

Heppner WEEKLY Gazette.

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

VOL. I.

HEPPNER, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1888.

NO. 43.

THE GAZETTE

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY AFTERNOON, BY
J. W. REDINGTON,
At \$2.50 per year, \$1.50 for six months, \$1 for three months.

PROFESSIONAL

T. L. JOHNSTON,
LAWYER,
OFFICE back of Bishop's land office.
HEPPNER, OREGON.

WARREN CLARK,
Justice of the Peace,
MAIN STREET, HEPPNER, OREGON.

LEGAL BUSINESS of all kinds executed
with dispatch. Collections promptly at-
tended to.

W. WILLIAMS,
House Painter, Paper Hanger and Grainer,
Heppner, Oregon.

EVERYTHING in the Painting Line done with
neatness and dispatch, and Satisfaction
Guaranteed.

L. I. McARTHUR, G. W. REA,
The Dalles, Or. Heppner, Or.

McARTHUR & REA,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HAVING formed a co-partnership for the
practice of law in the Circuit Court of the
State of Oregon for the county of Umatilla, all
persons who have business in the said court will
have the advantage of Judge McArthur's assistance
in the trial of their cases by placing their
cases in the hands of G. W. Rea, at Heppner, Oregon.

L. W. DARLING,
Justice and Notary Public,
LONE ROCK, WAGO COUNTY, OREGON.

LAND FILING, FINAL PROOF
Etc. a Specialty.

COLLECTIONS Made, and Deeds and other
Legal Instruments dr. wn.

A. MALLORY,
Justice and Notary Public,
HEPPNER, OREGON.

LAND BUSINESS a Specialty. Collections
made.

PHILIP L. PALME,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public,
HEPPNER, OREGON.

LAND BUSINESS attended to. Collections
made.

CEO. W. WRIGHT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
WILL practice in both State & Federal
Courts. Proof of claims take Titles to
Land investigated. Real estate business attended
to. Collections and conveyances promptly made at
reasonable rates. All business conducted in the
most reliable manner. Office on Main
street, Heppner, Oregon.

THOS. MORGAN,
Auctioneer,
HEPPNER, OREGON.
(Office with A. Mallory.)

PROMPT and accurate attention given to all
business in his charge.

J. W. REDINGTON,
Notary Public,
Corner Yellowstone Avenue and Main
Street, Heppner, Ogn.

FIRE Insurance effected in Reliable Com-
panies.

ED. R. BISHOP,
Notary Public and Land Agent,
HEPPNER, OREGON.

LOANS Negotiated. Collections Made, and a
general Business Done as attended to.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. LICHTENTHAL,
Boot and Shoe Shop,
Main St., Heppner, Oregon.

Boots and Shoes Made to
Order.

Repairing Neatly Executed.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

NOTICE—TIMBER CULTURE.

Land Office at The Dalles, Or., Nov. 27, 1887.
C. N. Thornberry, Register.

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
&c., &c.

—ALSO—

Amethyst, Carco and Diamond
Gold Rings, Gold and Silver

Watches.
—AND—

All other articles usually kept in a Jew-
elry Store.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

STORE with C. J. Mallory, May Street. All
work guaranteed.

PIONEER HOTEL,

Heppner, Oregon.

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 resumed 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 agreeable manner.

CITY MEAT MARKET,
Wm. J. McAtee, Proprietor,
Heppner, Oregon.

Beef, Pork and Mutton at Reasonable
Rates.

CITY HOTEL,

Heppner, Oregon.

E. MINOR, PROPRIETOR.

Commercial Travelers will Understand
that this is the

—ONLY HOUSE—

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

—OR—

G. W. Swaggart,

HEPPNER, OREGON.

WHERE YOU WILL FIND

Old-Jacks 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 ac-
cording to law, one equal-black colt, two years old
1 set white, branded K on left shoulder, with both
ears. Said animal can be seen at my place on
Little Butter creek, about five miles below Lena
settlement. Said colt is appraised by A. Mallory,
Justice of the Peace, at \$35.00. W. G. HOYER,
Heppner, Or., Dec. 17, 87.

CRASH

FOR CASH!

THE OLD SETTLER.

I'd wandered all over the country,
Prospecting and digging for gold;
I'd tunneled, hydrolied and cradled,
And I had been frequently sold.

For one who makes riches by mining,
Knowing that hundreds grow poor,
I made up my mind to try farming—
The only occupation that's sure.

So rolling my grab in my blankets,
I left my tools on the ground,
And started one morning to slunk it
For a country they called Puget Sound.

My living flat broke in mid-winter,
It enveloped in fog,
and covered all over with timber
Thick as hair on the back of a dog.

As I looked on the prospect so gloomy,
The tears trickled over my face,
For I felt that my travels had brought me
To the edge of the jumping off place.

I took up a claim in the forest,
And set myself down to hard toil,
For two years I chopped and I niggered,
But I never got down to the soil.

I tried to get out of the country,
But poverty forced me to stay,
Until I became an old settler,
Then nothing could drive me away.

And now that I'm used to the climate,
I think that if man ever found
A spot upon earth in reality,
That place is on Puget Sound.

No longer the slave of ambition,
I laugh at the world and its shams,
And I think of my unhappy condition,
Surrounded by nothing but clams.

ADVICE TO BRIDES.

Love is blind, but love is not
deaf. So don't snore.

Do not be in a hurry to buy all
the new fabrics you see. A richly
dressed woman runs the risk of being
mistaken for a servant girl.

Do not threaten to go home to
your mother oftener than five times
a week. As you don't go he may
eventually begin to doubt your sincer-
ity.

Do not get angry when your hus-
band first asks you to darn his
stockings. Smile sweetly, and sug-
gest that it would be cheaper to
buy new ones.

Have a house with a furnace in
and keep both it and the range go-
ing over night. That will improve
your chances for happiness 600 per
cent.

Your husband's wardrobe will
frequently require repairs in the
way of buttons. Always leave the
needle, thread and button bag
where he can get them.

If your husband complains that
you cannot cook as his mother
does, comfort him with the reflec-
tion that you probably will by the
time you are as old as she is.

Many women make a practice of
protesting against the word "obey"
in the marriage service after the
marriage has taken place. This is
a mistake. Do not protest against
it. Quietly ignore it.

If you told him you loved the
odor of tobacco while he was court-
ing you, do not begin to speak of
smoking as "a horrid, disgusting,
beastly habit" right after you are
married.

If you need a pair of new shoes
say nothing about them, but get
the money for something else, and
then when he is away slip out and
select the shoes yourself. Even a
pair of sevens look small to a man
so long as he does not know the
number.

If you have a pet dog always
keep him around, and then when
your husband relaxes his atten-
tions fly to the dog for comfort,
hugging and kissing him right be-
fore your husband. If he gets
mad and kicks the dog, it will be
a sure sign that he still loves you.

Remember that getting married
is no reason that you should shut
yourself up in the house. Accept
all invitations just the same as be-
fore, and have a good time. When
he comes home and finds both you
and the fire out he will realize how
cheerful life would be without you.

In the course of a month your
husband will probably ask you
why you never go near the place
any more. All men do. An effec-
tive reply is to hunt up an old book
exercise and practice three
hours every evening for a week
while he is at home. He will at-
tend to his own affairs after that.

Resident—"What is this item of
tax for?" Collector—"For the local
police force." Resident—"But
your force consists of but one man,
and he can't cover a square mile of
scattered villas." Collector—"No,
of course not; but one man is
enough all the same, because every-
body here keeps at least two big
watch dogs." Resident—"Well,
what is this other item of tax for?"
Collector—"That is for the dogs."

Call and Investigate!

Lowest Scratch!

TO THE

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WOOL GROWING.

Santa Rosa island, thirty miles
from Santa Barbara, California, is
owned by the great sheep raiser,
A. P. Moore, who has 80,000 sheep
that pasture upon it. The island
is twenty-four miles in length and
sixteen in breadth, and contains
about 74,000 acres of land, which
are admirably adapted to sheep
raising. Last June 1014 sacks of
wool were clipped from these
sheep, each sack containing an
average of 40 pounds of wool,
making a total of 415,740 pounds,
which he sold at 27 cents per
pound, bringing him in \$113,349.80,
or a clear profit, it is reported, of
over \$80,000. The island is divided
into four quarters by fences run-
ning clear across at right angles,
and the sheep have not to be
herded like those ranging about
the foothills. Four men are em-
ployed the year round to keep the
ranch in order, and to look after
the sheep, and during shearing
time fifty or more shearers are em-
ployed. These men secure thirty
or fifty days' work, and the average
number of sheep sheared a day is
about ninety, for which five cents
a clip is paid, thus \$4.50 a day be-
ing made by each man, or some-
thing over \$200 for the season, or
over \$400 per 99 days out of the
year. Although shearing of ninety
sheep a day is the average, a great
many will go as high as 110, and
one man has been known to shear
125. In the shearing of these 80-
000 sheep, 100 or more are injured
to such an extent as to necessitate
their being killed, but the wool and
meat are of course turned into
profit.

Although no herding is neces-
sary, about 200 or more trained
goats are kept on the island con-
tinually, which take the place of
shepherd dogs. Whenever the an-
imals are to be removed from one
quarter of the island to another,
the man in charge takes out with
him several goats. The goat, through
its training, understands what
is wanted, and immediately runs to
the band and the sheep except it
as their leader, following wherever
it goes. The goat in turn follows
the man to whatever point he
wishes to take the band. To
prevent the sheep from contracting
disease it is necessary to give them
a washing twice a year. The own-
er having so many on hand, was
obliged to invent some way of ac-
complishing this whereby not near-
ly so much expense would be in-
curred and time was saved. After
experimenting for some time he
had a ditch dug eight feet in depth,
a little over one foot in width,
and 100 feet long. In this he put
600 gallons of water, 200 pounds
of sulphur, 100 pounds of lime
and six pounds of soda, all of
which he heated to 130 degrees.
The goats lead the sheep into the
corral or trap at one end, and the
animals are compelled to swim
through to the further end, thus
securing a bath and taking their
medicine at one and the same time.

The owner of the island and the
sheep a few years ago purchased
the property for \$600,000. Owing
to ill health he has rented it to his
brother for \$150,000 a year. He
still retains an interest in the Santa
Cruz island ranch, which is about
25 miles southeast of Santa Bar-
bara. This island contains about
64,000 acres, and on it are 25,000
sheep.

On Catalina island, sixty miles
east of Santa Barbara, are 15,000
sheep, and on Clemente island,
eighty miles east of that city, are
10,000 sheep. Forty miles west of
the city is San Miguel, on which
are 2,000 sheep.

You ask me what I would have
done if I were you, said Fogg.

If I were you, I suppose I
should have taken out the windows
and frozen the family out. If I
couldn't get my rent, I'd get my
house." "Well," said Crushevan,
"that's just what I did and all I
did, and everybody's going on at a
terrible rate about it and calling
me all sorts of bad names. I'm
glad I've found one man who thinks
about the thing the same way I do."

"But remember," replied Fogg,
"that I only tell you what I should
have done if I were you. I have
my opinion upon the matter, and
that if I were you I should be as
poor as the man who drove a
peep starving family into the street
in the dead of winter. You catch
my meaning?"

PACK MULES.

Any one who travels through the
country west of the Rocky Moun-
tains, will find cause for wonder at
seeing, in places most difficult of
access, towns of substantial build-
ings, of which the material could
not have come from anywhere in
the neighborhood. And yet they
may be hundreds of miles from a
railroad!

The whole of that town has been
carried there, and most of it on the
backs of horses and mules. In
what are called pack-trains they
have carried the bricks that made
the houses and all that the houses
contain over journeys that may
have taken weeks to make, and
through places where the chances
were that, before the train got
past, some of the animals would
go over a precipice.

A regular freight train will some-
times have fifty animals, generally
all mules, although horses are
used. Mules are to be preferred,
not because of greater sureness of
foot, but for the reason that their
backs are more level, so that they
are not liable to be chafed by their
loads. A mule can carry from 200
to 600 pounds, but those that can
bear the greater weight are excep-
tional animals.

The crazy Emperor, Paul I. of
Russia, during one of his drives,
met a soldier whose countenance
pleased him. "Come into my car-
riage, lieutenant," said Paul. "Sire,
I am only a private." "The em-
peror is never mistaken, captain."
"I obey your orders, sire." "Very
good, commandant. Take your
seat by my side. What lovely
weather we have to-day!" "Sire, I
dare not venture—" "What are
you saying, colonel?" "Unluckily
for the new-made colonel, the em-
peror had to be back to the palace
early that morning. If the drive
had continued a few minutes
longer his chance companion would
have been made field-marshal. As
it was, he was obliged to content
himself with the grade of major-
general. But a few days afterward
the same poor wretch, picked up
by the emperor in exactly the
same way, had to go through the
same gradations of rank, only in
the reverse direction, and in half
an hour from being a major-gen-
eral had to become a private soldier
again. On another occasion, Paul,
while reviewing a regiment which
did not please him, gave the word
of command, "Right about face!
March! To Siberia!" And the
whole regiment, officers and men,
were obliged to set off by forced
marches for Siberia. It was only
when they got half way there that
Count Rostopchine obtained their
recall.

A traveler recently put up at a
Montana hotel, and shortly before
daylight, he was aroused by a ter-
rible commotion. His door was
thrown open, and somebody
plunged into the room, shouting,
in thrilling tones: "Indians, In-
dians; quick, for your life! The
Indians are upon us!" The bed-
clothes were whisked off the bed,
and the mysterious intruder, van-
ished. The man coolly arose,
picked up the bed-clothes from the
floor, put them back in their place,
crawled into bed again, and was
soon enjoying a comfortable nap.
Presently a hand shook him gently.
He looked up to the anxious face
of the landlord. "Say, mister, it's
six o'clock; you'll have to get up."
"Why, what's the matter?" "Well,
breakfast ought to have been ready
an hour ago, and we can't finish it
till you get up." "D—n it, do you
take me for the cook?" "No, but
I want that sheet you are lying on.
It's the only one in the house that
can be used for a table-cloth, and
we want to set the table." This
was the explanation. The Indian
scare was a ruse to get the sheet
for the breakfast-table.

Unto her pa, with face serene,
said one of Pendleton's fairest
daughters: "What does this old
expression mean—this 'casting
bread upon the waters'?" Her
father, with a soft caress, replied
with earnestness surprising: "My
dear, 'tis nothing more nor less
than most judicious advertising."

Toad raising is a profitable Aus-
tralian industry. The creatures
are produced for the London mar-
ket, where they are sold for \$15 or
\$20 per hundred, and are bought
by gardeners and agriculturists for
use in destroying obnoxious insects.