

Heppner WEEKLY Gazette.

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

VOL. I.

HEPPNER, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1884.

NO. 46.

THE GAZETTE

IS 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, 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 them in charge of G. W. Rea, at Heppner, Oregon.

L. W. DARLING,

Justice and Notary Public.

LONE ROCK, WASCO COUNTY, OREGON.

LAND FILING FINAL PROOF

Etc., a Specialty.

COLLECTIONS Made, and deeds and other legal instruments drawn.

M. MALLORY,

Justice and Notary Public,

HEPPNER, OREGON.

LAND BUSINESS a Specialty. Collections made.

PHILIP L. PAINE,

Attorney at Law & Notary Public

HEPPNER, OREGON.

LAND 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.

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.

LOANS 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.

Repairing Neatly Executed.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

NOTICE OF INTENTION.

Land Office at The Dalles, Or., Jan. 22, '84.

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 Clerk of County Court, at Heppner, Or., on March 3, 1884, viz:

Freeman Green,

Homestead No. 124, for the W 1/2 NE 1/4, E 1/4, NW 1/4 Sec. 18, T. 38, R. 29 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Joseph Reber, J. M. Warden, John Hendrix, Thomas Smith, all of Heppner, Umatilla county, Or.

E. L. SMITH, 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, 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

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 accessible manner.

CITY MEAT MARKET,

Wm. J. McAler, 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,

25 Cents a Dozen.

May Street,

HEPPNER, OREGON.

Remember the Old Stand

OF

G. W. Syaggart,

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.

FRED N. LANG, Baraboo, Wis.

DREAM LAND.

Where sunless rivers weep
Their waves into the deep,
She sleeps a charmed sleep;
Awake her not.
Led by a single star,
She came from very far
To seek where shadows are
Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn,
For twilight cold and dim
And water springs.
Through sleep, as through a veil,
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale
That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
Shed over brow and breast;
Her face is toward the west,
The purple lane.
She can not see the grain
Opening on hill and plain;
She can not feel the rain
Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore
Upon a mossy shore;
Rest, rest at the heart's core
Till time shall cease;
Sleep that no pain shall wake;
Night that no morn shall break
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect peace.

RIDING AN ELK.

William Warrack, better known as Blowhard Bill, arrived in Heppner yesterday with a wagon-load of game shot beyond Black Butte. Amid nature's beautiful parks in the Blue mountains there are many strange things occurring. The incident related below may have happened and maybe not. It is uncertain. But the fact remains that Bill is generally a very big liar. He says: Last Monday I was up Yellow Trail canyon on the look-out for game. I saw fresh signs of elk, and I climbed up a rock to take a look around. The rock was about 35 feet high. I got to the top, looked around, and saw that there wasn't any game in sight. Then I started to go down the other side. It was very steep on that side, and I reached out and caught the limbs of a big juniper tree that stood up against the side of the rock. I hadn't scarcely more than done this than my feet slipped from under me, and I swung out off the rock. My weight was too much for the limbs I had hold of, and I went down almost as though I was lead, taking the limbs with me. I didn't strike ground though, and now, come to think it over, I wish I had. An elk with seven-prong horns was hiding under the rock in the shade of the juniper, and I fell square on his shoulders.

I guess it would be hard to tell who was scared the most, me or the elk. The elk started as though he was shot, and this saved me the trouble of doing anything of the kind, for he set back his head and brought them big horns of his right square down on my legs, and held me there as fast as if I was glued to his back. The wits seemed scared out of that elk. He didn't seem to care where he went, or where I wanted him to go. Oyster Can Canyon seemed to please him very well for a little while, or until my dogs got after him. He didn't appear to have any regard for his safety, and seemed only looking for dangerous places to run along. I wasn't afraid for the elk, but when at times he skirted along the edges of precipices, where the fall would be anywhere from three to five hundred feet, I was somewhat afraid the darned elk would loosen the grip of his horns on my legs. When the elk would leap over a precipice I was scared, you bet. We went up to the head of Wildcat Canyon at the start, a distance of about ten miles, then over by Tupper Butte and down to Wall creek.

When the elk got out by Montana Sock canyon he seemed only freshened up for the run, and only more anxious than ever before for taking in the fine scenery that Heppner hunters so much enjoy. I had grown very tired of it, but this did not trouble the elk. As we turned back in the direction of the Matteson coal mine, and had run altogether about 53 miles, we almost run over Edgar Matteson, who was out hunting, and as quick as a flash Edgar sent a bullet right back of my leg and through the heart of the elk. That stopped the game. I was not surprised at Edgar saving my bacon, for he did the same favor for a Columbia Indian who was being run away with by an elk six years ago. My elk weighed about a ton, and Edgar and I had all we could do to pack the meat home on our backs at one trip.

HUNTING THE BUFFALO.

In going down the Yellowstone in Montana, and across the vast region lying between Glendive and Mandan, one is struck with the evident scarcity of game. This famous region, where two or three years ago herds of buffalo, antelope and deer were seen on every side, is now to all appearance stripped of its game. The fact is, the slaughter of buffalo and deer has been immense for the past two years, and particularly of the former. It is estimated that during the past winter there have been a thousand hunters engaged in the business of slaughtering buffalo along the line of the Northern Pacific between Mandan and Livingston. An eagle-eyed hunter gave me the following interesting details as to the modus operandi in slaughtering herds of buffalo. In the first place, the experienced hunter uses the Sharpe rifle, 40-90 calibre. With this he can kill at 1000 yards. When he sees a herd of buffalo he usually slips to convenient range, from 400 to 500 yards, and always selects a cow for his first victim. He does this for the reason that the cow is followed by both her yearling and two-year old calves, and they will usually stand by her to the last. But under no circumstances will the experienced hunter kill his buffalo outright. If he does, the herd will stampede at once. The policy is to wound fatally, but so that the animal will flush round in a circle before falling. This it always does when mortally wounded, and after a few moments lies down.

The remainder of the herd are not alarmed at this; but continue to graze, or look on dazed spectators of the tragedy being enacted. After his first shot the hunter pauses until the quiet restores, and again fires at another cow, with similar results. He always aims to put his ball just behind the fore shoulder, which will cause death in five minutes at furthest. When the cows have all been slain, he then turns his attention to the calves, and lastly to the bulls. The experienced hunter generally bags the entire herd, unless he is so unfortunate as to drop his game immediately, when all the survivors stampede at once. The buffalo does not scare at the crack of a gun. He has decidedly more courage than discretion. It is only when the crack is followed by an immediate fall that he realizes its deadly nature and takes alarm. The policy of killing the cows first and then the calves has resulted in the almost utter extinction of the female buffalo. Herds of melancholy bulls can still occasionally be seen, sometimes in bands of twenty or thirty, and often without a single cow.

As we have said, the bulls are now about all that are left of the buffalo. They largely owe their safety to the fact that their hides are less valuable than those of the cows, while at the same time they are more difficult to kill. The hide of the bull is only worth to the hunter from \$1.80 to \$2.25, while that of the cow brings \$3.25, and that of the two-year-old calf is worth from \$1 to \$1.50. But of late there has sprung up quite a demand through the east for the head of the buffalo bull. The well-preserved head of an aged bull decked out with glass eyes and horns, will readily sell for \$24 in the eastern markets. Consequently, the buffalo hunter of the future will wage a destructive war upon the bull tribe, and these venerable relics of a by-gone era will also pass swiftly away.

The chairman of the committee on foreign affairs reported a peaceful state of affairs existing between the United States and all other countries, and recommended an exchange of pumpkin pies between the United States and Canada, as a further bond of love and friendship. That a commission be appointed by England and America to re-write 'God Save the Queen' and 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and make from the two an international anthem, to be called: 'Heaven Save us Both.' That we import more French mustard, Dutch cheese, Holland gin and Italian organ-grinders, to show our good feeling toward those respective countries.

Barbed wire, nails, spikes, hinges, etc., at W. J. Leczer's.

RUNNING A HEN-RANCH.

A pen-and-ink wrestler has written a book and let it loose upon the patient people, which book bears the title "How To Make \$500 a Year From Twelve Hens." We tried this getting rich out of the hen business last year, and while it looks nice and pretty in gilt letters on blue binding to save \$500 a year from twelve hens, our experience was different. We secured, last spring, a collection of lady hens and a male companion, and domiciled them in an extensive hen pasture in the rear of our premises. We figured it all out that with six eggs a day and occasional vacations which would be paid for in chickens, we would soon have money enough to go to Europe or run for office. Early in the season the brown Leghorn troops fought nobly, and we began to look around with the idea of getting a safe to put our egg money in. Just at this juncture wheat stepped up to \$1 a bushel, and our hens ceased laying and turned their attention to their appetites.

During the interim (interim is a word that we found in the office when we bought it), one of our hens had succeeded in presenting to the world a dozen little brown balls, which imagination told us would make excellent chicken pies along in December. Imagination lied to us, however, for in less than four weeks every one of the little brown darlings had been referred to the interior department of a confounded skunk, and there was seven weeks' lost time to be charged to that hen's profit and loss account. We forbear telling of our midnight ramble in the dewy mazes of our garden, clad in modesty and a night-shirt, with a revolver filled with 32.100 cartridges and a heart filled with animosity toward that skunk. We draw a curtain over that scene.

When fall came, and after we had bought eggs to feed ourselves and wheat to feed our hens for awhile, we retired from the hen business, and we have made up our mind that it takes something more than a book and a dozen hens to make \$500 a year. Of course, the book is for sale, who can play the game for all it is worth, and make it pay. But for a greenhorn to think that twenty-four hens are worth a cool thousand dollars a year to him, is all poppy-cock. If you make hens lay every day, and bring chickens up on a bottle in some secluded corner where skunks cannot get at them, it would pay for novices to establish hen dairies. As it is, however, we novices had better save our money from buying such books as the one described, to buy eggs with, and let those who understand egg harvesting do the work. There is too much responsibility—too much getting up nights to shoot skunks and too few eggs in the business to offer inducements to amateurs.

"I know," said a little Walla Walla girl to her elder sister's young man of the supper table, "I will join our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of going on larks." The youth promptly handed over \$5 piece as an initiation fee, and thinks in the time he will be a full-fledged ornithological humanitarian.

As regards height, the Scotch are first, Irish second, and English third. As regards weight, the Scotch are first, English second and Irish third. The weight and height of Americans would be given, but there is no necessity for terrifying Europe just at present.

Distracted parent: "My daughter has no talent for music, and yet by her constant practicing she persists in making herself a nuisance to the family. What would you advise?" Family counselor: "Marry her into some other family."

Three million dollars is said to be the fortune of Miss Ayer, the daughter of the patent-medicine man. There are lots of young men in danger of suffocation, or at least panting for Ayer.

In our day there is too much of the notion prevalent that the holder of even a petty office is above the people, not under them.

CRASH

FOR CASH.

Slaughter Sale!

Goods Marked Down!

TO THE

Lowest Scratch!

Call and Investigate!

J. L. Morrow & Son,

Heppner, Oregon.