

A Score of New Styles of Lingerie Waists

They have fluttered in dainty as butter flies, full of the spring newness that women find so fascinating just now. Quite elaborate many of them with rich combinations of lace and insertions. These waists as they are the first of the season, are naturally built of the pick of the makers' materials and trimmings. Later on if we try to duplicate these styles the manufacturers will probably be out. He will have no more of a particular lace or nothing to quite match a certain material. These waists placed on sale are of the finest quality for medium priced waists and are easily worth the money we ask. Come in, look these values over and you will agree with us.

\$2.50 Lingerie Waist Specials \$1.48

Watch our windows and note the exceptional values we are giving you in waists at 1.48

Marquardsen's Department Store

Specials

Big Reductions

Some features make this event decidedly different from usual waist sales. For example, every waist is perfect as far as we know, the style being this spring's fashion, made up of clean and dainty lawns and linens. These waists are not seconds, or in other words having no flaw in the weave of the goods or in workmanship. This special sale on waists will be an orderly one; there will be no hunting through fumbled and tumbled stocks for your size, but expect to find unusual prices, that are not even attempted by any other store. Sizes 34 to 42.

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 23, 1910

A SNAKE STORY.

The Wonderful Old Time Serpent That Talked Like a Man.

In John Ashton's "Curious Creatures of Zoology", there is a quotation from "a little Latin book printed at Vienna in the year 1551" which tells a most wonderful story. Ashton quotes as follows: "There was found in a snore or rycke of corn almost as many snakes, adders and other serpents as there was sheaves, so as no one sheaf could be removed but there presently appeared a hoape of ugly and fierce serpentes. The countrie men determyed to set fire upon the barn and so attempted to do, but in vaine, for the straw would take no fire, although they laboured with all their witts and policye to burn them up."

"At last there appeared unto them at the top of the heap a huge great serpe, which lifted up his head and spake with a man's voyce to the countrie men, saying, 'Cease to prosecute your devyse, for you shall not be able to accomplish our burning, for wee were not bredde by nature, neither came we here of our owne accord, but were sent by God to take vengeance on the sinnes of men.'"

Ashton leaves us in the dark as to what the "countrie" men did, but it is natural to suppose that they surrendered at once.

THE DIVER'S DRESS.

Evolution of the Devices Used For Submarine Work.

Among pioneer inventors to whom the diving dress in its present perfected form owes so much was William Hanula Taylor. The previous bit or miss attempts were superseded by the Taylor patent of June 20, 1838, in which the essential feature was the valve allowing the emission of consumed air without an influx of water.

Previous to this time there had been the diving chest and the diving bell, of which the latter, introduced by Smeaton in 1778, was the safest and most practical device for submarine exploration. The diving bell has been developed alongside of the diving dress and is still in use.

The general appearance of Taylor's diving armor was like that of a knight's suit of mail, except for a prominent bulge in the body piece. A large pipe coming down from the surface and penetrating the body piece at the bulge supplied the fresh air, while a short pipe entered the body piece on the other side and was provided with a valve which carried off the exhaust. Although diving armor has now reached its perfected state, this valve has never been materially improved upon. —Scientific American.

A Mistaken Sign of Generosity.
The young son of a Germantown man who lives up to every cent of his income heard a compliment for his father the other day and passed it on, thinking to please the parental heart and win future favors perhaps from the parental purse.

"Heard something nice about you, dad," he announced over the dinner table.

"Ah, that's pleasant!" murmured father modestly.

"Heard you was awful good to mother," went on the boy.

"I hope I treat your mother as a man should treat the person he cares most for," responded father evenly.

"Heard you were so generous to her

that every one in town knew about it. Heard a man say every one was talking about it too. He said everything you had was in your wife's name."

The father's countenance underwent a sudden change. He sputtered for a moment painfully. Then he spoke.

"You go to bed!" said papa.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pays Him to Stay Home.

A west side matron proudly exhibited the lock of her front door to the afternoon caller. It was an intricate looking affair, resembling a gum machine more than it did a door latch. "You turn this," explained the woman, pointing to a tiny knob inside the door, "and you have fixed the bolt so it can't be shot back with the key. To release the tumblers you've got to drop a coin in the slot outside. The only piece of money that will fit is a five dollar gold piece. The idea is my own. A locksmith downtown worked out the mechanical part of it for me. Every night at 10:30 I adjust the coin attachment. If my husband is out after that hour it costs him \$5 to get in. He stays home evenings, as a rule."—New York Sun.

Money No Object.

"I don't care anything about it myself, for I'm no judge of such things," said Mr. Gaswell, "but my wife wants me to buy a rare old viola, and she says they come high. Got any?"

"We certainly have," responded the dealer. "Here's one in this showcase, genuine Stradivarius, that you can have for \$3,000."

"She said she thought they came higher than that. Haven't you some that are a little—er—straddyvariouser than this one?"—Chicago Tribune.

Another Simile.

"What did the sun look like to you when you were in the arctic regions?"

"Well," answered the explorer thoughtfully, "it resembled an elusive gold dollar much magnified."—Washington Star.

It Depends.

Teacher—Johnny, which is right—"a man lies easy" or "a man lies easily?"

Pupil—Who's the man?—Cleveland Leader.

Prosperity tries the fortunate, adversity the great.—Pliny.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR.

The Way It Sometimes Crops Out In Examination Papers.

"About the driest thing in the world is the reading of a lot of examination papers," said a young University of Pennsylvania English instructor recently. "But occasionally the monotony of an evening of such work is relieved by a bit of humor. Frequently students try to be funny, thinking, perhaps, that they will in this way get on the right side of the man who marks the papers, but such attempts are usually flat failures. It is the unconscious bits of humor that are the gems."

"A short time ago I gave as a subject for an essay to one of my freshman classes 'My Impressions of Pennsylvania.' One youth wrote his name at the top of his paper and then sat through the entire hour, gazing at the ceiling, apparently unable to get a start. Then at the end he handed in the blank piece of paper. As a piece of satire it would have been excellent, but I am sure he had no such intention. The blank paper merely represented his inability to get his impressions in writing and not the lack of impressions."

"A short time ago a history professor asked the question, 'What caused the French rebellion of 1830?' One of the replies was merely, 'Too much Bourbon.' If this answer had come from an ordinary student he would have given the writer credit for a witty answer, but it was written by a serious minded youth from the country, who, he was sure, was incapable of such an effort and probably did not even know there was a whiskey by that name. Truly the unconscious are the gems."—Philadelphia Record.

THE LOT OF HARDSHIP.

It Is Ever the School In Which Greatness Is Taught.

There is a purpose in circumstance. Nothing in our lives is for naught. All things which have been given us, even our chains, are meant for our making—meant for the working out of our goodly destiny. Bunyan in prison, apparently cursed by sunless hours of solitude and loneliness, was a greater Bunyan than if he had been free to roam afield. The walls which shut his body in could not confine his soul. It escaped them and went out into all the world to lift to higher levels the hope and vision of mankind. The log cabin in which Lincoln was born lent its ruggedness and simplicity to the man himself and has become a shrine which men approach with reverent feet as to some holy place which love and truth have glorified. The hard lot is ever the school in which greatness is taught, and the best scholars are those who perceive the purpose of difficulty and do not grow bitter as they grapple with it. The very genius of progressive living consists in a capacity to appreciate the day and what the day holds, to find in all seasons and events a divine conspiracy to refine the soul and make it a greater soul, to hail hardship with grim gladness and bless the hills which must be climbed, to look with kindly eyes upon every human thing, to accept with complacency the small circle of opportunity until it has been shown that we are worthy to move in a wider one. Along no other path may we come to our best and largest estate of being and serving.—Richard Wightman in Metropolitan Magazine.

It Cost Money to Be Smart.

A sprightly young matron hopped on a car at Eighth and Chestnut streets, handed a half dollar to the conductor and hurried to a seat without getting the change. The conductor, grinning broadly at the outcome which he expected, awaited developments. When the car reached Sixth street the woman turned to the conductor and remarked, "Did I get my change?"

The conductor laughingly handed her the change.

Then the scene changed.

"My good man," jolly spoke the young woman, "I gave you a dollar."

Protestations on the part of the conductor availed him nothing. He fished about his clothes and found another four bit piece and handed it up, with a sigh.

"The next time I try to be funny," said the conductor, "I hope some one catches me before it costs me so much money."—Philadelphia Times.

The Twist of Trees.

A singular uniformity has been observed in the twist of tree trunks. In 500 trees out of every 1,000 whose trunks show torsion the direction of the twist is from right to left. This accords with the direction of the revolution of cyclonic storms in the northern hemisphere and also with that of whirlpools, which the French savant Jean Brunhes says almost invariably turn from right to left. The question arises whether in the southern hemisphere the torsion of tree trunks has an opposite direction, like the cyclonic motions of the atmosphere in that half of the globe.—Harper's Weekly.

A Suitable Career.

"What kind of a career have you mapped out for your boy, Joshy?"

"I'm goin' to make a lawyer of him," answered Farmer Corufassel. "He's got an unconquerable fancy for tendin' to other folks' business, an' he might as well git paid for it."—House-keeper.

An Amiable Hint.

An old Scotchwoman when advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon replied, "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

Genius begins great works. Labor alone finishes them.—Jobert.

GLYCERIN.

In Many Ways It Is a Most Remarkable Substance.

One of the great advantages of glycerin in its chemical employment is the fact that it neither freezes nor evaporates under any ordinary temperature. No perceptible loss by evaporation has been detected at a temperature less than 200 degrees F., but if heated intensely it decomposes with a smell that few persons find themselves able to endure. It burns with a pale flame, similar to that from alcohol, if heated to about 300 degrees and then ignited. Its nonevaporative qualities make the compound of much use as a vehicle for holding pigments and colors, as in stamping and typewriter ribbons, carbon papers and the like.

If the pure glycerin be exposed for a long time to a freezing temperature it crystallizes with the appearance of sugar candy; but, these crystals being once melted, it is almost an impossibility to get them again into the congealed state. If a little water be added to the glycerin no crystallization will take place, though under a sufficient degree of cold the water will separate and form crystals, amid which the glycerin will remain in its natural state of fluidity. If suddenly subjected to intense cold, pure glycerin will form a gummy mass which cannot be entirely hardened or crystallized. Altogether it is quite a peculiar substance.

The Barbarous Sutee.

Sutee, or the practice of immolating widows on their husband's funeral pyres in India, was first attacked by the British government in 1829. It was on Dec. 4 of that year that Lord William Bentinck carried a resolution in council by which all who abetted sutee were declared guilty of "culpable homicide." In the year 1817 700 widows were burned alive in Bengal alone, but since the passing of the act the practice has entirely died out. Sutee was really a primitive rite, a survival from barbarous times, and not sanctioned by Hindooism, the passage in the Vedas supporting it being a willful mistranslation. But no previous governor had the courage to violate the British tradition of religious toleration. Lord William Bentinck also suppressed thuggism, which made strangling a religious rite to the goddess Kali.

An Ancient Tragedy.

A historical paper in Lord Montagu's collection in London tells of a strange tragedy "done in Holborn, a little before Christmas," several centuries ago: "A boy seven years old came up into a gentleman's chamber and prattled to him and drew his sword and flourished with it. The gentleman, being in bed, wondered to see the boy toss his blade so and said: 'So, good boy, thou hast done well. Put in the sword.' The boy persisting, the gentleman rose and held him the scabbard, and the rude handed lad, thinking to sheath the sword, hastily thrust it into his body. Company were called. One offered to strike the child. 'Let him alone,' quoth the gentleman. 'God is just. This boy's father did I kill five years since and none knew. Now he hath revenged it.' And the gentleman died the second dressing."

His Apology.

Mrs. Minks—I don't want to make a scene, but that man over there is staring at me very offensively. Mr. Minks—He is, eh? I'll speak to him. Mrs. Minks (a few moments later)—Did he apologize? Mr. Minks—Y-es. He said he was looking for his mother and thought at first that you were she.

In the Same Box.

Jack (entering office)—By George, the rain is coming down all right. I'm soaked. Tom—Where is your umbrella? Jack—It's—It's what I am.—Boston Transcript.

Pessimistic.

"What is an antiquarian, pa?"

"A man who, not satisfied with his present troubles, is looking for some in the past."—New York Press.

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. 06683), 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. McDondel, 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.

Personal.

The Pastor—It is very wrong, indeed, to profit by other people's mistakes. The Parishioner—Then you don't take a fee for marrying people, eh, parson? —Browning's Magazine.

Anticipating the Event.

"What was you askin' for the widder's bonnet, mum?"

"Well—er—I thought ninepence."

"E's very ill, mum. I think I'll risk it!"—London Tatler.

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. 02906) No. 12861, for S 1/2 NE 1/4 and W 1/2 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

CLYDE BROCK, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS—M. S. Corrigan, J. B. Natter, A.

L. Ayers, T. J. Mahoney.

State Depository