

# THE OLD UNITED STATES SPRINGFIELD RIFLES

## SPECIAL AT \$3.50

### Last Chance Wednesday, May 19, 1909



The remaining Springfield rifles 1873 models will be returned Thursday, May 20, to the United States Government and be destroyed by orders issued at the War Department. The government will no longer sell discarded rifles and this is your chance in a life time to secure one of these famous fire arms. The government standard center-fire 45-70 cartridges for these rifles will be carried and handled by us at all times.

45-70 extra heavy solid head 70 grains powder, 500 grs. grooved bullet center fire cartridges, 60c for box of 20. Watch Windows.

### Marquardsen's Department Store, Heppner, Oregon

#### The Heppner Gazette

Established March 30, 1883.  
ISSUED THURSDAY MORNING.

Fred Warnock

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

THURSDAY, May 13, 1909

#### SPARING HER NERVES.

A Careful, Considerate Visitor and Her Timid Friend.

The mistakes which were plentifully sprinkled along Mrs. Comer's career were never regretted by any one more than by Mrs. Comer herself. "I used the very best judgment I had," she said, referring to one unfortunate occurrence, "but, as usual, everything went wrong."

"You see, I went to Greenville in the morning with Mrs. Hobart, intending to go on to Nashua, but I changed my mind when the weather turned cool and spent the day with Anna Woods, going home at dusk. I'd forgotten my little bag with my key in it, so I went right over to Mrs. Hobart's."

"She'd gone down the road to Mrs. Cole's, but I found her key behind the left hand blind and went right in."

"The house was dark, but I said to myself, 'I won't light a lamp for fear of scaring her, a timid woman, living all alone, as she does.' So I sat in the dark till I heard her coming up the walk."

"When she found the door was unlocked she gave a kind of a gasp, so I stepped forward and then, long as I had a cold so my voice didn't sound natural and I was afraid 'twould scare her, she being so timid, I put out my hand and hid it on her arm."

"And, if you'll believe me," finished Mrs. Comer plaintively, "she fell right over in a faint and cut her forehead on the edge of the rocking chair, and I thought I'd never bring her to!"

"There's no use trying to be careful with a woman like her."—*Youth's Companion.*

#### Dreamless Sleep.

Occasionally I have met people who have insisted that they do not know what it means to dream. To them sleep comes like the pail of death, enveloping them so completely as to entirely extinguish the consciousness for the time being. But, strangely enough, I have found that these individuals do not seem to appreciate this blessing of undisturbed repose. Instead, they feel that in some way they are being cheated out of something that belongs to them. Like the Scotch plowboy, they protest at never being able to "enjoy" a night's sleep, because their head no sooner touches the pillow than it is time for them to get up again.—*Bohemian Magazine.*

#### "The Prussian Versailles."

It would be as unjust to form an estimate of the Hohenzollerns or of their capital without visiting Potsdam as to form an estimate of Germany without visiting Bavaria, for Potsdam is more than "the Prussian Versailles." It represents the complement of those sterner Hohenzollern qualities which are embodied in the city of blood and iron. Cold, colorless Berlin may well be seen on the gray days of standard Prussian weather. Sunlight seems exotic there. But the characteristic charm of Potsdam is revealed only when skies are bright and flowers are in bloom.—*Robert Haven Schaffer in Century.*

#### Not Particular.

Mme. Calve at a ladies' luncheon was condoned by an elderly spinster on the ground that a laudatory article about her had not been very subtle or discriminating.

"I know well," said the spinster, smiling behind her glittering spectacles, "that only discriminating praise counts as praise with you."

"Don't talk about discriminating praise," answered Mme. Calve. "Fulsome flattery is good enough for me."—*Washington Star.*

#### CIRCUS CHILDREN.

The Making of Acrobats Begins at an Early Age.

It is nothing unusual for the larger circuses to carry thirty and forty children, ranging all the way from mere babies to boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen years of age. The majority are traveling with their parents, both the father and mother doing daily duty in the ring, and while often they are trained to follow in the steps of their elders they are seldom allowed to perform in public.

It is a common belief among circus men that the performer whose training is not started until after the age of six will seldom make a distinctive record. Following the afternoon show I often saw groups of boys, some of whom could not have been over four and five years old, practicing rudimentary somersaults and hand springs, while their parents looked on with a gratified smile. These were the families of the circus aristocracy, who treasure the records of their ancestors with the pride of a son in his father's sword and who see no more inspiring calling for their own children than that of the great white canvas.

Not that their education is neglected in other respects. Several of the families often hire an instructor—perhaps one of the performers who has the time and ability for such work—to coach their children in the standard studies. One circus has a traveling school for the youngsters. If they are to be acrobats, they are to be educated acrobats.—*Bohemian Magazine.*

#### A Sponge That Works.

"Here is a clever notion—a fog bell," said an old New England fisherman.

On a bleak, gray afternoon they stood at the seashore—the old man and his city cousin from Boston. A great bell hung from a scaffold, and under a metal cover hung a great sponge.

"This here machinery is wound up regular," the fisherman explained, "and this here sponge is kept under cover so as the rain can't get at it. In dry weather, naturally, the sponge is dry and light; in foggy, though, it gets heavy with fog satch'rations, just heavy enough for to press down the lever that starts the machinery a-going. Then, ding-dong, ding-dong, sounds the bell in the fog, savin' many a fisherman from wreck on this rock band coast."—*Exchange.*

#### A Persistent Hen.

Ever hear about our little red hen? Well, sir, she was on the set for keeps. Couldn't keep her off. Old doorknobs, soda bottles, lamp chimneys, match safes—anything was good enough for her. Finally I put her on three mud turtles, and I hope to die if she didn't hatch out alligators—yes, sir, three of 'em! One of 'em ate her up, and when we opened him there was the hen settin' on his back teeth, and they'd swelled up so they choked him to death.—*Exchange.*

#### Unreasonable.

"My husband is so very unreasonable." "Most husbands are. What did yours do?"

"He fixed a fishhook in one of his pockets because he pretended to suppose that I robbed him at night, and then he blamed me because he forgot it was there."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

#### Coarsely Defined.

"What is the distinguishing quality of the problem play?" "It makes you think. The first half keeps you wondering what the question is, and the second half keeps you guessing what's the answer."—*Washington Star.*

#### The Mean Thing!

Mrs. Oldham—Why are you so down on that lively Mr. Bachelor? Mrs. Youngling—Oh, he snubbed our precious Alfred! He said he thought baby might some day become vice president.—*Exchange.*

In order to love mankind we must not expect too much of them.—*Helvetius.*

#### Single Men Won.

As advertised and proclaimed from the housetops, the ball game happened last Sunday afternoon. The day was ideal as the weather furnished a variegated program during the performance which aided materially in keeping up excitement with the spectators.

Well, it happened just like this: the lads handed the fathers (?) a bunch which the old fellows were unable to back up.

Crawford's Colts were the first up and Behren's slapped the sphere for a two bagger, that is by running in an air line from home to second, and by a fumble by Papa Patterson and a safe bagger by Webb, "Blondy" paced the score in one flat. The next few innings were mainly a pitcher's battle until the first half of the fifth when the kidlets took a streak with the slab and succeeded in placing three more counts to their credit. The fathers had three scores to their credit, but up to the last half of the fifth, Grandpa Spencer, Sire Wiley and Papa Patterson had never declared their intention to do anything to show the lads that they were in the game, and at this time Sire Wiley announced to Kid Rhea that when he and Spencer got through battling it would be necessary to lay in a new supply of balls, as the present stock would take an air passage for Irigou. True to this declaration, Wiley came to bat, struck hard and missed, then waited for Rhea to toss up a slow one and this he flailed out to Crawford who swallowed it like a toad does a fly. It was now time for the prima donna to appear on the stage in his beautiful blue duck over white cheese cloth. Cheer upon cheer went up from the tumult as the pioneer grabbed the hickory and proceeded to the bar to reckon with the youngsters who so unmercifully dealt with the orator of their gang.

Yes, Bill did something. He did just as Wiley did and then it was up to Slim Neel to bring in Swaggart and tie the game, but Jeff had a hole in his bat which left the score 4 to 3 in favor of the single men.

Married men—Hornish c. Eaton p, Neel 1b, Ward 2b, W. Swaggart 3b, Hyland ss, Spencer lf, L. Morgan and El Patterson cf, Wiley rf. Single men—Behrens c, Carl Rhea p, Webb 1st b, Dick Wells 2b, Bub Clark 3b, Rierson ss, G. Crawford lf, Bill Morgan cf and Duncan rf.

#### A Simple Trick.

It's an easy matter to keep your joints and muscles supple—no matter what your age may be or how you have suffered with rheumatism. Rub yourself night and morning with Ballard's Snow Liniment. Cures rheumatism, stiffness, cramps, crick in the back, side, neck or limbs, and relieves all aches and pains. Sold by Patterson & Son.

Always reliable—The Weekly Oregonian Weekly Oregonian—Heppner Gazette.

Mrs. W. Jones praised the grocer for selling her Folger's Golden Gate Coffee which he ground for her.

For sale—Range, sewing machine, couch and other household articles. Inquire of Mrs. R. P. Hyland.

#### Attention Horseowners.

I have again obtained the services of El Burgess as my horseboer, and he needs no further introduction to the horse owners of Morrow county.

My shop is equipped with the most up to date machinery in Morrow county and I carry a full stock of hard wood and iron, and am prepared to do all kinds of work on shortest notice. Tires set cold or hot.

W. P. SCRIVENER  
HEPPNER, OREGON.

#### Cord Wood for Sale.

After May 1, for the benefit of Eight Mile people, I will have 150 cords of wood for sale at \$5 per cord at the E. L. Kirk place on Rhea creek.

E. L. KIRK.

#### Full Blood O. I. C. Hogs.

Six full blood O. I. C. pigs, 1 male, 5 sows, sire Thos. Roosevelt, 11702, Dam of the sire of these pigs, Martha Washington, 11703, both premium hogs. Sire of Dam of these pigs, Silver Bill, 13194 Dam of mother of these pigs, Missoula, 11794. These thoroughbred pigs will be sold in pairs for \$18 or single \$10, also 12 head sired by same boar and full blood Chester White sows, will sell for \$10 a pair. Also seven head Black Poland and O. I. C. cross. Ready for delivery in four weeks.

H. W. FELL, Heppner.

#### Hogs for Sale.

Forty head of good shoats for sale, if taken soon, three miles south of Lexington.

J. H. HELMS.

#### J. MAN FOO

Chinese Root and Herb Doctor.

He is an experienced compounder of Chinese Medicine. He treats successfully all private, nervous and chronic diseases, also blood, stomach, heart, lung, liver, kidney, female weakness, catarrh and all diseases of the body by the use of roots and herbs, especially prepared for each case. If you can call at his office, write for home treatment. Consultation free. J. Man Foo successor to Hong Wo Tong Chinese Medicine Co., 117 W. Second St., Albany, Oregon.

Plain sewing and gentleman's washing. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sewing—Sheets, 10c and up; pillow cases 10c and up; Aprons same; Skirts \$1.50 and up.

Mrs. JOE KLEIN.

#### Pacific Lodging House

C. N. SHINN, Prop.  
Good clean rooms,  
none better in town.

Come and Stop With Us  
MAIN STREET HEPPNER, ORE.

#### FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

for children; safe, sure. No opiates

Everybody wants to know what The Oregonian has to say.

## ORPHEUM

### Change of Program Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays

### Orchestra Music Saturday Evenings

#### MONEY FOR OUR HOME PEOPLE

We believe that the people who deposit their money at home should have the benefit of it. We believe in taking care of home interests always.

The farmer who has necessities to buy for the winter and wishes to hold his crop for better prices should be taken care of by his home bank. The merchant who wants money to take advantage of low prices should be able to enlist his home bank in his enterprise. The man who desires to purchase a home, a farm to advance his business interests should feel free to call upon his home bank for whatever help he wants.

This bank adheres strictly to the above principles. The money deposited with us by the people will be employed to supply home demand.

We do not believe in buying foreign paper and then be compelled to refuse our home people when they require a loan. Our policy is to be able at all times to give the people such service as satisfies their demands.

Give your business to your home bank. Your home bank will do many favors for you, your friend and neighbors.

### First National Bank of Heppner Oldest Bank in Morrow county

#### Imperial Hotel

Portland, Oregon  
Modern six story,  
fire proof building.

#### European Plan

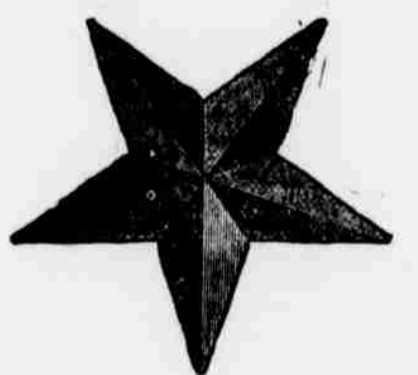
Rates \$1.00  
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PHIL METSCHAN, Manager.  
PHIL METSCHAN, Jr., Asst. Manager.

#### FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

stops the cough and heals lungs

#### STAR HOTEL



#### JEFF NEEL, Proprietor

Everything neat and clean at popular prices.  
Corner Chase and May Sts., Heppner

#### W. O. W.

Heppner Camp No. 60, meets 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month. Visiting members cordially invited.

L. W. BRIGGS, C. C.

J. L. YEAGER, Clerk.

#### Knights of Pythias.

Doric Lodge No. 20, K. of P.—Meets every Tuesday evening. Visiting members invited.

VAWTER CRAWFORD, C. C.  
GARFIELD CRAWFORD, K. of B. & S.

Call at the Gazette office and learn of our clubbing offer with the Weekly Oregonian.