

# EAST OREGON HERALD.

BURNS, HARNEY COUNTY, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 16 1890.

\$2.50 a Year.

## THE HERALD.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY  
**W. C. BYRD & SON.**  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

### NEWSPAPER LAWS.

A notice is required to be given to the publisher of a newspaper, before it can be published, and the reason for it is not being published, but it is the duty of the publisher to see that the laws are complied with. Any person who takes a paper from the publisher, without paying for it, is liable for the same. The publisher is not responsible for the contents of a paper, unless it is shown that he has acted negligently or fraudulently.

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## BURNS ADVERTISEMENTS.

**T. V. EMBREE, M. D.**  
Office at his residence, on the east side of 1st  
Street, near the corner of Burns.

**S. B. MCPHEETERS, M. D.**  
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Office at W. E. Grace's Drug Store. 1-17

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D. L. GRACE,  
BURNS, OR.  
Land Filings, Conveyances, Applications for  
Publication Notices, correctly and promptly  
attended to. Deeds, Notes, and Mortgages  
legally drawn up. Charges reasonable. 11-12

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Office: BURNS, OR.

**C. A. SWEET,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Office: Burns Oregon.

**GEO. S. SIZEMORE,**  
ATTORNEY,  
BURNS, OREGON.

Collectors, Land business, and Real  
Estate matter promptly attended to.

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M. DUSTIN  
Office: Harney City and Burns.

**W. W. Cardwell,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
BURNS, OR.  
Practices in all the courts of the State,  
Also, before the U. S. Land Office.  
LAND MATTERS A SPECIALTY.

**GEO. W. BARNES,** M. R. BIGGS,  
BURNS, OREGON.

**BARNES & BIGGS,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
Will practice in all of the courts of the State.  
All business placed in care of this firm will be  
promptly attended to.

**FRACTICAL SURVEYOR.**  
T. A. McKinnon,  
Any and all kinds of surveying done on short  
notice and reasonable terms. Office in  
Burns, Oreg. Can have plans furnished  
at short notice.

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CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS.  
JOB WORK DONE NEATLY.  
Shop in Huston building, Burns.

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J. C. WELCOME - PROPRIETOR.  
BURNS, OREGON.

**CHAS. SAMPSON - - BURNS, OR**  
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-AND-  
Jeweler.

**BLACKSMITH.**  
ADOLPH TUPKER - - Prop.  
-GENERAL REPAIRING-  
AND  
JOB WORK.

**HARNEY ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**LAKEVIEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**Wachmaker & Jeweler,**  
J. W. BONEBRAKE.  
Lakeview, Oregon.

**P. H. MURPHY.**  
LAKEVIEW - - - OREGON

**HAY & GRAIN**

**FREE**

**FREE**

**FREE**

**FREE**

**FREE**

**FREE**

**FREE**

## MY LIGHT-COLORED OVERCOAT.

From New York Weekly.

I took especial pride in it, for it  
was decidedly a becoming garment.  
My complexion is such that I look  
much better in light-colored clothes  
than in dark, it was this fact taken  
into consideration which made me  
select a light overcoat.

Aunt Judith, with whom I boarded,  
said it was poor economy, because the  
light color would soon soil, and the  
mulberry velvet collar would fade  
readily, and I would have a shabby-  
looking coat by another winter.

But the garment made me look  
so well, that I laughed at economy,  
and felt as if I could well afford to  
throw it to the winds.

How thoroughly I surveyed myself  
in the glass! My coat was perfect in  
every respect. It was just the right  
length which is a great desideratum  
in an overcoat. It was not so long as  
to make me look like a pear tree in  
straw and coffee bags ready for  
transportation; nor yet so short as  
to insinuate that I had run in to  
shoulders like a Dutch cabbage.

On the whole, it was an unexceptional  
coat, and I paid for it with pleasure,  
and told Mr. Snippet that I should  
take pride in recommending him to  
the patronage of my friends.

All the time, I was wondering  
what my fair Alicia would think of  
it when I present myself before her  
in all its glory.

Alicia lived in a large city, which  
I shall designate as Westland, and  
I was going to make her a visit of a  
few days, and it was somewhat in  
reference to this occasion that I  
purchased the overcoat.

I set forth at the close of the  
week—one Friday night, just at  
dark. The journey would occupy  
the night and a greater portion of  
the next day.

I think I had been, asleep, but  
am not sure. I was aroused by a  
small, weazen-faced little man in  
a short blue coat, who asked me  
if the seat beside me was engaged.  
I hastened to tell him no, and  
cleared off my unit rilla and valise  
for his accommodation.

He was a sharp-eyed, shrewd-  
looking little fellow, and entered  
into conversation with me at forty-  
horse power, and fairly took my  
breath away by the rapidity with  
which he launched forth his ideas  
on everything in general and nothing  
in particular.

I noticed he watched me very  
closely, and that he frequently  
referred to a slip of paper in his  
pocket-book—a printed slip I judge  
it was—and that after each suc-  
cessive reference the expression of  
his face grew more and more triumph-  
ant.

At Meridian we stopped ten min-  
utes for refreshments. I began to  
feel vile in the region of the stomach,  
and when the conductor rang out  
the stereotyped notice, I rose  
quickly to bolt with the rest of the  
passengers. But to infinite sur-  
prise, my new-made friend laid his  
head on my arm and detained me.

"Gently, my good sir," said he;  
"I regret it exceedingly, but I can-  
not permit you to leave the cars."  
"You cannot permit me?" said I.  
"What the deuce do you mean?"

"Softly, don't make any distur-  
bance. You are my prisoner."  
"Your prisoner? Pray explain  
yourself!"

"Hah! how innocent we are! Ain't  
we now?" said he, with a chuckle.  
"Why, it's about that 'crack' up to  
Swasey's last Monday night. I sup-  
pose you never saw about two  
dozen silver spoons and four or five  
sets of jewelry, worth about a thou-  
sand dollars each? Now did ye?"  
and he gave me a punch in the ribs,  
intended to be extremely  
facetious.

"Swasey's? jewelry? silver  
spoons?" said I. "Old gentleman,  
you must be either drunk or crazy."  
"Neither," said he; "I am Mr.  
Detective Paley of the W— police."  
"Well, I wish the W— police  
joy on having such a blockhead in  
their ranks. For whom do you  
take me, pray?"

"For David Russell, alias John  
Brown, alias Peter Swipes, alias  
James Jones—real name Carl Da-  
vids."

"My real name, Mr. Detective  
Paley, is Herbert Lane, at your  
service."  
"Oh, is it? much obliged for the  
information. So you have got a  
new alias, eh? But never mind, I  
arrest you, all the same."  
"Mr. Paley," said I, with digni-  
ty, "this is a step you will regret.  
By what authority do you act?"  
"By what authority? Look here  
young man. It's as plain as the  
nose on your face!" and he thrust  
a printed slip of paper under the  
nose he mentioned.

I read with, I must confess, some  
amusement as well as indignation,  
the following description: "Said Da-  
vids is about five feet ten inches in  
height. Rather slight. Brown  
hair and blue eyes. Wears a mus-  
tache which is blonde, when not  
dyed. Has delicate hands and feet  
and had on, when he left this city,  
a light colored overcoat with a mul-  
berry velvet collar."  
"There!" exclaimed Mr. Detect-  
ive Paley, with a victorious air.  
"Could anything be more complete?"  
I spotted you at one because of the  
overcoat! Don't you see?"

The train had just arrived at  
Dalton, and here Mr. Paley insisted  
on stopping. He was to meet some  
associates here who would assist  
him in taking me back to Boston  
where it seemed the robbery had  
been committed for which I was  
held to answer.

But my good fortune came to the  
rescue, for on the platform we met  
Judge Welford, an old friend of my  
father's and it seemed a personage  
well known to Mr. Detective Paley.

The Judge shook hands with me  
warmly, and I stated the case to  
him without any delay. He laughed  
long and hard, and Mr. Paley was  
very humble, and very much dis-  
concerted, and apologized hand-  
somerly, and treated the crowd, and  
protested that the mistake was al-  
together due to my light colored  
overcoat.

Of course I was allowed to go on  
my way in peace, but before I could  
manage to get into the next train,  
I was tapped on the arm by sharp-  
nosed, fat-bodied little man, who  
intimated that he wanted to speak  
to me a moment.

"If you please, sir," said he, when  
I had stepped aside with him; "can  
you let me have the money for that  
little bill? I happened to be here  
to meet my daughter who is com-  
ing in the next train, and seeing  
you looking so spruce, I thought I  
would ask you."

"What little bill do you refer to,"  
I asked in surprise.

"Why, bless your soul, Mr. Burns!  
How strange you should have for-  
gotten it! And you have the very  
coat on, too."

"The overcoat!" said I. "Well  
what of that?"

"My dear sir!" cried he; why, I  
made that coat, and it's the bill for  
that I want paid. Don't you see?"  
"No," said I, "I don't see any-  
thing of the kind, Mr. Snippet of  
Boston, made this overcoat, and I  
paid him for it; and my name is  
Lane, and not Burns, by a long  
chalk! There, take a good look at  
me, and satisfy yourself!" and I  
pulled off my hat and showed him  
my face by the station lamp, re-  
pressing the strong inclination to  
knock him down.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed;  
this is very extraordinary! But I  
hope you'll excuse me—I really  
do! No harm intended you know,  
it was the overcoat that deceived  
me. I made one precisely like it  
for Mr. Burns, and he has neglected  
to pay me for it. And your height  
and general air, and the coat itself!  
And I am a little near sighted!  
Hope you'll excuse me, sir. I  
really hope you will.

It was with difficulty that I dis-  
engaged myself from the little  
tall, so profuse was he with his  
apologies; but succeeded in doing  
so, and getting on board the train.  
I was soon at Westland, the home  
of my beloved.

Springing out, I took the short  
cut to the home of Alicia, which  
happened to lead through a back  
street, where there was nothing but  
dwelling houses. Just as I ar-  
rived opposite a pretty little green-  
blind cottage, the door was flung  
open, and out flew a young and  
very charming lady in a pink dress,  
and throwing her arms around my  
neck, she cried:

"Oh, Harry! Harry! how glad I  
am to see you! You darling, why  
don't you kiss me? And you've  
been gone for three whole days,"  
and how she fell to kissing me to  
such an extent that I came to the  
decision that the world was a big  
pot of honey and I was sole proprie-  
tor thereof.

To tell the truth, this mistake  
was not bad to take. I like mis-  
takes of this kind.

"My dear lady—" said I; but  
she interrupted me.

"Why, Harry, what ails you? I  
never saw you so cold before!" and  
she repeated the dose of sweetness,  
and simultaneously I felt a sharp  
whack across my shoulders, and a  
hoarse, masculine voice cried out:  
"What the dickens do you mean  
by hugging my wife in that way?"  
Your wife!" said I. "If you'll  
excuse me—"

"I'll excuse you with a will!"  
said the stranger, and the blows  
from his cane descended upon my  
back thick and fast.

I broke away from the lady's  
arms and pounced upon the scound-  
rel, and we should both have  
come out of it with a pair of black  
eyes, I reckon, if a couple of police-  
men had not happened along and  
taken the case in hand.

"It was my mistake," sobbed the  
lady. "I was watching for  
Harry. He has been gone three  
whole days. And I saw this gen-  
tleman coming, and his light over-  
coat—just like Harry's—deceived  
me, and rushed out and—and I  
believe he kissed me."  
The little jade! as if she had not  
done the most of the kissing.

My back smarted intolerably, but  
I wanted to see Alicia too much to  
wait until it was better, so I hast-  
ened to Mr. Conover's. The door  
was opened by a red faced servant  
girl entirely new to me. The in-  
stant she saw me, her face lighted  
up like the sky at sunrise, and  
seizing me by the arm, she  
screamed at the top of her voice:

"Miss Allishy! Mr. Conover! I've  
I've got him! Here he is, the  
thief of the worruld! The nasty  
peddler that stole your earrings  
and me own little 'statoot of Cupid."

I struggled hard, but I was no  
match for the sturdy Hiberian, and  
directly down came my Alicia, and  
down came Conover, both looking  
very indignant.

"The impudent ould boghtroater!  
Shure and he thought to fool me;  
but I knowed his overcoat, the col-  
or of a meal bag, and the purple  
collar on it. Shure and I'd know  
it among a thousand!"

"Look here!" said I, angrily,  
managing to extricate myself from  
the girl's clutches. "I am Her-  
bert Lane, and I come to see Miss  
Conover by her own invitation, and  
if this is the way I am received—"

I did not finish the sentence be-  
fore Alicia was in my arms, con-  
soling me as only she could console  
me, and Mr. Conover was blowing  
his nose, and rubbing the bald  
spot on his head in a wild way pe-  
culiar to him in emergencies.

"My dearest Herbert," cried Al-  
icia, "we never should have made  
such a mistake if it had not been  
for that overcoat."

If any one is desirous of purchas-  
ing a good spring overcoat cheap,  
let him apply to me. I shall never  
wear my light-colored overcoat  
again. The very sight of it makes  
me nervous.

Gods blessing to humanity—So  
says an Oregon Pioneer Ninety  
Years Old.

Forest Grove, Or., March 19—  
I have used the Oregon Kidney Tea  
and obtained immediate relief. It  
is God's blessing to humanity. I  
take pleasure in recommending it  
to the afflicted. I am now nearly  
ninety years old, came to Oregon in 1841  
in the employ of the Hudson's Bay  
Company, and since I began using  
the Oregon Kidney Tea I enjoy good  
health.

DAVID MURPHY.

## BURNS ADVERTISEMENTS.

**THE BURNS READING ROOM.**  
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.

**STATE INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
ASSETS OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS.  
"The Leading Company of the Pacific Northwest."  
PRIVATE DWELLINGS AND FARM PROPERTY A SPECIALTY.

**The Farmers' Company.**  
OF SALEM, OREGON.

J. C. PARKER Agent, - - Burns, Ore.

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EVERYTHING NEW AND FIRST-CLASS.

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

**A Fine Bar,**  
IN CONNECTION WITH THE HOUSE.

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H. SCHLAGEL - - - LAKEVIEW, OREGON.

repaired all kinds of Wagon Blacksmithing. Horse Shoeing at \$2.50 per hoof.

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

**DREWSEY ADVERTISEMENT.**

**THE DREWSEY SALOON**  
DICKSON & SULLIVAN - - PROPRIETORS.

Lou. J. Rosenberg, Mixologist.  
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.

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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.  
We refer here to the Patentee, the Superintendent of Money Order Divisions, and to  
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**Houses and Cottages**  
D. S. HOPKINS, ARCHITECT.  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Will furnish Designs of Houses, Cottages, and Mansions costing from \$500 on up to any  
figure wanted. If you mean to build, send it to my address, and I will mail you a por-  
tion of 25 designs of dwellings, like the one on file in East Oregon Herald office, with  
full plan of each, full-size details, complete specifications, and bill of materials, all copy  
full and complete as any ordinary carpenter or builder will have to make in order  
ahead and complete the work. And if you do not find just what you want, write me  
what changes you desire made, and I will accommodate you. Or, leave Orders with  
H. S. H. You will find it as cheap to erect a handsome house as to waste materials on an  
ill-conceivable building. Will send you in re-constructing your present building.

**The Odell TYPE WRITER**

\$15 WILL BUY THE ODELL TYPE WRITER. WARRANTED TO DO AS MUCH AS ANY ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR MACHINES.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY—SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION  
wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine, has  
no ink ribbon to bother the operation. It neat, substantial, nickel-  
plated—perfect and adapted to all kinds of typewriting.

Like a Printing Press it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscript. Two to ten copies  
can be made at one writing. Editors, lawyers, ministers, bankers, merchants,  
manufacturers, business men, etc., cannot make a better investment for \$15.  
An intelligent person in a week can become a Good operator, or a rapid one in 3 months.

\$1,000 offered any operator who can do better work with a Type-  
Writer than that produced by the Odell. Get Reliable Agents  
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