

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Riley and the Scotchman.

Eugene Field was fond of relating the following story of James Whitcomb Riley: "To beguile the tediousness of the return voyage from Europe it was proposed to give a concert in the saloon of the ship, an entertainment to which all capable of amusing their fellow passengers should contribute. Mr. Riley was asked to recite some of his original poems, and of course he cheerfully agreed to do so. Among the number present at this midocean entertainment, over which the Rev. Myron Reed presided, were two Scotchmen, very worthy gentlemen, en route from the Land of Cakes to the land of biscuits upon a tour of investigation. These twain shared the enthusiasm with which the auditors applauded Mr. Riley's charming recitations. They marveled that so versatile a genius could have lived in a land reputed for uncouthness and savagery. "Is it no wonderfu', Donald," remarked one of these Scots, "that a tradesman should be sic a bonnie poet?" "And is he indeed a tradesman?" asked the one.

"Indeed he is," answered the other. "Did ye no hear the dominie intyruce him as the Hoosier poet? Just think of it, mon—just think of sic a gude poet dividing his time making hoosier!"

Vicious Osculation.

He was having some words with her chaplain. "I'll—I'll kiss her right under your nose!" he said defiantly. "Oh, well," said that lady, "vicious kissing like that I can see no objection to."—Boston Transcript.

A Gentle Hint.

A lady who suffered from a neighbor's fowls that overran and spoiled her garden politely asked her neighbor several times to keep his pets at home, but no attention was paid to her grievance. Finally she hit upon an ingenious method of protecting herself. She prepared grains of corn by trying to them with a strong thread small cards bearing the words, "Please keep your chickens at home," and distributed the grains about her flower beds. The chickens came to feast as usual and greedily swallowed the corn, not perceiving the thread until the card was against their beaks. Then they could neither swallow the card nor rid themselves of the swallowed corn. Twenty or thirty of the marauders ran home, bearing the polite request to their culpable owner, who, struck with the method of the hint, promptly cut the threads and cooped up his fowls.—Bombay Times.

The Law of Gravity.

"Silence in the court!" thundered the judge, and the laughter died away. "Mr. Balliff," continued the instructions from the bench, "reject the next man who defies the law of gravity."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Bitter Pill.

Milly—And how does your brother take married life? Tilly—He takes it according to directions. His mother-in-law lives with him.—Illustrated Bits.

No Insult.

"I ain't insultin' of yer. I tell yer I'm simply callin' of yer a liar, an' yer are one!"—London Punch.

Opie Reed and the Upper Berth.

Opie Reed in his "Arkansas Traveler Tales" tells this: A fat man had crawled into the berth above him and was heard talking to himself. "I don't mind getting up here," he said, "but I am always afraid for the fellow beneath me. Night before last the upper berth fell with me and broke the hip and shoulder of the man below. But it's not my fault; I do the best I can to get a lower. Poor chap, I guess he's asleep and will never know what hit him."

"Hold on," I cried. "I'll be hanged if I want to lie under a dead fall."

"I beg your pardon. Did you say something?"

"You are right. I said something. I'm not going to run the risk of staying here. You take this berth and let me get up there."

"Oh, don't let me dispossess you. Stay right where you are; it may not fall—sometimes doesn't."

"Sometimes doesn't! Here, let me get up there."

"Well, if you insist I'll—"

"Insist! I should think I do!" I climbed the ladder and tossed pretty much all night. It was the porter who broke the news to me the next day of how I had been the victim of that fat man's gulle.

A Very Indian Appeal.

The following appeal from India received by the lord-mayor is printed in the City Press:

"May it please your lordship that I am very Indian, and I belong to the Brahman caste. Owing to my poverty and unhealthiness I cannot earn money by any profession. Including me, there are eight members in my large, poor and pitiable family—my paternal grandmother, my maternal grandmother, my mother, my aunt, myself, my wife, my first daughter, my second daughter! Moreover, I must perform marriage for my two daughters.

"So if I have at least £2,000 as a capital for my large, poor and pitiable family I can invest this amount in the safest bank and I can maintain my large, poor and pitiable family by the interest on this capital. So I must humbly request your lordship to regard me as your lordship's own son and send me at least £2,000 at your lordship's earliest convenience. I am in earnest. I am in earnest. I am in earnest."—London Standard.

In a Strange Land.

Two belated disciples of Bacchus staggered arm in arm up Walnut street about 3 o'clock the other morning. The street was dark except for a single ground glass globe that blazed in front of an apartment house. One of the inebriates, spying this lone light, observed:

"Oh, look at the moonsh!"

The other seriously contradicted him, saying:

"That ain't no moonsh; zash sun."

This started an argument, which lasted for several minutes, as to whether the globe was the moon or the sun. Finally they decided to leave it to the first passerby, who happened to be another "happy" gentleman. They stopped him and, pointing to the globe, asked:

"Settle an argument, old pal. Is that the moon or the sun?"

The third party stared knowingly at the globe for several minutes before he shook his head and replied:

"Gentlemen, I really couldn't tell you. I'm a stranger in this town."—Philadelphia Record.

If Silicon Were a Gas.

Whistler at West Point seems to have had a sort of subconscious knowledge of his destiny, and this gave him an utter indifference to everything not consonant with it. Here he was, a failure. A direct statement in a class recitation that "silicon is a gas" discouraged his chemical instructor and was one of the final blows to his military career. As Whistler says himself, if silicon had only been a gas he might have become a major general. But the fates were against it.

Country Folk Are Tender With Birds.

Real country folk are very tender in their dealings with the birds that live near them. In the course of my experience, extending over many years, I have never known a case of wanton cruelty occur in regard to wild birds. The laboring man, whose work so often lies far from the haunts of men, seeks companionship with the birds. Of these none is more friendly than the robin, which is sure to appear, however lonely the place.—Cornhill Magazine.

Force of Habit.

"I wish, John," said the officer's wife, "that you'd try not to be so absent-minded when we are dining out."

"Oh? What have I done now?"

"Why, when the hostess asked you if you'd have some more pudding you replied that owing to a tremendous pressure on your space you were compelled to do so."—The Bits.

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.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Cures Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Torpid Liver and Chronic Constipation. Pleasant to take

A Friend in a Fog.

"In one of the worst London fogs," said an Englishman, "an old friend of mine tried to find his way from Trafalgar square to the Savoy, where he had an engagement to dine.

"The sulphurous air made the eyes smart and the head ache, and it brought on terrific fits of coughing. You could not literally see your hand before your face. There was a continual crashing in of windows, bells jangled, vehicles and foot passengers collided, and shrieks and oaths arose.

"Threading his way in the midst of this pandemonium through the Strand, as he supposed, from Landseer's lions to the waiting dinner at the Savoy, my old friend, to his great bewilderment, soon found himself descending a broad stairway. He put his hand to the balustrade. Yes, a broad and stately stairway with a rail of carved stone. Amazing!

"Suddenly in his descent my friend collided with some one ascending the stairway.

"'Hello!' he said.

"'Hello!' a gruff male voice replied.

"'Can you tell me,' said my friend, 'where I am going?'"

"'Certainly,' said the other. 'If you keep straight on you will walk into the Thames, for I've just come out of it.'"

Effect of Colors on Animals.

The effect of color upon mind is most easily noticeable in dumb animals, because they make no effort to curb or control their emotions. Wave a red flag at a bull and he becomes violently angry. Shake a red shawl in front of a turkey gobbler and he will storm around fearfully. I made an experiment in the country one summer to see if this same fact held true of other animals. On my farm I had an enormously fat, lazy pig that disliked nothing so much as to move. All day long he used to lie asleep in the sunlight, and sometimes even the attraction of food could not budger it. I took a number of pieces of silk of the same quality, but of different shades; and, after washing the pig, waved each strip of silk in front of it. For the blue and green it never moved, but when I waved the red and orange strips it jumped to its feet, stamped about and appeared to be thoroughly angry. Time and again I repeated this experiment and always with the same result.—Frank Alvah Parsons in Good House-keeping.

Recognized Their Old Friend.

The late Sir John Steell, who was sculptor to Queen Victoria, was modeling a bust of Miss Nightingale when an officer of one of the highland regiments which had suffered so cruelly in the Crimea heard that the bust had just been completed, and was in Sir John's studio. Many of the men in his company had passed through the hospital at Scutari, and he obtained permission from the sculptor to bring some of them to see it. Accordingly a squad of men one day marched into the studio and stood in line. They had no idea why they had been mustered in so strange a place. Without a word of warning the bust was uncovered, and then, as by one impulse, the men broke rank and with cries of "Miss Nightingale, Miss Nightingale!" surrounded the model and, with hats off, cheered the figure of their devoted nurse until the roof rang. So spontaneous and hearty and so inspiring was the whole scene that in after days Sir John Steell declared it to be the greatest compliment of his life.

Hard to Kill.

A distinguished entomologist, J. C. Warburg, writes: "When I was still new to collecting, in the south of France I discovered one day, to my great joy, a large female of Saturnia pyr hidden away in some bushes. The specimen was the first I had ever caught, and I decided, on account of its large body, to stuff it (a quite unnecessary operation; I have kept dozens since unstuffed). The moth was first apparently killed by being forced into a cyanide bottle, where it was left about an hour. The abdomen was then emptied and the cavity filled with cotton wool soaked in a saturated solution of mercuric chloride. The insect, pinned and set, was discovered next day attempting to fly away from the setting board."

Unappreciated.

The lady killer was boasting of his prowess.

"One girl whom I knew," he said, "actually died for love of me. I was her last thought."

"I should think," remarked one of them, "that you might be anybody's last thought!"—New York Times.

Professional Pride.

"I should regret very much to hear that anybody has ever offered money for political influence."

"Yes," answered Mr. Graftwell, "your hearing of it would indicate very crude work on somebody's part."—Washington Star.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Cleanses the system thoroughly and clears sallow complexions of pimples and blotches. It is guaranteed

ORINO

Laxative Fruit Syrup

For sale by Slocum Drug Company.

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. 1906, 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 sw $\frac{1}{4}$ of the nw $\frac{1}{4}$ and the ne $\frac{1}{4}$ of the ne $\frac{1}{4}$ and the se $\frac{1}{4}$ of the se $\frac{1}{4}$ 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. 1906.

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. 1906.

The date of the first publication of this summons is the 4th day of March, A. D. 1906.

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

Summons.

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

Frank G. Williams, Administrator of the estate of Albert Wright, Plaintiff, vs. Ina A. Leach, Leslie Leach, Menira L. Leach, Bernard Leach, Robert Leach, Howard Leach, Della Grimes, and J. V. Grimes her husband, Bette Eiggs and E. H. Riggs, her husband, and W. R. Cochran, defendants.

To Leslie Leach and Menira L. Leach, two of the above named defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You and each of you are commanded and required to appear in the above entitled Court on or before six weeks from the day of first publication of this summons, to wit: On or before the 13th day of April, 1906, then and there to answer the complaint of Plaintiff filed herein against you; and you are hereby notified that if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint, for want thereof plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in his complaint to wit:

For a decree of the above entitled Court foreclosing that certain mortgage made and executed by E. D. Leach and Ina A. Leach his wife on the 7th day of June, 1904, to secure payment of the sum of \$200.00 with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum from date until paid, which said mortgage was given upon the following real property to wit: Forty-seven feet of the south side of lot 8 of block 16 of the town of Lexington, Morrow county, Oregon, and recorded in volume Pat page 317 Mortgage Records of Morrow county, Oregon.

That the premises in said mortgage described be sold in the manner provided by law and the proceeds of such sale applied, first to the costs and disbursements of this suit and expenses of such sale; second to the payment to plaintiff of the sum of \$200.00 and interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from June 7, 1904, together with attorneys fee herein; that said defendants and each of them be forever barred and foreclosed of all right title and interest in or to said mortgaged premises and every part thereof, save the statutory right of redemption, and for such other relief as in the premises may be most and equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Heppner Gazette, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published at Heppner, Morrow county, Oregon, for six successive weeks by order of Hon. C. C. Patterson, County Judge of Morrow county, Oregon, made and entered on the 2nd day of March, the date of first publication of such summons being March 4, 1906, and the date of last publication thereof being April 15, 1906.

J. C. E. WOODSON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as administrator of the estate of George F. Welch, deceased, has filed his 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. 1906, 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. 1906. Mar 4 Apr 1

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. (Isolated Tract.)

Public Land Sale. Serial No. 6585.

United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, February 27, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, Public No. 323, we will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, at 9:30 o'clock a. m. on the 13th day of April, 1906 next, at this office, the following tract of land to wit: E $\frac{1}{2}$ S $\frac{1}{2}$ E $\frac{1}{2}$ section 24 Tp. 4 S 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, 1906.

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 S $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ 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, 1906.

Claimant names as witnesses: Paul Hietel, of Heppner, Oregon, Frank El Hiet, of Galloway, Oregon, and Andrew J. Cook, and Walter Robinson, both of Heppner, Oregon. Mar 4 Apr 8 F. C. BRANWELL, Register.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right