EAST OREGON HERALD.

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THE HERALD.

BLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY
D. L. & N. GRACE,
BLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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Liberal rates offered to religious, social, educational bodies.

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every description executed with neatness despatch, at reasonable rates.

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There will be preaching by the pastor in each onth as follows, until further notice:
1st Sabbath—Burns—at 11 a m, and 7:30 p m
2d Sabbath—Island School House—at 11 a m " —Harney—at 7:30 p m.
3d Sabbath—Burns—at 11 a m, and 7:30 p m
4th Sabbath—Harney—at 11 a m, and 7:30 p m

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U. S. MAILS.

BURNS—VALE:
Arrives and departs daily, Sundays excepted.

BURNS—CANYON CITY:
Leaves Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, 6 a m.
Arr. Tuesdays, Thursdays & Saturdays 10:45 p m.

BURNS—PRINEVILLE:
Arrives Thursdays at 6 a m.
Leaves Thursdays at 6 a m.

CALIFORNIA.

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?"

Why does not want to know all about the Golden State, its matchless climate, its marvelous growth, and its boundless resources: the land where colossal fortunes are made in a day or lost in a night? The San Francisco Evening Bulletin, which was established in 1855 and is the foremost of California journalism, and its magnificent weekly edition forms a complete epitome of the social, material, and political history of the State. Send us $3 for THE HERALD and Weekly Bulletin for one year.

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel o purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competion with the multitude of low tests, short weight, alum, or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall st., New York.

The Herald's

PRIZES!

Good for Two Months Only.

Ever up with the times, THE HERALD has completed an arrangement with a large New York Publishing House, which enables us to offer our Readers a better chance to build up a Home Library of elegantly bound books than ever before. Do you want books by the world's best authors? Handsomely bound books?

To each cash subscriber: Prior to Feb. 1, 1890, at $2.50, you can have THE HERALD one year and your selection of any one of the following named books, which are bound in Black and Gold, printed in large, clear type, on good paper, illustrated and handsomely bound:

1 Robinson Crusoe	30 Evening at Home.
2 Arabian Nights.	31 John Halifax,
3 Swiss Family Robinson, by Kampe.	32 Craig's Pronouncing Dictionary.
4 Pilgrim's Progress.	33 Daniel Boone,
5 Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.	34 Tour of the World in Eighty Days.
6 Jane Eyre	35 Lucille (Meredith's)
7 East Lynne,	36 Andersen's Fairy Tales
8 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea.	37 Cooper's Last of the Mohicans.
9 Five Weeks in a Balloon.	38 King Solomon's Mines
10 Ivanhoe,	39 She,
11 Rob Roy,	40 Jess.
12 Willy Reilley,	41 Witch's Head,
13 Benjamin Franklin	42 Allan Quartermain,
14 Adam Bede,	43 Hoyle's Games,
15 Gulliver,	44 Grimm's Fairy Tales,
16 Æsop,	45 Harry Lorrequer,
17 Poe's Tales,	46 Handy Andy,
18 Poe's Poems	47 Chinese Gordon,
19 Longfellow's Poems	48 Tennyson,
20 Whittier's Poems	49 Cardinal Sin,
21 Bryant's Poems	50 Saddle and Sabre,
22 Mona's Choice,	51 Penalty of Fate.
23 Waverly,	52 Ax in a Looking-Glass
24 Baron Munchausen.	53 A Lucky Young Woman
25 New Arabian Nights	54 Merry Men and Other Tales.
26 Emerson's Essays	55
27 Guy Mannering,	56 Vicar of Wakefield,
28 Capt. John Smith,	57 Genl Israel Putnam.
29 Paul and Virginia	58 Lady of the Lake.
30 Boys' and Girls' Book of Stories and Verses.	59 Sandford and Merton
	60 Through the Looking Glass; and What Alice Found There.

We have sent for the above named books of Poems and will soon have them on hand to turn over to every New Cash Subscriber at $2.50, and to every Delinquent Subscriber that pays $5.00.

Look out for our Great Offer to Getters up of Clubs next week.

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Any and all kinds of surveying done on shor notice and reasonable terms. settler wishing to be located, can have plats furnishe FREE of charge.

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LAKEVIEW AND HARNEY, OR.

This firm practices in the courts of the State and before the U. S. Land Office. Any land office or other business entrusted to them will receive prompt attention.

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ELITE SALOON.

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LAKEVIEW - - - - OREGON

HAY & GRAIN

Contributed to THE HERALD by C. M. C.

THE CREATION.

A God awoke in darkness
Six thousand years ago,
And looked around on nothing
To see what he could do.

He'd never had beginning—
Not born like you and me,
But always had existed
From all eternity.

But what he had been doing
Through all those countless years,
No priest has ever told us—
It in no books appears.

Perhaps he had been sleeping
With nothing for a bed,
With nothing for a pillow,
And nothing in his head.

With nothing for companion
Through all that dreary night,
And only boundless nothing
On which to feast his sight.

He now arose to action.
Like one aroused from sleep;
But of his six days' labor
The tale is rather "steep."

He took a pinch of nothing
And made this glorious earth;
Another pinch of nothing
And oceans had their birth.

A little lump of nothing
Produced the powerful sun;
And so he worked on nothing
Till sky and stars were done.

And when the world was finished,
Of dust he made a man,
By mixing it with nothing,
On some mysterious plan;

Then took a rib from Adam,
With nothing for a knife,
And mixing it with nothing,
He made a full grown wife.

And now dooms us to Tophet
Unless we all repent,
For she soon stole an apple
When she had "nary cent."

I wonder at the paradox,
That three old bible tales
Can ever gain believers
Where common sense prevails.

"YES, FOR ALL TIME!"

It was a calm, cool day in early June, that we set out on a walk of four miles to Montvale springs, up in the Chilhowie mountain.

The air was fragrant, the grass soft to the feet, laural, azalea, and myriads of wild flowers lovely to the eye, and Nature the idol of our idle hour.

While sitting on a fallen log, on the Six-Mile creek, indolently resting, out of the depths of a day dream, I slowly awakened to the subdued sound of voices from below the shelving bank.

"I've been told you'd forgotten and forgiven." A man's voice, with a strain of tenderness in it.

"I hev furgiven, but I aint furgot, an I never shall." The woman's voice was low and soft.

"I wisht you'd tell me what y'ur folks done when they see you comin' back home again."

"Bein' it's you, I'll tell ye. As mam tole you onct when you and her was speaking of hit, I rid with them three strangers till I tuck the stage for here. I didn't have a cent in the world, as for the gun I left it with the strangers for pay, like, but I said to the driver 'here's my baby's clo'es in this bun le—thar's my dead baby's clo'es—thar's not a fine thing in the hull lot of 'em, but they're more to me then to the most of women, kase they's all I hev on this green earth I'm keerin fur. You take 'em an' keer for 'em till I reach my folkes, the Delversons nigh Woodville, an' they'll give me the $10 you charge fur me gwine in your stage, an' when I pay you, you'll give me my little gal's things.' He jest looks at me a while in my face, an' then at the baby's things, an' he says kinder rough-like: 'All right—you women do beat all fur the store you set on baby riggin, so h'ist in, an' see that you pay me.'"

"Did he take y'ur baby's things?" The man's voice was hoarse with pain.

"Course he did, er how'd he know I'd ever pay him? When the stage stopped, I had eight miles to walk, and I tell you I was tired to death when I got in sight of our house—I missed the bun'le so, fur I'd sort of hug it like it was the baby; kinder dependin' on it someways. Well, soon's I stepped into the door, mam she knows somethin's wrong, and she gits all worked up, and says 'wher's your man? Don't tell me he's left you on my hands—don't tell me that one of my gal's has brung disgrace on me—'

'I ain't come to stay fur long, mam', I says, a-feelin' the tears gittin ready to fall for the fust time since my little Ginnie Ann put her poor little hand onto my cheek a-pityin' me as she lay a-dyin' in that there cabin I set fire to that day.'

'Fur long! You better reckon ef y'ur man's alive, an' you run off from him, you don't come into my house—I've kep my door-step clean and raised my gals right.—Once married, all the time married,' she says gittin' madder as she hears herself—"

A muttered sound like a hastily suppressed imprecation interrupted.

"Oh, no, mam's not bad; only particular; she's good as gold once she sees the rights of a thing. But I couldn't stand hit, so I jest turns and runs down to the big ches'nut where I used to play house-keep when a little gal. An' I lay there all night in sich a fever, I sometimes tho't I was an angel going to git my little gal, and agin I'd think I was a dog a treein' a squirrel in the old ches'nut tree. Well, the long and short of it was, when pap, he come down for water next morning before daybreak he found me, an' old as he was, he packed me clean to the house, an' said he'd never speak a word sure's God's in the sky, ef mam don't do by me as she'd have him do by her. An' she did, but I didn't never have to tell her how Jim had set in to break me of dippin' snuff most as soon as we was married, an' me havin' dipped sence I was a six-year old, fur I talked of nothin' but all them things—"

"Tell me, Mary, do tell all about hit—you never have," cried the earnest man's voice eagerly.

"Being as you've drawed me on to speak of the things, I may say I've done fargot these two years, I will—I jest laid at my death's door fur six weeks, a ravin about how Jim'd get mad at me away out there everywhur from noplace, in the darkest night this world ever saw, push me out into the dark, an' leave me the night long a-layin' on the door-step a prayin' to be let in; of how he'd used to set me nigh crazy stealin' my precious baby an' hidin' her from me, and me a huntin' every where for hours, jest cause he'd git out of tobacker, and feelin bad, and no money to buy some; an' how he's tormented me till I've fit him till I'd drap in the floor an' couldn't move fur misery. I got well at last, and mam's never knowed how he'd got that low-flung, he'd quit a-yearnin' victuals even, I've went many a day with nothin' to eat, an that beat out I'd jist that 'umbly foller him, or stay at his bidding, but the day come when I swore way back in my heart whur my little baby's sayins' and doins', an' lovin' little ways is kept, I'd leave him ef he come to the house agin with no bread and cuss words for me—an' I jest did."

"He cut up, did he?"

"Yes, that he did. He was in fur switching me, but the strangers coming up in time saved me."

"Do you love him?"

"No, I don't."

"I've knowed ye nearly a half a-year, Mary."

"I know it, Jim."

"I've loved ye all these months."

"I know it, but it aint right, now."

"Why, Mary?"

"Why? Case I'm a married woman."

"Not now, Mary."

"Just the same; long's a husband lives, no wife can marry another man."

"If that's your way of thinkin', I may as well go hang my harp on the willer."

"Yes, Jim, for all me. As mam says, once married always married till death do us part."

"But the law'll part ye, Mary, and then we'll get married, and you shall never know a trouble only of your own making."

"Them's the very words Jim has said to me, an' see how he kep 'em."

"Yes, but I'm another sort of Jim; I love ye, the very ground you walk on. I never loved another woman, and I never shall, as I love you. And, Mary, I ask no more happiness in this world than to hear you say, 'Jim I love you, and will be your wife.' Say the words, Mary, dear, dear girl."

"I'm free to say, Jim, I think more of ye, than I ever b'lieved I could even think of any man, again—there don't tech me. But as long as I'm one living man's wife, I'll never marry another while he's above ground."

"I'm going to Montany, Mary and nobody way out there'll know you was divorced—come, dearest girl, come with me."

There were several minutes silence. Then softly the same voice murmured:

"Don't leave, dear love, just listen till I tell you about the home I'll make for you out West where nobody'll know—you are so young, only twenty."

"Hush, Jim, hush, you are hurting my feelings for ye. A good man, a highminded man wouldn't talk that way to another man's wife; I wouldn't have Jim Merrill, bad as he treated me, to know that I'm a lettin' another man court me like this, for the world—what would he think of me, I'd like to know."

"He's not wo'th a thought from you—listen to me, if I was Jim Merrill, would you have me?"

As she hesitated, he moved as if pressing toward her and cried:

"Yes, Mary, it's me—look at this scar on my wrist where I burned it—."

"Law! Jim!"

"Your husband, Mary, come back to live with you, and make up for all that dreadful time—"

"Jim! ef y'ur hair was strung 'ith gold and diamonds, I wouldn't never make up, so go off fast as ye came."

"Shore? For all time?"

"For all time—I'll watch ye going. Good-bye, Jim Maxwell."

"Does a name make such a difference, Mary? I come back so full of hope—"

"Jim Maxwell or Jim Merrill, it don't make any difference."

"I'm going—good bye, my poor, dear wife!"

As he disappeared, Mr. G. leaned over the bank despite my silent remonstrance, and said:

"Jim, he didn't know Mary—Jim didn't.'"

"Jim, didn't." She re-echoed.

Continued.

The Question of Halls.

Chicago Man—"Why don't you hold another meeting in aid of the World's Fair?"

New Yorker—"We can't find a hall big enough to hold the people who want to come."

Chicago Man—"Huh! Advertise that all who come will be expected to contribute, and you can accommodate the crowd in a lodging house bedroom."—New York Weekly.

Accommodating.

Gotham Lady (to guest)—"I am obliged to apologize for our drinking-water. The Croton water, never very good, is worse than usual since the heavy rains."

Bonanza Prince (from the West)—"Don't disturb yourself on my account, madam. If the water ain't good, I'd just as lief have beer."—New York Weekly.

A Reminder

Winks—"Hello! Been away."

Minks—"Only for a day. I ran down to the shore to see how my cottage was faring in the storm. Did you ever see the sea in a storm?

Winks—By George! That reminds me. I must hurry into that store before it shuts up. I had nearly forgotten an errand which I promised to do for my wife."—New York Weekly.

A Lost Temperance Lesson

Col. Kaintuck (offering flask to stranger on railroad train)—"Have a swig, stranger?"

Stranger (a temperance advocate, with dignity)—"No, sir, I thank you.

Col. Kaintuck—"All right; got your own flask, I reckon. That's the best way, after all."

Stranger (meaningly)—"Some years ago, when traveling in Alaska, I came across a tribe which had never known the taste of liquor—"

Col. Kaintuck (with interest)—"Eh? White men?"

Strangers—"No, savages."

Col. Kaintuck—"Course, of course—enough to make anybody savage."—New York Weekly.

Jinks' Mistake.

Blinks—"What? Can't keep your engagement with me?"

Jinks (sadly)—"No, I can't. I was drawn on a jury this week, and couldn't get out of it."

"Did you try?"

"Indeed I did. I did my best to make myself out to be a hopelest ignoramus, but they wouldn't let me go."

"Great Scott, man! The way to escape jury duty is to act as if you knew something.'—N. Y. Weekly.

BURNS ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE BURNS READING ROOM.

In Herald Building, Room adjoining the Office.
Open Every Day except Sunday, from 9 a m to 4 p m.
Every Lady and Gentleman a welcome Visitor to the Reading Room during the hours named.

LAKEVIEW ADVERTISEMENT.

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This Hotel is new (House, Rooms, and Furniture) and offers courteous service to every Guest.

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Prepared do all Kinds of Work in the Blacksmith line. Horse Shoeing at $2.50 per head.

BUGGIES, WAGONS, ETC.,
MADE TO ORDER WITH NEATNESS, AND OF GOOD QUALITY.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

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Everything in our line of the Best. Liquors—Whiskies, Brandies, Wines, Fancy Drinks, etc., Cigars, etc., always on hand when you call on "Uncle Dick," at Drewsey, Harney county, Or.

PATENTS.

C. A. SNOW & CO. - - - WASHINGTON, D. C

Patents obtained, and all patent business attended to promptly and for moderate fees. Our Office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain in less time than those remote from Washington. Send Model or Drawing. We advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make no charge unless patent is secured.
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$1,000 offered any operator who can do better work with a Type-Writer than that produced by the Odell. Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers. For Pamphlets, giving endorsements, &c., address the

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