

Theo. Anderson, of Gooseberry, was in the city Saturday.

Nat Webb and wife were registered at the Palace, Monday.

A. W. Goodman came up from Hood River Monday evening.

A new floor has been put in the bridge across Willow creek at the foot of Main street. The structure is now in good repair.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Youel, of Union, Oregon, and Wm. H. Phelps, of Portland, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Phelps.

Recorder J. P. Williams left Saturday for Ditch creek to spend a couple of weeks in the mountains. This is his first outing in several years.

Governor Carpenter, formerly of this city, killed a large mountain lion in the Blue mountains between the forks of Willow creek and the Herron saw mill one day last week.

Excavation is now under way for a place to dump city garbage on the city lot on lower Main street. It will be only for temporary use until a proper place can be obtained.

Superintendent Notson denies that he ran a lemonade and peanut stand at Eight Mile on the 3d of July, the lone Proclaimer correspondent to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Notson says the only part he took in the celebration was that of orator of the day.

County Commissioner W. T. Campbell and wife returned home Monday from La Grande where they attended the funeral of their relatives, three children having been burned to death in a fire which consumed the home and badly burned the father and mother.

In speaking of the visit of the Condon baseball team to Heppner the Condon Times says: Our boys are loud in their praise of the Heppner people and say nothing could exceed their kindness and hospitality. They also wish to thank Mr. W. W. Smead, who had charge of the financial end of the proceedings for his promptness and fair dealing in regard to money matters.

The latest reports from the battlefield at Ione are to the effect that W. H. Escue, the old man who received an accidental shot through the lung, is sitting up in bed and Dr. Chick thinks he will make a live of it. The wounds of all the others are about healed by this time. Earhart, whose wound is healing rapidly, has not asked for a hearing, and will doubtless be kept in the county jail until the next grand jury meets.

Services at the Methodist Church.

Sunday, July 18. The Rev. J. E. Youel, pastor of the Presbyterian church, Union, Oregon, will preach at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. During July and August all services held at the church will meet in the basement.

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

Pneumonia Follows La Grippe.
Pneumonia often follows la grippe but never follows the use of Foley's Honey and Tar, for la grippe coughs and deep seated colds. Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. Sold by Slocum Drug Co.

The greatest gasoline pumping engine you ever saw at Gilliam & Bisbee's.

Dr. Winnard has taken a special course in the treatment of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Plain family work 75c per dozen at the Heppner steam laundry.

Worn Out.
That's the way you feel about the lungs when you have a hacking cough. Its foolishness to let it go on and trust to luck to get over it, when Ballard's Horehound Syrup will stop the cough and beat the lungs.
Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Patterson & Son.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Mr. Vail returned from Portland, yesterday evening.

Everything is done on the Crooked river project but the work, says the Prineville Review. Same with the Deschutes Railroad.

Net profits of alfalfa in Josephine county run all the way from \$35 to \$75 an acre, while if raised for the seed it will pay from \$75 to \$100 an acre, says the Outlook.

Roy Ashbaugh, of Eight Mile, while attempting to pull a nail from a board last Sunday, received a bad cut in the eye. The hammer slipped from the nail head and a piece of the metal from the nail struck the young man in the eye making a painful wound. He came to town Monday and the injured optic was dressed by Dr. Kistner.

Thomas Matlock informs the Gazette that his daughter Juanita, who has been attending school at St. Helen's Hall in Portland, in the final examination at the close of school, passed with high honors. The young lady was awarded the silver cross which is the highest honor to be bestowed by this well known institution of learning.

The Condon people who attended the Heppner celebration returned Monday and expressed themselves as being more than pleased with the royal welcome tendered them by the citizens of the Willow creek town. An excellent program had been arranged by the celebration committee and was carried out without a single hitch. Next time Heppner celebrates there will be no trouble in selling tickets enough to make up an excursion.—Condon Globe.

Thos. Brennan and a Gazette representative enjoyed a day's fishing last Sunday at the McCullough Bros.' big ranch up on Willow creek. From Heppner up Willow creek for the 10 miles traversed, almost one continuous hay field greets the eye. The first cutting of alfalfa is being stacked and the second crop is coming on with a good growth. The water in Willow creek is low, however, the fishing was good and 118 fine trout was the result of the day's sport.

Mrs. Frank Hall was seriously hurt last Sunday evening while out driving with her husband near town on the Hinton creek road. While driving along the road a stranger came up behind the buggy at break neck speed and almost ran into the rig. At the top of the horse's speed the man an horseback turned out of the road running close to the horse which Mr. Hall was driving. This frightened Mr. Hall's horse and the animal in making a quick jump broke a tug, the shafts of the vehicle coming down at the same time. This overturned the buggy, throwing the occupants out. Mrs. Hall was badly bruised and was rendered unconscious for several hours. The man who caused the accident never stopped even to look back in his wild ride, appearing to be either drunk or crazy.

Christian Church.

Sunday school 9:45, Vawter Crawford, superintendent. Sermon and communion 11 a. m. Sermon by Pastor J. Perry Conder. Subject: "Blessings guaranteed to the members of the New Testament Church." There will be no Christian Endeavor or evening services at the church, but the congregation will unite in a union service at the Y. M. C. A. hall.

Foley's Orino Laxative cures constipation and liver trouble and makes the bowels healthy and regular. Orino is superior to pills and tablets as it does not grip or cause nausea. Slocum Drug Co.

The editorial page of the Weekly Oregonian gives a broad treatment to a wide range of subjects.

C. R. Klinger, the jeweler, 1060 Virginia Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "I was so weak from a kidney trouble that I could hardly walk a hundred feet. Four bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy cleared my complexion, cured my backache and the irregularities disappeared, and I can now attend to business every day, and recommend Foley's Kidney Remedy to all sufferers, as it cured me after the doctors and other remedies had failed." Slocum Drug Co.

How Modern Artists Make a New Painting an Antique.

Europe is full of artists who, as far as line and color go, can turn admirable copies of anything. These copies are made on old canvases mounted on a framework of old wood, and when the paint is dry the picture is put through an ingenious aging process. A certain kind of varnish gives a ripe golden tone, and deepening of shadows, with a suggestion of the soil of centuries, is had by the smearing of licorice juice. As for the cracked paint surface—sure sign of age—that is obtained by baking the picture carefully in an oven or by laying a plaque of metal on the canvas and striking it gently with a hammer. Worm holes in frame or panels are merely a matter of fine shot fired in and afterward picked out. And fly specks to deceive the flies themselves may be had by the judicious spatter of India ink.

No doubt to the sure connoisseur there is something hard and cold about the copies, something vaguely unsatisfying, but no one can deny that they are enormously like the originals—so much like them that the great museums of Europe, all unsuspecting, have hung their walls with these melior masterpieces of yesterday. It is said, for instance, that Rembrandt's portrait of Sobieski in the Louvre is not the original at all, but only a copy, the original being in Russia.—Cleveland Moffett in Success.

ANOTHER WORLD.

This Charming Bit of Philosophy Points the Road to It.

I live in two worlds—one in which I must consider the weather and clothes and meals and bills coming due and a host of duties and obligations, some of which weary me. It isn't really a bad world, and I haven't much ground to complain of it. It is comparatively a poor world, however, when set against that other world into which I retire with every opportunity—the glorious, free and perfect world of my imagination. The common world, the world of meals and clothes and weather, I share with everybody. No preference or special consideration is given to me. I often get a kick or a cuff that I despise, even though I know that I earned it. But the other world is all my own. I am its creator, king and master. Nothing happens in it that does not please me; nothing exists without my consent. It revolves around me. I am its sun and center; all else is subordinate. There is no order, system or law in it that gives me the slightest trouble, for I alter, change or abolish these at my pleasure. Of course I escape whenever I can from the common everyday world in which I am so insignificant into the world which is wholly my own.—Orlando Jay Smith.

The Journey.

A little work, a little sweating, a few brief, flying years; a little joy, a little fretting, some smiles and then some tears; a little resting in the shadow, a struggle to the height, a futile search for Eldorado—and then we say good night. Some mulling in the strife and clangor; some years in doubt and debt; some words we spoke in foolish anger that we would fain forget; some cheery words we said unthinking that made a sad heart light; the banquet, with its feast and drinking—and then we say good night. Some questioning of creeds and theories and judgment of the dead, while God, who never sleeps or wears, is watching overhead; some little laughing and some sighing; some sorrow, some delight; a little music for the dying—and then we say good night.—Walt Mason in Emporia Gazette.

Syringe Bearing Firemen.

A studious fireman looked up from his book. "In place of all these here electric engines, automatic chutes and so on," he said, "the only instrument they had to fight fire with in the seventeenth century was the syringe. Under the roof of every building that they thought worth saving—like cathedrals and such—there were big tanks to catch the rainwater, and beside each tank hung a syringe a yard long. Then when a fire came—squirrel, squirrel, they went with their syringes, and the building quickly burned down to the ground."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

One on the Court Jester.

Timon of Athens had just been married. As he waited down the aisle of the chapel with his bride the court jester cried: "Wait, Timon. I would have a word with you." The misanthrope turned. Here was the one chance of his life for a quip. "Timon tied waits for no man," he said. "There, now; I'm square with you." And he drifted out the portal.—Exchange.

Maybe.

"Young man," said Mr. Bluffkins, "when I was your age I always stood at the head of my class." "Well," answered the fearfully precocious boy, "maybe teachers were easier to fool then than they are now."—Exchange.

Discourteous.

"What do you think?" exclaimed the theatrical star proudly. "They are going to name a new cigar after me!" "Well," rejoined the manager, "here's hoping it will draw better than you do."—Exchange.

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.

Individuality is Simply Expression of Good Taste

Eccentricity, though, is likely to lead to bad



taste. This season there are so many radical styles in young men's clothes that it takes a very well balanced judgment to avoid the mistake of over dressing. The label in

SINCERITY CLOTHES

is your best safeguard. It stands for correctness and it also pledges correction if you find a flaw in

the making or the service of any garment upon which it appears.

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