

Town and Country.

Good second hand Ford for sale.
W. T. McROBERTS.

W. P. Cox and wife spent Christmas with their relatives at Portland, returning home Friday.

The family of Frank A. Andrews, pastor of the Christian church, have been under quarantine the past week, on account of the flu.

Frank Turner has gone to Hot Lake sanatorium, where he will remain for a time, receiving treatment for rheumatism. He left on Saturday.

Berl Gurdane, who during the past year has been at the naval training station at Mare Island, Calif., is now home, having secured his release from the service.

Mrs. Ben G. Buschke was brought to Heppner Sanatorium Tuesday morning, where she underwent an operation at the hands of Dr. C. C. Chick for appendicitis.

Martin Lovgren was in from Eight Mile on Monday and made this office a pleasant call. He has rented his place and will retire from the hard labors of farming for a time.

C. H. Rhea has received his discharge from the service and reached home in time to eat Christmas dinner with his brother, Waldron Rhea at Butter Creek. He arrived Christmas morning.—Echo News.

Sam Devine is up from Portland and expects to remain in Morrow county for a couple or three months, visiting at the home of his son, Joe Devine near Lexington. He was in Heppner for a short time on Saturday.

I will sell four of the best building lots in Heppner for \$250.00 each. The lots are each 50x100 feet and true parallelograms, each corner being a right angle, and each lot is a half of a square.

HARRY CUMMINGS.

Mrs. W. A. Richardson is in receipt of a letter this week from Mrs. Ray Hyland, Eugene, announcing the death from influenza on the 3rd of December of her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Hyland will be remembered by many Heppner people, as they made their home in this city for a number of years.

Geo. D. Anderson, who has charge of the Jack Hynd sheep and spent the summer months with the bands in the Granite section, was up from Cecil on Saturday, his first trip to Heppner since the big fire. After spending a day or two here, he went on out to Ukiah to visit a few days with a brother living there.

T. B. Buffington, of Ione, was a pleasant caller at this office while in town on Tuesday. He stated that his little city was now getting its full share of the flu and there is quite a number of very serious cases there. His family were among those who had the disease when it first struck the town and they are now fully recovered.

Eph Eskelson of Meadow Brook Farm, was up to Heppner on Friday last. His family have been victims of the flu and Mrs. Eskelson was not able to be out for about four weeks. During this time Eph has been chief cook and housekeeper at his home, and he is rather inclined to think that on account of his great skill as a cook, his wife was not in much of a hurry to get back on the job again.

In remitting for the Gazette-Times, which will go to his address for another year, W. F. Rhea wishes us a Happy New Year. We note that Mr. Rhea is one of the Morrow county boys that has made good. He has lived in the Montana country for a great many years and has succeeded well as a stockman of his section. He is now president of the First National Bank of Bainville, Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Smead were called to Pendleton during the week on account of sickness in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence White. They were afflicted with influenza and Mr. White has been in a very serious condition at the hospital in that city, grave hopes being entertained for a few days as to the outcome. He is now reported as improved and on the road to recovery. Mr. and Mrs. Smead are quarantined at the White residence in Pendleton.

Walter, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Purdin, died suddenly on Sunday evening from an attack of influenza. The baby was two years of age and had been sick but a very short time when death came. The remains were laid to rest in the Masonic cemetery on Monday afternoon, Rev. H. A. Noyes of the Federated church officiating. The family of Mr. Purdin, who is the foreman in the Herald office, arrived at Heppner just a short time ago and some of the older children were sick with influenza when they got here. These have fully recovered.

ESTRAYED—A 5-year-old Lincoln buck, from my place on Eight Mile. No visible brands or marks. Horns curl close to face and are sawed off about opposite eyes. Animal left my place about a month ago. Notify R. E. ALLSTOTT, Eight Mile, Oregon 419-ft

STIRRED BY GREAT PARADE

Many Will Think That the Little Man Was a Trifle Unjust to His Own Importance.

The swelling roar of cheers outside made the Little Man drop a paper weight on his ledger leaves and bolt to the nearest window, says Collier's Weekly. Down the street came the guard of honor, mounted police preceding some sunburnt regulars from our Mexican border, and behind them swung half a company of real French poilus, the sort that turned back the Boche from Verdun and the Chemin des Dames. Short, quick stepping, steel built men of France they were, with keen, dark faces under the lopping tam o' shanter headgear of the Corps Alpin, rolling along with their Noah's ark packs and bayonets set for action. The cheering actually seemed to shove the buildings back from the street. Long ago the Forum must have welcomed thus the legionaries who had saved Roman civilization from the barbarian in those bitter struggles through Gaul and Dacia. Every man's sleeves showed the stripes that meant wounds, and his breast the decorations that meant valor.

"They did make me feel so old and useless and out of it," as the Little Man told his wife next morning. So he ground out the day's work with his teeth set hard, bought some more thrift stamps, took the first car for home, spent the rest of the daylight hours in curing for his beans, potatoes and cabbage, got through a warfare dinner and put in the evening selling Mr. McAdoo's pet bonds to some boss metal workers whom he had met in the lodge last winter. Getting home at 10:50 p. m., he routed out that 1917 model straw hat, cleaned it up for another campaign, and some time later fell into bed as if it had been a dugout.

"If this gets much worse I'll learn to kilt," was his last waking thought, "and if they want to keep me out of this war they'll have to put bolts on it." After all, things seen are mightier than things heard, and the Little Man and Tennyson are both right.

NEW YORK'S MANY MINERALS

Astonishing Variety Is Known to Exist Beneath the Streets of American Metropolis.

Everyone knows that Boston is a great center of copper mining, and that New York is the center of all other mining industries of the country, but few realize that either of these cities have opportunities to mine for anything except subways at home. It seems, however, that New York's extraordinary activities in the mining business must have received their first impetus not from Wall street, but from a varied experience gained in dealing with the rock of Manhattan.

More than 118 varieties of minerals and several kinds of gems have been found on the island, according to Electrical Experimenter. Aquamarines weighing 1 1/2 karats have been found at Broadway and One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street. The mining possibilities at Broadway and One Hundred and Seventy-sixth street are almost unlimited. Green tourmaline gems, magnetite and iron ore, chalcocopyrite, malachite, pyrrhotite and a crystal form of nickel have been found there.

Other minerals to be had on the island are zirconite, used in the manufacture of perikon detector, roehlingite, agate, amazon-stone, amber, amethyst, chrysoberyl, fire opal, garnet, peristerite, prehnite, rock crystal, rose quartz, smoky quartz, precious serpentine, tourmaline and willemite, silver, lead, zinc, copper, iron, tephrospar, molybdenite—which is used in the molybdenite detector—graphite, asbestos, mica, beryl, torbenite and uraninite.

They Don't Have to See the Flag.

When one is as patriotic and respectful to the flag as a Great Lakes bluejacket is the colors can be heard even when not seen.

Facing the station on the sidewalk in front of her home in North Chicago a woman noticed several jackies abruptly stop in their walk, come to attention and salute, standing thus for a couple of minutes. On several occasions she noticed this and finally her curiosity made her ask the reason thereof.

"Colors," replied a sailor. "But where do you see the flag?" asked the lady. "I can't see it," was the reply, "but I hear the sound of bugle and drums in 'To the Colors,' and I know this is the time of day."—Chicago News.

Good General Rule.

A New York magistrate, warning chauffeurs to avoid accident, told them not to confuse a small child in the roadway by loud blasts of the horn, but to slow down and give the child a chance to get out of the way. Fewer accidents would happen to pedestrians of any age were other methods of prevention used by motorists, save the single one of blowing a horn and leaving the rest to chance or providence.—Baltimore American.

Clemenceau's Compromise.

Here is a bon-mot of Clemenceau which is making the rounds of Paris: The usual number of rifles used in a French firing party at the death of a traitor is twelve. Many persons went to Clemenceau trying to influence him not to impose the death penalty on Bolo. "Anyway, he was only half a traitor," said one influential man to the Tiger. "That being so, it is easily arranged," said Clemenceau. "We will give him only six rifles."

GOES FAR BACK IN HISTORY

French City of Montdidier Was of Importance in First Millennium of the Christian Era.

The National Geographic society issues the following war geography bulletin on Montdidier, a few miles east of Amiens:

"This little town, whose history dates back to the first millennium of the Christian era, had a population of less than 5,000 at the beginning of the war, but it was rich in historic associations. It is said to have derived its name from the fact that Didier or Desiderius, the last of the Lombard kings, was imprisoned here in 774 by Charlemagne. It will be remembered that Charlemagne, having put aside his first wife, Desiderius' daughter, took up the quarrel of Pope Adrian I with the Lombard monarch, and after marching an army across the Alps, captured the erstwhile father-in-law's capital city, Tivolum, and took the vanquished ruler back to France, where he died in captivity.

"Montdidier is attractively situated on an eminence on the banks of the river Don. It is the capital of an arrondissement in the department of the Somme, and is 62 miles north of Paris by rail, and 23 miles southeast of Amiens. Its chief industries before the war were tanneries and the manufacture of zinc-white.

"When the tides of war finally recede it is probable that the three buildings in which the citizens of Montdidier took the greatest pride will be crumbling ruins. These are the church of St. Pierre, which was built before Columbus set sail on his voyage of discovery, and which contains a tomb and font of the eleventh century; the church of St. Sepulchre, a fifteenth century edifice, and the Palais de Justice, formerly the city castle. In the last named building visitors before the war were shown six unusually handsome Brussels tapestries of the seventeenth century. These were undoubtedly removed before the Germans entered the city.

"Montdidier's most famous son was Parmentier, the scientist, who gave impetus to the culture of the potato in France. A statue erected here commemorates his gift to the nation.

"For a number of years this little city was governed by its own lords, then passed under the dominion of the counts of Crepy and Valois. In the twelfth century it became a possession of the French crown and received a charter of liberties. In 1636 it offered a gallant and successful resistance to the Spanish invaders."

Avoid Grouch and Live Long.

Writing for the Minneapolis Journal, A. J. R. notes the demise of a Seattle citizen one hundred and three years old, and suggests that one of the reasons why he lived so long was that he never groused at the breakfast table or elsewhere. Discussing this, A. J. R. writes

"The enjoyment of breakfast and of the sunrise always comes so easily to me that I sometimes wall in charity for persons who, I have been led to believe, start the generous day wrong by raising hules at the breakfast table. I will freely wager 75 cents that the Seattle centenarian who lived to be one hundred and three never insurged at breakfast, never complained of the food, nor sneered at his wife's cooking."

The aged Scattler ascribed his longevity to his own temper; he had not been angry since he was twenty, and had driven a yoke of oxen most of his life. Also, loved everybody, and everybody loved him.

He Hadn't Realized.

The custodian of an Indianapolis building recently hired a colored man, George, to work about the building. George had always worked as a "house man" and came well recommended. The first day of his employment, however, George was out for lunch the greater part of three hours.

The custodian was naturally annoyed. "Where in thunder have you been?" he inquired the minute he set eyes on the erring George. "Me? Why, I've been home takin' a nap," George answered, in a surprised tone. "I always takes a nap in the middle of the day."

"Well, believe me," the custodian declared, "you don't do that any more. You're needed around here."

Was George aggrieved? Not a bit of it. A most appreciative grin spread over his face.

Labor-Saving Harvester.

One thousand improved wheat-harvesting machines, known as combines, will be used in Washington state and other states of the Northwest this year, according to farm-help specialists of the United States department of agriculture, and will effect a great saving in labor. These machines, which cut the heads from wheat and thrash the grain as they travel across the field, can be operated by two persons, and each machine will harvest from 350 to 400 acres of wheat during a season. They are marked labor savers over the old type combine, which required about 20 men.

No Chance for the Old Man.

It was the first time that Richard's father had seen "her" and they were talking things over.

"So my son has proposed to you," he said, "and you've accepted him? I think you might have seen me first." She blushed sweetly as she replied: "I did, but I think I prefer Richard."

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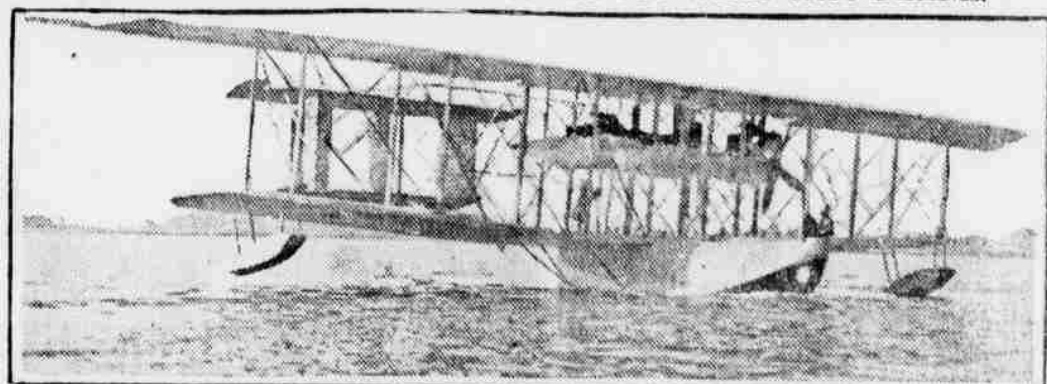
As we look back over the past year, we feel gratified to know that this Institution has been given the opportunity to serve so many people.

1919 will bring new opportunities, for us, to serve you, and for you, to make our service useful. We desire that the pleasant relations may continue for our mutual good and the good of the community.

Our best wishes are for "Happiness and Prosperity" to all our friends and patrons throughout the New Year.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
HEPPNER, OREGON

AMERICA PICKED TO FLY ATLANTIC WITH THIS PLANE.



International authorities on air affairs are predicting that America will be the first nation to fly across the ocean in aeroplane. Here is the biggest aero-boat yet built, the N. C. 1, from the Glenn Curtiss plant. It has a wing tip of 126 feet and is 70 feet from propellers to tail. It has three engines and in a recent test carried fifty passengers all along the Atlantic coast. It can rise 2000 feet in ten minutes. It is expected to fly the Atlantic.

A. Henriksen, stockman and alfalfa raiser of Cecil, also owner of a large tract of land on Caplinger in the mountains south of Heppner, was in town on Tuesday attending to business matters. Mr. Henriksen states that the people of his end of the county are afraid to come to Heppner under the present "epidemic" conditions. We hope that this menace will be removed very shortly, for the town does put on the appearance of a deserted village, even our own folks being afraid to venture forth from their homes only when compelled to by dire necessity, and many others would be out and looking after business but for the quarantine.