

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 30, 1910

The Seventh Gate

A Story of the Chinese Forbidden City.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Owen Ryder left the train at the terminus several miles outside the walls of Peking and covered the remaining distance toward the city gate on the back of a donkey.

As he approached the seventh gate he paused for an instant. He had come on a journey of thousands of miles to accomplish a mission, and now that the object of his search was almost within his grasp he hesitated.

Fear had no part in his hesitation. He was comparatively safe in the disguise afforded by his Chinese dress—as safe as any native Chinese who wished to gain admission to the Forbidden City.

Then, with quick indrawn breath, he moved into the deeper shadow of the gate. As his hands touched the bronze doors they swung softly inward and engulfed him.

A dark shadow loomed at his side and, without a sound, guided him close against the inner wall in a curving line. They came to an abrupt stop in a grove of trees whose tops rustled high over their heads. Before them were the dim outlines and bulky mass of some huge building.

At last a door closed softly behind them, the hands were removed from Ryder's lips and arm, and presently a light twinkled out of the gloom.

The American turned to look at his companion, who had withdrawn the cover from a small bronze lantern and stood revealed in its dim light.

Ryder stared and stared again at the tall, spare figure that confronted him. This was no Chinese—this man with deep sunken blue eyes and wisps of fair hair sticking out from under the one bound about his forehead. Owen Ryder's wondering gaze traveled over the yellowed skin drawn tightly over the protruding cheek bones, down to the handsome nose and bitter, curling lips, down to the common blue cotton Chinese dress and then up again with puzzled eyes to study the face with something lacking—something—what?

The man laughed silently as he lifted his bony hands to each side of his head. "You miss these appendages, my friend. I have been cropped, you see." His voice was low and vibrant with some suppressed emotion.

Ryder gasped. "Your ears—my God!" He felt within his blouse for the comfortable reassurance of his revolver, and his fingers curled about the butt lovingly.

"Your ears next, my friend, and the ears of all who pass through the seventh gate inward," said the stranger, with assumed lightness. He turned and pointed to the wall behind him, and Ryder gasped again to see a line of dark figures stretched along the floor.

"Earless freaks," said the tall stranger, with sudden dreariness in his mocking tone. "Sit down on the floor, man, and tell your story—nay, let me preface it for you and for me and the

rest of us—white men!"

"Go ahead," said Ryder.

"You are an artist of some sort. You have learned that these people have recovered their lost art of producing Klastin porcelain, that rare painting of invisible flowers, fishes or other symbols on the outside of porcelain vessels, paintings that are only revealed when the vessel is filled with liquor of some sort. The discoverer of this lost and precious art is confined to his workshop in the palace here. The retention of the secret means the addition of large sums of money to this country; hence they guard it carefully. You were put on to the secret, you have come to spy it out, you have reached as far as—"

"I had a model!" began Ryder eagerly, when the other man's low laugh cut him short.

"What is your name?"

"I am Edward Stone, an Englishman. I had a model, too, and so did each of these five other poor earless devils. It was the same model. One by one she sent us here as she sent you. It could have been no one else but Lena Shultz."

"It was Lena Shultz," returned Ryder dully.

"I knew it. The man who discovered the lost art is not a native. To what country he belongs I do not know. I do know that he made the discovery and was captured with his belongings and is confined within three feet of where we now are. All day he works in the underground cell perfecting his discovery, for in spite of the most violent threats he will not impart the secret to another soul or work in another man's presence."

"But why did that woman send us here—on a wild goose chase?" muttered Ryder after a silence.

"Yonder poor devil is her husband. She hopes with the aid of other white men to help him escape from here. I was the first to come. I arrived at 9 in the evening. Now it is my duty to open the gate at 9 every evening in the hope of catching other would-be thieves. 'Set a thief to catch a thief,' you know?" He uttered a hard little laugh.

"I suppose that's what we are," agreed Ryder.

"That's so."

"How long have you been here?"

"Four years."

"My God! How do you live?"

"Don't live—exist."

"Any hope of escape?"

"None whatever."

"The imperial government"—began Ryder suddenly, when the Englishman interrupted.

"The imperial government knows nothing about the matter. The whole rascally affair is in the hands of a clique of highborn scoundrels. Resolve to make yourself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances—resign yourself to losing your ears (if you ever should escape one can buy lovely pink rubber ones, I fancy) and hope for a change of rulers. Nothing else will cause excitement enough to have our existence forgotten. Good night!"

Stone calmly stretched himself on the floor and went to sleep. Ryder sat and brooded at the bronze lantern flickering in the distance. His hand still caressed the butt of his revolver, but with less confidence.

New York seemed many thousands of miles away tonight—New York and alluring Lena Shultz. He cursed her under his breath and wondered how many more men she would throw as bait into that hidden city in the hope that one or all of them might aid in the escape of her husband.

There was an audible murmur of sound without the thick walls, pierced by sharp staccato cries. The thud of many pounding feet sounded in the courtyards above their heads, and in an instant the six sleeping prisoners were awake and on the alert. The Latin gabbled French to one another, while Stone and Ryder drew near to an iron grating in the stone roof.

The American could make nothing of the strange sounds, but the Englishman's face lighted with sudden excitement.

"By Jove," he whispered exultantly, "you've brought good luck after all, Ryder! Something extraordinary has happened, from what I can hear—a change of government indeed! Two deaths and chaos everywhere. Time for us to make a move, and disguises are in order."

He swooped to a dark corner and pried up a portion of the stone flagging. He brought into view a mass of silk and satin. He threw rich garments to each of his fellow prisoners, and without a word they slipped into the voluminous folds.

"Doubly a thief," muttered Stone as he surveyed his companions. Then he caught up one remaining robe and thrust it under his arm. "See if we can release Lena's husband, poor devil! We owe her a grudge, sure enough, but white men must stand by one another!"

With the air of one who had studied his ground and was well versed in his undertaking, he unfastened the oaken door and by the guiding sound of his slipping, padding feet the six followed him into the outer darkness of corridors. They twisted and turned and doubled, and at last Stone paused before another door.

"I don't know just how to get inside," he admitted in a low tone. But the pressure of his hand on the plank pushed the door inward and revealed to their shocked senses a scene of carnage indeed. With the details omitted, they realized that Lena's husband was dead, with his precious secret still a mystery behind his horribly grinning lips.

"The syndicate has done well indeed," said Stone, turning away. Silently they fled through the passages until they reached the foot of the grass grown steps where Ryder had left the outside world behind. "It is here where the guard is set. Look for danger, friends," whispered the Englishman.

The shadows were uninhabited. They slipped up into the grove of whispering trees and followed the curve of the shining wall around to the seventh gate.

"Once outside!" muttered Stone feverishly.

"Once outside!" each man repeated in his own tongue.

In the distance were muffled cries and excited murmurings. Around the seventh gate all was still—ominously still.

The seven were pressed against the bronze gate, and Stone was fumbling with the complicated lock. There was a rushing sound behind them, and they turned their heads.

A file of soldiers was running toward them, and their short swords were raised in deadly menace. Stone pulled the door open and dashed forth with his companions into pitchy blackness. They crashed into a sedan chair just entering the gateway. A woman's scream pierced the darkness, and from the tower overhead the watchman thrust his lantern.

A white face appeared for a brief instant between the parted curtains of the chair.

"Lena Shultz!" bellowed Ryder excitedly.

With one accord the seven victims of Lena Shultz ignored the oncoming soldiers, and, shouldering the bearers aside, they grasped the poles of the chair and carried the shrieking woman away from the seventh gate—away from the Forbidden City beyond the outer darkness to the lighted consulate buildings—to safety for all.

The next day Ryder and Stone left for the nearest treaty port. "A fifth story studio and paint pots for the rest of my life. I'll take my foreign travel book fashion hereafter," said Ryder sheepishly to his companion as they whirled along the railway. "What's your first wish, Stone?"

The Englishman touched a matted wig which hung well down over the lapel of his coat.

"Pink rubber ears," he said solemnly.

And neither laughed.

Hart-Rechlin.

On Sunday morning June 19 at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hart of Hilgard Oregon, occurred the marriage of Miss Vera Hart and Mr. Frank Rechlin of La Grande, Oregon.

The rooms were decorated with greens and wild flowers, the ceremony being performed under an arch of syringa and evergreen. The bride's gown was of white point d'esprit trimmed with val lace and she carried a bouquet of white carnations.

The bride and groom who were unattended, entered to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, arranged for flute and piano, played by Mr. Hart and Mrs. Metzler of Heppner and the service was read by Rev. W. H. Gibbs of La Grande.

After the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Rechlin left for a tour of California and will be at home to their friends after August 1st at La Grande Ore. Out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. F. O'Connell Rev. and Mrs. Upton H. Gibbs, La Grande, Miss Frances Heritage, of Union; Miss Emma Lind, of Telocaset; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Phelps and family of Pendleton and Mrs. M. B. Metzler of Heppner.

Train Holdup.

Ogden, June 27.—Oregon Short Line passenger train No. 1 was held up at Five Point, at 1:30 this morning, and every passenger on the train was robbed of his or her valuables.

The robbers boarded the train at Ogden, and began their work of pillage as soon as the train left the city limits.

The rear brakeman was shot at twice but escaped injury. A woman was badly beaten, and an unknown man, a foreigner, was also badly beaten.

The robbers, three in number, began the work of robbery by striking down everyone who offered the slightest resistance. The express messenger was compelled to give up his keys and the express car was searched.

One of the robbers remarked that they knew there was no money in the car, but they would make a search anyhow. They saw the money go out on the first section, but that they were unable to board it, he said.

Secret Service Powerful.

Few are aware of its presence, but there has sprung up in this country one of the most powerful secret police organizations in the world. It is the outgrowth of the secret service, but the new work is being developed under the direction of Attorney-General Wickersham of the department of justice, says Robert D. Heintz in Leslie's. To delve into its workings is like reading thrilling fiction. Sherlock Holmes at his best is less mystifying than these real detectives, who work before your very eyes not only in the cities of this country, but in all quarters of the globe. It is the most effective police service which the United States has ever known. Its marvelous workings compare favorably with those of the great Scotland Yard. No citizen knows the agents of this hidden branch of the government utility. Its members seldom know each other. Every man uses the same code to communicate with his superior, but none is able to translate the message of another. If an outsider, seeking knowledge of a letter passing between men of this service, should go so far to tear off

the envelope, the contents would be absolutely meaningless. He would see a document inscribed on ordinary writing paper, headed by a number, ended by a number and filled in by numerous cipher words which, so far as he was concerned, would not have the slightest bearing on the case.

Picnic at Lexington.

There will be a picnic in the Penland grove at Lexington, July 4. A cordial invitation extended to all.

For news and opinions—the Oregonian. The editorial page of the Weekly Oregonian gives a broad treatment to a wide range of subjects.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY.

In the County Court of Morrow County, Oregon.

In the matter of the estate of Mary E. Brock, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the County Court of Morrow County, Oregon, made and entered in the above entitled matter on the 6th day of June, A. D., 1910, I the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of Mary E. Brock, deceased, will on the 5th day of August, A. D., 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the office of Sam E. Van Vactor in Heppner, Morrow County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash at private sale the following described real property, to wit: Lots one, two and three in Block one, of Jones' Second Addition to the City of Heppner, Morrow County, Oregon, belonging to said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts against said estate, and the expenses of the administration of said estate.

Dated this 30th day of June, A. D., 1910.

ELIZABETH SMITH, Administratrix of the estate of Mary E. Brock, deceased.

Eoley Kidney Pills are antiseptic, tonic and restorative and a prompt corrective of all urinary irregularities. Refuse substitutes. Sold by all druggists.

The news of both hemispheres—in The Weekly Oregonian.

An automobile line between Klamath Falls and Medford via Crater Lake will be established.

If you take this paper and the Weekly Oregonian you won't have to beg your

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

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

Notice is hereby that Edward McDanel of Hardman, Oregon, who, on August 5th, 1903, made homestead (serial No. 02966) No. 12861, for S½ NE¼ and W½ SE¼, section 2, township 6 N, 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 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 NW¼ section 27, township 1 north, 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 21st day of June, 1910.

Claimant names as Witnesses: Thomas E. McDanel, 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.

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

CLAYD BROCK, Assistant Cashier

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

L. Ayers, T. J. Mahoney.

State Depository