

Heppner WEEKLY Gazette.

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

VOL. I.

HEPPNER, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1884.

NO. 44.

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

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 Justice McArthur's assistance in the trial of their cases by placing them in charge of G. W. Rea, at Heppner, Oregon.

L. W. DARLING,

Justice and Notary Public,

LONE ROCK, WASCOCO COUNTY, OREGON.

LAND FILING, FINAL PROOF

Etc., a Specialty.

COLLECTIONS Made, and Deeds and other Legal Instruments drawn.

A. MALLORY,

Justice and Notary Public,

HEPPNER, OREGON.

LEGAL BUSINESS a Specialty. Collections made.

PHILIP L. PAINE,

Attorney at Law & Notary Public

HEPPNER, OREGON.

business attended to. Collections made.

GEO. W. WRIGHT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

Will practice in both State and Federal Courts. Proof of claims taken. Titles to Land investigated. Real estate business attended to. Collections and conveyancing safely made at reasonable rates. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. 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 Companies.

ED. R. BISHOP,

Notary Public and Land Agent,

HEPPNER, OREGON.

LANDS Negotiated, Collections Made, and a general Brokerage Business attended to.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. LICHTENTHAL,

Boot and Shoe Shop,

Main St., Heppner, Oregon.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order.

Repairs Neatly Executed.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

NOTICE—TIMBER CULTURE.

Land Office at The Dalles, Or., Nov. 27, '83.

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. 43, dated Oct. 12, 1881, upon the N.E. 1/4 Sec. 26, T. 1 N., R. 33 E., in Umatilla county, Or., with a view to the resolution of said entry, contestant alleging that said Ephraim Estes has failed to look or cause to be broken five acres of said tract during the second year, and failed to cultivate during the second year the five acres, plowed the first year. The said parties are hereby summoned to appear at the office of G. W. Bush, Notary at Heppner, Or., on the 1st day of Feb., 1884, at 10 o'clock A. M., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure.

G. W. BUSH, Notary.

C. N. FISHBURN, Receiver.

When you have any wool, hides or pelts to sell, 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, 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.

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 OF THE MARKET AFFORDS.

Having assumed charge of this favorably known house, I desire 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. McAllen, Proprietor,

Heppner, Oregon.

Best Work and Matton at Reasonable Rates.

CITY HOTEL,

Heppner, Oregon.

E. MINOR, PROPRIETOR.

—

Commercial Travelers will Undertstand 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,

5 Cents a Dozen.

May Street,

HEPPNER, OREGON.

Remember the Old Stand

—OR—

G. W. Swaggart,

HEPPNER, OREGON.

WHERE YOU WILL FIND

Old Judge and

United we Stand,

—A SPECIALTY.—

THESE brands are favorably known by judges of Good Liquors.

Lang's Live Seeds.

The cheapest, the freshest, the purest. They never fail to grow and give a liberal crop. 300 flower seeds, 300 vegetable seeds, 65 fields seeds, 20,000 catalogues to give away, send for one. Local agents wanted everywhere.

FARMER'S LANG, Baraboo, Wis.

THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.
The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done.
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl with his dull "hoo-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its moldering dust away;
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the frowning tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

WET WATER.

"Not m-m-much," said a stammering man as he worked at un-tangling a fish line, while a boy brought in a tomato can full of angle worms. "If I know m-m-my own heart, I don't go to no k-k-camp meeting where they b-b-baptize. I at-t-tended a baptizing scrape once, and my clothes have not got d-d-d-dry yet."

"What was the matter," said a drummer for an egg-factory. "Didn't fall in the water, did you?"

"N-n-no," said the stammerer, as he stuffed a wad of paper down on top of the angle worms to keep them from crawling out. "I didn't f-f-fall in, but I got in all the s-s-s-same. I was sn-n-sna-snatched off you won't t-t-tell any one, I will tell you about it."

"Well, about twenty years ago I was editing a p-p-paper at Pottysville, and there was a revival in the town all winter, and in the spring they advertised to b-b-b-baptize all of the k-k-converts. Everybody went, and I w-w-went down to the k-k-creek to see them s-s-s-sunk. They had a presiding Elder, a stranger to me, to d-d-d-do the baptizing, and when they had dipped a f-f-few, I noticed the elder acted s-s-s-sort of tired when he pushed the last woman ashore, and I th-th-thought he wanted to come out of the w-water, so I reached out my h-h-hand to help him up the b-b-bank. Do you know, he thought I was a k-k-k-andidate for baptism, and he took hold of my hand and was p-p-p-pulling me in, when I said 'Elder, don't p-p-p-p' and before I could say any m-m-more he said, 'Have no f-f-fear, my young k-k-k-christian friend,' and he put his arm around me and was pulling me right in. I wasn't as st-st-strong as I am now, and he had a g-g-grip like a prize fighter, and before I knew what he was about, he was saying, 'I b-b-baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy G-g-g-host,' and I was as weak as a k-k-cat. I tried to go away from him, but he tried to explain that I wasn't the feller, and that I had n-n-never been converted, but the natural pious look on my face b-b-betrayed me, and I stammered so I couldn't get in a word in time, and he put me under. As I went down I could see the crowd on the b-b-bank laughing, because they all knew I was b-b-bad, and that it was a mistake of the strange preacher. I came up struggling, and the first thing I said was, 'Elder, you have made the d-d-darndest mistake of your life,' and I went out on the bank and shook myself. You may talk about m-m-ministers not joking, but by gracious, I shall a-a-always think that Presiding Elder knew I was no k-k-k-christian. It was a picnic for the crowd, and they laugh at me to this day. No, gentlemen, I k-k-can't go to the camp meeting, for I shouldn't feel s-s-s-safe there," and the stammering man took his fish pole and angle worms and went down towards the pond, while the traveling men went to the camp meeting.

A Mexican's house is a close corporation, and no one save a friend of the family is allowed to cross its portals. The ladies, especially the young girls, are as closely guarded as if they were prisoners. The windows of every house (when the house has windows), are fortified with bars. Those who can afford it have iron bars, and those who can't afford them use wooden ones. Behind these bars the ladies of the family can be seen at any time. They eagerly stare at every person passing along the street, flash their black eyes, and are ready for a mild flirtation. The young ladies of the family never leave the house without a chaperon. Sometimes this is carried to the height of absurdity. I have seen a married woman, aged 16, chaperoning a brace of young girls, both of whom were older and more experienced than herself. In the evening nearly all the young people turn out to parade in the plaza. The girls walk in bunches, and are always under the guidance of their mothers or some married female relative. The young men walk in bunches also, the latter walking in one direction while the girls go in the other. Of course they pass each other at every round, and their flashes of recognition pass, but no other visible demonstration is made save with the eyes.

Man being 20 years in growing, ought to live five times 20 years. The camel is eight years in growing, and lives 40 years, and so with other animals. The man who does not die of sickness lives everywhere from 80 to 100 years.

A POISONOUS PLANT.

The ranchmen of the high valleys of California are often heard discussing the probable cause of certain crazy fits and other sicknesses that afflict their sheep, cattle and sometimes horses. If the poison lily is at hand, the mischief is generally very properly laid to the account of that rogue secreted in the meadows. But if in wooded regions where the mountain streams seldom have meadow lands bordering them, the mischief is often charged to a certain laurel shrub called "sheep poison," or "calico bush." And while this charge is often correct, yet it is most frequently an error, the culprit being a very innocent and indeed very handsome flower growing along the streams, and known as California monkshood, or generally "blue-weed." Animals affected by this monkshood stagger and reel about, lie down and rise again frequently, turn about uneasily, bawling at their sides and gringing and groan as if in great pain. Not infrequently lingering sickness, loss of appetite, and death ensue. Any good purgative medicine, if administered at once, will afford relief, as the distress is caused by the acid, biting principle, called aconite, which resides in every part of the plant mentioned. The instinct of animals generally protects them against poisonous plants, but often want of other food tempts them to eat, and sometimes their taste has been perverted so as not to constitute a criterion. Sheep are most commonly affected by eating monkshood, and this results from confinement upon limited ranges for fear of the coyote; or mayhap from hurrying them over high passes where there is little food, and that little is strange to the animals. But often a band of milch cows are halted for the night on a green spot of meadow, the owner thinking himself fortunate in finding so rich a lunching ground. The treacherous blue-weed is devoured with the succulent grass and sickness or death follows. Frequently horsemen picket their animals to the alders by stream banks and wonder soon after what ails their beasts. If the animal is very hungry and the feed very scarce, or the pocket-line short, the mischief is the sooner done. Now, the plant that produces all this trouble is a species of aconitum, the only one of that poison genus found on this coast. It is an herb, often growing from three to six feet high, with large, nearly arbutular leaves, cleft into three to five lobes, and mostly at the base of the stem. The latter is erect, unbranched and terminating in a loose raceme or spike of large showy blue or whitish flowers, the uppermost of its five sepals being arched like the cowl of a priest, suggesting the popular name of monkshood. The species of monkshood which is so celebrated as a medicine is Aconitum Napellus, indigenous to Europe, but often met with in our gardens where it finds a welcome because of its large, curious flowers and long time of blooming.

A Mexican's house is a close corporation, and no one save a friend of the family is allowed to cross its portals. The ladies, especially the young girls, are as closely guarded as if they were prisoners. The windows of every house (when the house has windows), are fortified with bars. Those who can afford it have iron bars, and those who can't afford them use wooden ones. Behind these bars the ladies of the family can be seen at any time. They eagerly stare at every person passing along the street, flash their black eyes, and are ready for a mild flirtation. The young ladies of the family never leave the house without a chaperon. Sometimes this is carried to the height of absurdity. I have seen a married woman, aged 16, chaperoning a brace of young girls, both of whom were older and more experienced than herself. In the evening nearly all the young people turn out to parade in the plaza. The girls walk in bunches, and are always under the guidance of their mothers or some married female relative. The young men walk in bunches also, the latter walking in one direction while the girls go in the other. Of course they pass each other at every round, and their flashes of recognition pass, but no other visible demonstration is made save with the eyes.

PROSPECTORS.

The old time, genuine prospector, feels thoroughly equipped for the season if he possesses a slab of bacon, a few pounds of flour, a little sugar, coffee, tobacco and an old pick, shovel and pan. He thinks himself in big luck if he owns a pack animal; if he hasn't, it is all the same. And thus outfitted, he scales mountains, swims rivers and skims around on foot till snow-fall for months, as happy as a clam at flood-time. It is the pluck and bone and sinew of these men that bring to light the mineral wealth of our mountain ranges. But there is another class of prospector of quite different characteristics, who is met with too often in this country. It costs every cent of \$300 (or more) to outfit him. He needs a thoroughbred horse, two pack animals, a mattress, half a dozen pair of double blankets, a feather pillow, a dressing case with toilet soaps and perfumery, a gold chronometer, magnifying glass, chemicals enough to start a drug store, library of scientific works, demijohn of fourth proof whiskey, silver-mounted revolvers, needle gun and fishing tackle, and white shirts with cameo studs, and cuffs galore. And thus rigged he starts out in the merry summer time prospecting along streams where fish bite the best, sinking holes only where trees cast a cooling shade, and always waiting for the water to fall so he can ford the stream without wetting his feet. He returns in the fall without having discovered anything, of course, but he knows "just where to strike it rich next summer." This genus will be plentiful in the Cour d'Alenes next season.

A pearl necklace owned by a New York lady is valued at \$100,000, and yet the pleasure she derives from wearing it is as skim milk beside golden cream when compared with the pleasure the Oregon girl experiences while wearing a necklace composed of a strong, honest arm.

CRASH

FOR CASH!

Slaughter Sale!

Goods Marked Down!

Lowest Scratch!

Call and Investigate!

J. L. Morrow & Son,

Heppner, Oregon.