

There are two important issues demanding the attention of the people of Heppner and surrounding country—issues in which they have vital interests at stake. One is the subject of county division. Our town is the center of a large and flourishing region, whose resources are being rapidly developed. And yet our citizens are further removed from their county seat than are many people in other communities from their state capitals. Here we witness the face of people having to travel from sixty to ninety miles to transact a little county business. All this is wrong, and the people must see that it is righted. At the last session of the legislature our people placed confidence in the proffered assistance of Pendleton politicians. And of course they were betrayed. And experience teaches that the ordinary scheming, wire-working, pot-house politician is not to be trusted. He would sell his soul to obtain some little office or further some scheme to plunder the people, his legitimate prey, and to line his own pocket.

Another important issue to the people of Heppner and in fact the whole Columbia river country, is the forfeiture of the Northern Pacific land grant west of Wallula. Here are millions of acres of rich lands to which neither the stockman or the farmer can obtain any title. Lands that under other circumstances would be improved and made to yield their share of taxation lie dormant, unowned and untaxed. The matter is in the hands of politicians at Washington. Perhaps the people's rights will be asserted, and perhaps they will not. If the bill restoring the lands to the people gets through the house the railroad chieftains claim that they can block it in the senate. That remains to be seen. Either confirming it to or taking it from the railroad company would be preferable to a continuance of the present stagnant state of affairs.

TO SETTLERS.

Last spring several settlers made filings on odd sections around Heppner, and their filing receipts were returned marked in red ink "Subject to selection by the N. P. R. R." One settler whose receipt was not thus marked proved up on his claim, and the final result is not yet known. Some settlers would like to go ahead and prove up, but hesitate to take the risk of paying the notary and advertising fee and then perhaps have the whole business rejected. Now, in order to give the matter a fair test, the publisher of the GAZETTE will agree to do the advertising and proving up in one case free of all charges. If you have an odd-section pre-emption or homestead filing with red ink on it, and have complied with the law, bring in your receipt and test the proving up matter free of charge. First come first served.

Portland's mayor and chief of police are trying to bounce each other. Uneasy lies the head that wars a political plug hat.

A Wool Exchange has been established in Portland for grading and baling. If honestly managed, it will be a good thing for producers.

The Senate has passed the bill restoring to the public domain land granted the Iron Mountain R. R. Co., because it has not built the line.

Bro. Huntington, with his usual gall, has been arguing before congress that the Southern Pacific Co. was going to get away with the Texas Pacific land grant in spite of the devil.

Our extinguished friend, Mr. Willard, is not as badly extinguished as some of his enemies thought. He is still an N. P. director, and the company has voted him \$10,000 for services rendered.

Capt. John Smith, formerly agent of the Warm Spring Indians, is dead. Both whites and reds always found him a good and honest man, and honesty among Indian agents is said to be a very rare commodity.

Lumber a Foster.

The people living between Heppner and Foster will be glad to learn that they can now obtain a full supply of lumber from John R. Foster & Co., at Foster. This enterprising firm is filling a long-felt want, and it is a matter of regret that their yard is not nearer to Heppner, so that our town's lumber famine would cease.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.
Military Meditations 'Mid Un-Military Surroundings.

SHEEP CAMP, JED. 22.
EDITOR GAZETTE: I have just been reading your article on why soldiers desert, and it stirs up in my memory scenes of former days. It is very true that soldiers have many, many causes to desert, and when I remember the trials myself and others have gone through for our country, I wonder how men can allow themselves to stand up and be shot at or mowed down just for "glory." Of course every government must have more or less physical force behind it to maintain its existence, but as a general rule the leaders get all the rewards, while the common soldier gets nothing but misery. For four long years I fought for our government, and now what does that government care for me? While the officers who did their fighting at long range are occupying positions of political preference, I and other private soldiers are out on the hills, herding sheep. But 20 years ago I was young and ambitious, and it may be interesting to your readers for me to give you a rough outline of some of the experiences we went through. Here is one picture: We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge box has been emptied once and more, and a fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead, and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break back once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap.

Here comes help! Down the crowded highway gallops a battery, withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty, and the guns rush for the hills behind us. Six horses a piece—three riders to each gun. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his horse and yelling—the scene behind makes us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoner loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, sixty horses, eighty men race for the brow of the hill as if he who reached it first was to be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition-chests open, and along our line runs the command: "Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns!" We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despair.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours as we form a line of battle behind the guns and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoners are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust into their faces but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around them, but they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. The machinery loses just one beat—misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works away again as before.

Every gun is using short-fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles—the roar shuts out all sounds from a battle-line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off—to mow great gaps in the bushes—to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye! press forward to capture the battery! We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and cannister, and the guns are served so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac singing, purring, whistling grape-shot and the serpent-like hiss of cannister. Men's legs and arms are not shot through, but torn off. Heads are torn from bodies, and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crashes through. Grape and cannister mow a swath, and pile the dead on top of each other. Through the smoke we see a

swarm of men. It is not a battle-line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of guns. The guns leap from the ground, almost, as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering, and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet, and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass. Up, now, as the enemy are among the guns. There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the crash and roar of three thousand muskets and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right, nor left, nor in front of us is a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four, and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man. The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over winrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood—every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

JOEL SHARPE.

Lost in the Dark.
A young man who is now engaged in business in Heppner had a birthday last Saturday, and knowing the fact, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Cuninghame, with their usual hospitality, invited him out to their pleasant home place, the Newton Ranch, to partake of a sumptuous supper in honor of the occasion. About dusk the young man left Heppner, and it was pitch dark by the time he had climbed the hill and arrived on English Flat. Suddenly he found his horse had left the road, and was in the bunch-grass, and as suddenly he found himself in the midst of a band of wild horses. They snorted and dashed away, and the young man's horse started to do the same. The young man checked him up, and in return got bucked off, but fortunately without injury, and hung on to the bridle reins. Mounting again he rode at random over the extensive flat, trusting to luck to fetch him up somewhere. The frosty fog hung low, and no friendly guiding star could be seen. The air was too cool for comfort, and the young man was having anything but an agreeable time, especially when he thought of the good cheer he was missing at the Newton Ranch. After wandering around for several hours the young man heard a dog bark, and knew by the welcome sound that a cottage was near. Following the bark he finally came to the Clark's canyon sheep ranch of Jim Fuller. It was then midnight, and the header took him in and made him comfortable for the night. He went to the Newton Ranch next day, where the hospitable host and hostess carried out the original birthday programme.

Our Too-Big County.
Julius Keithley resigned the office of assessor because altogether too much work was expected of him in too short a time. Julius is not naturally much of a flyer, although he travels along at a good, steady gait. But if he had the wings of an American eagle he could fly over the immense scope of country known as Umatilla county in time to make a proper assessment within the stipulated period. So to avoid the large amount of kicking because he couldn't perform impossibilities, he threw up the office.

Interesting.
All persons knowing themselves indebted to Matlock Bros. will take notice that their accounts have been placed in the hands of G. W. Rea, attorney at law, and must be settled by the 1st day of February, 1884, by cash or note, or costs will be made.

The wages of all the railroad officers, without exception, along the line of the O. R. & N. road will, the first day of next month, be reduced 20 to 25 per cent.

LUMBER YARD
At Foster!

A large lot of BLUE MOUNTAIN LUMBER
Now in stock and FOR SALE CHEAP.

Also keep on hand a stock of PORTLAND FIR LUMBER.
And sawed and shaved CEDAR SHINGLES A No. 1.

For prices call on or address JOHN R. FOSTER & CO.,
FOSTER, OREGON,
Dealers in General Merchandise and Country Produce. 44-55

CITY HOTEL BAR,
Choice Wines, Liquors & Cigars.
MINOR & HALL, Prop's.

When You Want To Subscribe For ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE! Leave Your Orders With HOMER H. HALLOCK,
At the Post Office, Heppner, Ogn.

BIG REDUCTION IN PRICES!
The Old-Established House of
J. L. Morrow & Son!
HAVE MARKED DOWN THEIR ENTIRE STOCK OF General Merchandise, Groceries, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Etc., Etc.
We have determined to do business on the Cash System 90 days time, and to make it an object for our customers to assist us in abolishing the old, high-priced long-credit way of doing business, we have made the most astonishing reduction in prices ever made by any House in Eastern Oregon, or anywhere else. In fact, we have made
Sweeping Reductions!
All round, and confidently assert that we can sell you goods cheaper than any other house in Eastern Oregon. Call and inspect our Stock, and get prices.
NO MORE BIG PRICES!
J. L. Morrow & Son,
Corner May and Main St., Heppner, Oregon.

Heppner Flouring Mill,
W. B. CUNINGHAME, Prop., WM. OVERHOLTZER, Supt.

Manufacture and Sell
Baker's Best XXX Flour, Self-Raising Graham, Cracked-Wheat, Middlings, Shorts and Bran, Etc.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Wheat. All Orders Promptly Attended to.

Flour will be exchanged for good wheat at the rate of 35 pounds per bushel.
Barley chopped for 1.7 per hundred pounds.
Early pounds of corn meal will be given for 56 pounds of corn.

THE Gazette Job Office!
Is prepared to do Printing at Heppner prices, freight added. It is not the only office in Eastern Oregon, nor can it do the best work in Eastern Oregon. But it can do all kinds of ordinary Book and Job Printing at fair and living rates. You can get your printing done cheaper in San Francisco, but if you send it there you can also send there for your local notices when your steers have twins or your mules have triplets.

G. D. SMITH,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Main Street, Alkali, Oregon.
Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of Harness, Bridles, Whips, Saddles, Collars, &c., in short everything in my line. All work in my line made to order, and from the best Santa Cruz and Stockton leather.
REPAIRING DONE SUBSTANTIALLY AND WITH TASTE.

LUMBER!!
Castle Rock Lumber Co.

All kinds of ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER, SHINGLES, ETC., kept constantly on hand.
We have recently received a large and complete stock of FIRST-CLASS LUMBER, SHINGLES, CEDAR POSTS, ETC., Which we will sell at lowest possible figures.
Give us a call. DANIELS & HERREN, Castle Rock.
ALKALI LADIES, ATTENTION!
I have on hand a Choice Line of MILLINERY, And am Constantly receiving New and Fashionable Goods, which I am prepared to sell at San Francisco Prices, As the greater part of my goods are Direct from the East.
Please give me a call, and I will guarantee prices satisfactory.
MRS. J. L. HARRIS,
Alkali, Oregon.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.
NOTICE is hereby given that I will meet the several precincts of Umatilla county, Oregon, on the days hereinafter mentioned, for the purpose of collecting State and County taxes, for the year 1883:
Grainwood, Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 5 and 6, 1883.
Jupiter, Wednesday, Nov. 7, 1883.
Vancouver, Thursday, Nov. 8, 1883.
Bilton, Friday, Saturday and Monday, Nov. 9, 10 and 12, 1883.
Cottonwood, Tuesday, Nov. 13, 1883.
Furnessville, Wednesday, Nov. 14, 1883.
Mountain, Friday, Nov. 16, 1883.
Weston, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 17, 19 and 20, 1883.
Centerville, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Nov. 21, 22 and 23, 1883.
Pendleton, from 4 o'clock after Nov. 24, 1883.
Alta, Wednesday, Nov. 28, 1883.
Willow Springs, Thursday, Nov. 29, 1883.
Cama, Saturday, Dec. 1, 1883.
Upper Butler Creek, Monday, Dec. 3, 1883.
Jena, Tuesday, Dec. 4, 1883.
Heppner, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6, 7 and 8, 1883.
Willow Creek (Geisinger's), Monday, Dec. 10, 1883.
Willow Creek (Cochran's), Tuesday, Dec. 11, 1883.
Wells Springs, Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1883.
Lower Butler Creek, Friday, Dec. 14, 1883.
Meadow, Saturday, Dec. 15, 1883.
Umatilla, Monday, Dec. 17, 1883.
All persons who have not been assessed for the year 1883 are requested to attend at the same time and place, and give in their assessments. Time for attending to business each day: From 9 a. m. till 4 p. m.
Dated October 16, 1883. W. C. MATTHEY, Sheriff of Umatilla County.

NOTICE OF INTENTION.
LAND OFFICE AT THE DALLES, OR., Dec. 23, 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 G. W. Bishop, Notary Public at Heppner, Or., on Feb. 4, 1884, viz:
Jacob Johnson,
Pre-emption No. 2525, for the N 1/4 NW 1/4 Sec. 7, T. 4 S., R. 21 E., and E 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec. 12, T. 4 S., R. 21 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: G. W. Maxwell, M. S. Maxwell, J. B. Young, B. Christensen, all of Heppner, Umatilla Co., Or.
E. L. SMITH, Register.

NOTICE OF INTENTION.
LAND OFFICE AT LA GRANDE, OR., Dec. 21, 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. Mallory, Notary Public at Heppner, Or., on Feb. 2, 1884, viz:
A. J. McKeister,
D. S. No. 1492, for the S 1/4 NE 1/4 E 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec. 35, T. 3 S., R. 25 E., W. M. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: H. J. Hill, Wm. Duncan, A. S. Burch, A. J. Hale, all of Heppner, Or.
H. W. DWIGHT, Register.

NOTICE OF INTENTION.
Land Office at La Grande, Or., Dec. 17, '83.
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. Mallory, Notary Public at Heppner, Or., on Jan. 23, 1884, viz:
Frank Hale,
D. S. No. 1455, for the NW 1/4 SE 1/4 E 1/4 SW 1/4 Sec. 28, and NE 1/4 NW 1/4 Sec. 25, T. 3 S., R. 27 E., W. M. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Geo. Blake, Ed. Cluff, of Putzville; M. S. Monteth, of Heppner; J. C. Cannon, of Ella, Umatilla county, Or.
E. L. SMITH, Register.

NOTICE OF INTENTION.
Land Office at The Dalles, Or., Jan. 21, 1884.
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 G. W. Bishop, Notary at Heppner, Or., on March 3, 1884, viz:
H. R. Newman,
Pre-emption No. 1822, for the NE 1/4 Sec. 26, T. 1 N., R. 24 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Geo. Blake, Ed. Cluff, of Putzville; M. S. Monteth, of Heppner; J. C. Cannon, of Ella, Umatilla county, Or.
E. L. SMITH, Register.

HEPPNER BAKERY,
E. V. HARBIS, Proprietor.
Next to Odd Fellows' Hall, Main St.

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies Every Day.
HOT COFFEE & LUNCHES AT ALL HOURS.
A full supply of Fresh Candies, Nuts Canned Goods, etc., constantly on hand.