

Heppner WEEKLY Gazette.

Devoted Especially to the Live Stock and Agricultural Interests of Eastern Oregon.

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THE GAZETTE
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AFTERNOON, BY
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LAWYER,
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The Dalles, Or. Heppner, Or.
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Boots and Shoes Made to Order.

Repairing Neatly Executed.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

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Post Office, for all Newspapers and Magazines

NOTICE—TIMBER CULTURE.

C. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Or., November 9, 1883.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Francis M. Busby against John Q. Anderson for failure to comply with law as to timber-culture entry No. 334, dated Sept. 28, 1882, upon the SE 1/4, Sec. 11, T. 20 N., R. 21 E., in Wasco county, Or., with a view to the cancellation of said entry; contestant alleging that said John Q. Anderson has failed to show or plant any portion of said land from date of entry to the present time. The said parties are hereby summoned to appear at the office of S. W. Sanderson, Notary at Powell, Or., on the 25th day of December, 1883, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure. E. I. SWEET, Register. C. N. THOMPSON, Receiver. 31-39

A lot of fancy illuminated cards both for business and calling, just received at the GAZETTE office.

PETER BORG,
HEPPNER, OREGON.
—DEALER IN—

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry
&c., &c.
—ALSO—

Amethyst, Cameo and Diamond
Gold Rings, Gold and Silver
Watches.
—AND—
All other articles usually kept in a Jewelry Store.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
STORE with C. M. Mallory, May Street, All work guaranteed. 11-15-87

CITY HOTEL,
Heppner, Oregon.

E. MINOR, PROPRIETOR.

Commercial Travelers will Understand that this is the

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THAT FURNISHES SAMPLE ROOMS.

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—OF—

G. W. Swaggart,
HEPPNER, OREGON.

WHERE YOU WILL FIND

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United we Stand,

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THESE brands are Favorably known by judges of Good Liquors. 11-15-87

GO TO

E. Nordyke

To Get Your Wagons Patched.

Bring Your Purses along with you, and don't you forget it.

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CHAS. E. HINTON, PROPRIETOR.

The House for the Farmer.

The House for the Horseman.

The House for the Cattleman.

The House for the Sheepman.

The House where all are at Home.

Rooms Neatly Furnished.

TABLE ALWAYS SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.

Having removed charge of this favorably known house, and gone into the hotel business again, I would be glad to meet my old friends, and will endeavor in the future, as in the past, to entertain all in the most accessible manner. 11-15-87

C. W. YOUNGREN,
CONTRACTOR.

Carpenter and Builder,
Heppner, Oregon.

CITY MEAT MARKET,
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Heppner, Oregon.

Beef, Pork and Mutton at Reasonable Rates.

NOTICE OF INTENTION.

Land Office at La Grande, Or., Nov. 14, 1883.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before A. W. Hildrey, Notary Public at Heppner, Or., on Dec. 25, 1883, viz:

Joseph L. Jones,
D. S. No. 1706, for the E 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 24, T. 25, R. 25, W. M. He names the following witnesses to prove the contents of his residence and cultivation of said land: viz: Samuel H. Chapman, Holland Thompson, Henry Jones, Chas. E. Hinton, all of Lens, Or.

W. W. DREWET, Register

A LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

Little Miss Lollipop thought she must help
To wash up the dishes, and wipe up the shelf,
To brush up the table and sweep up the floor,
And clean off the stains from the paint on the door.
She put on her apron and pulled up her sleeve—
She didn't want work that was only make believe;
"Formazzers who've dot little children," said she,
"Must have their little, little children, what I'll be."
Little Miss Lollipop went through the room,
Whisked the dust high with the edge of the broom,
Broke the poor cup which she dropped on the floor,
Left the paint twenty times worse than before.
She splattered and splashed—but how could I climb
The little heart swelling with sweet, helpful pride?
"For how would my mazzer be able," said she,
"To get froo her work if she didn't have me?"

IN THE COAST RANGE.

So we sat and looked upward; but a little higher yet loomed the ragged ramparts of the summit. Rounded peaks and pointed peaks all strung in wild and wave-like line to form the crest of this great granite ridge. Splintered crags and roughly-rounded domes; how stern and hard in their every massive line. Yet how purely toned in pale purple, where the afternoon's sun lights their towering sides; and how softly shaded in tender blue; while here and there an untrodden snow-field slopes down in keen whiteness. Another hour's climb to the summit; good faithful climbing it was, too; where treacherous rocks gave way again and again beneath our feet and went bounding into the deep blue depths below. There was, as his lordship expressed it, "a decided upness" about the business. I noticed, too, a decided "mushiness" in the color of the few bits of vegetation. There were tiny little grass plots, so vividly green that I stared in astonishment; and so thickly studded with lovely little wild flowers that I stared again with admiration. A sudden turn brought us unexpectedly in sight of the peak, only about fifty feet above. One glance, and, without a word, there was a simultaneous rush for that peak, each choosing his own road; and one short moment after we climbed on the top-most rock, from three sides at almost the same instant. Although his reverence, ever our leader, was still the first, and the writer, as usual with him, came in last. Then a backward look—snow, precipices, rocks—make a long and downward sloping stretch of foreground, and away below, tree tops, tiny and blue—a little and mirror-like lake. How soft and velvety look the tiny hills that stretch off to the horizon; and how flat the whole country looks down there, those hills that seemed such steep affairs when we were among them, look like the gentlest of ridges now. You see a shiny stretch of water to the eastward—that is Hood's Canal. There's a glimmering collection of white specks at its southern extremity—that is Union city; and northeastward you can just make out another misty something—that is Seabeck. Farther eastward you catch the glimmer of more water,—that is Puget Sound. You can barely make it out through that long and low-lying smoke cloud; a cloud reaching north and southward a hundred miles or more. On the east horizon is the Cascade range, with its snow peaks of Baker, Adams, St. Helens and Rainier. Rainier is 14,000 feet high, and we 6,000, just about a mile above the sea level. The seal Look west, fifty miles away. What is that long faint and hazy line of light? Is it cloud, smoke, fog, or is it really the Pacific? It is so dim we can't determine. But look north and northwest if you want to see an ocean of mountain tops, peaks, crags, valleys, peaks piled upon peaks beyond peaks. What a wild waste of splintered crags. Rocks and snow far as the eye can reach, and the eye reaches a long way, let me tell you. All shaded off into blue, bluer, bluest, like petrified breakers of eternity's sea. Like—but go and see for yourself; your eyes may serve better than my words; and if you ever climb that peak, which with due deference to his reverence, I will name "The Uttermost Peak"—[Heppnerian

THE DANGER SIGNAL.

Ex-Sergeant-at-Arms French, in his interesting lecture, "Ten Years Among the Senators," relates the following amusing anecdote concerning Senator Davis of West Virginia: "There was Davis, of West Virginia. From the humble position of a brakeman upon the railroad he has fought his upward way to two honorable elections to the Senate. An industrious, conscientious member. A diligent, conscientious worker on appropriation committees, and with Windom, earnest in all efforts for improving and cheapening transportation from the interior to the seaboard. It is wonderful how the influence of early education of early habits cling to us in after life.

Senator Davis, who, I have just told you, was in early days a brakeman, once gave the senate an emphatic demonstration of this oft-noted fact. Judge Thurman being a generous snuff-taker, carried an immense red bandanna handkerchief; and when he arose to speak usually, as a preliminary, gasped his nose with the red bandanna and gave a blast like a trumpet. It was well toward morning of a wearisome all-night session, and Senator Davis was asleep, his head resting upon his desk. But I will say for the senator that he was not often asleep in the senate. Senator Edmunds had provoked Judge Thurman to a speech, and by introduction, the judge unfurled his red bandanna and blew a blast of more than usual power. Mr. Davis may have been dreaming of his old railroad days; at any rate he sprang to his feet in a half-dazed condition, and, catching sight of the red flag—the old signal of danger—and going to imagine that he heard a shriek of alarm from the open throttle of a locomotive calling "Down brakes!" seized his desk and, by the brakeman's firm, quick grasp, he pulled it down from the floor. I was not present on this occasion, and, therefore, cannot assert the entire truth of the story from personal knowledge. But it was often repeated about the senate chamber, and I never heard any of the details called in question.

ANCIENT ROME.

Two thousand years ago Rome was the world, and the city of Rome was the world's centre. From the imperial city went out the decree, that "all the world should be taxed," and all the world made haste to comply with the order, having learned by a variety of experience all depressing, that remonstrance would be useless and resistance fatal. The great city possessed every apparent element of stability. She had the wealth peculiar to great cities in general; she was the seat of the supreme government, the centre and source of the national power, and the great intellects of the empire congregated within her walls. Her citizens were free to devote almost their entire attention to problems of government, for besides having money in abundance they had been supplied, by various successful wars, with an army of slaves by whom all manual labor and much intellectual drudgery was done. Everything that the intelligence and art of the age had accomplished was at the service of Romans of wealth and position; the stage, the forum, the sculptor's chisel, contributed to the delectation of ear and eye. Even the poorer classes were better off than the rich of other cities, for aspiring citizens competed for the privilege of supplying baths, games and spectacles for the masses. All roads led to Rome, and over them came every luxury that the empire afforded; over them came, too, from all provinces, countless men and women, whose birthplaces were unable to confine their restless minds and satisfy the ambitious that had been created and stimulated by rumors of what the great city desired and gave.

It was in a Washington court. A richly and stylishly dressed young lady was the complainant, while a poorly clothed old lady was the defendant. "What charge do you make?" "Vagrancy," was the reply. "Do you know her?" "She is my mother." It is said that the spectators hissed when this reply was made, and the judge refused to commit the old lady.

A HANDY HERDER.

In South America there is a very beautiful bird called the agami, or the golden-breasted trumpeter. It is about as large in the body as one of our common barnyard fowl, but as it has longer legs and a longer neck, it seems much larger. Its general color is black, but the plumage on its breast is beautiful beyond description, being what might be called iridescent, changing, as it continually does, from a steel blue to a red gold, and glittering with a metallic luster.

In the wild state the agami is not peculiar for anything but its beauty, its extraordinary cry, which has given it the name of trumpeter, and for an odd habit of leaping with comical antics into the air, apparently for its own amusement. When tamed, however—and it soon learns to abandon its wild ways—it usually conceives a violent attachment for its master, and though very jealous of his affection endeavors to please him by a solitude for the well being of all that belongs to him, which may fairly be termed benevolence.

It is never shut up at night as the other fowl are; but, with a well deserved liberty, is permitted to take up its quarters where it pleases. In the morning it drives the ducks to the water and the chickens to the feeding ground, and if any should presume to wander they are quickly brought to a sense of duty by a sharp reminder from the strong beak of the vigilant agami. At night the faithful guardian drives its charge home again.

Sometimes it is given the care of a flock of sheep; and, though it may seem too puny for such a task, it is in fact quite equal to it. The misguided sheep that tries to trifle with the agami soon has cause to repent the experiment; for, with a swiftness unrivaled by any dog, the feathered shepherd darts after the runaway, and with wings and beak drives it back to its place, not forgetting to impress upon the offender a sense of its error by pecks with its beak.

Should a dog think to take advantage of the seemingly unguarded condition of the sheep, and approach them with evil design, the agami makes no hesitation about rushing at him and giving combat. And it must be a good dog that will overcome the brave bird. Indeed, most dogs are so awed by the fierce onset of the agami, accompanied by its strange cries, that they incontinently turn about and run, fortunate if they escape unwounded from the indignant creature.

At meal time it walks into the house and takes its position near its master, seeming to ask for his caresses. It will not permit the presence of any other pet in the room, and even resents the intrusion of any servants not belonging there, driving out all others before it will be contented. Like a well bred dog, it does not clamor for food, but waits with dignity until its wants have been satisfied.

A Georgia paper says: "Speaking of cows, Evan Howell had an old-fashioned one that went through the war with him. Led behind one of the caissons of his battery she was in nearly every important battle of the Army of Tennessee—and, to her credit be it said, no matter how thunderous the roar of battle, nor how sulphurous the air, her milk never curdled or ceased to flow. At night, around the camp fire, she would yield as sweet a painful of milk as was ever distilled from clover in time of profoundest peace. She surrendered with her battery at Macon, walked home with her master, and lived and died in honorable retirement. Her granddaughter is now queen of a West End clover patch, and looks at visitors as if she would say, 'My grandma fit in the war!'"

At a public meeting in Edinburgh, some time ago, Professor Blackie told his audience the following story: "A little boy at a Presbytery examination was asked: 'What is the meaning of regeneration?' 'Oh, to be born again,' he replied. 'Quite right, Tommy. You're a very good boy. Would you not like to be born again?' Tommy hesitated, but on being pressed for an answer, said: 'No.' 'Why, Tommy? For fear I might be born a lassie!' he replied."

SHEEP BREEDING.

What changes in our wool industry can be admitted with a prospect of success? is becoming a question which will soon force itself to the notice of highland sheep breeders. There are many shepherds in Eastern Oregon who have proved that they can grow nine pounds of sound wool upon ewes and ten to twelve pounds upon wethers. Such facts show that there is a class of continuous feed sustained by the climate and soil of this region capable of growing a good-sized sheep, such as can produce a long, strong-fibred wool suitable for warp wools or for combing purposes which will command a better price in the market than the shorter wool, even of as high blood. We have in some previous articles referred to a call that seems to be increasing for longer wools which are suited for combing for the manufacturer of worsted goods of all kinds. Although the uses into which these goods are brought admits of a much coarser fiber if it only has length and strength, yet its value is equally favorably qualified by its fineness and elasticity. Nearly all portions of the country which are devoted to sheep husbandry seem to vie with each other in high grade of merino blood, without taking into consideration that there are crosses or lines of this blood which if bred with care and upon lands which will sustain a full year's feed, which will assure a constant progress in the economy of the sheep, would produce a wool which would bring a much better price in the market, and if a good market can be secured for the mutton sheep, a much larger profit can be realized from the industry. —[Wasco Sun.

NEVADA NICKEL.

As the discovery of nickel on this coast has opened a new field of mining industry, and one which has every indication of becoming equal to the Comstock in richness, the Sacramento Record concluded to gather the facts. In this discovery, as in hundreds of other great finds, these mines have been lying for years within plain sight of a stage road where people constantly travel, without even notice. Many samples of the ore have been sent to different assayers for copper, but none ever took the trouble to analyze the rock until it was sent to this city. In 1851 samples of this ore were sent to Charles Bell for copper assay. Upon examination it was found to contain a large per cent. of nickel. More of the ore being secured, it was analyzed, proving the first result. Upon this showing William S. Bell was sent to discover the locations, and succeeded in finding the richest and most valuable nickel property ever discovered. The discovery being kept as secret as possible, little was known as to its extent until recently. The property has been well prospected and the largest bodies of this mineral exposed that have ever been known. The nickel ores of Pennsylvania average but two per cent. They are reduced on the ground to fifteen per cent, and sent to Camden, N. J., where they are again reduced and the metal extracted. The nickel found in Oregon has also been opened, but to what extent cannot be ascertained. Thirty tons of the Nevada nickel were sent to London, which graded twenty-nine and one-fourth per cent. These mines are the only ones yet discovered that carry uniformly the three distinct characters, viz: Arseniuret, which is a grayish metallic red; arseniate, a beautiful apple green, and arsenite, having a dark metallic luster.

"Don't you think she's pretty?" said the fond mother to the father, as she stroked the baby's silken hair. He was in a sulking mood, something had disagreed with him and he replied somewhat curtly: "Oh, all babies are about alike. They all look like little monkeys." Just then a neighbor entered and taking up the baby on her lap, said: "Mercy on us, how like its father that child is!"

"Are you aware that breakfast is ready and waiting for you?" she demanded, as she nearly shook his nightcap off. "Yes," he sleepily replied, "I am just waking up to the fact."