

Liberty Meat Market

B. F. MATLOCK, Prop.

The Best Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal,
Sausage and Home Cured Meats.

A STRICTLY CASH MARKET

M. L. CASE

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

and

PRACTICAL EMBALMER

City Meat Market

KINSMAN & HALL, Proprietors

Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal,
SUGAR CURED HAMS

Good Lard, About 10 lbs. \$1.50

Lowest Prices on Meat for Harvest.

MARTIN JOHNSON

Contracting and Building,
Painting and Paperhanging

Am prepared to do all lines of repairing and job work at my shop in old Gazette Building on Main street, Heppner. See me for any kind of work in these lines.

ELMER BEAMAN

Fuel Dealer

Rock Springs Coal, Pine, Fir and Oak Cord Wood
and Slab Wood.

SELLS FOR CASH ON DELIVERY.

Leave your Orders with Slocum Drug Company
and they will receive prompt attention.

Heppner Garage

Bert Bowker, Prop.

Automobile for hire. Repair work of all kinds
done. Gasoline and oil for sale. Machines housed,
cleaned and oiled.

Agent for the 1912 FORD

MIKE HEALY, PROPRIETOR

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COURTEOUS TREATMENT AND FIRST-CLASS SERVICE. WE
PAY FOR ALL TELEPHONES POP RIGS.

LOWER MAIN STREET — — HEPPNER, OREGON

THE
HOME
OF THE
SPOTTED
HORSES

THE PALM

Heppner's Leading Confection-
ery and Ice Cream Parlors

ROBERT M. HART, PROPRIETOR

Can serve you now with nice, fresh Ice Cream. None
better to be had in the city. Fine line of fresh Candies.

Leading Brands Cigars and Tobacco

MEMORY OF SAVAGES.

Wonderful Feats of the Zulus in Con-
veying Verbal Messages.

The memory in savage or uncivilized peoples is often trained to a degree very surprising to those civilized men and women who have grown used to depending on the written word. The transmission of whole epics, like the "Iliad," by word of mouth no longer seems so incredible when you read of the feats of memory of which present day Zulus are capable.

These people, says Mr. Gibson in "The Story of the Zulus," have no writing and are accustomed to transmit messages and record events by memory alone. This they can do because their mental impressions are made especially distinct by reason of their acquired or inherited habit of giving undivided attention to the subject in hand.

Communications between the British authorities and the Zulu kings were almost invariably conducted by means of verbal messages carried by natives. A certain ultimatum addressed by the British to Cetwayo was conveyed to him, not upon paper, but in the brain cells of the messengers whom he had sent eighty miles to receive it from the British commissioners.

Although the document contained some 4,000 words and was accompanied by much comment on the state of things it was desired to remedy, the whole was repeated to Cetwayo with perfect accuracy.

MOVING PICTURES.

Why They Sometimes Show Wheels
Turning the Wrong Way.

Every one must have noticed that in moving pictures the wheels of carriages or automobiles often seem to be turning backward instead of forward. One puzzled person wrote to the Scientific American asking why, and this is that paper's answer:

In taking a moving picture there are perhaps sixteen exposures made each second. If now the spokes of the wheel of a carriage move with a speed so that the spokes are in the same position at each exposure, that wheel will seem to stand still in the picture.

If the wheel is moving slower, then the spokes will be seen farther backward in the successive views, and the wheel will seem to turn backward, while it will seem to turn forward when the spokes move fast enough to occupy positions further forward in each exposure.

It is a matter of the interruption for the exposure and the motion of the wheel. If there are sixteen exposures and the wheel turns through the space between two spokes in one-sixteenth of a second the wheel would be in the same position at each successive exposure and so would not seem to move at all.

Gymnasium Training.

Every person who has received gymnasium training is aware of the fact that an exercise which calls for painful effort on the part of the beginner is often performed almost without any conscious effort at all after a certain amount of training has been received. Again, it is perfectly well known that brute strength alone does not make a gymnast and that even a simple exercise may offer great difficulty to a muscular and well developed individual who has not been trained in the gymnasium. The explanation for this is made in an article by Professor Dubois Raymond in Die Umschau, who points out that one of the essential functions of gymnasium work is not so much to build up muscle as to train nerves and nerve groups to work in proper unison and co-ordination.

Flags at Half Mast.

Ever since flags were used in war it has been the custom to have the flag of the superior or conquering nation above that of the inferior or vanquished. When an army found itself hopelessly beaten it hauled its flag down far enough for the flag of the victors to be placed above it on the same pole. This was a token not only of submission, but of respect. In those days when a famous soldier died flags were lowered out of respect to his memory. The custom long ago passed from purely military usage to public life of all kinds, the flag flying at half mast being a sign that the dead man was worthy of universal respect. The space left above it is for the flag of the great conqueror of all, the angel of death.

One Good Way.

"My wife," said Mr. Clarke, "sent \$2 in answer to an advertisement of a sure method of getting rid of superfluous fat."

"And what did she get for the money? Was the information what she wanted?" asked Mr. Simmons.

"Well, she got a reply telling her to sell it to the soap man."—Harper's Monthly.

He Guessed Right.

"Ah, ma," exclaimed Mrs. Nagget, "my shopping was most unsatisfactory today."

"Huh!" grunted Nagget. "Trying to get something for nothing, I suppose."

"Yes, dear. I was after a birthday gift for you."—Philadelphia Press

Quite a Change.

"Well—Horell doesn't speak to his wife—Powell—And I can remember when he thought it was worth \$1 to say a few words to her by long distance telephone."—Justice

It is a fine thing to know when to let a man hold on too long. It is better to jump overboard than to go down with the sinking ship.

RIBBON UPSET A STATE.

The Undecorated Minister Resigned
and the Government Fell.

Many interesting side lights on a court and the unexpected trials and troubles incident to it from which republics are free are given in William Miller Collier's book of reminiscences of his days as minister to the Spanish court, "At the Court of His Catholic Majesty." That a government should fall as the result of a ribbon bestowed for a purely ceremonial purpose seems rather absurd, but, says Mr. Collier: "It is a historical fact that not many years ago a certain minister of the marine in one of the European countries resigned because the ruler of a foreign country, on the occasion of his visit to its capital, gave him a certain rank in a certain order and gave a higher rank to his colleague, the minister of war. The minister of marine contended that it was an insult to his country's navy and the fact that he received the rank which the ruler required in such cases and that the minister of war had received a higher rank only because the lower rank had been given him previously made no difference to the aggrieved minister.

"In his opinion his own government in not demanding that the foreign government give him also the higher rank in this foreign order had permitted its navy to be insulted, and so he resigned, and the government fell. Thus does the fate of nations hang not on threads, but on ribbons."

FISH FEATHERS.

An Epicure's Dish and the Way to
Trap the Makings.

The young man did not know what he wanted to eat. His appetite was poor. His palate must be tempted and tickled. He scanned the menu card again and again. Finally, with a sigh of resignation, he said to the waiter: "Bring me some fish feathers."

"Fish feathers?" exclaimed the astonished waiter.

"Yes; fish feathers! And I want 'em tonight, not next week!"

The waiter retired for a conference with the chef, the captain and the door manager.

"No such dish here," was his report. "There ain't any such thing. There never was such a dish in New York."

The young man arose and sighed again.

"That's what I've been told by every waiter in New York," he remarked sulkily. "But if you will drop a line to the commissioner of fisheries in Washington he will correct your mistake, enlighten your ignorance, project a shaft of thought into that granite which grows above your shoulders."

He sighed a third time, stretched himself slowly and added:

"The commissioner will tell you that fish feathers are a delicacy. They are taken from flying fish. You catch flying fish with salt water on their tails." Then he went gloomily into the night. —Popular Magazine.

Swordsmanship Against a Tiger.

Sir James Outram, known as the Bayard of India, was a "mighty hunter" and an accomplished swordsman. He once performed the hazardous feat of killing a tiger with his sword and from the back of his horse. General Nicholson performed a similar feat. He rode round and round the tiger at a gallop, gradually narrowing the circle until at last he was near enough to deliver his blow. He had only the one blow and if he had failed would have been slain. The explanation of the feat is that the tiger does not spring upon the horseman during the circling process because he is watching his opportunity. As the circle draws closer and closer upon him he becomes bewildered by the strange maneuver, so unlike that of any hunter he has ever encountered.

India Rubber Tree Fruit.

The fruit of the India rubber tree is somewhat similar to that of the Indian chestnut, the castor oil plant, though somewhat larger. The seeds have a not disagreeable taste and yield a purplish oil. It is a fairly good substitute for linseed oil, though it dries less rapidly. Mixed with copal and turpentine, it makes a good varnish. The oil may also be used in the manufacture of soaps and lithographic inks. The seeds are somewhat like tiny chestnuts, although darker in color. The Indian girls are fond of wearing bracelets and necklets made of them.

A Funny Misprint.

One of the most ludicrous announcements that ever appeared perhaps was made by a London newspaper in the earlier half of the last century to the effect that Sir Robert Peel "and a party of friends were shooting peasants in Ireland." The words misprinted, of course, were "friends" and "pheasants."

Cause For Gratitude.

Wille Green—You city kids ought to be thankful that your parents use gas stoves, especially during the hot summer. City Boy—Why? Wille Green—Well, you never heard tell of a boy splitting wood for a gas stove, did you? —Philadelphia Record.

"A Reversed Program.
"The stage should depict society as it really exists," said the serious person.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "but it doesn't. On the contrary, society tries to imitate the songs, dances and dialect of the stage."—Washington Star.

A Changed Man.

Mrs. Knagg—You were a different man when I married you. Mr. Knagg—I sincerely hope so, for then I was a fool.—Boston Transcript.

A LITERARY RIDDLE.

Who Was It Wrote the Tragedy of
"Troilus and Cressida?"

Andrew Lang has just propounded a puzzle in circumstantial evidence. "Who," he asks, "wrote 'Troilus and Cressida?'" You may answer, as you please, Shakespeare or Bacon. If you answer Bacon, Andrew Lang comes back with the query, "Would Bacon have said that Aristotle lived before the Trojan war?" Bacon was too learned a man to make such a mistake, which would be as bad as placing Abraham Lincoln among the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

If you answer Shakespeare, Andrew Lang shoots another query at you: "The author makes Ulysses and Achilles quote 'an author' and discuss a pretty long and strange passage from that author, who was Plato. How could Shakespeare have read Plato?" For Shakespeare knew no Greek, and in his day Plato had not yet been translated into English.

It is quite conceivable that Shakespeare might imagine that Plato and Aristotle lived many centuries before Homer, but it is inconceivable that the erudite Bacon should fall into such an error.

Andrew Lang does not pretend to solve the riddle. He frankly says, "I give it up."—New York World.

RISKY POSTAL SERVICE.

In Russia the Government Opens All
Suspicious Packages.

Our own service of mails is well organized. There is little doubt in the mind of the average person that when he posts a letter it will reach its destination.

But in other lands he might well fear for its safety. In Russia, for instance, any letter or parcel that is regarded with suspicion is immediately opened and its contents noted. A clever machine guns it up again, so that the recipient does not know that it has been tampered with.

In Lapland the mails are carried in sledges drawn by reindeer. In the wilds of the Caucasus the postman holds a post of danger. He must be protected against brigands and against the weather, for he often has to climb mountains more than 12,000 feet high.

Asiatic Russia, which is apt to be marshy, has the buffalo post, and, of course, the progress made is very slow. Buffaloes are more powerful than oxen, and they are also used in Siberia for carrying the mail.

Other postmen in foreign lands are the swimming postman of India and the sking letter carrier of the Andes. For the latter place the Argentine government specially imports Norwegian skiers.

Mexico's Smoking Mountain.

In 1897 I climbed two volcanoes in Mexico, Popocatepetl, or "the smoking mountain," about 17,800 feet, and Orizaba, the former the most famous because within view from Mexico City and thus a source of especial pride and admiration to the inhabitants, who have been loath to believe that any other of their mountains could be higher. Popo has a really splendid crater, about half a mile across and 1,000 feet deep. The walls are generally vertical, but in one or two places it is possible to descend. When workers are engaged in collecting sulphur machinery is used to hoist them up and down. From Popo's summit there is a glorious prospect, not alone of the immense crater, but of the beautiful "White Lady" (Ixtaccihuatl) reclining a thousand feet below, of Orizaba on the far horizon and of the charming valley of Mexico.—Annie S. Peck in Christian Herald.

Wellington's Integrity.

The Duke of Wellington was noted for his rigid integrity. Here is an instance which occurred in reference to his large estate. Some farm adjoining his lands was for sale, and his agent negotiated for him for the purchase. Having concluded the business, he went to the duke and told him he had made a capital bargain. "What do you mean?" asked the duke. "Why, your grace, I have got the farm for so much, and I know it to be worth at least so much more." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Quite sure, your grace, for I have carefully surveyed it." "Very well, then; pay the gentleman from me the balance between what you have already given and the real value of the estate."

Strong Circumstantial Evidence.

A young wife was in tears a few mornings ago when her mother called. When asked what was the matter she replied that her husband was out late the night before and had been to a drinking party.

"What makes you think he had been to a drinking party?" asked the mother.

"He came home," sobbed the young wife, "wearing a photograph horn for a hat."—Kansas City Star.

More Careful Now.

The young wife had given her husband a dance. "You've improved wonderfully, Jack," she said as they sat down. "Don't you remember how you used to tear my dress?"

"Yes," he replied. "I wasn't buying them then."—Boston Transcript.

Barks.

The class in natural history being asked the difference between a dog and a tree, the head boy answered, "A tree covered with bark, while a dog seems to be lined with it."

Noisy Sleep.

Hub (angrily)—Here! What do you say by waking me out of a sound sleep? Wife—Because the sound was so distressing.—Boston Transcript.

Animals That Are Always Enemies.

Many animals are born with an inherent antipathy for other animals. The excessive fear shown by young rabbits which for the first time smell a ferret and of young turkeys which hear the shrill cry of a hawk they have never heard or seen before are proved examples of the strength of these instinctive antipathies. But the case of the weasel and rat is, perhaps, more to be noticed because of the greater equality of the antagonists. The feud is so bitter that a meeting between them almost certainly means death to one or both. Friendships are not uncommon between the cat and dog and have been known between a dog and wolf, but the mutual attitude of the weasel and rat is invariably war-war that is waged to the death.

Great in His Line.

Robert Barr once showed a portrait of Mark Twain to a silk merchant of Lyons. "Tell me who that is," Mr. Barr said. The merchant gazed at the portrait and answered, "I should say he was a statesman." "Supposing you were in that, what would be your next guess?" asked Mr. Barr. "If he is not a maker of history he is perhaps a writer of it—a great historian, probably. Of course it is impossible for me to guess accurately except by accident, but I use the adjective 'great' because I am convinced this man is great in his line, whatever it is. If he makes silk he makes the best." Mr. Barr told the French merchant who the portrait represented and said, "You have summed him up in your last sentence."—London News.

Gladstone and Grillon's.

Mr. Gladstone's election to Grillon's club, which took place in 1840, was far from delighting him at the time. He declared it to be "a thing quite alien to my temperament, which requires more soothing and domestic appliances after the feverish and consuming excitement of party life, but the rules of society oblige me to submit." Lord Morley adds: "As it happened, so narrow is man's foreknowledge Grillon's down to the very end of his life nearly sixty years ahead, had no more faithful or congenial member."—London Chronicle.

Soon Remedied.

Irate Householder—Why can't you answer this bell sooner? The fire's out again. Where have you been?

Maid of all work (resigned and leaving)—I've been packin' up my things. I can't stop to do that. It'll light itself soon. The 'ouse is afire!—London Punch.

His Reception.

Young Man—I have called, sir, to request the hand of your daughter in marriage. Old Grumleigh—Has she accepted you? Young Man—Yes, sir. Old Grumleigh—Then what do you want to come round and bother me with your troubles for?

A Tragic Possibility.

Uncle Leven, a grizzled old wood sawyer, was told by a lady for whom he had been working to wait in the kitchen for his supper. Aunt Caroline, the cook, filled his plate with choice bits from the "great house" table, and Uncle Leven fell upon them with relish. Soon, however, a cloud crossed his face.

"What all you, Unc' Leven?" asked Aunt Caroline solicitously. "Is you got or pain?"

"Tain't dat, Sis' Calline," said Uncle Leven, "but I's feared I'll git filled up befo' I eats all I wants."—Youth's Companion.

A Cigar Lighter.

Gibbs—I went a railway journey the other day and took a box of cigars with me. Nibbs—Well, I suppose you had a good smoke? Gibbs—Aye, I had that, but when the train had started I found I'd no matches. Nibbs—No matches, and yet you'd a good smoke? How did you manage for a light? Gibbs—Well, you see, I opened the box, took out one, and that made the box "a cigar lighter."—London Tit-Bits.

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. Burch, 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."

For sale by a dealers, Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.