

GLEANINGS FROM THE HARVEST OF LOCAL AND PERSONAL MOVEMENTS

Haylor for some nifty presents. 5-2
 Walt Smith came up from Ione today.
 Pearl Shamhart was in Heppner today.
 John Her of Portland is in Heppner today.
 J. L. Wilkins spent the day in Ione Monday.
 Billy Penland is in from the Penland stock ranch.
 Oral Scott of Blackhorse is in from the ranch today.
 Mrs. Phebe M. Wills Leazer of Eugene is visiting relatives in the city.

Oliver Cox made a flying visit to Heppner yesterday.
 Whitney Bros. are in from the north part of the county.
 Bill Scott of Blackhorse was a Heppner visitor today.
 Lish Watkins is a visitor today from Hinton Creek.
 Jim McIntire and James Carty are in from Wells Springs.
 Mrs. Phil Cohn entertained the "500" Club this afternoon.
 J. L. Howard of Butter Creek was a Heppner visitor Monday.
 W. P. Hill was transacting business today at the County Seat.

"DRUGLESS MEDICINE" AND "BLOODLESS SURGERY"

By Dr. J. Perry Conder.
 (Continued from last week)

All parts and organs of the body are governed by the nervous system, controlled by nerve centers located along the spinal column. This science, or method of treatment bases its claim to rank as a science of healing upon the fact that there exists a definite and fixed relation and communication between each organ and central nervous system. Tissue adjustment is to be secured only through dexterous operations at the hands of the educated, trained and skilful physician, who in his professional ministrations employs neither knife nor drugs. A disordered body needs something done to it, and not something of the nature of poisonous drugs put into it.

MEDICAL OFFICER DECRIES THE DRUG DELUSION

Dr. John N. Hurty, M. D., Indiana State Health Commissioner, is quoted in the Indianapolis Star, "Then, too, all medicines, from calomel to quinine, from paragoric to senna, and from exydimethylquinoline to phenolsulphophthalien are two-edged swords. They always and invariably cut both ways! There is not a single medicine in all the world which does not carry harm in its molecules!" Again this same doctor, who is a member of the "drug school" of practice, and one of the most prominent health officers of the country, writing on the subject of "Oragin of Mush Bright's Disease," as printed in the Michigan Trademan, in the form of "A Fable on Health," says, "One time two kidneys which had been working like dray horses for years, suddenly slowed up. Kidney number one said, 'I can't absorb these enormous quantities of salt and saltpeter the blood in loaded with now-a-days, and I notice you, too, are growing weak.'"

"Yes," said number two, "the man we are working for is a regular glutton on ham and bacon, and since Dr. Wiley forbade borax as a meat preservative, the salt and saltpeter have been increased, and that's what makes us so tired. Yesterday the saltpeter was so strong it tore one of my tubules and it bled horribly. The boss was awfully scared and went to see a doctor. The doctor never said a word about letting up on ham with its embalming chemicals, but gave a prescription which I heard the old man say cost thirty-five cents. It was acetat of potash and infusion of digitalis, and when it struck me I trembled like a leaf."

"I, too, felt the blow of that infernal stuff when it came along," said number one. "I already had a good jag of salt and saltpeter and was trying my best to pass them on when the acetate and digitalis hit me. I grew dizzy, and just let a little light into the boss' mind, I sent a pain impulse to the brain." "So did I," said number two. "Didn't help much though, because he sent down a dose of morphine to quiet the pain. When the blood brought the cussed stuff, I could see the white corpuscles were staggering and were very weak like. One of them said, 'I feel as if I had been hit with a club. I could not whip a sick typhoid germ if it were to come along, and if it were a husky one—good-by me.' "Good-by for the boss, too," said kidney number one.

The two poor, overworked kidneys again conscientiously took up their functions, but it was no use; they could not catch up. The blood began to kick. "I have carried this load of salt and saltpeter around the course three times now, and a new load came into the stomach about ten minutes ago, and also a lot of catsup with vinegar and spices. If you don't take this old charge from me, as is your duty, I can't relieve the stomach." "Let the stomach go hang," said the kidneys, "if it hasn't sense enough to throw up the infernal stuff, let it suffer." "What can it do?" said the blood. "The creosote which got into the ham when it was smoked has paralyzed the poor thing." So the kidneys said: "We will just send a joint wire up to headquarters and see if the old fool boss won't let up a bit with his gormandizing."

So they sent up wire and threw a fit. The boss, sick as a dog had to go to bed, and again sent for the doctor. "I have an awful pain in my kidneys," said the boss. "My kidney pills will cure it, said the doctor; and he administered the pills. When the pills dropped into the stomach, the old tired thing said, "Heavens and earth, what's this?" Nevertheless, it bent to the job, and when the hard sugar coating was dissolved and the buchu, juniper oil and more saltpeter dropped out, it called down the tube to the kidneys what was coming. The poor things groaned and said, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Before the stuff in the first dose of pills reached the kidneys, another dose dropped into the stomach. "Here comes some more," yelled the stomach down the tube, and the dizzy, staggering kidneys agreed they had reached the end of their string, and Bright's disease was inevitable. They just couldn't help it, and the trouble began. Gradually the boss wasted away in great pain and died. He never did know why his kidneys gave out, and why he had Bright's disease.

Continued Next Week.
 (Advertisement)

Mrs. W. E. Pruyne entertained the "500" Club on Thursday last.

Mrs. Henry Coats and son, Reeves, came down from Hardman today.

Mr. and Mrs. Eph Eskelson are in today from the Mountain Home ranch.

Ed F. Day of St. Johns is in the city looking after business interests.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Keithley came in yesterday from their country home.

Dr. Prentice, veterinary surgeon, is enjoying a visit from his mother and sister.

Its new and up-to-date—The Black, Red, Rose and Cameo Jewelry at Haylor's. 5-2.

C. E. Jones, nominee for County Clerk on the Socialist ticket is in the city today.

Ed Neill, the genial postmaster of Galloway, visited Heppner the first of the week.

Mrs. Roy Bowman and little son of Monument, were passengers for Portland Monday.

J. A. Waters, republican nominee for County Clerk, was in Heppner Monday night.

Jay Devin brought in a load of eggs today. He considers the hen a mortgage lifter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Rice of Sand Hollow are transacting business in Heppner today.

Alex Lindsey, prosperous farmer near Ione, was transacting business in Heppner Monday.

Dave McAtee is taking in the races at Condon this week. He has his running horse entered.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Marshall of Castle Rock are trading with Heppner merchants today.

Willie Howard of Butter Creek was transacting business at the county seat the first of the week.

W. B. Barratt was at Morgan last Saturday to attend the auction sale being held by Wm. O'Sullivan.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Saling of Hardman are transacting business with Heppner merchants today.

Gus Read and Miss Mable McNabb came up from Ione today to be present at the Elk's doings tonight.

R. F. Wigglesworth, Butter Creek anchor and heavy woolgrower, was in the county seat during the past week.

C. A. Rhea, former prominent citizen of this county, is up from Portland to visit his son, C. C. Rhea of Rhea Creek.

Mack Gentry is improving although still quite sick. His many friends will be glad to see him about in the near future.

F. M. Griffin was in from his Fairview ranch last Friday, accompanied by his son Fred. Crops prospects are good in his vicinity.

O. E. Farnworth arrived home Monday after having spent two weeks looking after business interests in Baker County and elsewhere.

Dick Thompson and wife of Athol are visiting at the home of Mrs. Thompson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Edwards of Sand Hollow.

Mrs. A. Petteys returned to her home at Seattle last Saturday after visiting a couple of weeks at the home of her sister, Mrs. Glenn Boyer.

C. L. Voruz, formerly of Morrow County, but now residing in south Portland, is here looking after a job of harvesting.

Jack Horner, a former resident of Heppner, now living at Buffalo, Wyo., visited his sister, Mrs. H. A. Emerson, a few days last week.

We note in the Canyon City Eagle that Dr. Fell is improving slowly after being injured in the auto accident as noted in these columns last week.

Claud Herren has purchased the M. Staigh property on Court Street. Mr. Staigh and family expect to leave in a short time to look up a new location.

Leo. Blackman, whose narrow escape from Mexico was noted in these columns last week, arrived in Heppner Monday to visit his mother and relatives, the Cohns.

AS PARIS SEES US

We're a Queer Sort of Folk and Eat Pig Three Times a Day.

INDIANS AT OUR BACK DOORS.

They Live on Reservations on the Outskirts of All Our Cities and Parade the Streets in Blankets and Feathers. News Parisian Papers Print.

To peruse the Paris newspapers is to discover the most amazing statements about America and Americans—absurd, ridiculous things that reveal to the reader the unfortunate paucity of the Parisian's knowledge of the world. These errors occur in the very best journals of Paris and under editors who stand high in the newspaper world and should know better.

Here are a few examples culled from the leading papers of Paris of the sort of statements commonly passed out to the innocent French reader:

An article discussing the fuel used in different countries includes this statement: "In America the houses are heated by natural gas which comes from the Rocky mountains in tubes or pipes and enters the houses all over the country. No other fuel is now in use in America."

Another enlightening article relates that "all the country west of Chicago is a desert to the California, but it has been marked off with multitudinous ditches, which are kept filled with water from the great Mississippi river, and thus the land is made fertile and crops may be grown."

This about American Indians is amusing: "The American Indians are no longer a menace to civilization. They now live quietly on the outskirts of all American cities in quarters provided for them and called 'Indian reservations.' They may be seen at any time wandering the streets in their blankets and feathers, but they are now quite subdued—the white people no longer fear them."

Here is, indeed, a piece of news: "Canada is a great country and is proud of having been the birthplace of the greatest American patriot, George Washington."

A long article on the Mormon faith says: "The Mormons are a strange religious sect founded by the Rev. Arthur Smith about thirty years ago. Mr. Smith was a contemporary of Mrs. Mary Eddy, the Christian Science founder. But the two could not agree in their faiths, and Mr. Smith went west in a caravan with thousands of followers, many of whom were killed by the Indians in crossing the deserts of America. Mormons have many wives, like the followers of Islam, and they are to be found in all American cities with their large families."

The Parisian is enlightened as to the course of most of our fortunes in this wise: "The reason why so many of the great American fortunes are made in pork packing is because the staple of diet in America is pigs. Everybody eats pig three times a day, just as the Englishman eats roast beef three times a day. The demand for this article of diet has been the means of many Americans founding great fortunes."

The truly democratic origin of our great men is the subject for another article. It tells us: "The presidents of the great American republic have all been of humble origin. The great Lincoln was a tailor and worked in great poverty for many years prior to his taking his place as president. President Cleveland was a New Jersey farmer and was perhaps the most prosperous of all the presidents in his early life. After he had served several terms he returned to his farm at Prince's Town and continued to lead the life of a farmer until he died, doing much of the work with his own hands because he liked to."

"President Roosevelt is of Jewish descent, though not of the orthodox faith. His people having been converted to the Puritan and pilgrim faith soon after they emigrated to the new world. Mr. Roosevelt was a policeman for many years before he entered political life and was also a midshipman in the navy for a time. He has always plainly shown his humble origin and during his terms at the White House would take long vacations and join parties of the roughest kind of men and live with them for weeks—lumbermen, cattle herders and miners. His 'high life' existence was always distasteful to him, and he lived the life of a humble workman even at the White House. Mrs. Roosevelt serving his meals for him, so distasteful were servants to him."

We are told "the sky sweepers of New York are modeled on the idea of the Eiffel tower, but covered with stone. The people who live in the upper apartments are the poorer classes, but their rooms are airy and light, which is really better than living in dark quarters near the ground, as they did on the east side in the days before sky sweepers were built."

Suffragettes will be interested to read the following: "In America woman suffrage has been accepted. The women vote, enter all political positions, and it is said that ere long there will be a woman president. But the unfortunate result of suffrage is that the American woman has become insufferable. She rules with an iron hand, and men are but puppets to her. A Frenchman cannot understand why American men will submit to this 'bossing.' They seem to be afraid of their women and in fear obey them."—Thorndike Colton in Boston Post.

One must be poor to know the luxury of giving.

S. P. Devin in down from the Skinner Creek ranch.

Mrs. Jessie Coats, who has been visiting in Heppner for the past week, returned to Portland Saturday. Miss McHaley was a passenger for the Rose City Monday.

An Incident That Aroused Varied Emotions All Around.

In his "Reminiscences" General Basil W. Duke of the Confederate army tells of an incident he witnessed just after the close of the war:

"One morning about 9 o'clock I was sitting on the platform of a station waiting for my train when my attention was attracted to a squad of Federal soldiers who had evidently been on guard during the night, but were now getting their breakfast. They were well supplied with rations and seemed in high spirits.

"Just then I caught sight of a lank, hungry looking fellow who was unmistakably an ex-Confederate. He wore a ragged, faded gray jacket, with the buttons cut off, a pair of most dilapidated blue trousers and an old canvas haversack, as empty as extra-sidered space, hung around his neck. If he had eaten a square meal within six months appearances were deceitful. He was partially hidden behind a cotton bale, whence he watched the Yankee spread with eyes that threatened to protrude across the intervening distance.

"About the time I saw him the 'Yanks' also caught sight of him. They held a short consultation; then one of them sprang up, started toward him and shouted out:

"'Hello, reb! Come this way; we want you!'

"For some reason—perhaps because I was sick and peevish—I conceived the idea that they wanted to arrest him, and my blood boiled with indignation at so totally an unprovoked act of oppression.

"The 'Johnnie' evidently entertained the same opinion, for he began a rather rapid retreat. A fresh summons, however, re-enforced by a volley of threats, induced him to turn and approach the party, with an attempted dignity of demeanor that was ludicrous compared with his hasty retrograde movement.

"When he reached the spot where the 'grub' was the Yanks seized him, made him sit down and began to exert themselves to appease his manifest hunger. I have known some extraordinary feeders, but I honestly believe I have never seen any other two men eat as much as that fellow did. He kept at it steadily for not less than an hour, while the Yanks aided and encouraged him to the utmost. He drank six tin cupsful of coffee. He swelled visibly, and I wondered how his frail garments stood the tension.

"When at length he finished his captors crammed his weatherbeaten old haversack full of hard tack and bacon and sent him on his way rejoicing.

"It is scarcely necessary to say that my own feelings in regard to the incident had very materially changed during its progress."

COMMENCEMENT WEEK EXERCISES WILL BE GOOD

Hear the baccalaureate sermon by Rev. Ferris at the High School auditorium Sunday night. Special music is also being prepared for the occasion and the program will be doubly interesting on that account.

The graduates will take leading parts in the play, "She Stoops to Conquer," which will be presented at the High School next Friday night, June 5th. There will be no other graduating exercises. You are assured of something above the ordinary in the play, for which the students have been training faithfully.

Among Heppner's visitors today we noticed Phil Hirl from the north part of the county; John McNerny from the sand country; Frank McCabe, John Killenny and Johnie Kenney from Butter Creek; Joe Hayes from big Butter Creek; Paul Webb and Johnie Gaunt from the mountains; Mr. and Mrs. Jess Hall from the Dan Staller ranch and Albert Adkins from Rhea Creek.

\$5.00 REWARD

for the return or information leading to the recovery of one bay horse, weight about 1200 pounds, branded on left stripe with a dot in the center of a diamond, mane trimmed between ears. R. B. WILCOX, Lexington, Or.

H. C. Gay of Rhea Creek is a busy man now—a-days—the garden—the bees—the poultry and the fruit keeps him working more than eight hours a day. He came in yesterday to dispose of his produce.

EARLY AND LATE CABBAGE

Plants that don't run to seed, 50c per 100, tomato plants that don't blight easily at 15c per dozen, 50c for 50, 75c per 100 at

CUMMINGS NURSERY

Wiley Wattenberger and wife came in Tuesday from Pendleton for a visit with relatives and friends. While here, Mr. Wattenberger will make some improvements on his Heppner property.

C. L. O'Neil and Miss Clema Hartwell of Ione were married in Heppner Monday by Rev. Goulder at the minister's home. Mr. O'Neil is engaged in farming near Ione.

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