

THE GAZETTE.

HEPPNER, THURSDAY, FEB. 7, 1884.

PEOPLE'S PLATFORM.

Prominent planks in the GAZETTE platform will be to make a living by legitimate business...

A POLITICAL DISHRAG.

Against honest business competition the GAZETTE has nothing to say. But when it sees a swindle being perpetrated upon the people...

FROM CASTLE ROCK.

FEB. 21, 1884. We are not dead, but merely been out to see a man, as it were. A number of new settlers for bunchgrass arrive daily...

A sad accident happened here yesterday. While Master Kit Warren was working at Herren & Co's warehouse, a large box of tin plate fell upon him...

Mrs. W. H. Herren has been quite seriously ill, but is now much better. Mrs. Forsyth has, we are glad to say, regained her health.

Willard Herren will soon have a well-boring machine here, which will be a good institution for the country.

J. B. Daniels had unparalleled success goose-hunting last Sunday, getting 16 in a few hours, while the rest of the boys have not yet made a killing.

Before Ed Bishop gets the GAZETTE froze out he will wish he had used his oyster-blooded energy in starting his little sawmill up in the mountains.

The sociable people of Alkali will give a grand ball at Frazell's new hall on the evening of Washington's birthday, and we have to thank Phil Heppner for kindly sending us an elegant invitation.

LAND GRANTS.

The Texas Pacific Grant Declared Forfeited in the House, and the Northern Pacific to Follow Suit.

From Washington comes the news that the House has passed the bill by a vote of 259 to 1, declaring forfeited the Texas Pacific land grant of 14,700,000 acres.

Congressman Cobb says that the public lands committee, of which he is chairman, will certainly favor forfeiture of the Northern Pacific unearned lands.

In the Senate Mr. Slater has introduced a bill to protect people who settled prior to July 4, 1879, on lands where the Northern Pacific grant was not definitely located...

Underhanded wire-pulling has been going on for some time by some relatives of Mr. O. H. Hallock, Heppner's efficient postmaster, to boost him out of his little office and book one of their own number in. This is hard on the old man, and it is hardly a fair shake to freeze him out when he has had only four years to get his seat warm.

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Mule Match. Mr. A. E. Watson, of Lincoln, Oregon, writes: "I own a mule that I challenge any man in Oregon to beat or match. She measures in height 68 1/2 inches; girth, 78 inches; arm, 19 inches; and wears a No. 3 horse shoe; weight 1400 pounds. Who can furnish her mate? I will sell, trade or buy." We know of no mate for Mr. Watson's mule except the old Crank mule now owned by Mr. Cunningham. But to properly match a mule with the Crank mule it would be necessary to brand it in fifteen different languages. However, if Mr. Watson can wait until our next county election, Heppner can send him several political jackasses, from which perhaps he can raise a proper mate for his mule.

A Graceful Centaur. Ed Bishop, the Great Self-Nominated, is racing over the country pulling wares to put himself in Mr. Buscher's place as county clerk. On these errands of modesty Ed rides a bay charger badly stove up in the shoulders, and every time the animal makes an unusual jump to get over a straw in the road Ed bumps down kerwhop on his back, like a sack of wheat hitting a knot-hole in a grain-shute. On his wire-pulling-on-horse-back-trips Ed looks as graceful as a wheelbarrow climbing over a ten-foot fence. He ought to be agrested for cruelty to animals, for his bumping up and down causes a poor horse more torture than if a grown person were riding him.

SHORT STORIES.

In Which Petty Politicians are Shown Up to the People in their True Light.

"Dann it!" As he made this poetical remark, Ed R. Bishop, the Self-Nominated, hopped down off his mahogany stool and was comforted by one of his partners in iniquity, P. L. Paine.

"Well!" "What are you doing?" "What are you doing?" "Working the wires," said Paine, "and I must say they don't work worth a damn. Even I have had to patronize the little paper that is too boost us into office say they would if you wasn't in it."

"And every one I ask say they would if you wasn't in it." "Remarkable coincidence." "Well, go on, go on, and do something," nervously urges Bishop. "If you don't, I can never be county clerk."

"Well, go on, go on, and try the religious racket. You've pumped the organ for them, and ought to have some influence with the brothers." "Well, but they say I did all that just to be a landmark in the congregation and to show my luxuriant locks to the girls."

"Have you worked the sheepmen?" "Tried to. One of them said that this was the GAZETTE man's range, that he had worked for it and earned it, and if we crowded him he hoped we would catch the devil."

"And dared if we aint catching it." "Another told me that there were better men than either of us out in the hills earning a honest living by herding sheep and hunting little ones." "Where is young Hallock?" "He is out begging people to subscribe for the little paper we are going to use to boost us into office. They tell him they have no use for a kid who starved out below and had to come home to freeze his brother out, and that he is still owing them what he begged of them when he was a beggar."

"Well, if our schemes work no better than that, what are we going to do with the press I was so foolish as to let that young stiff buy?" "Why, let us sell it to Second Hand Cox, at Walla Walla, who buys anything and sells everything. Then we can make an agreement. You know that the paper Hallock took below was really no more a note than was the paper he tried to palm off as an endorsed note from his Uncle Rufe when he wanted to buy a lady's furniture in Portland a year ago."

"Well, go on, Paine, go on, and do something." "And the reading rays of the setting sun illuminated the western skylight of John Gilmore's barn, Ed Bishop laid his head on his ear and wept."

FROM BLACK HORSE.

Health never better. People happy and contented. Still continues to be frosty, foggy, and the ground frozen.

Black Horse fashion is for young ladies to wear men's clothing. The people are all well pleased with the GAZETTE and appreciate its independence very much.

There will not be as much grain sown this season as there was last in the vicinity of Black Horse and Sand Hollow. The fall grain does not look quite as well as it did last winter at this time. Stock of all kinds are doing well.

"Keno, where art thou?" "Sharp Eye" art thou dead or only sleeping? "Altogether" are you taking a Hip Van Winkle sleep, too? Your interesting letters are missed from the columns of the GAZETTE. Come again, and tell us some more about the bald-headed Monkeys and softie-hunters. "Roxy," "Jolly Jack," "Flying Cloud," "Bunchgrasser," come again, for your letters, too are missed from our charming circle. "Iron-chad," I am like you. I wish that large families would settle among us, and every son and daughter be paid. We have got a good supply of old bachelors. One has got golden hair and is right on the marry. If any young lady wishes to get married, just send in her address. As this is leap year I am sure she will be accepted. Sail ir, girls, and get married while you can. Now is the accepted time. Come right along, and if the boys say No to you, tell them you were just in fun.

Three hearty cheers for you, Mr. Editor, for the honest platform you have advocated. I, too, think there is really no difference between the political parties, and all is a mere fight for the spoils of office. Fight manfully onward, for the good, the true and the beautiful, and you will win. It is circulated around that the GAZETTE, the people's paper, is to be froze out. By whom? It is asked. By P. L. Paine, a little one-headed lawyer; Ed R. Bishop, a big-headed political schemer; Homer H. Hallock, last of all, a little postle dog.

The young couple of Black Horse will give a dance on the 15th of February. A good time is expected. Use 1879.

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NOTICE OF INTENTION. LAND OFFICE AT THE DALLES, OR., Feb. 1, 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 Geo. H. Knages, Clerk of Court at Fossil, Or., on March 31, 1884.

Amos D. Slack, Pre-emption No. 2947, for the S 1/2 SW 1/4 and S 1/4 NW 1/4 Sec. 14, Tp. 8 S, R. 23 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Joseph Frazell, Harry Hubble, John Lakar, John Mace, all of Wasco, Crook Co., Oregon, 1881, 1882, 1883. E. L. SMITH, Register.

NOTICE OF INTENTION. Land Office at The Dalles, Or., Feb. 4, '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 Philip L. Paine, Notary at Heppner, Or., on March 19, 1884, viz: Joseph Whyte, Pre-emption No. 2947, for the S 1/2 SW 1/4 Sec. 8, Tp. 4 S, R. 23 E, NW 1/4 Sec. 6, Tp. 5 S, R. 23 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: S. R. Westcott, Orin Ward and Leno Rock, Wasco Co., Or.; H. C. Matney, John Jones, of Lost Valley, Wasco Co., Or. E. L. SMITH, Register.

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New Teams, New Hacks, New Buggies, New Saddle-Horses, Careful and Experienced Drivers Furnished to take Parties to Any Part of the Country.

HORSES FED ON SHORT NOTICE. NOTICE OF INTENTION. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, Jan. 22, 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 A. Mallory, Notary Public at Heppner, Or., on March 1, 1884, viz: S. P. Garrigue, D. S. No. 2651, for the SE 1/4 NE 1/4 NW 1/4 and NE 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec. 2, Tp. 3 S, R. 23 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Wm. Mallory, Wm. Warren, Chas. Wallace, J. C. Bull, all of Heppner, Umatilla county, Or. H. W. DWIGHT, Register.