



# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

## The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

# CASTORIA

### Scorched Table Linen.

When the three men sat down the leader of the trio began a minute inspection of the tablecloth. Presently he put his finger on several little scorched spots.

"See this?" he said to the waiter.

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the man, "just bear in mind, won't you, that these holes were here when we came in? And when we get through don't tack a dollar on to our bill to pay for burned table linen."

"That's all right," said the waiter. "I'll look out for that."

The order having been given, the cautious diner elucidated his remarks still further. "That is a trick those fellows have," he said. "Somebody burns the tablecloth with sparks from a cigar and gets away before the damage is discovered, and the next comer, if he happens to be a smoker, is blamed for his predecessor's sins and is charged with the cost of the linen. I have had to pay well for other people's carelessness, so nowadays I make it a point to examine tablecloths at the beginning of a meal."—New York Press.

### He Was Slow.

He uttered a joyous cry.

"And I am really and truly the first man you ever kissed?"

"Yes, Clarence," the beautiful girl rejoined, her red lip curling slightly. "The others all took the initiative."—Kansas City Independent.

### Knew the Trouble.

"You are wasting your time, old man," said Fred to George. "You are courting the wrong girl."

"No; she's the right girl. I'm afraid the trouble is I'm the wrong man."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### The Word "Wallop."

The origin of the familiar vernacular verb "to wallop" is not generally known. It comes from the family name of the earls of Portsmouth. Sir John Wallop, K. G., was admiral commander in the reign of King Henry VIII of the fleet which avenged French raids by burning French ships and twenty-one French villages. This was called, in the current parlance of the times, "walloping" them, and the phrase passed into the language and still survives.

### A Convenient Topic.

"I wonder what persuaded Mr. Biggins to believe in reincarnation?"

"The fact," replied Miss Cayenne, "that so few people know anything about it. It enables him to have the conversation almost entirely to himself."—Washington Star.

### A Man's Birthday.

We do not know whence a man comes nor whether he goes, yet we choose his birth or death day to celebrate his recurring centenary. We should choose his day of achievement.—London Saturday Review.

### No Reason.

Braidsen Tapes—Yes, I'm fired—discharged without any reason! Silks on Thred—Well, you didn't have any when you took the job, did you?—Syracuse Herald.

### The Drawback.

"The unlucky in love are said to be lucky at cards."

"What good does it do 'em? They can't get out nights to play."—Exchange.

### Dalton's Experiment.

The English chemist Dalton was a schoolteacher. He worked without a laboratory and with crude apparatus, mostly made by himself from simple materials. Here is an example described in his own words:

"Took an ale glass of a conical figure, two and a half inches in diameter and three inches deep; filled it with water that had been standing in the room and consequently of the temperature of the air nearly; put the bulb of the thermometer to the bottom of the glass, the scale being out of the water. Then, having marked the temperature, I put the red-hot tip of the poker half an inch deep in the water, holding it there steadily for half a minute, and as soon as it was withdrawn I dipped the bulb of a sensible thermometer into the water, when it rose in a few seconds to 180 degrees."

He then determined the temperature of the water at the bottom after five minutes, after twenty minutes and after an hour and found that it rose gradually from 47 to 52 degrees. This simple experiment proved that water has the power to conduct heat, which had been denied by no less an authority than Rumford.—Youth's Companion.

### The Mistake He Made.

He sauntered into the central police station and approached the desk sergeant. There was a careworn look on his face. He stood there a moment as if in reverie. Finally as tears coursed down his cheeks he timidly said:

"I want to give myself up."

"What have you done that you should seek a felon's cell?" the sergeant asked.

"I have long been a fugitive from justice. The welfare of society demands that I should be punished."

"But what is it? What heinous offense have you committed?"

"I am a bigamist—yes, a polygamist—and I don't dare think what worse. No longer must I keep it from the world. Lock me up. I am ready to do penance."

"But will you not explain?"

"Yes, if you insist. I thought I married only the daughter, but I have found, to my sorrow, that the whole family was included."—Kansas City Independent.

### An Eccentric Russian Doctor.

The famous Russian, the late Dr. Zaharin, was noted for his eccentric methods. When summoned to attend Czar Alexander III in his last illness, Dr. Zaharin required the same preparation for his visit to the palace as to any of his patients' houses. That is to say, all dogs had to be kept out of the way, all clocks stopped and every door thrown wide open. He left his furs in the hall, his overcoat in the next room, his galoches in the third, and, continuing, arrived at the bedside in ordinary indoor costume. He sat down after walking every few yards and every eight steps in going upstairs. From the patient's relatives and every one else in the house he required absolute silence until he spoke to them, when his questions had to be answered by "Yes" or "No" and nothing more.

### A Necessity.

"Twenty dollars for retrimming your hat!" exclaimed Mr. Madison. "But we agreed to spend nothing except for things that were positively needed."

"Well, John, this is. You see, my best friend has just had hers re-trimmed, and I have promised to go with her to the concert on Friday."

"Oh, all right. But I can't give you more than fifteen this morning, because I broke my mousers and must have it mended."

"Can't you smoke your old brierwood?"

"Certainly, dear. And you can wear your old hat."

"John, let's begin to economize next month after we get things all straightened out."

"All right."—New York Herald.

### Sardou's Quip.

"Victorien Sardou hated shams," said a New York theatrical manager. "If you tried to impose on him he would call you down."

"At the Ambigu during a rehearsal he said he doubted an actor's statement that he had given forty hours of study to his lines."

"You doubt me?" said the actor hotly. "I assure you, M. Sardou, I have never had but twice in my life!"

"Sardou smiled drily."

"Then this makes three, eh?" said he.

### Discourteous.

"What do you think?" exclaimed the theatrical star proudly. "They are going to name a new star after me!"

"Well," rejoined the manager, "here's hoping it will draw better than you do."—Exchange.

### The Heppner Gazette—the news of Morrow County; The Weekly Oregonian—the news and thought of the world. Both at a special price. Inquire or address The Gazette, Heppner, Or.

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### The Pictured Cowboy.

I recall one picture by a celebrated artist of the east who does western things. It depicts a "Cowboy at Rest." He is lying on his stomach in the sun, his chin in his hands. His horse stands nearby, with the reins thrown over the horn of the saddle. Now, a cowboy in the daytime, well filled with beans and canned tomatoes, would not lie thus, and, above all, he would not leave his horse standing thus. He would pull the reins down over the horse's head and let them hang, likewise his cow-horse would depart. I recall yet another picture of a faithful cowpuncher who with his trusty rifle defends himself from behind his dead horse, which he uses as a fortress. The dead horse is about four feet and a half through sideways—excellent for a fortress, but a trifle wide for a thin flanked cow-horse. It would be useless to point out any detail like this to any earnest artist of today. Worse than useless would it be to suggest that a cowpuncher is the latest created thing, for in art he must do perpetual stunts of "action."—Collier's Weekly.

### An Easy Grade.

Patronage, political, religious and social, has seen its best days in England, and it is becoming more and more difficult. St. James' Budget opines, to find material for such a story as follows:

At the end of a political campaign many years ago a young man who had worked valiantly for the successful candidate claimed a reward. The prize promised was a sergeantcy in the artillery. But the candidate found that he was unable to carry out his promise, inasmuch as it required six years' service to qualify a man for the rank. He became thoughtful, but finally saw light.

"Does it require six years to qualify a man for a lieutenantcy?" he asked one who knew.

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"Well, make young Blank a lieutenant, then," said the candidate, with a sigh of relief.

Blank was thus made a lieutenant for no other reason than that he was not fit to be a sergeant.

### They Knew the Pole.

Some years ago when Dr. Nansen visited Leeds on his return from the polar regions he was welcomed by a large crowd of spectators, who cheered vociferously. Two of the most ardent admirers of Nansen were a couple of old men, who kept shouting and waving their sticks. When the celebrated explorer had passed, immediately following in the wake of the carriage came a wagon dragged by three horses, bearing a long iron pole, which belonged to the electric tramways company.

Directly the old men saw it the following conversation took place:

"Well, I'll be blowed! Sitha, Bill, he's brou't the pole back w' him!" said one.

"Aye," said the other admirer of Nansen, "and we t'only two 'at's noticed it. There's all running after t' carriage. Sitha, they're that ignorant they can't tell t' pole when they see it!"

### A Bernard Shaw Joke.

After addressing an Edinburgh meeting for ninety minutes once Mr. Bernard Shaw remarked that the time was a quarter to 10, and he had intended to finish at 9 o'clock. He did not seem in the least fatigued; the audience were also quite fresh, and when the speaker was about to sit down loud cries of "Go on!" were raised on all sides.

"Do you really wish me to go on?" Mr. Shaw asked. He was answered by renewed cheering and more shouts of "Go on!"

"Great was the disappointment, therefore, when he replied, "That is the exact point at which an experienced speaker sits down," which he accordingly did.

### An Artist's Mustache.

The mustache was not viewed with favor in England in the middle of the last century. An anecdote is told of the late Thomas Cooper, the English artist, to illustrate. He was brought before a magistrate in 1846 on some minor charge and was described in the police report as being "fashionably dressed, with large mustaches." The Art Journal of the date, commenting on it, said that "no member of the Royal academy perpetrates the atrocity of mustaches, a most un-English affectation." Mr. Cooper became a member of the academy a few years later.

### Sunshine and Long Life.

Some towns on the Italian side of the Swiss Alps are noted for the great number of sunny days. Carabietta and Pentillino, near Lugano, head the list with 327 and 331 sunny days respectively in one year. Possibly because of this liberal amount of sunshine the percentage of old people is exceptionally high in the canton of Tessin, forty-four per thousand being over seventy years old and ten per thousand over eighty.—New York Post.

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### A Narrow Escape.

An old circus man tells this incident as one of the narrow escapes he had in the show business. He had trained lions, zebras, leopards, rhino—you know—and all sorts of beasts of prey, but this, he says, was his narrowest escape. It was when he was running a dime museum in Milwaukee.

One day a mild mannered Russian came out of the railway station with a valise in his hand. He was a heavily bearded man and with shaggy hands and arms like George Esau. He hunted up a cabman and inquired modestly, "Where is the dime museum?"

The cabman told him and then asked, "Want to ride up?"

"Yes," the bearded stranger told him quietly, almost bashfully. "I'm to be employed up there. I'm the wild man."

"The narrow escape," says the ex-circus man, "lay in the fact that no newspaper man heard the man's remark and that the cabman was an Englishman, with no sense of humor, who never thought to repeat it."—Exchange.

### Origin of the Word "Mustard."

Our English word "mustard" is traceable to the French "moutarde," the origin of which is curiously given. In 1382 Philip the Bold, duke of Burgundy, granted to the town of Dijon the privilege of bearing his armorial ensigns, with the motto "Moult me tarde" ("I wait ardently"), in return for a handsome contingent of a thousand men furnished to him at his expense. Pleased with the royal concession, the authorities ordered the device to be affixed over the principal gates of the city. Time or accident at length obliterated the middle word, and the two remaining, moult tarde, were printed on the labels which the merchants of Dijon pasted on pots in which they sent this commodity all over the world.

A recognized authority—The Weekly Oregonian.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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### Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Morrow County.

Victor H. Heath, plaintiff, vs. Harriet H. Heath, defendant.

To Harriet H. Heath, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby commanded to appear in the above entitled suit on or before Friday, the 23d day of April A. D. 1909, to make answer to the complaint of plaintiff filed herein against you, and in case you fail so to appear the allegations of the complaint will be taken as confessed against you and the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, to wit: For a decree of said court forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant and decreeing plaintiff to be the sole owner of the following described premises, to wit:

The SW¼ of the NW¼ and the NE¼ of the SE¼ of the NW¼ and the SW¼ of the NE¼ and the SE¼ of the SE¼ of section 12, township 6 south of range 25, E. W. M. in Morrow county, Oregon, and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable.

The time prescribed for the publication of this summons is six weeks and the date of the appearance of the defendant is on or before the 23d day of April, A. D. 1909.

That this summons is published by order of the Honorable C. C. Patterson, Judge of the County Court of Morrow County, Oregon, which order was made on the 3d day of March, A. D. 1909.

The date of the first publication of this summons is the 4th day of March, A. D. 1909.

SAM E. VANVACTOR, Attorney for Plaintiff. Mar 4 Apr 15

### Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as administrator of the estate of George F. Welch, deceased, has filed a final account in the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the county of Morrow, and that Monday, the 10th day of May, A. D. 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and the Circuit Court room of said Court has been appointed as the time and place for the hearing of objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

(C. C. PATTERSON, Administrator.)

Sam E. VanVactor, attorney for the estate. Dated and first published March 4th, A. D. 1909. Mar 4 Apr 15

### Notice for Publication. (Isolated Tract.)

Public Land Sale. Serial No. 6865.

United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon. February 27, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1908, Public-No. 393, we will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, at 9 o'clock a. m. on the 13th day of April, 1909, next, at this office, the following tract of land to wit: E½ SE¼, section 24 Tp. 48 R 25 E. W. M.

Any persons claiming adversely the above described lands are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the day above designated for sale.

Mar 4-Apr 8 C. W. MOORE, Register.

### Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior Land Office at La Grande, Oregon. March 1, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Charles N. Jones, of Heppner, Oregon, who, on February 16, 1904, made homestead entry No. 12449, serial No. 04100, for SW¼ SW¼ SE¼ section 3, township 3 south, range 28 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner, at Heppner, Oregon, on the 14th day of April, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Paul Hielor, of Heppner, Oregon, Frank E. Liott, of Galloway, Oregon, and Andrew J. Cook, and Walter Robinson, both of Heppner, Oregon. Mar 4 Apr 8 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

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