

## GREAT MASS OF PROOF.

Reports of 30,000 Cases of Kidney Trouble, Some of Them Heppner Cases.

Each of some 6,000 newspapers of the United States is publishing from week to week, names of people in its particular neighborhood, who have used and recommended Doan's Kidney Pills for kidney backache and urinary disorders. This mass of proof includes over 30,000 testimonials. Heppner is no exception. Here is one of the Heppner cases.

A. S. Buroh, farmer, Heppner, Oregon, says: "For about five years I had gravel and kidney trouble. There was much pain through my kidneys and at one time I was laid up for two weeks. The doctor's treatment helped me slightly, but it was not until I tried Doan's Kidney Pills that I received any great benefit. This preparation has done so much for me that I gladly recommend it to other kidney sufferers."

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Total \$3.00

### Both Papers One Year - \$2.00

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Publishes the latest and most complete telegraphic news of the world; gives reliable market reports, as it is published at Portland, where the market news can be had and is corrected to date for each issue. It also has a page of special matter for the farm and home, an entertaining story page, and a page or more of comic each week. Send it to the subscriber in every month—100 issues per year.

### The Gazette-Times

Gives all the local news of all happenings and should be in every home in this vicinity.

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If you want a sewing machine, write for our latest catalogue before you purchase. The New Home Sewing Machine Co., Orange, Mass.

## FOOD FOR A GENIUS.

Diet That Enabled Mrs. Siddons to Rise to Lady Macbeth.

It is not altogether easy to imagine a Lady Macbeth eating chops. Yet her greatest impersonator got her inspiration from them. If one may rely on an altogether delightful authority. On a certain occasion, writes E. V. Lucas in his book "The Second Post," the painter Haydon paid his butcher, who reprobated by expressing great admiration for the artist's painting of "Alexander."

"Quite alive, sir," said the butcher. "I am glad you think so," said the artist.

"Yes, sir; but, as I have often said to my sister, you could not have painted that picture, sir, if you had not cut my meat, sir."

"Very true, Mr. Sowerby."

"Ah, sir, I have a fancy for genius, sir."

"Have you, Mr. Sowerby?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Siddons, sir, has cut my meat, sir. Never was such a woman for chops, sir! Ah, sir, she was a wonderful creature!"

"She was, Mr. Sowerby."

"Ah, sir, when she used to act that there character—but, Lord, such a head, as I say to my sister—that there woman, sir, that murders a king between 'em."

"Oh, Lady Macbeth."

"Ah, sir, that's it—Lady Macbeth. I used to get up with the butler behind her carriage when she acted, and I used to see her looking quite wild and all the people quite frightened. 'Aha, my lady,' says I, 'if it wasn't for my meat, though, you wouldn't be able to do that!'"

## THE COTTON INDUSTRY.

Alexander Hamilton Foresees Its Importance in This Country.

There exists in the archives of one of the oldest among the cotton spinning families in northern New Jersey a long letter from a banker of New York addressed to Alexander Hamilton when he was secretary of the treasury. The banker had heard that Hamilton proposed to build a cotton mill at Paterson, N. J. This project the banker condemned and stated that it was the opinion of all the merchants in New York whom he knew that not in a hundred years would the cotton milling business in the United States employ 200.

Hamilton went ahead and planned the industrial town he named Paterson and also planned and financed a company for developing a water power and for financing corporations thereat. Hamilton's original company, known as the Society for Useful Manufactures, exists to this day at Paterson.

The agent whom Hamilton sent to England to buy cotton mill machinery was instructed to have it "knocked down" and placed in small boxes that were to be marked "Bibles for the Moravians of Pennsylvania." It was at that time against the laws of England to ship any kind of industrial machinery out of the kingdom. Hamilton's brother and two of his agents were caught trying to ship the cotton mill machinery to Paterson, and they were imprisoned for ten months.—Cotton.

Waldo and the Pickled Peppers. "Now, dearie," said the nurse, "I want you to learn this nice little poem about 'Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.'"

"Shan't," answered the Boston child, much in the manner of other children. "Oh, naughty, naughty! Why, Waldo, why won't you learn this pretty poem?"

"For two reasons," answered Waldo. "In the first place, the alliteration of the line you quote is so excessive as to destroy any literary finish that such adventures might lend if used more sparingly. And, in the second place, consider the impossibility of picking peppers which have already been pickled. The whole thing is beneath the attention of my intelligent person."—Boston Traveller.

Hunting on Treacherous Soil. Snipe shooting on an Irish bog is an excellent test of a gunner's skill and endurance. An experienced bog shooter if he finds himself going down throws himself flat on his side or back and at the same time throws his gun to his attendant, generally an unskilled "seasoner" who rarely fails to catch it. The sensation of being hurled is very unpleasant, but if a man throws himself on his side or back there is strength enough in the post to support his body.—Forty-five Years of Sport.

A Great Wheel. Laxer, in the Isle of Man, is the headquarters of the land mines of the island. It is celebrated also for its great wheel, which was erected in 1824. Its diameter is seventy-two feet, and so splendidly is it set that there is no oscillation, and it has been going practically ever since its erection.

Twice Too Much. "Two heads are better than one," quoted the wise guy. "I find one quite enough the morning after," replied the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

Consistent. Clara—I see Cynthia has decorated her room with guns, pistols, swords and the like. Cora—Yes; she always has been a great girl for having arms about her.

The innocent seldom find an enemy pillow.—Cowper.

## DUST IN THE AIR.

Its Influence Upon the Sun's Heat in the Atmosphere.

When the air is very thick and hazy it may contain floating dust particles to the number of from 10,000 to 20,000 in every cubic centimeter, while a cubic centimeter of very clear air may contain only from a dozen to a few hundred particles.

An English observer's data indicate that there is a relation between the quantity of dust and the temperature of the air. A great amount of dust, it is thought, increases the temperature in the daytime and checks the fall of temperature at night.

The reason is that the presence of dust serves as an obstruction to the free radiation of heat through the air. The sunbeams pass through very pure, clear air without losing much heat to it, and at night the heat received by the ground during the day readily escapes through the same air, but if the atmosphere is heavily laden with dust the sun's rays are partly arrested by the particles which, becoming heated, in turn warm the air, and in like manner heat radiated from the earth at night is retained in the hazy layers of air in contact with its surface.

Without its atmosphere, which serves as a coverlet to protect it against the fearful cold of space, the surface of the earth would be frozen like that of the lifeless moon. But the data gathered by reliable observers show that the atmospheric blanket wrapped around our planet varies in its power to retain heat in proportion to the amount of dust particles it contains.—Harper's Weekly.

## DEATH BY DROWNING.

Sinking and Rising Depend on the Water in the Lungs.

A group of old salts at Saller's Sing Harbor were discussing the popular belief that a drowning person must come to the surface of the water three times before he can possibly drown.

"Well," said Captain Tom Madigan, "there is little ground for that supposition. The truth is, a drowning person may sink the first time, never to rise again, or he may, as in the majority of cases, rise three times before he sinks forever."

"It all depends on the quantity of water that he swallows when he sinks and the size of his lungs. The human body in life naturally floats while the lungs are inflated. So long as one keeps his head above the water he can float with very little effort."

"But as soon as the person sinks he gulps down a lot of water. If after he has swallowed this water he has any air left in his lungs he will undoubtedly rise again and will continue to sink and rise until all the air has been worked out of his lungs."

"In most cases the frightened victim swallows enough water when he sinks the first time to leave him exhausted, but as there is still air left in the lungs he soon finds himself on the surface again. Each time he sinks, however, the supply of air in his lungs grows less until ultimately there is nothing left to support him, when he will drown."—New York Herald.

## The Second Man.

A teacher said to her class, "Who was the first man?"

"George Washington," a little boy shouted promptly.

"How do you make out that George Washington was the first man?" said the teacher, smiling indulgently.

"Because," said the little boy, "he was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

But at this point a larger boy held up his hand. "Well," said the teacher to him, "who do you think was the first man?"

"I don't know what his name was," said the larger boy, "but I know it wasn't George Washington, ma'am, because the history book says George Washington married a widow, so of course there must have been a man ahead of him."—New York Press.

## Cities of Refuge.

In the tumultuous days of old, when "every man's hand was against every other man and every other man's hand against him," when the principle of "due process of law" was practically unknown and private vengeance was the rule of the day, it was absolutely necessary that there should be some place to which one could fly for safety. Such were the "cities of refuge," of which there were six in Palestine. He who succeeded in reaching such a city when pursued by his would-be destroyer was safe until his right to protection was judicially decided. In all probability there were cities of refuge in other countries than Palestine.

## Here the Credit.

"There is one thing I like about your husband—he never hurries you when getting ready to go out with him."

"Very little credit is due to him for that, my dear. Whenever I see that I am not likely to be ready in time I simply hide his hat or his gloves and let him hunt for them up and down until I have finished dressing."

## His Little Task.

"Very anxious man, they say." "Very. Bought a dictionary last week, and now he's counting the words to see if it contains as many as the publishers claim."—Washington Herald.

## Ambiguous.

"How are you, old man? Feeling pretty strong?"

"No, only just managing to keep out of the grave."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that!"—Judge's Library.

## BREATH OF A WOLF.

Here's a Persian Remedy if a Bone Sticks in Your Throat!

A new and ingenious remedy for a bone in the throat will be found in an account of a Persian plirringe published under the title of "The Glory of the Sha World." The doctor was Mirza Sadik Khan, chief physician of the Shah of Mulk.

"The patient was brought in on the verge of death, and when his condition had been described the learned physician stroked his long beard and exclaimed: 'By Allah! This case would be hopeless except for me, whose perception is phenomenal. The cause of this man's state is a bone lodged in the throat so firmly that no efforts avail to dislodge it. Therefore either the man must quickly die or the bone must be dissolved, and by what agency? Thanks be to Allah, I am a physician and a Keraani and have observed that wolves, who live on raw meat and bones, never suffer any calamity such as that of the patient. Therefore, it is clear to me that the breath of a wolf dissolves bones and that if one breathes down the throat of a patient the bone will be dissolved.'"

"Infinite are the marvels of Allah, for when a wolf belonging to a but-foam was brought in and breathed on the patient suddenly a fit of choking ensued and the bone, dissolved without doubt by the breath of the wolf, was loosened and extracted."

## LOSSES AT MONTE CARLO.

Not at the Gaming Tables, but From Thieves and Pickpockets.

The extent to which pickpockets carry on their calling at Monte Carlo is shown by the experiences of an Englishman, the wife of a prominent member of the British colony in Paris. While playing at the gaming tables in the casino she found suddenly that somebody had opened her bag and stolen her purse, which contained several hundred dollars. In a letter to her husband she writes:

"It was about 5 o'clock when they entered my complaint and a description of the purse in the ledger. I returned after 7 o'clock, and the clerk had to turn back three pages to find the entry."

"Surely," I said, "these are not all losses that have occurred since I was here two hours ago?"

"Yes, madame, they are," he replied, "and it's the same every day."

The writer thinks that "losses" is scarcely the right word to use. She relates the case of another Englishwoman who was robbed of \$1,500 in the same way as herself. The victim actually caught a woman's hand in her bag and she held on until some detectives arrived, but the thief had already passed the notes to an accomplice, and she was allowed to go.—Cor. New York Sun.

## Dubious Work.

Many years ago when Colonel Prebel of Atlanta was called on to gauge the water in a neighboring stream he one day had an amusing encounter with an old farmer who came along on a wood cart drawn by an ox.

When he reached the colonel he stopped the cart and inquired peremptorily: "What on 'arth are them men doin' thar?"

"They are trying to find out how many bucketfuls of water run down this creek in twenty-four hours," said the colonel.

"Mister, are that a true fact?" asked the farmer.

"Yes; that's just what it is," said the colonel. "Well, mister," said the old man in a tone of much disapproval and anxiety, "it might be all right, but it do appear to me such doin's are unconstititutional."—Youth's Companion.

## Still Had It.

Rastus was on trial, charged with stealing \$7.85. He pleaded not guilty, and as he was unable to hire an attorney the judge appointed Lawyer Cleaver as counsel. Cleaver put up a strong plea in defense, and Rastus was acquitted.

Counsel and client met a few minutes later outside the courtroom.

"Now, Rastus," said Cleaver, "you know the court allows the counsel very little for defending this kind of case. I worked hard for you and got you clear. I'm entitled to much more money than I'm getting for my valuable services. Have you got any money?"

"Yes, boss," replied Rastus. "I still done got dat seven dollars and eighty-five cents."—Everybody's.

## Bothered the Barber.

"How are things?" the barber asked pleasantly of the shrinking man in the chair.

"Pull, very dull!"

And the knight of the razor looked for a moment as if he thought the remark was personal.—London Telegraph.

## Dad's Disgrace.

"We dined out last evening. Pa disgraced us as usual."

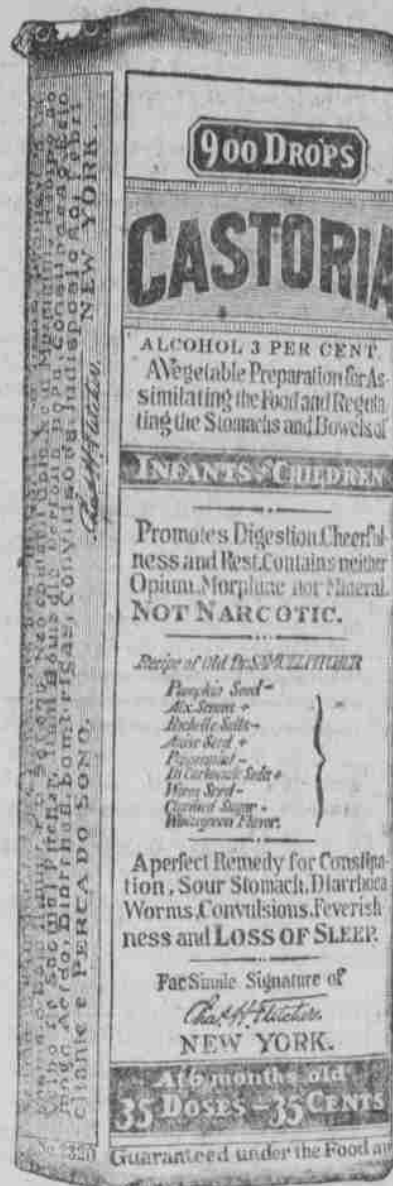
"As to how?"

"Got to the end of the dinner with three forks and two spoons still unused."—Pittsburg Post.

## Doesn't He, Though?

Each—Confess, now, Henry, you don't pay as much attention to your wife as you did before you were married? H. Pack—Lord, yes, I mind twice as quick now.—Toledo Blade.

A fool always wants to shorten space and time; a wise man wants to lengthen both.—Ruskin.



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