

IDOLS OF THE HINDOOS

There Are Hundreds of Millions of Them in India.

THE FAME OF JUGGERNAUT.

This Idol Has Been Worshipped About Two Thousand Years, and His National Temple Is on the Sands of Puri—The Three Monster Cars.

If I were asked to describe India the first remark that would spring from my lips would be, "It is a land of idols." It would be impossible to compute the number of idols that there must be at the present time in India. The Hindoos pretend to have 333,000,000 gods, and these are represented by innumerable idols, so that we are quite bewildered with the thought of taking the census of the idols of India. The population of the whole Indian empire is now about 300,000,000, and possibly the country contains ten times as many idols as people.

Benares is the great center of the idol making business, though in all parts of India the trade flourishes. Potters the day through may be seen in the sacred city molding images of clay for temporary use. Sculptors also may be found producing representatives of the gods in stone or marble. Carpenters, moreover, make great wooden idols for the temples, and workers in metal—goldsmiths, copper-smiths and brass workers—turn out more or less highly finished specimens in their respective metals.

When speaking of idols it should be borne in mind that the images turned out by the potter, sculptor, carver or manufacturer are not considered sacred or fit to be worshipped until certain mystic words have been uttered over them by a priest. The ceremony of "the giving of life," as it is called, to the image is a very solemn affair, and when it is done the idol is regarded as holy and must ever afterward be approached and treated with the utmost reverence.

Out of the many millions of so called gods in India, all of whom are counted worthy of worship, three are regarded as specially sacred and form the Hindoo triad or trinity. They are respectively Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. Of these it is stated the second person of the trinity only has been represented on this earth by human incarnations. Through one or all of these gods the Hindoos believe they may obtain salvation. Brahma represents the way of salvation by wisdom, Vishnu by faith and Siva by works. It is immaterial which method is adopted, as they all lead to the same goal.

Juggernaut is perhaps the most famous name among all the Hindoo idols, inasmuch as his fame has gone forth into every land. His temple is situated on the sandy shores of Orissa, washed by the wild waves of the bay of Bengal. The worship of Juggernaut dates back nearly 2,000 years, and Orissa has been the holy land of the Hindoos from that time till the present day.

Sir William Hunter, who was one of the greatest authorities on things East Indian, says in a wonderfully graphic description of the temple of Juggernaut: "On the inhospitable sands of Puri, a place of swamps and inundations, the Hindoo religion and Hindoo superstition have stood at bay for eighteen centuries against the world. Here is the national temple whither the people flock to worship from every province of India. There is the gate of heaven whither thousands of pilgrims come to die, lulled to this last sleep by the roar of the eternal ocean."

Well, I saw on one occasion that marvelous sight, the dragging of Juggernaut's car and the cars of his brother and sister. The three idols are inseparable, and ugly things they are, being nothing but huge logs of wood coarsely fashioned into human shape, but without arms or legs.

Juggernaut's car stands forty-one feet high and has four enormous wheels. The other two cars are just a little smaller. The great cars have to be dragged a certain distance—half a mile or more from the temple—and the god will not allow horses or elephants to undertake the work, but calls upon his faithful worshippers to do it themselves. Immense ropes, or, rather, cables, are attached to the cars, and at the word of command from the priests thousands of men and even women and children rush forward and seize the ropes and range themselves in order and the next moment are straining and pulling at the cumbersome conveyances, which at length move with a heavy, creaking noise.

Never shall I forget the sight. The road was filled with tens of thousands of lookers-on, all wild with excitement, and the fanatics who held the ropes were dragging the cars along with frenzied zeal. Every now and then there would be a stop that the men might rest, I supposed, but instead of resting they took to jumping in the air and to whirling themselves around like dancing dervishes and shouting at the top of their breath: "Victory! Victory to Juggernaut!"

Once on a time infatuated worshippers would throw themselves under the wheels of the mighty car that they might be crushed to death, counting it a privilege and a joy thus to perish. Some might do it today if the paternal British government did not provide against such catastrophes by taking all due precaution.—John J. Pool, B. D., F. R. G. S., in Los Angeles Times.

Yellow Fever.

The first appearance of yellow fever is said to have been among the soldiers of Columbus in 1492.

A TALE OF PORTO RICO

Curious Story of the Haunted Sentry Box.

LIGHT ON THE OLD LEGEND.

One of the Many Mysterious Disappearances From Fort San Cristobal Accounted For by the Revelation of the Lost One Himself.

Writing in the Journal of the Military Service Institution, Captain Arthur P. S. Hyde of the coast artillery tells this curious story of "the haunted sentry box" of Fort San Cristobal, the ancient Spanish built fortress which guards the entrance to San Juan, Porto Rico:

"A number of picturesque sentry boxes built of masonry and appearing like minarets are placed at points of vantage in and around the fort. One of these on the sea front, and reached only through a long and dark tunnel from the interior of the fort, is popularly known as La Garita del Diablo, or the devil's sentry box, usually, although incorrectly, translated the haunted sentry box. This name was given to it by the Spanish soldiers for the reason that a number of sentries stationed there disappeared in a most mysterious manner and were never again heard from.

"An American officer was once on duty that took him into the remote interior of the island, and while spending one night in a small settlement he engaged in conversation with a number of the inhabitants of the place. One old man, on learning that the officer was stationed at Fort San Cristobal, became especially interested and in the course of the conversation told the following story:

"I used to be a soldier in the Spanish army and was stationed at Fort San Cristobal. A number of soldiers while on sentry duty had mysteriously disappeared from the sentry box down by the sea, and we had all become convinced that it was haunted by the devil, who, we thought, used to come and steal the soldiers away.

"One stormy night it fell to my lot to go on duty in the devil's sentry box, as we called it, at midnight, and it was with some doubts and misgivings that I went with the corporal of the guard and relieved the former sentry. When they left me I listened to the sound of their footfalls reverberating from the walls and ceiling of the dark and narrow passage, ever growing fainter and fainter as they receded, until finally the noise of the storm and the sea completely drowned it, and I was left alone with the mad elements.

"It was a mad night and one well calculated to add to the feeling of awe that the devil's sentry box always instilled into the man on duty there at night.

"Presently my attention was attracted by some lights in a small tavern on the shore below the fort, where many of us were wont to go when off duty for a glass of rum. Then I began to think that I might be able to climb down over the rocks to the shore, get a glass of rum at the tavern and return to my post.

"The more I thought of it the more determined I was to go, so finally, leaving my rifle and belt in the sentry box, I climbed over the wall and down to the rocks and so made my way with great labor and difficulty and no little danger to the little house, where the occupants were making merry with dancing and drinking. I soon fell to and enjoyed myself with them.

"When one is dancing with a fair senorita he sometimes forgets the passage of time, as I did on that fatal night, and not until long after 1 o'clock did I begin to think of returning to my post. Then, realizing that the corporal had made his inspection and had found me gone from my post and with my rifle and belt left behind, I saw only a court martial and the garrote staring me in the face, for in those days for a sentinel in the Spanish army to quit his post meant sure death, even in peace.

"To go back was out of the question. There was only one thing left for me to do, and that was to desert. My heart sank within me. If I should be captured, the same fate would be meted out to me; but, I reasoned, if I were to go back the fate would be a certainty, whereas if I deserted at least I had a chance of keeping out of sight of the authorities. I deserted and before morning was out of the city and on the way to the mountains.

"I have lived in this little hamlet for years and have never been back to the capital since that day, nor have I ever told my story to a single soul until tonight, but now that the Spaniards are gone I no longer fear for my life."

"Thus we have the story of the devil's sentry box from one of the very men who so mysteriously disappeared from it, and it would seem to be probable that the other disappearances could be accounted for in a similar manner were the truth known. Quien sabe?"

Captain Hyde mentions an interesting fact that, although for centuries Porto Rico was considered the legitimate prey of freebooters and was attacked at various times by regularly organized expeditions of the English and the Dutch during times of war, with more or less success, Fort El Morro has never been captured by an enemy, and its only surrender was to the Americans, together with the surrender of the whole island.

Gravity is only the bark of wisdom, but it preserves it.—Confucius.

SHE WAS INSULTED.

The Sting in the Letter That Came For Her Husband.

"Harry, love," said Mrs. Knew to her husband when he entered his home a few evenings ago, "I've been dreadfully insulted."

"Insulted?" repeated Mr. Knew indignantly. "By whom?"

"By your mother."

"My mother, Flora? Nonsense, dear. She's the kindest woman in the world. And how could she insult you? She isn't here; she's miles away."

"But, Harry, she did insult me," persisted Flora, "and it was done in a letter."

"Show it to me."

"I'll tell you about it. A letter came for you this morning addressed in your mother's handwriting, and so, of course, I opened it."

"Of course," said Mr. Knew dryly.

"It was written to you all the way through, you understand?"

"Yes, I understand that, but where does the insult to you come in?"

"In the postscript. When I read along to that it said, 'Dear Flora—'

"Don't fail to give this letter to Harry; I want him to have it.' Now, tell me, wasn't that an insult?"—Pearson's Weekly.

The Unprejudiced Son.

The president of a club of New York waiters said the other day of a parsimonious young man:

"He resembles a chap they tell about in Bucks county."

"This chap lived alone with his father. On the old man's death he would inherit the farm."

"Well, finally the old man took sick. His end drew near. The son sat up with him a night or two, expecting him to pass away, but he lingered on."

"On the fifth or sixth night the son, instead of sitting up, put a lamp, turned low, very, very low, on a table by the bed and went off to his own room with the caution:

"When you feel that it is all over with you, father, don't forget to blow out the lamp."—Washington Star.

A Rare Souvenir.

A curious souvenir is preserved in the Bank of England in the shape of a note for £1,000 with which Admiral Lord Cochrane paid his fine when he was falsely accused of spreading with an interested object a rumor that Bonaparte was dead in 1814 so as to cause a rise in the price of stocks.

The sum mentioned was raised in subscriptions of a penny by his Westminster constituents. The note is indorsed with the name of the intrepid but ill used salt and has inscribed on it a sentence in which he expresses the hope that one day he will prove his innocence and triumph over his accusers. That consummation was not effected until eighteen years later, when he was reinstated by William IV. —London Telegraph.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon,
September 5, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that William D. Jellison, of 6 S. Laurel street, Portland, Oregon, who, on August 28, 1908, made Timber and Stone sworn statement, No. 01290, for NW 1/4 NE 1/4 section 9, and W 1/4 SW 1/4 NE 1/4 section 4, T. 4 S., R. 29 E., W. M., has filed notice of intention to make final Timber and Stone proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at La Grande, Oregon, on the 25th day of November, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses:
C. S. VanDyke, D. C. Brienoux and Thos. Driskell, all of La Grande, Oregon, and Harriet D. Jellison, of Portland, Oregon.
Spt 17-Nov 19 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

Notice For Publication

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon,
September 8, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Harriet D. Jellison, of 625 Laurel street, Portland, Oregon, who on August 28, 1908, made Timber and Stone sworn statement No. 01291, for NW 1/4 SW 1/4 and Lots 3 and 4, sec. 4, and Lot 1, sec. 5, Township 4 S., R. 29 E., W. M., has filed notice of intention to make final Timber and Stone proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at La Grande, Oregon, on the 25th day of November, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses:
C. S. VanDyke, of La Grande, Oregon, D. C. Brienoux, of La Grande, Oregon, and George W. Lilly and William D. Jellison, both of Portland, Oregon.
Spt. 17 Nov 19 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon,
September 8, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that James M. Hager, of Heppner, Oregon, who, on Sept. 30, 1907, made Timber Application No. 01280 for S 1/2 NE 1/4 S 1/2 NW 1/4, section 22, T. 1 S., R. 29 E., W. M., has filed notice of intention to make final Timber proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Heppner, Oregon, on the 24th day of November, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Horace Yeakum, Sherman Shaw, Claude Herren and Willard B. Herren, all of Heppner, Oregon.
Spt 17-Nov 19 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon,
July 20, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Elsie J. Catlett, Condon, Oregon, who, on July 2, 1908, made Timber and Stone Application, No. 013, for S 1/2 W 1/4, S 1/2 SE 1/4, Section 5, Township 6, South Range 26, East Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 12th day of October, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Albert Steers of Hardman, Oregon, Emery Jones of Lost Valley, Oregon, Perry Catlett of Condon, Oregon, and Frank M. Pitzer of Condon, Oregon.
Aug 5-Oct 8 C. W. MOORE, Register.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon,
July 27, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that John A. Patterson, of Heppner, Oregon, who, on July 17, 1908, made Timber Application No. 0351, for W 1/2 NW 1/4 Section 8, N 1/2 NE 1/4 section 7, township 4 S., range 28 E. W. M., has filed notice of intention to make final timber proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Heppner, Oregon, on the 12th day of October, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Benjamin R. Patterson, George Amati, John N. Jones and Lefe Penland, all of Heppner, Oregon.
July 30-Oct 1 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon,
July 27, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Franklin D. Cox, of Heppner, Oregon, who, on July 22, 1908, made Timber Application No. 0397, for SW 1/4 section 2 Township 4 S., range 28 E. W. M., Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final timber proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Heppner, Oregon, on the 12th day of October, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Edward Palmer, of Lexington, Oregon, Joseph W. Rector, Elmer Slocum and George Moore, all of Heppner, Oregon.
July 30-Oct 1 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon,
July 13, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Ross Huchabay, of Heppner, Oregon, who, on July 7th, 1908, made Timber Application, No. 0358, for E 1/2 NE 1/4 Section 21, Township 4 S., Range 28 E. W. M., has filed notice of intention to make final Timber and Stone proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Heppner, Oregon, on the 29th day of September, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Newton S. Whetstone, Guy Boyer, Willard H. Herrin and Frank Whetstone all of Heppner, Oregon.
July 16-Sept 17 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office
The Dalles, Oregon, August 29th, 1908

Notice is hereby given that State of Oregon has filed in this office its application, Serial No. 0723 to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress of August 14, 1848, and the Acts supplementary thereto The SW 1/4 NW 1/4 of Section 27, Township 4, South Range 25, East Willamette Meridian.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 16th day of November 1908.

Supts-Oct 8 C. W. MOORE, Register.

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