

THE ARCTIC CROP.

Frigid Yield From Greenland's
Icy Mountains.

THE MAKING OF AN ICEBERG.

Huge Sheets of Ice a Mile Thick in
Places Slide Down to the Sea, and
as the Ends Become Too Heavy
They Break Off and Form Bergs.

At any time of the year ice may be encountered in the Atlantic north of the fortieth parallel of latitude, approximately that of New York, and between 42 and 55 degrees west longitude, but it is in spring, when the increasing warmth of the sun loosens the arctic floes and causes the bergs to melt and float from the places where they have been stranded, that there is the greatest danger to the mariner.

The bergs have their origin almost exclusively in western Greenland, although a few may come around Cape Farewell from the Spitzbergen sea and some from Hudson bay.

A huge sheet of ice a mile thick in places covers the whole of Greenland. This gradually slides down the valley toward the sea, into which it is thrust in great sheets fifty miles wide. As these ends become too heavy they break off and become bergs. The process is known as "calving." The pieces set adrift thus may be a thousand feet out of the water and a mile square, but as they drift about they become broken and continue to diminish in size until they finally disappear completely. The process sometimes takes several years.

Once set adrift icebergs find their way into the Labrador current and begin their journey. But of all bergs so set adrift only a very small proportion ever find their way into the path of the transatlantic steamships.

Nor do all bergs take the same course. Some go south; others lodge against the shore or against islands. Two years may separate the time that two bergs reach a low latitude, though they were "calved" at the same moment.

Field ice also offers an obstruction to the icebergs, though by their great size and bulk they often act as piers and aid materially in breaking up the ice fields which obstruct the arctic basin.

Ice fields are more affected by the wind than are icebergs. Bergs generally drift with the current, so that one sometimes is seen moving into the wind.

Advantage is taken of this by the sealing and fishing boats when caught in an ice field. They often moor to an iceberg and are towed miles through the ice, through which otherwise they could make no headway. This is accomplished by sinking an anchor into the berg and using a strong towline. As the berg advances open water, with small floating ice, is left astern.

But this is indeed a dangerous thing to do. All ice is brittle, but especially icebergs. A blow of an axe has been known to split one, while the report of a gun at times will accomplish the same end. In July and August, when the bergs are breaking up along the coast of Labrador, the noise at times is deafening, and the noise of one often causes another to break up.

From their very nature icebergs assume an endless variety of shapes. Some resemble geometrical figures, while others carry fantastic domes, spires and minarets. Sometimes they appear to be veritable ice bridges, with two separate supports. In many there are great caves and indentations. As they drift south and begin melting cascades of water pour down their sides or run from the tips of the hundreds of icicles which depend from every ledge.

Frequently there are outlying spurs in the water, as dangerous to ships as submerged reefs. For this reason vessels should always give them a wide berth, half a mile being considered the nearest that one may be approached with safety.

Several years ago the British steamship Nessmore ran into an iceberg and stove in her bows. When she was docked a scratch was found next the keel the full length of the ship, the plates being almost cut through. The ship evidently struck a submerged spur. The government report says:

"It is generally best for ships to go to windward of them, because disintegrated fragments have a tendency to drift to leeward, while open water will be found to windward."

So nicely are icebergs balanced in the water that the slightest melting sometimes will cause the center of gravity to shift, and the entire berg will capsize or founder. Thus many ships have been wrecked.

Field ice is formed throughout the waters within the arctic circle south as far as Newfoundland, and each year vast floes leave the shores and drift south into the paths of commerce. The arctic ice often has lived through several seasons in the far north and occasionally is ten to fifteen and sometimes twenty feet thick. Because of its continual motion, due to currents, wind, etc., gradually it becomes broken up. Swells from storms in the open sea cause it to raft or pile one on another—in the arctic every piece of field ice is a pan—until it is covered with hummocks.

Ice also becomes rafted by the grinding of a free field against another frozen to the shore or by the grinding of two fields against each other when one is given a turning motion by contrary wind and tide. This rotary motion, it is said, is particularly dangerous to ships that get caught between fields.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WEDDED THE DEAD.

Queer Marriage Ceremony That Was
Performed in Japan.

The tragic ending of a Japanese love story is reported by the Japan Chronicle from Tsuzuki, a little seaside village in the province of Shizuoka.

Ono Matsusaka, twenty years old, fell in love with Ono O-bun, a girl seventeen years old. The young couple sought the consent of their parents, and the father and mother of the girl refused to sanction the union. The two lovers decided to commit suicide rather than be separated. By appointment they met at a trysting place that had been the scene of their love-making and embarked on a fishing boat. At a point some distance from shore they bound themselves together with some cloth brought along to serve that purpose, and threw themselves into the sea.

Committing "shinju," as lovers' suicides are called in Japan, is such an ordinary occurrence that little attention is attracted by it, but this tragedy was followed by something exceptional in Japan.

When the two bodies, still bound together, were washed ashore the officials who examined them turned them over to their respective parents. The villagers were so deeply affected that they called upon the two bereaved families to "do justice" to the boy and girl by uniting them in marriage after death. The mayor of the village was especially insistent that the rites be performed, "so that the deceased might be safely united in the next world." The parents agreed, the ceremony was carried out in due form, and presents were exchanged between the two families. The ceremony was legally registered just as if it had taken place before the deaths of the bride and bridegroom.

Laford Hearn in his "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan" and "Gleanings in Buddha-lands" never brought the attention of the occident to any Japanese custom or occurrence stranger than this real happening that finds its way into the columns of a Japanese newspaper as a feature of the day's news.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MADDENING MONOTONY.

The Graveyard Sort of Life That Obtains
in Sierra Leone.

It is difficult to explain how complete in normal times is the dullness of the small villages in the protectorate of Sierra Leone, on the coast of western Africa, says a writer in the Nineteenth Century and After. An hour before sunrise shadowy figures move noiselessly through the narrow alleys which separate the mud walled houses and in single file pass out of sight toward the farm lands. A little later children and a few women leave the houses to obtain water for cooking. They also go in single file and in a short while will return in the same manner carrying water in calabashes, except, perchance, one or two may be affluent enough to possess a tin in which kerosene oil has been imported. During the great heat of the day people return and sit, silent and motionless, in the thatched roof verandas. Toward evening there is more movement. Food time generally brightens people even when it only means rice and peppers. Soon after sunset all sign of life ceases. There is no light in the houses, because oil is expensive, and a dying fire is enough when there is nothing to see except those you have seen all day; there are no sounds, save a baby's cry at intervals, or perhaps the weird call of some night bird, because people cannot talk much when no one has anything fresh to say. Next day will be the same, and so will be every day in the year except at festival times, such as when the girls or boys return, dancing and gayly decked, from the Porroh Bush. There is no church, no postman, no passing horse or carriage and no newspapers.

Warming Gold Dishes.

Castle Kilkenny is one of the oldest inhabited dwellings in the world, some of the rooms being 800 years old. Among its ancient treasures is a service of gold plate. Besides the ordinary plate service, Castle Kilkenny has the whole series of gold cups used at coronation banquets down to the time of George IV. The gold of the service plates is almost without alloy, consequently very soft and easily marred; hence the plates are warmed and presumably also washed after use by being dipped into hot water, held by a pair of tongs whose tips have been muffled in chamois leather.—London Mail.

A Freak of Nature.

Colonel Denison had become the happy father of twins, and his unbounded pride in this twofold blessedness found expression on every occasion.

He stood with a friend on the bank steps one day as a young woman passed wheeling a baby carriage containing a pretty girl baby.

"Doesn't a woman look queer," said the colonel loftily, "with only one child?"—Success Magazine.

Got the Whole Story.

"What made you so late?"
"I met Jinx."
"Well, that's no reason why you should be an hour late getting home to supper."

"I know, but I asked him how he was feeling and the fool insisted on telling me."—Houston Post.

Long Courtship.

Maud—Are you engaged to Jack for good?
Ethel—It looks so. I don't think he'll ever be in a position to marry me.—Boston Transcript.

FILLED WITH CURIOSITY.

That Was Why He Was Anxiously
Waiting Outside the House.

The man was standing behind a tree in front of an apartment house in a cross street when the cop on that beat came pounding along on the sidewalk. It was close to midnight, and naturally the cop stopped and looked at the man standing behind the tree.

"Howdy," says the cop, by way of opening conversation.

"You're another," replied the man good naturedly.

"Whut'uh doin' waitin' for somebody?" inquired the brave policeman.

"Nope."
"Just standin' there, hey?"
"You've hit it."

"Live near here, do you?"
"Right in there," says the citizen, jerking his thumb in the direction of the apartment house he was standing in front of.

The cop looked at him thoughtfully for a minute.

"Mebby it's none of my business," he says, "and then again meebby it is. I don't like to go round buttin' into anybody's private affairs, but tell me, neighbor, what's your graft, anyhow?"

"Well," loosened up the citizen, "if it's a case of me a-tellin' you or you creakin' from curiosity right in front of my eyes, I'll tell you how it is—provided it don't go any further. My wife says to me when I started downtown this evenin', 'If you're not home by midnight I'm goin' to pack up and go right back to mother's. So there!'"

"Well," says the cop.

"Well," repeated the citizen, "it's just about midnight now, and I'm like you—I've got curiosity. I'm waitin' here to see if she's goin' to keep her word."

The cop's curiosity ceased at that point, and he walked on down the street whistling, without waiting to see the thing out.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE SPEED MANIA.

Sensations That Come With a Ride in
a Racing Motor.

Imagine yourself in a big racing machine plunging over a course at eighty miles an hour. For the average man the sensation is awful, but the speed kings revel in it. Down the road streaks the car. Lashed into a typhoon by the appalling speed, the still air roars in your ears. You think you will never regain your bearing. The resistance of the atmosphere is fearful. The slightest forward movement is an effort. Distant objects loom up suddenly before you and jump by. The landscape is a streaky line of green, blotched here and there as a house is passed. The gale seems to cut your face, and you feel yourself being gradually flattened out against the back of the seat. It seems that the glass in your auto goggles is on the point of breaking. Particles of dust are driven back in your eyes. You may become blinded. The vibration of the engine is terrific. Mysterious indicators fluctuate alarmingly. It may mean that the engine is on the point of exploding. What makes the floor tremble so? Surely something will happen now!

And then you hear explosions booming from the exhausts as the drivers "shut off." A sharp turn is ahead. The noise is deafening. The terrific speed does not seem to have been checked. The outline of the turn grows more distinct. It is sheer folly—maybe death—to rush at it at such a pace. You dare not breathe as the car tears into the bend. It skids and a wall of dirt is thrown up alongside you as the driver, with a sharp twist of the wheel, sends the car once more back in the middle of the road. You are safe—until another turn is encountered.—Hampton's Magazine.

A Painful Inference.

A teacher was instructing a class of boys and had spent half an hour trying to drive into their heads the difference between man and the lower animals, but apparently with little success.

"Tommy," he said coaxingly to a little chap, "do you know the difference between, say, me and a pig or any other brute?"

"No," replied Tommy innocently, but another teacher standing by laughed.—London Answers.

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 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.

Not an Authority.

There are some persons who can't take a joke, but Fogg is not one of them. One of the boys, acquainted with Fogg's frequent changes of abode, asked him which he thought was the cheaper, to move or to pay rent.

"I can't tell you, my dear boy," replied Fogg. "I have always moved."

Willing to Be the Goat.

"Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" quoted the impassioned orator.

Then he paused a moment to let it take effect.

"Well," spoke up a half inebriated man in the audience, "I'll be the goat. Why should it?"—Chicago Tribune.

Peace is not mere tranquillity, for tranquillity may be indifference.—Duffield.

Took All His Money.

Often all a man earns goes to doctors or for medicines, to cure a Stomach, Liver or Kidney trouble that Dr. King's New Life Pills would quickly cure, at slight cost. Best for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bileousness, Constipation, Jaundice, Malaria and Debility. 25c at all druggists.

Notice for Publication—Isolated Tract.

Public Land Sale,
No. 05830-05833

United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, July 16th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, Public No. 303, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 9:45 o'clock a. m., on the 15th day of September, 1910, at this office, the following tract of land, to wit:

W½ NW¼ Sec 33 and W½ SW¼ Sec 28 T. 4 S. R. 26 E. W.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the day above designated for sale.

C. W. MOORE, Register.
July 28-Sept 1

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Public Land Sale—Isolated Tract.
No. 05835

United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, July 14th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under the provisions of act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, Public No. 303, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 7th day of September, 1910, next, at this office, the following tract of land, to wit: 8½ NE¼, and NE¼ SE¼, Sec. 7 T. 4 S. R. 26 E. W. M.

Any persons claiming adversely the above described lands are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the day above designated for sale.

C. W. MOORE, Register.
July 21 Aug 25

CITATION.

In the Probate Court of Morrow County, State of Oregon.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of George D. Taylor, insane.

Order to show cause why real estate should not be sold.

Lewis A. Manning, guardian of the person and estate of George D. Taylor, insane, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of sale of certain real estate of said George D. Taylor, insane, for the purposes therein set forth, it is therefore ordered by the Judge of the Probate Court of Morrow County, Oregon, above named, that Cynthia A. Taylor, Carrie L. Manning, Robert S. Taylor and Francis M. Taylor the next of kin and all persons interested in the estate of said George D. Taylor, insane, appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 22d day of August, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the court room of said probate court in the city of Heppner, County of Morrow, Oregon, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said guardian to sell the real estate of said insane ward, at private sale; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the Heppner Gazette, a newspaper printed and published in the City of Heppner, Morrow County.

Dated and signed this 21st day of July, 1910.

C. C. PATTERSON,
Probate Judge.

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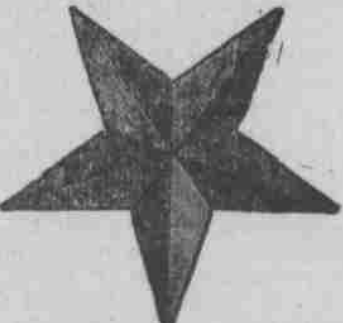
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