

Fred Warnock

Noted at the Postoffice at Heppner, Oregon, as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, Oct. 29, 1908

YEARNING.

I een love weeth Mag McCue,  
Ah, so sweeta 'Merican!  
Evra day I see her, too,  
Pars by dees panutta stan'.  
Once ees I'd me amaria min:  
"Eef a girl ees smile at you,  
Wavin' deesa way her han',  
Dat'sa mean she love you truee."

Oh, my leetia lady dear,  
Lasta time you passa here  
An' you smile upon me so,  
Eet ees mak' me feel so queer!  
Why ees dat, I lila know?

I een love weeth Mag McCue,  
Ah, so sweeta 'Merican!  
I would know wat I should do  
Eef she was Eestellan,  
But ees hard to ondraatan'  
Eef she really love me true  
"Wen she smile an' wave her han'  
Lika lasta night she do."

Oh, my leetia lady dear,  
Nexia time you passa here  
Would you mak' me glad an' proud?  
Don'ta wave your han' so queer,  
Pieassa, don'ta smile so loud.  
—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

Her Only Thought.



Fate Tourist—Oh, George, the branch is breaking, and you have the return tickets in your pocket! Hurry up and give me them before you go!

Why He Wept.

During a fashionable wedding ceremony one of the old family servants was observed to be weeping as though his heart would break.

"Well, well!" exclaimed a bystander. "It is so picturesque to see old servants weeping at a grand wedding. I suppose you are weeping because you hate to see the bride leave the old mansion?"

The old servant brushed his eyes with his sleeve. "Tain't that, sir," he sobbed, "but the blooming duke that's won her borrowed 50 cents from me to get some clean collars, and when I asked for it all I got was a good beating. 'Nough to make anybody cry.'"—Chicago News.

Gritty's Ambition.

"Der is one time," yawned Gritty George as he helped himself to strawberry shortcake, "when I'd really like to be president."

"Ah, what a noble ambition!" responded the housewife. "And when is that?"

"Why, when he takes his vacation, mum?"—Detroit Tribune.

The Truth About It.

"Stimson told me the other day that Grimley is awfully close."

"Yes, Grimley told me that Stimson tried to borrow a couple of hundred from him the other day, and he could not let him have it because Stimson's brother held him up the day before and took all the ready cash he could command."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Usual Travel Talk.

"Buffalo is going abroad."

"Is he?" said the man of languid interest.

"He should have something to tell who he returns."

"Perhaps. But the chances are he will do what everybody else does—merely praise the scenery and abuse the hotels."—Pittsburg Post.

Rights Respected.

"You will admit that even a man who disagrees with you is entitled to his opinions."

"Of course he's entitled to them," answered Sirus Barber. "That's why I insist on his keeping his opinions to himself instead of carelessly scattering them around."—Washington Star.

A Profitable Business.

"I hear Miss Corlyocks made \$10,000 in letters?"

"So she did."

"Why, I never heard before she was anything of a literary personage."

"Neither is she. They were the letters in her behalf of promise suit."—Baltimore American.

Distressing.

"Ah, yes," related the foreign nobleman as he rubbed his hands. "When she beautiful girl found that her father had selected me as her future husband she was a picture."

"What a picture of distress?" asked the sensible American girl.—Chicago News.

The Signal Gun.

[Original.]

When I was left a widow I took the only means of making a living offered me and went to Russia to introduce a typewriting machine, intending also to do copying. I hired a small room in St. Petersburg and advertised.

One morning a young woman came to my office and room and asked for employment, saying that she was a typewriter. She was about twenty-three years old, comely, but shabbily dressed. She seemed eager for work and offered in lieu of wages to take a commission on what work she would bring in herself. If there was not much in this for me to gain there was certainly nothing to lose. I engaged her.

The next morning she came to the office with manuscript sufficient to keep her busy for a week. She didn't ask what I intended to charge for the copy, but sat down at the machine and went to work. I found at once that she knew very little about typewriting. As to this she had deceived me, and I had a mind to send her away, but I didn't wish to lose the job she had brought in, and, as she said there was plenty of time in which to do it, I bore with her, showing her how to manage the machine, which was new to her. While doing this I noticed the whiteness, roundness and delicacy of her hands. I complimented her on them and noticed afterward that she persisted in getting them smeared with the ink of the ribbon and the dust and oil of the machine. From her hands I was led to notice her complexion, her figure and especially her foot, which was very dainty. Her ears, too, were small, a reliable token of breeding. Besides these features, there was a refinement of manner about her that did not accord with her cheap clothing. I told her she looked too aristocratic for her dress, and I was much puzzled at the way she received the comment. Instead of being pleased she seemed distressed.

Since she said there was more copy ready for her I worked evenings myself on the manuscript and at the end of the week it was finished. I made the charge 20 rubles, which she gave me before taking it away, and I handed her back ten of them. She seemed perfectly satisfied and the next morning was ready with more work.

She said she wished to work nights and to be near the machine rented a room in the same building as mine, in which she put a cot and a little cheap furniture. She cooked her meals in her room and after once being established there never left the building except at night.

One morning while I was typewriting I came upon a paper between the leaves of the manuscript. I handed it to the girl, and as I did so the blood left her cheeks, and she gave a little frightened gasp. She went on with her work without a word, but presently turned to me and said:

"You expect an explanation about the note. There is none. The secret is mine, but I am going to ask you to refrain from any mention of me or it to any one. Will you?"

"Certainly!" I said.

On another occasion she said she had a headache and went to her room. She had not been gone five minutes before, wishing to ask her something about a manuscript I was copying, I followed her. I turned the knob, but found it locked. I rapped, and after some time she opened the door. She was white as a sheet. I did not ask for an explanation, and she offered none.

I used to talk with her about the tyranny of the Russian government and contrast it with our liberty in America. She said that there was as much liberty in Russia as the people were fitted for and did not seem interested in American freedom. But one evening when we were together a complete change came over her.

"You have been very kind to me," she said, "and I am going to give you some advice. I know I can trust you, for you are an American. Besides, you have no reason to betray me. Leave this country as quickly as possible. A terrible struggle is about to begin which will last for many years. You cannot succeed here in what you have attempted. All these manuscripts I have brought are mine or my friends', and I have paid for every one of them. My father, a noble, is in Siberia, and my mother died of grief at his imprisonment. I am one of the workers in the revolution about to be inaugurated, and the police are searching the city for me. Within a week the czar will bless the waters of the Neva. At that ceremony the signal for the coming strife will be given. Pack up your machines and ship them away at once and follow yourself as soon as possible. You must wait for a remittance? Don't wait for anything. Here is money to get you out of this country that will soon run with blood."

Thrusting her hand into her bosom, she drew out a roll of bills and gave them to me. I was too much appalled to even take them, but she put them in my hand and sped away. As soon as I could recover from my astonishment I did as she had bidden me, but did not get away before my employer's room was forced by the police to find the bird had flown.

Three days after my departure I read the news that at the ceremony of the blessing of the Neva a cannon loaded with shot had been fired into the czar's palace. It was the signal gun of revolution.

ABIGAIL TREAT.

When Her Rights Came.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]

Abe Warner was a good-for-nothing whose meek little wife supported him. One day came a woman's rights old maid, Miss Stranger. In three days she had organized a woman's club in Grafton and made an address that aroused the patriotic hearts of the members. Within an hour most of them had thrown off the yoke of slavery and were prepared to take a hand in running the government. It so happened that little Mrs. Warner was doing some sewing at the house where the first meeting was held, and it was insisted that she join the club. She was scared half to death at the idea of having any rights and asserting them, and after the meeting was over Miss Stranger took her in hand to make her something more than a worm of the dust. She was talked to for an hour, and the effects were felt at home that same evening. Abe wanted 50 cents, and for the first time in her life the wife refused him. She did even more. She demanded to know why he didn't go to work.

The husband loafed off downtown to play checkers, but he didn't play. His feelings had been hurt. There was rebellion in his own house. He had suffered loss of dignity. He couldn't get over these jolts, and so he returned home to cuff his wife's ears and tell her how ungrateful she was not to appreciate a husband like him. She took the cuffs, but not as meekly as formerly. In fact, there was a danger signal in her eye that set Abe to wondering what had come over her. She still refused him any money, and he thought it best not to cuff too hard. He heard through some of his cronies that his wife had joined the woman's rights club, and it made him laugh. He went home and gazed her about it, but she had nothing to say. She simply looked at him in a queer way, and he wound up by saying:

"If I hear any more about this nonsense I'll make your ears ring for you. You've got all the rights coming to you, and you want to stop right there."

When he was ready to go down to his loafing place that evening his humble wife voluntarily offered him half a dollar and gave him a glad surprise. He hadn't been drunk for ten days, and now here was the wherewithal. The fact that she offered the money forced him to deduce that she had got over her rebellious spirit and wanted to placate him, and he went away patting himself on the back as the only husband in Grafton that knew how to manage a wife. To make up for lost time he got drunker than usual and at midnight was brought into the house and dumped on the floor. This was no unusual occurrence, but unusual things followed it. He awoke about 9 o'clock the next forenoon to find himself tied hand and foot. He started to inquire why in Texas his breakfast wasn't ready and why he hadn't been undressed and put to bed, but as he opened his mouth to do so he noticed that his humble wife was sitting with her sewing not far away and that she had what looked like a horsewhip across her knees.

"Well, what does this mean?" he finally asked.

"It means that a great change is about to take place."

"Who tied me up this way?"

"I did. It's the first move in the change."

"You untie me and hustle me up some breakfast or I'll make things hot for you! By thunder, but how dare you do such a thing?"

"Abe," she said as she laid down her sewing and stood up with the whip in her hand, "you have been a lazy, good for nothing man for years past. Are you going to work?"

"Of course not. Why should I go to work?"

"You are not only a lazy, shiftless loafer, but you are a drunkard. You have no ambition, no sense of shame. Are you going to promise me never to get drunk again?"

"No, I ain't. I guess I want a little fun once in awhile as well as other folks. Seems to me you are talking mighty strange all to once. Is this what you call woman's rights?"

"Yes, Abe; it is."

"Then I'll lick it out of you in about five minutes!"

"Not in a thousand years, Abe. On the contrary, I'm going to lick something out of you!"

And then she began. She was a little woman, but she had a strong arm, and she was incited by the remembrance that for seventeen centuries her sex had been only worms of the dust. She stood there and laid that whip on until Abe howled for mercy. Then she stopped for five minutes' rest and began again. She lashed him, and she lashed him, and she lashed him, and he blubbered like a hog. While she was giving him a drink five members of the club came in. They had no words, but smiled encouragement. Abe rolled over and over and cried and howled, but the lash continued to fall. The women went away, and the humble wife rested, but not for long. All that day the man was left tied on the floor, and at regular intervals he was basted, and the performance did not close until an hour before sundown. Then he was released and sent to bed. Before twenty-four hours had passed he had "stuck a job," and if you cut for him today you will find him a sober, hardworking man. If the subject of woman's rights is mentioned, he has no opinion to express. He simply shivers, as if cold, and the perspiration starts out on his brow. The little woman isn't running the government yet, but she is running Abe Warner and the house and doing very well at it.

N. QUAD.

Are You Only Half Alive?

People with kidney trouble are so weak and exhausted that they are only half alive. Foley's Kidney Remedy makes healthy kidneys, restores lost vitality, and weak, delicate people are restored to health. Refuse any but Foley's. Slocum Drug Co.

Knights of Pythias.  
Doric Lodge No. 20, K. of P.—Meets every Tuesday evening. Visiting members invited.  
YAWFEE CRAWFORD, C. C.  
GARFIELD CRAWFORD, K. of R. & S.

W. O. J. W.  
Heppner Camp No. 60, meets 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month. Visiting members cordially invited.  
L. W. BRIGGS, C. C.

Notice of Final Account.  
In the matter of the Estate of Henry Heppner, Deceased.  
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as executors of the estate of Henry Heppner, deceased, have filed their final account in the County Court of Morrow County, State of Oregon, and that Monday, the 7th day of December A. D. 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and the County Court room in the County Court house at Heppner, Morrow County, Oregon, has been appointed by said Court as the time and place for the hearing of objections thereto and the settlement thereof.  
HENRY BLACKMAN,  
PHILL COHN,  
Co-executors of the last Will and Testament of Henry Heppner, deceased.  
Sam E. Van Yactor, Attorney for the Estate Dated and first published October 29th, A. D. 1908. Oct 29-Nov 26

Notice For Publication.  
Department of the Interior,  
Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon,  
Oct. 19, 1908.  
Notice is hereby given that Jane Rogers, of Hardman, Oregon, who, on June 18th, 1907, made Homestead Entry (Serial No. 0111) No. 15538, for SW 1/4 SW 1/4 Sec. 20, SE 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec. 20, E 1/2 NE 1/4 Section 21, Township 5 South, Range 25 East Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation pro f. to establish claim to the land above described, before J. P. Williams, United States Commissioner, at his office at Heppner, Oregon, on the 5th day of December, 1908.  
Claimant names as witnesses:  
George McDonald, John J. McDonald, Joseph Walker, all of Hardman, Oregon, and John Oden, of Heppner, Oregon. Oct 29-Dec 3  
C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.  
Department of the Interior,  
United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon,  
Oct. 22, 1908.  
Notice is hereby given that Arthur P. Parker of Lexington, Oregon, who, on May 15th, 1903 made Homestead Entry No. 12926, for Lot 4 SW 1/4 NW 1/4, and W 1/2 SW 1/4, Section 2, Township 1 S, Range 25, E. W. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register & Receiver, at The Dalles Land Office, on the 4th day of December, 1908.  
Claimant names as witnesses:  
William Coppenhaver, Joseph E. Mars, all both of Lexington, Oregon; Robert W. Turner, of Heppner, Oregon, and Olin S. Holdson, of Lexington, Oregon. Oct 29-Dec 3  
C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.  
Department of the Interior,  
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon,  
Oct. 22, 1908.  
Notice is hereby given that William L. Coppenhaver, of Lexington, Oregon, who, on Aug 25th 1902, made Homestead Entry No. 11887, for Lot 1 SE 1/4 NE 1/4 & E 1/2 SE 1/4, Section 3, Township 1 S, Range 25, E. W. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles Land Office, on the 4th day of December, 1908.  
Claimant names as witnesses:  
Olin S. Holdson, Joseph E. Marshall, Arthur P. Parker, all of Lexington, Oregon, and Robert W. Turner, of Heppner, Oregon. Oct 29-Dec 3  
C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.  
Department of the Interior,  
United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon,  
Oct. 22, 1908.  
Notice is hereby given that Joseph E. Marshall, of Lexington, Oregon, who, on Sept. 25th 1902 made Homestead Entry, No. 11499, for W 1/2 NW 1/4, NW 1/4 SW 1/4, and Lot 3, Section 3, Township 1 S, Range 25, E. W. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles Land Office, on the 4th day of December, 1908.  
Claimant names as witnesses:  
William L. Coppenhaver, Olin S. Holdson, Arthur P. Parker, all of Lexington, Oregon, and Robert W. Turner, of Heppner, Oregon. Oct 29-Dec 3  
C. W. MOORE, Register.

Home Notes.  
A milk strainer that gets clogged is easily cleaned by rubbing coarse salt through the wires.  
Hot water assists in paring small potatoes or peaches. Pour water over them, let stand for a few minutes, and the skins can be rubbed off.  
Fuller's earth is effective in removing spots from cloth and carpets. Moisten the earth to a soft paste and spread a thin layer over the soiled places. Mix the earth with a little turpentine if the spot is greasy. Allow the paste to remain for two days and then brush off.

The Cookbook.  
A little sugar will destroy the salty taste of food caused by the too liberal use of the salt shaker.  
A spoonful of strong vinegar added to the kettle of hot fat will prevent doughnuts from soaking fat, it is said.  
If canned pears have a flat taste, and most pears do, they will be improved by adding stick cinnamon to them while cooking.  
Save all lemon rind, dry it in the oven, grate and store in an air tight tin. A little of this added to an apple pie gives a delicious flavor.

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is sending tons of Oregon literature to the East for distribution through every available agency. Will you not help the good work of building Oregon by sending us the names and addresses of your friends who are likely to be interested in this state? We will be glad to bear the expense of sending them complete information about OREGON and its opportunities. COLONIST TICKETS will be on sale during SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER from the East to all points in Oregon. The fares from a few principal cities are

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Tickets Can Be Prepaid

If you want to bring a friend or relative to Oregon, do omit the proper amount with any of our agents. The ticket will then be furnished by telegraph.

J. B. HUDDLESTON, Local Agent, Heppner, Oregon. WM. McMURRY, Gen. Agent, Portland, Oregon.

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