

Devoted Especially to

Agricultural Interests of Eastern Oregon.

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HEPPNER, UMATILLA COUNTY

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THE GAZETTE.

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THE COUNTERSIGN.

'Twas near the break of day, but still The moon was shining brightly. The west wind as it passed the towers Set each to ev'rying lightly. The sentry drew guard on and fro, A faithful night-watch keeping. While in the tents behind him stretched His comrades—all were sleeping.

Slow to nod to the sentry paced, His musket on his shoulder. But not a thought of death or war Was with the brave young soldier. Ah! no! his heart was far away, Where, on a western prairie, A new-found cotter stood. That night The countersign was "Mary."

And there his own true love he saw, Her blue eyes kindly beaming, Above them, on her sun-kissed brow, Her curls like sunshine gleaming. But heard her singing, to his content.

"Oh, for one kiss from her," he sighed, When, up the long road glancing, He eyed a form—a little form, With fair, fair eyes advancing. And, as it near'd him silently, He gazed at it in wonder. Then dropped his musket to his hand, And challenged, "Who goes yonder?"

Still on it came: "Not one step more, Be you man, child or fairy, Unless you give the countersign. Hark! Who goes there?" "The Mary," A sweet voice cried, and in his arms She gazed, he left behind him.

"I heard that you were wounded, dear," She sobbed; "my heart was breaking; I could not stay a moment but, All others forsaking, I traveled, by my grief made strong, Kind heaven watching o'er me, Until—Unhark and wait!" "Yes, love," At last you stood before me.

"Thee I told me I could not pass The lines to seek my lover Before day fairly came, but I Pressed on, ere night was o'er, And as I told my name I found The way from our western prairie." "Because, thank God tonight," he said, The countersign was "Mary." MARGARET BYRNES.

BEAN MUSH.

A party of sheep-shearers had a hard time rustling for grub at a certain ranch last week. Some people seem to think that any kind of food is good enough for sheep-shearers, but at least one family has now found out otherwise. In shearing sheep a man works hard and eats every cent he gets, and he needs all the strength nutritious food can give him. In this case the lady of the house did the cooking. She had very little to cook, and that was cooked in a very slipshod manner. The boys stood it at first without a murmur, thinking perhaps it might improve. But it did not. A regular dish on the table was a milkpan full of black beans cooked to the consistency of mush. This dish was repeatedly warmed over, but the shears could not take a dose of it upon their plates, and leaving it there, perhaps the cook would throw it away. But not so. She scraped black into the pan, warmed it over again, and once more it appeared on the table. Next day the shears went around by the kitchen door to grind their shears, and there on the bank sat the big family pew pan full of that same despised bean mush, gradually cooling in the breeze. Making a tragic air and muttering a "toast" from Bro. Jackson, the Pandemonium poet, the shearer gathered up the pan of beans and fired the whole business in the crack. Pretty soon the cook came at for her bean mush. Of course nobody knew anything about it. But she told them a great deal about it before she got through. The result was that she sustained the dignity of the cookshop, while the boys sustained the dignity of their profession and quit the ranch forthwith. The owner of those sheep had to find a new crew.

WOOL.

Wool commands but a low price at present, and is slow of sale. High tariff people declare that the decline in price is the result of the reduction of the tariff of imported wool; while those who hold the opposite doctrine of political economy say that a variety of other circumstances, chief among which is an overstocked market, is responsible for the unsatisfactory condition of the market. Be that as it may, the matter is beyond the control of the wool grower for the present. There are methods, however, by which the grower of wool may place himself in a more independent position for the future as regards the sale of his crop. Not the least among these is the establishment at favorable points of factories for the converting of the raw product into the manufactured article. The large and constantly increasing number of people engaged in the wool industry in this country should give these things careful consideration. Grant County News.

WORKERS WANTED.

The Centerville Examiner says: We, in common with other parts of Oregon, desire emigration to visit us. But we want no kid-gloved dudes who are seeking easy positions, handling silk or lace, on a large salary. We want no men to play the statue act on the street corner, Micawber-like waiting for something to turn up. Such persons are informed their "room" is preferable to their company. We want substantial farmers and men who are the bone and sinew of our county—who are not afraid to toil in the harvest field, to enter our prairie forests with the axe, to build sawmills, and operate a thousand other industries which honest labor can make successful. Men of this class can do better than come to this portion of God's favored foot-hold. Men like these are in demand and we cannot get too many of them. Men who prefer working for Street Walker & Co., will find no place in the bosoms of our hardy agriculturists or substantial business men.

CROOK'S CAMPAIGN.

Gen. Crook makes the following report of his last campaign: I started May 1st with ninety-three Apache scouts and forty-two cavalrymen, with two months' rations on mules, and followed the hostiles to the rough Chiricahua country. A number of mules lost their footing and slipping from the trail fell down the precipice and were killed. The stronghold of the Chiricahua is in the very heart of the Sierra Madras. The position is very

A LOUISIANA PICTURE.

It is evening, and the landscape stretches out before one in virgin loveliness. The sun god, ere he bid adieu to the scene, kisses the sinuous bayous and streaks their mirrored tops with silver, brightens up the moss that streams from the heads and limbs of trees, and throws one blood-red gleam through vistas of evergreen dying away into dreaminess. Then the twilight comes on, and soon the pale crescent

had been camped for miles near the head of the Bavispe, occupying prominent elevated peaks affording a fine lookout for miles, rendering surprise almost impossible and making retreat secure through rough adjacent canyons. Captain Crawford with his Indian scouts early on the morning of May 15th surprised the village of Chata, the chief who led the recent raid into Arizona and New Mexico. The fight lasted all day. The village was wiped out, but the damage done cannot be estimated. A number of dead bodies were found, but the indescribable roughness of the country prevented a count being made. The entire camp, with stock and everything belonging to it, was captured. On the 17th they began to surrender. They said their people were much frightened by our sudden appearance in their fastnesses, and had scattered like quail. They asked me to remain until they could gather all their hands together, when they would go back to the reservation. By terms of treaty my operations were limited to the time of the fight. I told the Chiricahua to gather up their women and children without delay. They answered they could not get them to respond to signals, the fugitives fearing they might be set by our Apache scouts to entrap them. They told us they had a white boy who was in the village jumped by our scouts. He had run off with the squaws who had escaped, and who had not yet been heard from. The terms of the treaty embarrassed me greatly, and with rations rapidly disappearing, there being between 300 and 400 Chiricahua to feed, I was compelled to return.

LOCKED-UP LANDS.

All told there are about 128,500,000 acres of land granted to railway corporations now and for several years past forfeited, but not restored by Act of Congress to the public domain, and therefore virtually locked up against all settlers. Neither the corporations nor the United States can give title to any of these lands. Nor is that the full extent of the mischief done by Congressional neglect. All the unsurveyed even-numbered sections within the granted belts are also locked up against settlement. One of the chief objects of these original grants was to promote the settlement of the wilderness through which the roads were to run. But, owing to the failure of the corporations to fill their contracts and to the long refusal of Congress to restore the forfeited lands to the public domain, the reverse has resulted. And it is now a problem which demands political solution, whether the people shall be robbed of 128,000,000 acres of land to build up these various monopoly corporations, or Congress shall declare forfeiture and restoration of them to the public domain. As matters now stand, the lapsed grants are not safely tenable, for no title can be given by any party that is not either subject to an act of forfeiture or an act of robbery.

JERSEY COWS.

The Jersey is a thoroughbred, and possesses as fully as any the thoroughbred's capacity to respond to feed beyond the amount required for the daily repair of the waste of the body, and will make this extra return as surely as the Shorthorn will make it in beef or the Ayrshire in milk.

TIMBER-CULTURE LAW.

Under this law application may be made for 160 acres of land naturally devoid of timber. Only one claim can be taken on any section. Eight years are required to perfect title, which may be done without residence. The first year five acres must be broken. The second year the claimant must cultivate these five and break five more. In the third year the first five acres must be planted in trees and the second five must be cultivated. In the fourth year the second five acres must be planted, making ten acres altogether. On the day of final proof there must be 675 growing and thrifty trees on each of the ten acres. No one can make more than one entry. Entry may be made without regard to the amount of land owned by claimant. The only expenses are fees and commissions, which amount to \$18 on an entry of one quarter-section. If only eighty acres are entered the area to be planted is only five acres. The cottonwood is considered a timber tree. The work of breaking and planting may be done by an agent, but the claimant is held responsible for the failures of his agent or servant. Final proof must exhibit the essential facts as described above. It cannot be made before the expiration of the eight years, but may not be made until five years later.