

ELECTRIC RAYS OF MONEY SAVING ALWAYS SHINE AT OUR STORE

Ladies Suits, Coats,
Housedresses, Mus-
linwear and waists
REDUCTIONS
CONTINUED

Our ANNUAL SPRING SALE Continued

Giving Immense Money Savings in the Ready
to-wear Departments

Every article men-
tioned below ex-
actly as represent-
ed and you'll find
the prices and
every line of this
advertisement
breathe of values
rich and rare in
seasonable and
wanted goods.

WOMEN NEEDING SUITS AND DRESSES will be amazed at the extreme low price garments for the next few days. Our summer dresses are neat and practical, easy to slip on. All in one piece. No separate belt or collar to fuss or bother. Each laundrying brings them back crisp and fresher.

We Root the Nose of Prices Deep into the Dust but Quality holds its Head with Dignity as High as Ever

Sale
Ends

Saturday, June 18, 1910, Closing Day

Sale
Ends

NEW "EAGLE" SHIRTS—The man going away on his vacation or the less fortunate man who must stay at his work will be more comfortable and better dressed if he wears shirts of the new and tasty negligee patterns. Watch our windows next week and notice the beautiful shades and snappy patterns.

Marquardsen's Department Store

The Heppner Gazette

Established March 30, 1883.

ISSUED THURSDAY MORNING.

Fred Warnock

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

THURSDAY.....June 16, 1910

A CUNNING WEASEL.

The Trick by Which He Trapped His Big Rat Antagonist.

Once a sawmill in a western town was infested with rats, which, being unmolested, became very numerous and bold and played round the mill among the men while they worked during the day. But one day there appeared on the scene a weasel, which immediately declared war on the rodents.

One by one the rats fell victims to the weasel's superior strength, until only one very large, pugnacious rat was left of the once numerous colony. The weasel had a go at the big rat several times, but on each occasion the rodent proved more than a match for his slender antagonist and chased the weasel to a hiding place.

Shortly thereafter the weasel was seen busily digging under a lumber pile near the mill. He was engaged for some time, but later appeared again in the mill, seeking his old enemy. He soon found him and at once renewed hostilities. As usual, after a lively tussle the rat got the better of the argument, and the weasel ran, pursued closely by the rat, straight to the hole under the lumber pile.

He ran in, still followed by the rat, but immediately reappeared round the end of the pile and, again dodged into the hole behind the rat. Neither was seen again for some time, but the weasel finally reappeared, looking no worse for the fight.

The curiosity of the men in the mill being aroused, they proceeded to investigate the hole under the lumber pile. They found that the weasel had dug the hole sufficiently large at the opening to admit the rat, but had gradually tapered it as he proceeded until at the other end it barely allowed his own slender body to pass.

When the rat chased him into the large end of this underground tunnel he quickly slipped through, and while the rat was trying to squeeze his large body into the smaller part of the hole the weasel dodged in behind him, caught him in the rear and in a place where he could not turn round and finished him at his leisure.—Harper's Weekly.

POISON IN FLOWERS.

Wainty and Beautiful Blossoms in Which Lurks Death.

When the good friar in "Romeo and Juliet" reflected upon the properties of the simple flower, "within whose infant rind poison hath residence and medicine power," his observation embraced a goodly category of well known flowers whose secretions well nigh the world with so many poisons.

For instance, the laburnum, which has been compared to a fountain of gold leaping into the sun—a most charming sight—is one of the most poisonous things imaginable, inasmuch as it is poison in leaf and flower and seed. Even the grass growing beneath it is poisonous by reason of its proximity to the innocent looking blossoms overhead, and it has been found necessary to guard against cattle eating this grass for fear of fatal results.

The bulbs of such dainty and beautiful flowers as the narcissus, hyacinth, jonquil and snowdrop secrete the most deadly poisons, not to speak of the exalts, the monkshood and the foxglove, all of which furnish noxious beguilers sufficient to destroy life.

To these may be added certain of the crocuses, the lovely lady's slipper,

the quaint old jack-in-the-pulpit and the laughing little buttercup. The latter, despite its most innocent appearance, is one of the worst of the poisonous flowers. Even the cow is aware of that and carefully avoids it. The cousins of the buttercups, the peonies, the larkspurs and the rest, all contain toxic fluids.

Another source of deadly poison is the oleander tree, while the bark of the superb catalpa tree contains many deadly doses.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Unfamiliar Alias.

There may be nothing in a name, but the American traveler of whom the Living Church tells found at least confusion therein. He had landed at Liverpool and hastened out of the city to a rural village, where he found a charmingly old fashioned inn which delighted his soul. It was late when he arrived, and when he asked what he could have for supper the buxom landlady suggested minced collops. He agreed with enthusiasm, the dish sounded so romantic, so Robin Hoodish, so almost medieval. And what do you suppose they brought him? Just plain hash!

Bread in Sweden.

In Sweden the bread of the people is for the most part hard, thin as a dinner plate and about the size of one. It is baked without yeast, and the water is practically all extracted in the process of baking; hence, relatively per pound of bread, its cost is much higher than in the common forms of bread as we know them, containing one-half their weight in water that has cost nothing. Loaf bread and rolls in Sweden are a luxury.

Making Time Profitable.

"See here," cried the busy merchant, "don't you know my time is valuable?"
"Well," replied the book agent, "I'm sure it might be valuable to me. If you'll give me five minutes of it I believe I can sell you a set of these books."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Finding Issues.

"We've got to buy a paper if we wish to go in politics."
"Sure. Then we'll have a lot of issues to offer the people."—St. Louis Star.

BROWN'S PARTNER.

The All Around Genius That Would Just Fill the Bill.

The following is quoted from the American Magazine and is signed by H. Lee:

"Here's the whole thing in a nutshell," said Brown to me. "I am now twenty-eight years old, have my own business and have brought it to such a state that I have decided to take a partner."

"Take one," answered I.
"There's the rub," he gave back. "My partner must be such an all around knowing one that I'm afraid I'll have hard work to fill the position."

"My partner must be able to make laws and to enforce them, must be able to carry out complicated chemical work, must be a skilled mechanic, must know something of economics, must be able to buy wares of all kinds with due consideration of my finances and must be able to do tailoring of a kind if necessary."

"Hold on, Brown," said I. "Are you dippy, as the vulgarians say?"

"No," replied he. "I want a wife. Look around among your friends and see if any one man among them could do all that a good housewife should be able to do. She must make just laws for the family and enforce them. She must understand the complicated processes of cooking. Making, mending, washing, ironing and otherwise caring for the clothing of a family require mechanical skill. Bringing up a child properly requires far more knowledge and wisdom than selling dry goods of standard makes and

prices year after year. Where are more science and skill required than in the sickroom? And if the wife does not know how to do all of these things how can she direct the work of her paid help, especially if the help knows less than she does?"
"My dear boy," said I, "do the way 90 per cent of us do—marry and trust to luck."

SAVAGE ATHLETICS.

Canary Islanders Who Would Have Made Good Ball Players.

In this age of athletics one might think that no people ever showed so much interest in feats of muscular might and skill as those who have perfected football, but modern games, and even the games of the Greeks at Olympia, may have been more than matched by the sports of peoples now held in light esteem. We have the accounts of excellent authorities for the contention that the athletic training of Canary Islanders makes even the college giants of today seem weak and effeminate.

These islands came into subjection to Spain about the time Columbus discovered America. The conquest was due solely to the superiority of European weapons and not to better skill and prowess. Native soldiers were trained athletes developed under a system that held athletic sports to be an important business, like military drill.

Spanish chronicles have left accounts of sports of the Islanders. From babyhood they were trained to be brisk in self defense. As soon as they could toddle the children were pelted with mud balls that they might learn how to protect themselves. When they were boys stones and wooden darts were substituted for bits of clay.

In this rough school they acquired the rudiments of warfare which enabled them during their wars to catch in their hands the arrows shot from their enemies' crossbows.

After the conquest of the Canaries a native of the islands was seen at Seville who, for a silver piece, let a man throw at him as many stones as he pleased from a distance of eight paces. Without moving his left foot he avoided every stone.

Another native used to defy any one to hurl an orange at him with so great rapidity that he could not catch it. Three men tried this, each with a dozen oranges, and the islander caught every orange. As a further test he hit his antagonists with each of the oranges.—St. Louis Republic.

Stopping Hiccough.

Hiccough is a distressing and sometimes a dangerous complaint. Many times a swallow of water will stop it. If simple measures fail the following has been found very efficacious: The nerves that produce hiccough are near the surface of the neck. They may be reached and compressed by placing two fingers right in the center of the top of the breastbone between the two cords that run up either side of the neck and pressing inward, downward and outward. A few minutes' pressure of this kind will stop the most obstinate hiccough.—Dr. Charles S. Moody in Outlook.

A Gentleman and Boots.

The "first gentleman in Europe" got the very worst definition of a gentleman from his valet when driving down to Brighton. The prince regent was arguing about the gentleman and finally turned to his valet. And the valet replied that a gentleman was one who did not clean his own boots. It was a funny reply. One likes better the demand of the Duke of Wellington, "Give me men who can sleep in their boots."—London Graphic.

Snubbed.

Ham—Do you recognize the profession? Ticket Man—Yes, but if you'll stand out of the line quietly I won't give you away.—Cleveland Leader.

A Friendly Greeting.

"How did you enjoy your vacation?"
"Fine! It made a new man of me!"
"I congratulate your wife."—Exchange.

A BRAVE GIRL.

Her Terrible Experience While on a Smuggling Expedition.

This tale of heroism displayed by a young woman engaged in smuggling contraband goods over the Swiss-Italian border comes from Geneva: "Mlle. Poret, aged eighteen, and her brother, aged twenty-three, left Swiss territory to cross the Baldisco pass carrying contraband goods into Italy. On the summit they were overtaken by a violent snowstorm and were soon in deep snow. The Poretis roped themselves, the young man leading. They lost their way, and while attempting to find the path Poret fell through the snow into a crevasse into which he nearly dragged his sister. The girl, however, planted her ice ax in the snow and withstood the shock.

"Early the next morning several smugglers crossing the pass from Swiss territory into Italian found the young girl near the ordinary route taken by smugglers and recognized her at once, as she belonged to a smuggler's family and lived at Chiavenna. The smugglers at once drew up the brother, but found that he had died during the thirteen hours his sister had held him by the rope. He had received severe injuries in the head, and his body was frozen.

"The smugglers carried down the brave girl, who was almost unconscious, as well as the dead body of her brother, and notified the Poret family at Chiavenna. On reaching the valley the girl had recovered sufficiently from her terrible experience to explain that she and her brother had spoken for several hours after the accident and at last he had said that he felt nothing and wanted to sleep.

"A warm night followed the snowstorm, or two dead bodies would have been found. Under the great strain the rope had cut through the girl's clothes and her waist was bleeding when she was rescued."—Chicago News.

MISERY AIDING MISERY.

The Helping Hand Among the Beach Combbers of Marseilles.

Harry A. Franck in "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" writes of the trying times when he was a beach combber in Marseilles: "Long, hungry days passed, days in which I could scarcely withstand the temptation to carry my kodak to the mont de pieté (pawnshop) just off the sailors' square. Among the beach combbers there were daily some who gained a few francs by an odd job, by the sale of an extra garment or by 'grafting,' pure and simple. When his hand closed on a bit of money the stranded fellow may have been weak with fasting, yet this first thought was not to gorge himself, but to share his fortune with his companions under hatches. In those bleak November days many a man ranked a 'worthless outcast' by his more fortunate fellow beings toiled all day at the coal wharfs of Marseilles and tramped back, cold and hungry, to the Place Victor Gelu to divide his earnings with other famished miseries whom he had not known a week before.

"More than one man sold the only shirt he owned to feed a new arrival who was an absolute stranger to all. These men won no praise for their benefactions. They expected none and would have opened their eyes in wonder if they had been told that their actions were worthy of praise. The stranded hand grew to be a corporate body. By a job here and there I contributed my share to the common fund, and between us we fought off gaunt starvation.

"In a dirty alley just off the place was an inn kept by a Greek in which one could sleep on the floor at 3 sous or in a cot at 6, and every evening a band of ragged mortals might have been seen dividing the earnings of some of them into three sou lots as they made their way toward 'L'Auberge chez le Grec.'"

The Terrors of Frankness.

"There is no worse vice than frankness," said a playwright. "How should I feel, for example, if I asked you for your opinion of my plays and you answered me frankly, quite frankly? Why, I should feel like the poor lady at the bridge drive who said to her hostess' little daughter:

"Your eyes are such a heavenly blue. And what color are my eyes, darling?"
"The child's high treble traveled easily to the farthest corner of the quiet room as she replied, looking earnestly up into her questioner's face: "Dwab middles, yellow whites and wed wims?"—Exchange.

Ruskin and the Turners.

How closely famous pictures can be imitated by skillful artists was proved by an exhibition by Ruskin in 1875 of a series of facsimiles of Turner's pictures in the National gallery, London. The collection was accompanied by a characteristic note from Ruskin, in which he said: "I have given my best attention during upward of ten years to train a copyist to perfect fidelity in rendering the works of Turner and have now succeeded in enabling him to produce facsimiles so close as to look like replicas—facsimiles which I must sign with my own name to prevent their being sold for real Turners."

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon,
May 4th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Bert S. Clark, of Heppner, Oregon, who, on January 13th, 1905, made homestead, (Serial No. 06680), No. 14133, for NW 1/4 section 27, township 1 north, range 26 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. O. Hill, County Clerk, at his office at Heppner, Oregon, on the 21st day of June, 1910.

Claimant names as Witnesses:
Thomas E. McDowell, of Lexington, Oregon, J. R. Ashinhurst, Royal E. Tyler and C. J. White, all of Heppner, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.
May 12-June 16.

Kith and Kin.

"Very interesting conversation in here?" asked papa, suddenly thrusting his head through the conservatory window, where Ethel, Mr. Tomkins and little Eva sat very quietly.

"Yes, indeed," said Ethel, ready on the instant with a reply. "Mr. Tomkins and I were discussing our kith and kin, weren't we, Eva?"
"Yeth, you wath," replied little Eva. "Mr. Tomkins said, 'May I have a kith?' and Ethel said, 'You kin.'"—London Tit-Bits.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon,
May 23d, 1910.

Notice is hereby that Edward McDaniel of Hardman, Oregon, who, on August 5th, 1903, made homestead (serial No. 02966), No. 12861, for S 1/4 NE 1/4 and W 1/4 SE 1/4, section 2, township 6 S, range 25 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. O. Hill, County Clerk, at his office, at Heppner, Oregon, on the 6th day of July, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Alvin A. Steers, George McDonald, Charles Hastings and Robert Steers, all of Hardman, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.
June 2-July 7

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Morrow County, Oregon, administrator of the estate of Lucy E. Voos, deceased, and has qualified for said trust. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present same to me, duly verified with vouchers at the office of my attorney, Sam E. Van Vactor, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

WILLIAM M. VOOS.

Administrator of the estate of Lucy E. Voos, deceased.

Dated and first published this 21st day of April, A. D. 1910.

Apr 21-May 19

The First National Bank

HEPPNER, OREGON

Established in 1887

As the pioneer bank of Morrow County, we have been identified with the business interests of this section for a long period.

New business invited.

Careful attention given transactions by mail

OFFICERS

M. S. CORRIGALL, President.

J. B. NATTER, Vice-President

T. J. MAHONEY, Cashier

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