

LOCO WEED FAMILY IN MORROW COUNTY

A sample of weed thought to be causing the "walking disease" of horses in the Lexington district of Morrow county, was sent to the State Agricultural College by a farmer of that section, and proved to be a member of the loco, or rattle weed family, which contains some very poisonous plants, particularly troublesome to horses.

The sample was too badly broken up to permit of identification of the particular type of the family that it belonged to, but from the description of the behavior of horses affected with walking disease being similar to that occasioned by the loco weed it is possible that the weed occurs in the Lexington district. While this has not been conclusively proved, it would be well, says Prof. G. R. Hyslop of the College, for Morrow county stock owners to look carefully into their dry pasture conditions for patches of loco weed.

The loco weed produces seed from which the plant is apt to grow in patches or clumps. Animals get the habit of going back to these patches for more of the weed when accustomed to eating it. It is possible to kill out the patches by plowing and harrowing, when they are on land that can be cultivated. When on land that cannot be cultivated, the plants can only be killed out by grubbing them out. The

plant lives from year to year by its tap root, like alfalfa, but the above methods will surely kill it. All parts of the plant are poisonous and great care should be taken that it does not seed and spread generally over the entire district.

SLEEPINESS AFTER MEALS.

It Indicates Something Wrong With the Digestive System.

A condition of drowsiness, which may become an irresistible desire to take a nap shortly after eating, is usually a very accurate indication that something is wrong with the digestive apparatus. Usually this form of indigestion is chronic in character, and apparently there is no other evidence that it exists, or at least such evidence would not be detected by ordinary observation.

In such cases the desire to take a nap comes on suddenly, but the nap is a very short one, ordinarily not more than fifteen minutes. Sometimes the desire for these "indigestion naps" comes on at other periods than those immediately following meals, but in such cases this desire comes regularly at certain periods of the day. The cause, however, is the same as in cases where drowsiness comes on immediately after the meal, the difference in time being simply the difference in the interval required for the food to reach the portion of the intestinal tract that is not working properly.

Occasional drowsiness following an unusually hearty meal should not be confused with the type of periodic desire for a short nap referred to here. Such drowsiness indicates simply that the digestive apparatus is temporarily overworked and may be in a perfectly healthy condition. This sort of drowsiness, if indulged, usually persists for several hours, whereas the naps caused by indigestion are always of short duration. —Exchange.

Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. —Bishop Hall.

IONE INKLINGS

Garden making is the order of the day.

Less wind and more sunshine this week.

The county road grader went Tuesday. A little work now will do more good than many days later on when the moisture is all out of the ground.

Bert Mason spent Sunday in the country.

John Cochran returned to his camp over in Washington, Monday, after a short visit home. He says he is sure helping Uncle Sam reduce the coyote population.

It looks good to see so many flags out. Why not have a "patriotic week" oftener?

M. E. E. Lyons took out a Bull Tractor last Friday. He has just returned to this section of the country after an absence of several years and is living about ten miles south of town. They nearly always come back sooner or later.

During the high wind of last Friday about thirty feet of the east wall of the Mason building was blown down. The masons had just finished it a few hours before but had neglected to brace it and one of the heavy gusts of wind took it over. Fortunately no one was on the ice side, and except for a few cracked tiling no damage was done.

The lodge entertainment was a success in every way. Everyone enjoyed "Her Honor, the Mayor," and the way the "good cats" went and the hour at which the dance broke up spoke well for that part of the entertainment. Close to \$400 was taken in during the evening.

Dr. Brown left on the Tuesday morning train for Clarkston, Washington.

Chas. Moore was in lone from the Strawberry neighborhood Wednesday.

Mr. Millet, of Salem, was in lone the fore part of the week. Mr. Millet at one time lived a few miles northeast of Lexington, but moved to Salem a few years ago, and a little at a time, has disposed of his extensive land holdings in this section. He is thinking of re-investing in Morrow county wheat land.

We have heard a number of parties talking about homesteads the past few days and several have an eye on parts of their Uncle's remaining public lands.

Work on the new garage is being held up on account of the lack of material. — Car shortage again.

Heppner Herald \$1.50 a year.

When Novels Were Really Long.

Though William de Morgan wrote some of the longest novels of recent times, his efforts were conclusively itself compared with the works of some of the seventeenth century romancers. Mlle. de Scudery's once famous story, "Le Grand Cyrus," for instance, fills five folio volumes of 500 pages each in the English translation, and her contemporary, La Calprenede, was even more diffuse, his "Leopatre" running into twenty-three volumes. The leisurely method of the early novelists is well illustrated in "Parthenissa," by Roger Boyle, earl of Orrery, in which the eight hundredth page finds the two chief characters still engaged in the process of introducing themselves to each other, begun on page one.

Where the Guns Kick Hard.

Duck shooting at an altitude of 14,000 feet, on the Junin ponds, along the shores of the lake of that name, is a sport that can be followed in Peru. Very peculiar effects are noted in this rarefied region, probably the highest altitude for this sport in the world. The guns kick viciously, and the shot does not scatter promptly, making long shots successful. This phenomenon is due to the lack of density of the air, which is only about eight pounds to the square inch against fifteen at sea level. Another interesting fact is that the ducks have no fishy taste, as fish do not exist in this altitude.

"The Almighty Dollar."

The idea of the forceful phrase "the almighty dollar" is much older than the time of Washington Irving. Ben Jonson's "Epistle to Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland," announces thus: "Whilst that for which all things now is sold, And almost every vice, alights on gold."

—London Notes and Queries.

A Steeplejack and An Aeronautess

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

We are likely to adopt for an occupation what we have a passion for. Tom Gurley, as soon as he could walk began to climb over the furniture, and his mother was in dread lest he get up on to a window sill and tumble out. A few years later his place of blissful rest was a treetop. Then he got to climbing water spouts and trellises on to roofs, and by this time, being old enough to go to work, he became a steeplejack.

Emily Radcliffe was built upon stinkier lines to Tom Gurley.

While Eben Radcliffe did not try to prevent his daughter from risking her neck in an aeroplane, he was very much averse to her marrying Tom Gurley, to whom she had become attached.

"What do you want to marry a steeplejack for?" he asked. "He'll break his neck and leave you a widow."

"No more than I'll come down with a thump in an aeroplane and leave him a widower," was the reply.

Tom had one unfortunate trait. He was a spendthrift. Mr. Radcliffe in order to get the whip hand of him employed an agent to lend the young man all the money he wanted and draw the papers in such a way that if the funds were not paid at maturity he could arrest Tom and jail him. Of course the funds were not paid, and a constable was sent for Tom.

Emily got wind of the move and warned her lover. Tom kept an eye out for suspicious looking persons, and when he saw a man making a bee line for him he ran for his natural defense, a church spire. A tall elm stood beside the building, and Tom, catching a lower hub, pulled himself up and was soon in the topmost branches. The constable followed him, and Tom, climbing out on a branch overhauling the church, dropped to the roof.

The constable followed, and Tom, who had climbed the steeple before and knew every projection, climbed up to where the cone began. There was a lightning rod running to a point above the apex, and Tom went up by it and sat on the ball, holding to the weather vane.

This was more than the constable dared do. He descended by the way he had come and, once on the ground, settled himself to starve out the culprit. He had a good view of Tom, who must come down sooner or later and give himself up.

Now it happened that Emily needed to do some shopping that morning and passing the church saw her lover crouched on the apex of the church spire and the constable below watching him like a dog eyeing a coon. She took in the situation at once. She must help her lover out of his embarrassment, but how? Various plans suggested themselves. There seemed no way to help him unless she could feed him, and to convey food to the top of a steeple was not an easy thing to do.

"I have it," she said presently, and away she went, to put in practice a plan she had thought of. Going home, she made up a luncheon and put it in a pasteboard box, to which she attached a ball of twine. Then she got out her aeroplane and, rising in the air, made for a point above the steeple where Tom was a prisoner. Tom saw her and took heart. Circling above the spire, she gradually drew nearer to a point where she could lower the box to Tom. He made several attempts to catch it and at last succeeded. Then he broke the twine, opened the box and proceeded to refresh himself.

The constable eyed the proceeding with chagrin. He reported it to his principal, who sent word to him that the prisoner could not stay where he was forever, even with food, and to keep on the job. So the constable had his food supplied from a restaurant. Tom looked down on his enemy eating comfortably from a table brought him for the purpose and wondered which of the two could hold out the longer.

When night came several assistants were thrown around the church to prevent the prisoner escaping under cover of the darkness. Tom winced. The weather was chilly and lowering, and he did not relish the kind of a bed he was subjected to for even a single night. Emily lay awake that night, thinking of her lover on his perch and worried lest he fall asleep, tumble off and be dashed to death.

If she could lower a box to Tom why could she not lower a rope to which he might cling and thus be carried away to safety? As soon as day came she arose, got out her aeroplane and, lashing a stout rope to it, knotted at intervals and a noose at the end, sailed for the steeple. When Tom saw her coming he supposed she was bringing him his breakfast, but, seeing the dangling rope, he saw at once what it meant and felt every confidence provided Emily could place it within his reach.

As good luck would have it, she succeeded the first time she tried in sailing right over him, and the rope grazed his shoulder. The dangerous part of the maneuver was leaving his seat without the rope being wreathed from his hold. He managed this dextrously and as soon as free from the spire lowered himself to the noose and, getting his legs into it, sat on it.

The guard below, seeing their prisoner sail away suspended from an aeroplane, gave up the watch and departed. Tom and Emily descended at a village miles distant from their home and decided to be married. After being united by a county parson they went back to the bride's father and were forgiven. But Tom left the profession of steeple climbing and went into business with his father-in-law.

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