at Brookhill complains that she has a difficulty with a parrot, says the Weekly Telegraph. Polly's cage is in the nursery and she has learned to imitate baby's voice when crying with wonderful accuracy. One afternoon recently the baby's mother came running into the nursery, because she heard the wailing cry, not of one, but of two babies. Baby was crying as though his heart would break, and Polly, on her perch in the cage, was sobbing a doleful accompaniment, while nurse alternately soothed the one and scolded the other.

"It's that dratted parrot, ma'am," she said. "She's that aggravatin'. Just because I won't give her a lump of sugar she starts crying like a child and that sets baby off, so that they fair worry my life out between them."

"Give me the child," said the mistress, scarce able to repress a smile at nurse's distress, and as she went along the passage she heard the girl say:

"Oh, you are an aggravatin' insect if there ever was. Give over crying, can't you?" And in reply Polly sobbed louder than ever, so that the cage was shaken with the violence of her woe.

A CLOSE TRADE.

An Instance of "Nearness" That Is Hard to Beat.

The close-fisted and the absent-minded serve a similar use—they amuse their neighbors. The New York Sun quotes a man from the rural districts as telling a story of a Mr. Putterby, an old-time townsman of his, whose reputation for "nearness" was evidently well deserved. Locally he was thought to be almost a prodigy in this respect, but no story of this kind is so good but that another can be found to beat it.

One of the coins current in those days was the old Spanish silver-piece, which passed for twelve and a half cents, and was variously called "ninen-pence," "York shilling" and "bit." It was the existence of this coin that enabled Mr. Putterby to achieve his crowning triumph in the way of a close trade.

A farm-boy came along one day with a load of pumpkins, which he was peddling about the village at a cent apiece. Mr. Putterby looked at them, concluded to buy, but wanted only half a pumpkin.

"But a whole one is only a cent," said the boy. "How are you going to pay me for half a one?"

"Easiest thing in the world," said Mr. Putterby.

The pumpkin was cut, he took one half under his arm, and handed the boy a shilling.

"Now give me the twelve cents change," he said; and taking the twelve coppers from the astonished boy, he walked away with his purchase.

Baked Peaches.

This is a nice way to serve peaches when they are a little too green and hard for eating uncooked. Cut them in halves, pare and remove the stones, place them in layers with smooth side up in a deep earthen pie dish, with the bottom of the dish just covered with water; sprinkle sugar over the peaches and cover and bake in the oven until tender, but not soft enough to break. These may be served hot or cold with whipped cream or meringue.—People's Home Journal.

Blackberry Sponge.

Soak half a package of gelatine in cold water for half an hour, and then pour over it a pint of boiling water; add five tablespoonfuls of sugar, and then dissolve, pour into a cup and a third of hot, rich blackberry juice; strain and chill on ice; when cold, but not stiff, add the well-beaten whites of three eggs and beat until thick and light, then turn into a mold and set in a cold place.—Washington Star.

RATS KNEW CAT WAS ABOUT.

But They Never Saw the Cat and Were on Another Floor of the House.

"I have observed recently a rather curious thing with respect to the relationship between cats and rats, and it has led to a rather interesting reflection," said a man who takes much interest in animal life, to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter. "For awhile the rats overran my place. At night there was no such thing as quiet around the house. They would scamper across the floor, bump up and down the steps and cut all kinds of capers. We secured a cat, and from the very time the cat appeared on the place the rats began to get scarce.

"There is nothing curious about this fact in itself. But to my personal knowledge the rats have never seen the cat. The cat has remained on one floor and the rats on another. There has been no chasing and no conflict between them. Now, I want to know how the rats know the cat is on the place.

"The inquiry has caused me to indulge the more interesting reflection: How far can a rat detect the presence of a cat by the sense of smell? Evidently at considerable distance. Else the rats at my place would not have known of the cat's presence under the circumstances. I'm quite sure that they have never seen the cat. But they know he is there just the same, and they have been awfully cautious since his arrival."

PURE WATER CORRODES IRON.

Use of Lime in Boilers Will Prevent Further Action.

The corrosive power of pure water on new or unsealed boilers was well illustrated in the city of Glasgow, when a new water supply was introduced from Loch Katrine, one of the purest waters in the world which are available for city consumption. The former supply had been poor and calcareous, and old boilers were much coated with lime scale. To the dismay of the users, those who had put in new boilers or new tubes found them rapidly corroding, while the old sealed and coated boilers remained as before; those, too, who had removed every possible trace of incrustation from their old boilers by mechanical or chemical means, intending thus to get, as they expected, the full benefit of the pure water, were also badly troubled by corrosion; and even the old boilers, as the scale was gradually removed by the unvarying soft and pure water from the lake, were more or less corroded when no means were taken to prevent it. It was found, however, in this case, that introducing a little lime from time to time—enough to give the boilers a slight calcareous patina—usually prevented the corrosive action of the water; then, again, in the same of time, the effect produced was that the lime, organic matter, and protoplasmic skin, united in forming a protective oxidized surface which prevented further corrosion.

Race Suicide in New Zealand.

In New South Wales the children under five years old are actually less in number than they were ten years ago, while in some states there are fewer under ten years than in 1891. In New Zealand complaint is made that there are not enough children to fill the schools. Mr. Coghlan notes that the immigration of young married women has fallen off in recent years, yet in 1887 there were in New South Wales 12,247 married women under 45 years, while in 1891 there were 149,247; still the number of children born was about the same in each year, and in Australia and New Zealand there are now annually 20,000 fewer births than would take place had the rate of ten years ago been maintained.—N. Y. Tribune.

Same Old Weather Talk.

"What did you and Algernon find to talk about?" asked the chaperon.

"The weather," was the demure reply. "I said it looked as if it were going to rain, and he said he had an umbrella and he would like that he might shield me from all the storms of life and that Florida would be a lovely place for a wedding trip. We didn't talk about anything but the weather for half an hour."—Washington Star.

As a result of a series of experiments by the students of the Rhode Island college of agriculture at Kingston and of the opening of the breachway at Point Judith, clams are now being dug on the shores of Point Judith pond in the South county, in places where they have never before been found, says the Providence Journal. They are more or less abundant also and the residents of the adjoining country have been taking advantage of their opportunity recently since the presence of the clam beds was discovered. It all came from a series of experiments undertaken to demonstrate by the class and for the class the feasibility of transplanting and propagating the clams.

Some time ago one of the classes took up this study and planted some young clams along the shores of this body of water. Not long ago it was found that the clams had grown and multiplied until the digging is fairly good in the beds where the "college" clams were planted. All of which goes to show that there are several kinds of agriculture, and that it is easily possible to farm the sea as to farm the land.

Heppner Gazette—Weekly Oregonian.

INDIA RUBBER.

Process of Tapping the Trees and Preparing the Sap.

India rubber, or caoutchouc, is a dry, coagulated, milky juice, the sap of trees and shrubs indigenous to the most unhealthy and inaccessible regions in the equatorial countries of South America, in certain areas of west Africa and the Uganda protectorate. The mortality among the natives in the quest for rubber is enormous. The natives are equipped for their hunts by the brokers and venture to the haunts of the caoutchouc trees in boats and by marches through miles of thick forests. But the climate carries off the rubber hunters like flies, and the percentage of those who return from the expedition is very low.

Many properties of a vegetable emulsion are possessed by the sap, which contains the caoutchouc in the form of myriads of minute globules. The process of tapping the trees for the sap is closely akin to the method of extracting sirup from the maple trees in North America. The sap is collected in large vats. The juice is then submitted to a heat and smoke treatment. A fire of palm nuts is made, and a pole is inserted in the vat containing the viscid fluid. When withdrawn from the vessel the end of the pole is besmeared with the sticky substance. The rubber is then held in the smoke issuing from the palm nut fire until the sap coagulates. The treatment in the peculiar smoke effects the curing of the rubber.

When the operation is completed the pole with its charge is once more immersed in the vat of raw caoutchouc and the smoke and heat process repeated and so on several times until there is a large knob or accumulation of rubber upon the end of the pole constituted of hundreds of thin layers of rubber. The end of the pole is then cut out of the rubber, and the spherical mass is duly examined by the broker and labeled according to its quality.

Sentus of a Convict.

With nothing but a jackknife to work with, one of the convicts at the prison at Wethersfield, Conn., has recently finished two wooden models of locomotives. These models are each about eighteen inches long, including the tender, and perfect in every detail. Nothing except wood is used in the models, yet they may be operated by turning a crank under the engine. The wheels go around, the pistons slide back and forth, the cab windows may be moved, the bell rung and the engine and tender uncoupled. The convict had nothing to work by except his own memory.

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A Creeping Death.

Blood poison creeps up towards the heart, causing death. J. E. Stearns, Belle Plaine, Minn., writes that a friend dreadfully injured his hand, which swelled up like blood poisoning. Doctor's Arnica Salve drew out the poison, healed the wound, and saved his life. Best in the world for burns and sores. 55c at Slocum Drug Co.'s drug store.

An Editor's Opinion of the Royal Gorge.

Edyth Tozier Weathered, in describing a recent trip over the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, says in "The Exposition":

"At last the goal of the ambition of years has been reached—marvelous, wonderful, grand and inspiring Royal Gorge is on either hand. The only disappointing thing is you only have one pair of eyes, while the train darts in and out of the tremendous chasm. If any who have never seen it are wondering how it looks just go and see. Thousands have tried to describe it, yet every attempt falls short of giving the subject justice."

If you contemplate a trip East, write W. C. McBride, 124 Third street, Portland, Ore., for booklets picturing Colorado's famous scenery, and any other information you may desire.

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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.

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