

### China Waking Up.

Peking, July 22.—China has awakened, and if the signs are read aright, it is the intention of the imperial government to seize the opportunity that the termination of the Russian-Japanese war presents and make gigantic efforts to infuse up to date ideas in its people.

Sweeping reforms are to be inaugurated and the initial step of the government will be to send officials of the war office to all parts of the world immediately after the termination of the war to investigate all systems of constitutional government.

The viceroy of Yuenshikang has drawn up a reform scheme which has been submitted to the throne and there met with approval. It provides, among other things, for the relief of the poor, the universal education of all the subjects, the conscription of Chinese young men for army service, the enlarging of the powers of the local authorities and the strengthening of the finances of the Peking government by the gradual gathering in of funds from all the provinces.

The officials of the province of Anhui have held a great meeting at which it was decided to construct a railway throughout the whole territory under their control.

### Have No Trouble.

Sumpter, Ore., July 22.—Quite a number of sheepmen have driven their flocks into the Sumpter district this season, and all agree that grass conditions were never better than at present. A more peaceful and understanding seems to exist between miners and stockmen as less threats are heard against the latter than in former seasons. This is accounted for from the fact that the ranges are in better condition and that there is plenty of feed to go around without sheepmen encroaching on the domain of the miners. No reports are received that the sheep are being ranged on the government reserve in this vicinity, and the superintendent of the reserve, S. S. Terrell, states that so far he has not been compelled to use any measures to remove the herders.

### Couldn't Agree.

Portland, July 20.—After standing ten to two in favor of conviction for forty-five hours, the jury in the Wilkenson-Giesner-Biggs case, was unable to reach an agreement and was discharged today. According to the Evening Telegram, O. H. Flock, Ollala and G. O. Walker, of Walker, Lane county, favored acquittal. Junior Cook, of Eugene, who, it was rumored, was bargaining the jury, it develops, was an ardent advocate for the conviction of all three defendants from the beginning to the end of the deliberations.

### Big Bargain.

Choice Wheat Land Only \$10 Per Acre.

Two hundred and fifty acres of good wheat land only five miles from Lexington with down hill grade all the way to railroad station, seven miles from Heppner, all fenced, only \$10 per acre. This is a bargain that will soon be taken up at this price. Call on or address Wells & Warnock for further description, Heppner, Oregon.

At Brownsville the weather was so hot one day that the honey in 10 stands of bees belonging to B. S. Martin was all melted, ruining the hives and damaging the bees. It took an expert to straighten things out.

### Fiendish Suffering

is often caused by sores, ulcers and cancers, that eat away your skin. Wm. Bedell, of Flat Rock, Mich., says: "I have used Bucklen's Arnica Salve, for Ulcers, Sores and Cancers. It is the best healing dressing I ever found." Sores and boils, cuts, burns and scalds. 25c at Slocum's drug store; guaranteed.

The Independence brickyard will make at least 300,000 brick.

## THE PLAINS OF YUHA

### SOME OF THE CURIOSITIES OF THE COLORADO DESERT.

#### Graves Each of Which Tells a Story of a Tragedy of Heat, Thirst and Death—Odd Stones and Shells That Strew the Barren Region.

There is a section of the Colorado desert where nature has left some remarkable records. She has visited the region alternately with fire and water and has left it with neither. It is the most desolate, wild, barren, forbidding part of the desert, says the Los Angeles Times, and it is shunned by man and beast. That there is good and sufficient reason for avoiding this locality is attested by numbers of graves, nameless for the most part, found in the terrible region.

These graves are simple affairs, merely mounds of earth with a border of stones about each and a pile of rocks two or three feet high at the head. Each tells the story of a tragedy of heat, thirst and death. Those items are about all that is ever known of the stories of those who perish. Their mummified bodies or bleached bones are found long after the struggle is over, and the finder, respecting the memory of the unknown, scoops a hole in the earth, lays the ghastly relic within and piles up the only monument available in that wild region.

The plain now lies nearly a hundred feet below the level of the sea, and the rocks of the plain and the bases of the mountains are washed and eroded in a wonderful manner. Mingling with the bent stones and volcanic debris are rocks worn by the waves and shaped into hundreds of fantastic forms. There are many acres of these stone curiosities, and certain sections of the field seem devoted to certain shapes and figures.

For instance, one passes through a region which he at once names the cabbage patch, for it presents the appearance of a field of those vegetables which have turned to stone. The waves have worn the rocks into round boulders about the size of the vegetable which they so much resemble and have cut into the globes, laminating them in perfect imitation of the leafy layers of the garden vegetable.

Another locality is devoted almost exclusively to dinner plates. Thousands of rounded, thin disks are scattered over the plain or are piled scores deep in singular piles, each piece shaped exactly like the crockery which adorns our tables and quite as thin and symmetrical.

Another section of this truly wonderful region is given almost wholly to dumbbells. These vary in size from pieces weighing one or two pounds up to those seemingly calculated for exercising the muscles of a giant and weighing thirty or forty pounds each. In almost every instance these natural dumbbells are well balanced, the balls at either end of the connecting piece being of the same size and weight.

There is in this plain an arsenal also. While guns and swords and bayonets and powder were not there to be found, there are thousands of cannon balls varying in size from two and three inch balls to those fit for the big thirteen inch guns of modern warfare. And all are of stone, all formed in nature's workshop.

There are other objects innumerable. There are stone roses, stone lilies, stone tulips, stone leaves, stone birds, stone animals, stone quilts, stone ornaments in varied and unique designs, stone canes—in fact, almost everything conceivable in nature or art imitated in stone on the plain of Yuha.

In one portion of Yuha rise two hills or small mountains. One might mistake them in the distance for ancient craters, but when he approaches the eminences he discovers them to be monuments to an ancient life—the records of species now extinct. They are shell mountains, great beds of prehistoric bivalves which were left stranded when that ancient sea swept back from the region and left a dry and desolate land.

One of these mountains, the large one, is composed wholly of large rough shells, much larger, but less elongated, than the shells of the modern oyster, which in some respects they so much resemble as to lead to the suspicion that they are the remains of the ancestors of our much prized bivalve.

The lesser hill is composed of tiny shells of a prehistoric type of brachiopoda. Like the larger shells, they are found except on the surface in an undisturbed state, both valves of nearly every shell being found in position. Although the mollusk dwellers of these shells vanished several centuries ago, so perfect are the shells one almost expects when he opens the valve of the shell to find the living creature within.

#### Retribution.

Millions of years had passed. Birds had succeeded to the supremacy formerly held by man.

"What is that you are wearing on your hat?" asked the flamingo.

"It's the scalp of an almost extinct biped called a woman," replied the egret. "A few specimens of the creature still exist, I am told, in the inaccessible fastnesses of the everglades."—Chicago Tribune.

#### Breaking Eggs For a Living.

A correspondent of a contemporary who has been searching for the most monotonous method of earning a living decides in favor of that of cracking eggs. "I met a man who said he was a biscuit manufacturer on a large scale and was rather inclined to boast about the number of eggs—continental eggs—which his firm bought in the course of a year. Now, it seems that to avoid calamity five eggs are broken into a bowl at a time before being added to the common stock. There are men, he told me, who do nothing else but crack eggs. They become so expert that a man can dispose of 1,000 an hour, or 10,000 a day."—London Star.

#### Discouraged.

"Mamma," remarked Dottie, "if I get married when I grow up will I have a husband like papa?"

"I suppose so, dear," said mamma.

"An' if I don't get married I'll be an old maid, like Cousin Charlotte, won't I?"

"I guess you will, pet. Why?"

"Oh, nothin'—only I wish I was a boy!"—Cleveland Leader.

#### The Bishop's Gaiters.

An amusing story is told of Dr. Gore. He was once walking in the street when two little boys were attracted by his black episcopal gaiters. "Wot's 'e?" asked one in surprise. "Oh, 'e's a Scotchman in mourning," was the reply.—London M. A. P.

#### Final.

Mistah Johnsing—Can't yo' gib me no hope, Liza? Miss Jackson—Once an' fo' all, Mistah Johnsing, I tells yo' I won't be no man's cullud supplement.—Puck.

Willing hands will not remain long idle if wedded to thoughtful hearts and observant eyes.—H. W. Little.

#### A Dissembler.

"Leonidas," said Mr. Meekton's wife, "look me in the eye and answer me one question. Have you ever deceived me about anything?"

"Well, Henrietta," he answered after much hesitation, "I must confess that I have not been altogether frank. On numerous occasions I have dissembled to the extent of trying to appear far more amiable than I really felt."—Washington Star.

#### Like a Whale.

"You cannot keep me down," shouted the great orator at a public meeting; "though I may be pressed below the waves I rise again. You will find that I come to the surface, gentlemen." "Yes," said an old whaler in the audience, "you come to the surface to blow."

Thin people should bathe as often as possible in warm water. Warm water is absorbed by the skin more readily than cold.

#### Getting a Pointer.

Bosky—I say, doctor, I want you to look at a horse up here at the stable and tell me honestly just what you think about him—whether he is sound or unsound. Veterinary—I always tell just what I think. By the way, is it a horse you think of buying or one you have for sale?—Boston Transcript.

#### Rare Insight.

Jobson—Miss Blank looks awfully frivolous to me. What makes you think she has so much hard sense? Robson—I just heard her refuse an invitation to a card party because she couldn't play cards.—Detroit Free Press.

He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.—Porteus.

#### Paradoxical.

Smith—You remember Muggins, who used to bore us with his long winded stories? Jones—Yes. What of him? Smith—He was arrested yesterday for being short in his accounts.—Chicago News.

#### Work.

"Anyhow you can't deny that Hewlins is a self made man. He worked his way through college."

"He certainly did. He worked nearly every student in the institution."—Chicago Tribune.

#### His Plunderings.

"Isn't Mr. Teejus a deep thinker?" "He must be," answered Miss Cayenne. "I never heard him try to say anything without getting beyond his depth."—Washington Star.

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy it is not safe to know.—Davenant.

#### Filling the Prescription.

Judge—What were you doing in the henhouse, Sambo? Sambo—Well—er—judge, mah missus wah feelin' pobly, en heh doctah declahed she must have poached eggs. I wah jes' poachin' a few, judge, accordin' to oahs.—New York Times.

All the performances of human art at which we look with praise or wonder are instances of the relentless force of perseverance.—Johnson.

#### They Didn't Have Time.

A short time ago some men were engaged in putting up telegraph poles on some land belonging to an old farmer who disliked seeing his wheat trampled down, according to the veracious Register of Great Bend, Kan. The men produced a paper by which they said they had leave to put the poles where they pleased. The old farmer went back and turned a large bull in the field. The savage beast made after the men, and the old farmer, seeing them running from the field, shouted at the top of his voice: "Show him the paper! Show him the paper!"

#### Subtraction.

A teacher in a western public school was giving her class the first lesson in subtraction. "Now, in order to subtract," she explained, "things have to be always of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears or six horses from nine dogs."

A hand went up in the back part of the room.

"Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"—Harper's Weekly.

#### With the Ring on It.

Grace—Edythe is pretty foxy. She won't say anything about her love affairs, but I have an idea that she has finally accepted young Sapleigh. Gladys—In that case she is apt to soon show her hand.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

#### The Man With a Hobby.

Don't make fun of the man with a hobby. It may be that that very hobby will be the means of the world getting something of great good. All people that have contributed to the sum of human knowledge had a hobby. The man who ranks as an inventor had a hobby once; the minister who gets up in his pulpit has his hobby; the man who sells you goods has the same. In fact, those that do anything at all have a hobby. You may call it by some other name, but the hobby is still there.—Terrell Transcript.

#### No Return.

"Take my advice—don't lend Boroughs any more money."

"I never did."

"Why, you used to, I'm sure, for I"—

"No, I used to think I was lending it to him, but I soon discovered it was purely a gift."—Catholic Standard and Times.

#### Easily Understood.

"And," said the Sunday school teacher, "when Delliak cut Samson's hair he became mild as a lamb. Can you understand that?"

"Well, ma'am," replied Tommy, "it does make yer feel shamed when a woman cuts yer hair."—Philadelphia Ledger.

#### Coaching Her.

Manager—You do not inject enough contempt, spite and venom into that word, Actress—I can do no better. Manager—Nonsense! Speak it just as you say "Plush!" when you meet a rival in an imitation sealskin.

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