

Heppner WEEKLY Gazette.

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

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THE GAZETTE
IS ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY AFTERNOON, BY
J. W. REDINGTON,
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Repairing Neatly Executed.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

NOTICE—TIMBER CULTURE.

Land Office at The Dalles, Or., Nov. 27, '80. Complaint having been entered at this office by Geo. W. Bush against Ephraim Estes for failure to comply with law as to timber-culture entry No. 153, dated Oct. 12, 1871, upon the N.E. 1/4 Sec. 26, T. 1 N., R. 36 E., in Umatilla county, Or., with a view to the cancellation of said entry; contestant alleging that said Ephraim Estes has failed to break or cause to be broken five acres of said tract during the second year, and failed to cultivate during the second year from the five acres plowed the first year. The said parties are hereby summoned to appear at the office of G. W. Bishop, Notary at Heppner, Or., on the 1st day of February, 1881, at 10 o'clock P. M., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure.

E. L. SMITH, Register.
C. N. THORNBURY, Receiver.

When you have any wool, hides or pelts to sell below, consign them to the reliable firm of Herren & Hassell, 16 No. Front St., Portland.

PETER BORG,
HEPPNER, OREGON,
—DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry
Sew. &c.

—ALSO—
Amethyst, Cameo and Diamond
Gold Rings, Gold and Silver
Watches.

—AND—
All other articles usually kept in a Jewelry Store.

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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 resumed charge of this favorably known house and give into the best business a job would be glad to meet my old friends, and will endeavor in the future, as in the past, to entertain all in the most agreeable manner.

CITY MEAT MARKET,
Wm. J. McAler, Proprietor,
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Beef, Pork and Mutton at Reasonable Rates.

CITY HOTEL,
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Commercial Travelers will Understand that this is the

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THAT FURNISHES SAMPLE ROOMS.

GO TO
E. Nordyke

To Get Your Wagons Patched.

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

SING LEE,
Washing and Ironing,
50 Cents a Dozen,
May Street,
HEPPNER, OREGON.

Remember the Old Stand

G. W. Swaggart,
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WHERE YOU WILL FIND

Old Judge and

United we Stand,

—A SPECIALTY—

THESE brands are favorably known by Judges of Good Liquors.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Taken up by the undersigned, and posted according to law, one coal-black colt, two years old last spring, branded R on left shoulder with both tails. Said animal can be seen at my place on Little Butter creek, about five miles below Lena postoffice. Said colt is appraised by A. Mallory, Justice of the Peace, at \$25.00. W. G. BOYER, Heppner, Or., Dec. 17, '80.

DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE.

It is morning on the prairie.

To the east is the rosy sunrise and the dim, far-away outline of a mountain range; to the north a shadowy line which may mean hills or timber; to the west and south a broad, level ocean of green grass which has no limit. It seems as level as the floor to the eye, but it is cut up with dry ravines and ridges, and there are sharp ridges and dips and sunken saucers.

The sun is now in the east, and every blade of grass is found with diamond dewdrops. There is no bird to chirp, and no crickets to call out, but there is no feeling of loneliness. One who faces the morning sun and feels the vastness of the prairie is lost in quiet amazement. There is an awe upon him akin to that which man feels when he sees the ocean washed to mighty fury. The one is an exhibition of Divine anger—the other of Divine peace.

See! A rough-clad, full-bearded man, of iron muscles and fearless courage, suddenly rises from a hollow, tosses aside his blanket, and slowly turns his head in every direction to scan the green grass sea. At the same moment his horse emerges from a dip which has heretofore sheltered him, and with a whinny of recognition and pleasure advances straight upon his master.

Alone! Man and horse are the only living creatures in sight. They are as much lost to the world as two grains of sand washing to and fro in the Atlantic. The master's hand steals up until it rests upon the horse's neck, and the faithful animal crowds a bit nearer. Both are awed by the broad expanse. The mighty grandeur of Nature steals in upon the man's soul, and it seems to pass like an electric current to the horse. He raises his head. His nostrils expand. His eyes grow clearer and larger. Surely he must see the picture spread out before him there, and something of its beauty must be felt.

See that! The man's hand goes up to shade his eyes. He is looking straight to the west. He stands like a rock, and his eyes are as keen as an eagle's. The horse is looking in the same direction, ears pricked forward, lips quivering and every muscle in his legs tightened up as if for a race. What is it? A flutter on the surface of the prairie caught the man's eye for an instant and then disappeared. It was two miles away. It was only a trifle, but on that trifle depends his life. A shipwrecked sailor catches his breath at sight of every white cloud creeping above the water line. The hunter of the prairie feels his heart pound at the flutter of a bird's wing—the bark of a coyote—the hoof of an owl—at sight of a hoof-print or a broken bush. These may mean nothing, or they may mean an ambush—a race for life—capture and torture.

"Yi yi yi!"

The level-seeming prairie is broken two miles away by a dry ravine deeper than a man's height. This curves and bends, and leads on for miles. Scrambling out of its depths, and each one sounding his war-whoop as he mounts his pony, are a score of Indians.

For two days the hunter had swept the horizon in vain. He was alone on the great ocean. Night had been tranquil and full of sound sleep. Here, now, rising like spectres from the earth before him, is a band of blood-thirsty demons raving for his life. The sight stuns him for a few seconds. Then with a growl of chagrin and defiance, he flings the saddle upon his horse, picks up his rifle, and while yet the Indians are a mile and a half away, he mounts and heads for the east.

A race for life has begun.

The hunter's horse strikes into a long, steady gallop, which would keep him alongside of a train of cars. There is a chorus of yells from the reldskins as they make the first rush. Then the silence of the prairie is broken only by the thud! thud! of horses' feet. The very silence is ominous, and speaks of a grim determination to run the victim down.

Steadily, now! The hunter's horse devours a mile after mile of the green prairie, now at the crest of a swell—now almost hidden in a dip—now for an instant out of sight of those who follow. They gain

little. The hunter plans that they shall. Every yard they gain requires an extra speed that will take ten minutes off the race after high noon. At 10 o'clock they have gained half a mile. Then the pace is even and neither loses or gains.

There is something terribly grim in following a man to his death. Not a shout—not a call—not a rifle-shot. Thud! thud! thud! over level and ridge and always to the east. The sun mounts higher and higher, and now and then the hunter glances back with a faint hope that the pursuit has been abandoned. No! He might as well expect a wolf to quit the pursuit of a wounded deer leaving its life-blood to stain the grass at every rod.

It is high noon.

The pursuit began over sixty miles away, but the breeze brings to the hunter's ears that same monotony of hoof-beats, and he glances back to see that same dark line strung out at his heels. It has become a question of endurance. If he can tire them out he will escape. He shuts his teeth anew, reaches forward to caress his horse.

He is down? A badger-hole caught a foot as the horse sped onward and man and animal roll to the ground. The race is finished. The poor beast whinnies an apology for his fall as he flounders about with a broken leg, and the exultant shouts of the reldskins hardly reach the hunter's ears before he is down alongside the crippled horse and his rifle aimed at the approaching foe.

It is another bright, peaceful day. Here are the same pure air, the same blue sky, the same panorama of grass and flowers and dimly outlined mountains.

A band of hunters are crossing the prairie at a steady gallop, instead of a single man riding for his life. A vulture rises up with a hoarse scream—a second—a third—and the odor of decaying horses. The band halts, rides to the left, and presently all look down upon a sight which tells its own story. The swollen carcass of a horse, the scalped and disfigured body of a hunter—trampled grass—spots of blood—broken arrows—the earth upturn by hoofs.

One with stouter heart than the rest dismounts and picks up a dozen flattened bullets and a score of arrows. Then he circles round the spot and gathers up the empty shells thrown out by the hunter's Winchester. Bullets, arrows and shells are deposited in a heap by the corpse, and the man points out one—three—five—seven spots on the prairie where the trampled grass and stains of blood show the fall of horse or man. Then in a voice in which sorrow and pride were mingled he whispers:

"Poor Tom! But he died game!"

Women may train their daughters in all the ways they imagine to be pleasing to men; they may teach them to wriggle and squirm, and reef in their waists, and roll their eyes and lip out insipid nothings between carnal-stained lips, and yet men will desert them to flock about the girl who is fully and completely independent of them, and cares very little whether they fall in love with her or not. It is natural for men to want what they cannot get too easily, and women cheapen themselves who thus "stoop to conquer."

A female miser, sixty-eight years of age, was found dead in London a few days ago. She owned several houses, one hundred acres of land and \$6,000 in cash. She had written the Lord's Prayer on both posts of the garden gate as a charm against thieves. So afraid was she of burglars that when she had occasion to go away from home a day or so, she carried her scanty furniture with her, even the kitchen utensils. She died of cold and hunger.

The Chicago Herald has it that the divorcees keep ahead of the marriages. Recently there were fifty-three decrees of divorce issued and forty-three marriage licenses. At this rate according to a careful computation Chicago will have no married people in ten years.

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

LIFE IN THE HEPPNER HILLS.

At the head of you sage-brush ravine,
The humble sheep-camp stands;
The shepherd, from long keeping watch,
Has grimy clothes and hands.



A PASTORAL POEM
FOR THE GAZETTE, BY J. N.

Far away from the haunts of men,
To all his fellows strange—
He looks askance, with threatening mien
At the settlers on his range.



Upon the ridge, a mile away,
Where coyotes nightly howl,
He spies a crowding neighbor's band,
And both sheepherders growl.



But they will meet again some day,
The time, perhaps, is near—
When each shall swear eternal troth,
And both will treat to beer.



A FATHERLY DRUMMER.

At the metropolitan city of Walla Walla a young woman went to the depot the other day to meet her father. As the train came in she saw a muddled-aged man who resembled her parental relative; and she rushed into his arms, huddled down on his bosom, kissed him on his mouth, on his ear, his chin, and all over the patent celluloid. He was not her father, but a middle-aged drummer for a tobacco house. He took a long breath, looked around at the other drummers and winked as to say, "O I am such a daddy." Of course the scene could not last always—though he wished it could. After a hearty hug, she looked up in his face and shrieked: "You are not my pa!" He said probably she was right, as he had been on that route only eleven years. She asked this muddled man to tell her not to mention it. We public men should always hold ourselves in readiness to support those who need it. She smiled a sweet smile, and went out into the wide world, and the drummer went to the hotel with the other drummers—twenty kisses and six hugs ahead of the game. They asked him if he did not feel ashamed to have such a mistake made; and he said no; it was all right; of course it might look rather queer, but such things very often occurred with him, and they were liable to happen to any good-looking man. Besides, it was probable the girl enjoyed it. Then they asked him why he did not wear his diamond broostpin on such an occasion? He looked at his shirt front and it was gone! While she played the daughter she stole his diamond pin. He fainted, and when they brought him to he said: "Tell my family I died with my face to the foe."

Book and job printing of all kinds at Gazette office.

HOW TO HUG.

At Echo, the lively little city on the Umatilla river, a young man recently spent an evening with his girl, and while the family was present in the parlor, he was demure and bland and childlike as could be wished. The mother came into the room after the family had retired, to get a handkerchief she had left, and the young man was seated in a chair in the passage of the room, while the girl was seated on a sofa, and nothing that the mother could see in the action of the girl led her to think they were more than passing acquaintances. It seemed to her as though the young people had met before, but there was no evidence that they were very well acquainted. All night, after he had gone, the girl complained of a pain in her side, and in the morning Dr. Brownell was called, and he found that two of the girl's ribs were broken. How it was done nobody knew.

That evening the young man called and was astonished when informed of the extent of the girl's injuries, and wondered how it could have happened, though the mother watched his face close as he spoke and detected not only a blush but a profuse perspiration on his face. She had been a girl herself, and though she never had any ribs broken, she had been hugged some. It was a trying position for all of them. The father was away on a trip to Alaska, and when he came home the matter had to be explained to him. He was told that the ribs just simply broke themselves, and that neither the mother nor the girl nor the young man could account for it, and yet all three blushed terribly. The father patted his girl on the head and told her she would be better when she got over it, and then called the young man into the kitchen. The young man was so weak he could hardly walk, and when he sat down he took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow and wished he was dead. The father looked the young man over and was sorry. He finally said:

"Young man, I guess I can give you a few points on hugging. You must first learn that a girl is not constituted on the same principle as a man fence or a county bridge. A girl is a delicate piece of mechanism, like a fine watch, full of little springs, wheels, jewels, etc. The breaking of any one of these would cause her to cease her keeping time, and necessitate her being taken to Mr. Borg for repairs. In hugging a girl you don't want to get at it as if you were raking and binding or catching a sturgeon. I know that where a family sits up late with a young couple and spoils several precious hours of hugging, that unless the young man has got a good head when left alone with the object of his affection, he is liable to overdo the matter and try and make up for lost time. He seems to want to hug up a lot ahead, and grabs the girl as though he wanted to break her in two. This is wrong. You should go at it calmly and deliberately, even prayerfully, and be as gentle as though she was an ivory fan. The gentle pressure of the hand that a girl loves, even the touch, is as dear to her as though you run her through a stone crusher. You should not grab her as you would a basket of oysters, and leave marks on her that will last a lifetime. A loving woman should not be made to feel that her life is in danger unless she wears a corset made of boiler-iron. I hope this will be a lesson to you, and hereafter, if you cannot control your feelings I will provide a wooden Indian for you to practice on at first, until you have developed your muscle and got tired, and then we can turn our daughter loose in a room with you and not feel that it is necessary to keep a surgeon handy. In allowing you to keep company with my daughter I do not agree to provide you with a human gymnasium in a Mother Fullalove grapper and wearing bangs. You can readily see that a girl would not last a season through if she had to have ribs set once a week. Please think this thing over, and if the girl is well enough next Sunday you can drop in and try some more ribs. Now you go and hug Paul Tompkins safe for an hour or two, and have it repaired in the morning."