

THE MESCAL BUTTON.

Its Widespread Use as a Narcotic Among the Indians.

Mescal as a narcotic is used to an extent that is becoming alarming among the American Indians.

Mescal is the product of a cactus which has long been used among the Mexicans as an intoxicant under the name of peote. The Indians use the mescal button—a kind of bean, very bitter, which is sometimes chewed and sometimes brewed in a kind of tea. It produces hallucinations of such a character as to place the plant in the same rank with hashish, opium and other drugs which have produced for men the joys of an artificial paradise.

The Kiowa Indians are said to have used the mescal button from time immemorial in religious ceremonies. Gradually the practice has spread northward. The Poncas and some of their neighbors in Indian Territory and Oklahoma took it up. Thence it extended to the Omahas and Winnebagos, and now the practice is acquiring a foothold among the Sioux.

The tribes which have longest used it have sent missionaries to introduce their wonderful new medicine among other tribes, and wherever it becomes known its allurements prove irresistible. Clubs are formed for social indulgence in this narcotic. In some cases the students returned from eastern and other boarding schools have become members and promoters of these clubs.

The meetings are usually held in the afternoon. After the mysterious ceremonies to acknowledgment of the secret power of the strange divinity have taken place the buttons are passed around for chewing, four or five to each member, and the tea is brewed and drunk. Only the novice experiences any unpleasant sensation, and this soon passes off. There ensues only a blissful feeling of lassitude, accompanied by a delicious sense of happiness and peace.

One other effect of this remarkable drug may be noted in this brief summary. The mescal takes away all desire for alcoholic drink.—Hampton Institute Southern Workman.

Missouri's Forests.

Nature has bestowed upon the 70,000 square miles of Missouri rich and varied gifts, and they will not diminish if they are handled on the right economic system. On the other hand, they will certainly be destroyed if not protected by forethought and wise methods. When forests are slashed off wastefully something more than timber is wiped out. Floods are increased, and the climate itself is affected. A farmer whose soil washes away loses his working basis. Every desert place in the paths of civilization tells its story of a wanton waste of the forests. The mischief may be quickly done. Only ten years ago the wooded area in Missouri was estimated at 41,000 square miles, or 60 per cent. Now the forest area is stated to be 27,000 square miles, or 39 per cent. The lumber production in Missouri during the last decade has averaged at least 600,000,000 feet a year. At this rate comparatively little would cease to be reckoned in a large way. Yet, properly conserved, it would last forever.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Bad For the Game.

Joe Ryan, the Chicago story teller, met a coal operator who told him a story of two dealers at a gambling house who were invited to go out and shoot ducks. They had never shot anything, these dealers, but craps and patrons, and they were nervous and not exactly up to what they were to do.

They went to a hunting hut in the Illinois river and were told they were to rise early in the morning and go out after the ducks. They were so excited they couldn't sleep, and about midnight one of them went out in front of the hut and saw a large number of wooden decoy ducks floating in the water. He rushed back, got his gun and began firing at the decoys.

His companion, startled by the sound, came out and took one look. Then he screamed: "Stop it! Stop it, you lunatic! You're shooting the boosters!"—Saturday Evening Post.

The President's Offices.

The wing of the White House, built in 1903 for the offices of the president, has proved to be too small, although it contains much more room than was available when the executive business was done in the main building. Congress has appropriated money for doubling the size of the new wing, and work on it will begin soon. The addition will extend over the ground used by President Roosevelt as a tennis court. The plans provide for a large oval room for the president overlooking the Potomac, flanked on the right by his secretary's office and on the left by a new cabinet room. An enlarged waiting room for the public and a special waiting room for members of congress will occupy part of the space vacated in the original building, and the president, separated from the public by a hall, will be able to do his work in greater privacy.—Youth's Companion.

The Cholera in Russia.

Cable messages from St. Petersburg telling of the spread of cholera are borne out by letters from Russian correspondents of the London papers. One writer says: "The habitual dirt and particularly the sullen indifference of the inhabitants of the outlying and Neva districts, however, make the situation desperate. Though the canals are infected with cholera bacilli, they drink unboiled water and refuse to employ disinfectants. They consider that the disease is heaven sent. Until the water is purified cholera will continue."

IN A BARBER SHOP.

What Happened When Shabby Lost His Patience.

The barber had performed the operation with skill and dexterity, and as he was about to drop the foot rest and bolt Shabby upright he happened to think of his stereotyped list of questions and began:

"Face massage, sir?"
"No, not today."
"Hair singed?"
"No."
"Shampoo?"
"No."
"Electric scalp treatment?"
"No."
"Dipp's dandruff cure? Beg pardon, sir, but you need it."
"No, not today."
"Faker's skin food?"
"No."
"Manicure or shoe shine?" (Silence.)
"Hair and mustache dyed?"

By this time Shabby had lost all patience, and, whirling on the innocent talking machine, he shouted: "No, no, no! I don't want any of the things you rattled off, nor do I want a Turkish bath or to be measured for a suit. I don't want my teeth filed nor a third leg grafted on. I don't want to be fitted to spectacles nor take a chance in a lottery. I came in to get a shave, and I asked for a shave. If I had wanted a glass eye put in I would have asked you. S-h-a-v-e, that's what I wanted. Now proceed with the comb and brush finale!"—Boston Globe.

His Greatest Happiness.

Four-year-old Lee's elder brother was just convalescing from an attack of typhoid fever, and the fact that all solid food had been forbidden—not even much liquid could be given—had made a very strong impression on Lee's mind. The little fellow and his mother were invited out to dinner with a friend. Shortly after our arrival there the friend said: "Well, Lee, we haven't any playthings for little boys. What shall we do to amuse you?" And Lee replied, "Just let me eat."—Delineator.

Nothing New.

Pompous Briton—Haw! You blooming Americans don't have the "master of the bounds," as we do over in England.

Bluff Individual—What are you giving us, beau? Why, I was master of the bounds in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show for ten years.—Boston Transcript.

In Paris.

Mrs. Jonah Q. Perks (on her first visit to Paris, addressing Maitre d'Hotel)—Say—er—Gassong, oo ay le dining room?

Maitre d'Hotel—First floor on the right, madam.

Mrs. J. Q. P. (with relief)—Oh! You speak English?—Punch.

The Constant Kicker.

"Not so many years ago people would have laughed at a man who proposed to do business by talking through a telephone."

"Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "Once they would have laughed. Now they feel sorry for him."—Washington Star.

His Long Standing.

"Ah," said the doctor, "nervous dyspepsia! Is it a case of long standing?"

"Yes," replied the patient. "That may have something to do with it."
"What do you mean?"
"Long standing. I'm a motorman."—Catholic Standard and Times.

An Exception.

"Always say what you believe."
"No—please don't."
"Why not?"
"I expect you to believe that your baby is the cleverest one in the world, but I wish you wouldn't talk about it."—Cleveland Leader.

Those Villas.

Stubb—Looks pretty barren around here.

Penn—And yet the agent advertised it as the "land of plenty."
Stubb—H'm! He must have meant plenty of mosquitoes.—Chicago News.



The Slugger—An' see here; you don't want to be goin' around braggin' dat it was me wot soaked you, see!

Elevator Etiquette.
"Do you think a man ought to take off his hat in an elevator when there are ladies present?"
"Not if he is prematurely bald and the ladies are young."—Houston Post.

Entirely Different.
"What! Spend \$100 on a bathing suit?"
"Now, hubby, this isn't a bathing suit. This is a beach costume."—Kansas City Journal.

THE HORSE.

He Is So Stupid That He Can Be Taught Any Habit.

There have been on exhibition at various times horses that are apparently prodigies of mathematical insight—that can do anything with numbers that the trainer can do. Yet we absolutely know that no animal can so much as count at all. Furthermore, it is always the horse that performs these marvels, though the horse is the most utterly stupid of all the dumb creatures that man has made his friends.

That is precisely why the horse is always taken to be made into an arithmetician. He is so stupid that he can be taught anything—any habit, that is—and, having no mind to be taken up with his own affairs, can be relied on to do exactly as he is told.

All these arithmetical fakes, whatever their details, are worked in essentially the same way. The horse is taught, by endless repetitions, some mechanical habit. A given signal, and he begins to paw the floor. Another signal, and he stops. Press the proper button, and he takes a sponge and rubs it over a certain spot on a blackboard or picks up a card lying in a certain position. That is all he does. The meaning of the act exists for the spectator only. The pawings count the answer to a problem in addition, the card bears the reply to a question, but the horse does not know it. He merely follows a blind habit, just as he will stop when you say "Whoa!" though you interpolate the word into your recitation of the Declaration of Independence.—McClure's Magazine.

IT CAME TRUE.

The Large Party and the Calamity That Followed.

"You can't make me believe," Uncle Abner Jarvis was saying, "that there isn't something in fortune telling."

His auditors were grouped round the stove in the corner grocery store. "Ever have any experience with it?" asked one of them.

"That's what I was going to tell you," resumed Uncle Abner. "Once when I was at the county fair I saw a little tent with a sign on the outside of it that said 'Mme. Somebody-or-other would tell your fortune for 25 cents. I stepped inside just for fun."

"A woman with a thick veil over her face was sitting in a chair on a raised platform. I gave her a quarter, and she looked at my hand. One of the things she told me was that I was going to have a large party at my house in less than a month and that it would be followed by a calamity."

"I laughed at that. Thinks I to myself, 'We hadn't had any parties of any kind to our house for two years, and I don't reckon we'll have one quite as soon as that.'"

"But it did come true. In about two weeks my wife's Aunt Jane came to visit us, and if you think she ain't a large party you ought to see her. She weighs 287 pounds."

"But how about the calamity?" inquired the man who was sitting on the nail keg after a long pause.

"Well," said Uncle Abner slowly, "she broke down our spare bed the first night she slept in it."—Youth's Companion.

Had Forty Homes.

Vollon, the painter, was a unique personage even among the odd characters of Paris. While he was essentially a bohemian, there were times when even his patience was taxed to the utmost, and to obviate the necessity of meeting unwelcome people he conceived the idea of multiplying his lodging places. At the time of his death he owned no less than forty homes, all in apartment houses, situated in all the out of the way corners of Paris, plainly furnished and with just enough accommodation for himself. He changed from one to the other all the time in order to escape importunate acquaintances and to take refuge from his friends. It was in order to throw them all off the scent that he engaged rooms all over the city. He finally died in the Rue de Dunkerque, where he had as many as three different apartments, all within a stone's throw of one another.

The Stone Houses of Easter Island. The remarkable stone houses of Easter Island are built against a terrace of earth or rock, which in some cases forms the back wall of the dwelling. They are built of small slabs of stratified basaltic rock piled together without cement. No regularity of plan is shown in the construction of a majority of them. The average measurement is as follows: Height from floor to ceiling, 4 feet 6 inches; thickness of walls, 4 feet to 10 inches; width of rooms, 4 feet 6 inches; length of rooms, 12 feet 9 inches; average size of doorways—height, 20 inches; width, 19 inches.

Skeptical.

"I kind of agree with the folks who say that story about George Washington and the cherry tree is a myth," said Farmer Comtossel after a thoughtful silence.

"For what reason?" inquired his wife.

"Well, human nature is purty much the same in all generations, and if I had a boy who picked up an ax and voluntarily went out to chop wood I wouldn't chide him. I'd hand him a medal."—Washington Star.

Practical.

"I send you 10,000 kisses," he wrote. "Bah!" she exclaimed, tossing his letter aside. "Why doesn't he come and look over his terminal facilities in person?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A stout heart may be ruined in fortune, but not in spirit.—Victor Hugo.

What Forty Poles Make.

A good story is told about a certain professor whose business it was to lecture to a number of students on surveying. During one of the lectures the professor said that in his opinion the pole was of little or no value. To the astonishment of those present a Polish gentleman arose and after accusing the professor of insulting his countrymen demanded an apology.

The professor thereupon explained that the pole to which he referred was merely a term of measurement. The Polish gentleman, seeing his mistake, asked the professor to forgive his apparent rudeness. To this the professor smartly replied:

"You could not be rude, sir, even if you tried, for it takes forty poles to make one rood!"—London Mail.

The Amazon River.

Although not the largest or longest river, the Amazon is the most wonderful river in the world, with a mouth 150 miles in width and with a force of water that repels or at least over-comes the ocean to a distance of more than fifty leagues. Yet in spite of the weight of the river the tide makes its influence felt for 500 miles from the coast. The easterly trade winds blow almost invariably upward, so as to be ready to help the vessel against the adverse currents.

In Disguise.

"Do you mean to say that you flirted with your wife all the evening at the masked ball and didn't know her?"
"That's right. But she was so deuced agreeable how was I to know her?"—Exchange.

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BOX 19 PORTLAND, OREGON

Notice For Publication.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Eugene, Oregon,
October 11, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Artimus Brown of Heppner, Oregon, who, on July 11th, 1901, made homestead entry No. 13096, serial No. 07057, for 8 1/4 NE 1/4, N 1/2 SE 1/4, section 18, township 5 S. Range 27 E. W. M., 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 his office in Heppner, Oregon, on the 6th day of December, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Charles Ridgeway, Enoch Cave, John F. Ridgeway and Walter Davis, all of Heppner, Oregon.
Oct 14 Nov 18 F. C. BEAMWELL, Register.

Knight's of Pythias.

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