

THE GAZETTE.

HEPPNER, THURSDAY, FEB. 7, 1884.

SETTLERS, ATTENTION!

Land Filings Free, and Proving Up at the Same Price.

For the past four months the editor of the GAZETTE has had all the tools with which to do land filing and proving up, but he has never advertised the fact, as it would be interfering with others and outside of its legitimate printing business. But now that a little ring of Heppner land agents has combined to ruin the little business the publisher of the GAZETTE has worked to build up, we will proceed to carry the war into the government department. The charge is charging \$2.50 for filings and \$10 for proving up, over and above the fees to be paid to the district land office. Now, to make a stand-off on the freeze-out game the ring is trying to come on us, we will do filing and proving-up free of all charge except cost of advertising and the fees that have to be sent to the district land office. Thus, the pre-emption proof that has been costing you \$18.50 all told, can now be had at the GAZETTE office at actual cost, \$8.50, and you can make a pre-emption filing for \$2.50. We take this step not because we love the settlers more but because we love the ringsters less. Returning good for evil might be all right for some old fossil who had no paper bills to pay, but with us it is played out.

Local and General.

When you want to insure your property against fire, call at the GAZETTE office. Over in the Prineville country last week, Steve Staats accidentally shot and killed himself.

Settlers who want surveying, filing or proving up done should call on Judge L. W. Darling, at Lone Rock.

Now is the mild winter of our content, for we know that good overcoats can be bought at low prices at J. L. Morrow & Son's.

Let the winter be open or shut, flannel underwear will be comfortable, and the place to get it is at J. L. Morrow & Son's.

The reason Mr. Bishop's advertising card appears this week is that it was not ordered out until after the outside of the paper had been printed.

Over toward Rhea creek Mr. T. L. Johnston now has one of the finest 320-acre ranches in the country, with two streams of running water on it.

The GAZETTE is not yet frozen out, and until it is it will continue to give Ed Bishop and his little self-nominated clique all the hell it has in its ammunition boxes.

There is quite a variation in the mud tramp printer is made of. Sometimes a very small refrigerator will freeze him out, and sometimes it is the refrigerator that gets frozen.

This print-shop still has a couple of cords of wood left, and Uncle Charlie Wallace and the French Count offer to let it have six cords more in case of any sudden freeze-out.

When you want a good rig to go anywhere, or a saddle-horse, or want to feed your team when you come to town, remember that Nelse Jones has the only livery stable in Heppner.

Pat McMahon was down Saturday from his headquarters in Quaid canyon, and gave us a friendly call. When we get froze out we know we are welcome to a square meal at Pat's cabin.

Sheepmen say that the Merino bucks from Rimstack Ranch, in Hayrock Valley, give good satisfaction, and their huggers say in a heap of satisfaction in the steves sold by W. J. Leezer.

Having learned in the long ago how to thumb the wind up a jackass's tail, we will continue to pour hot soap into the self-nominated enemy's camp while we have any spit left in our own sponge-stuff.

We have to thank our old Idaho Daily, A. F. Parker, of the Walla Walla Daily Statesman, for a kind notice of the GAZETTE and a scathing overhauling of the petty politicians who are trying to freeze it out.

Ed Bishop may think he can freeze out the GAZETTE by turning it into an iceberg, but before we get through with him we will make him think there is a heap of red-hot fire in a freeze-out iceberg.

The big egg mentioned last week has been presented by Nick Willingham to the GAZETTE curiosity shop, where it looks up over our costly pine-board desk like Pan's bald head over the churk organ.

Our old Salem Sunday school teacher, Major F. E. Hodgkin, Assistant Secretary of State, has our thanks for a copy of the mammoth edition of the Oregon Vidette, got up by himself and Bro. Norion.

Jim Wyland returned home Tuesday from a two-months' visit to Webfoot, bringing up with him the price of a year's subscription from our old claim, Lob Ball, who heard the shop was to be frozen out.

After the jackass battery of the GAZETTE office gets warmed up, Ed Bishop and his little clique of office-seekers will get some doses that it will take something stronger than sore throat medicine to cure.

Up to date 1767 esteemed contemporaries have suggested that Uncle Sam could get rid of his surplus by starting a newspaper. We amend by suggesting that he unload by giving his soldiers decent paper and more grub.

"What is this, father, a locomotive?" "No, my child, it is a cooking-range, which your mother finds more useful than a locomotive. While she keeps it going she will never get froze out, for I bought it of W. J. Leezer."

Last Sunday a band of 200 meadow larks were busting their stomachs singing up in Tom Quaid's field. He has got the brush at the lower end of his ranch so that the birds will all have to come and sing around his house.

Ed Bishop might make a good hand to grease the skids at the little sawmill he has projected up in the mountains, but as a county clerk he would be about as much of a success as the editor of the GAZETTE would be as a preacher.

When a legal sneak comes around and asks you to subscribe for and advertise in a political disorganizer he implores to call a "newspaper," tell him you wish to continue owning your own soul, and are not ready to make an assignment.

If there is a man, woman or child in the world to whom the GAZETTE or its editor owes a cent which is justly due, let he or she, as the case may be, bring in a bill and get the pay. This is no 90-day offer, but holds good for all time.

At present Heppner weather is rather winterish, with about four inches of snow on the ground.

If any subscriber fails to get his copy of the GAZETTE, let him send word to this office and we will send out a tracer to find out where it was hornsogged.

Notwithstanding the fact that a self-nominated stiff underhandedly interfered with his insurance, Mr. W. J. Leezer continues to keep a large stock of steves and everything of the line at his mammoth Heppner Hardware Emporium.

Hiring Hallock could be hired to do most anything. It is only a few years since Will Gilmore and Will Walbridge hired him to jump into Willow creek with his clothes on. And the darned fool did it several times at four bits a jump.

Bill Ayers, one of the oldest settlers in the country, was over from his Butter creek ranch last Saturday. As he believes in a man owning his own soul, the GAZETTE platform suited him, and he whacked up a year's subscription to the paper.

Farmers and sheepmen ought to keep scrap books, and fill them with agricultural matter clipped from papers and magazines. They are fine things to start fires cool mornings when no pitch is handy, besides being good things to fire at dogs and coyotes.

Mr. E. G. Sloan's dog, "Old Sheep," died this week, aged 14 years, 9 months. All these long years he has been a faithful family friend, and finally passed peacefully away without a struggle. It will be well for Bishop's political disorganizer if it dies as easily.

Old Noah Webster, in his big dictionary, defines a politician as one versed in State government. Great Gods, but wouldn't the old man change his definition if he were to drop down in Heppner and see the caliber of some men who call themselves politicians?

It having come to pass that every skyster lawyer, land agent, note shaver and botch printer is nominating himself for an office, the engineer of the GAZETTE hereby nominates himself as town pump-inspector, and hopes he may fall down some well before he is elected.

Select perfectly sound apples, wipe them away in a safe place, then forget the place, and they will keep forever. In the meantime you will want some canned fruit or fancy groceries to live on, and the place to get that line of goods is at Minor & Dodson's.

Hiring Hallock told a Heppner merchant that the GAZETTE had no friends to depend on. Very true, kid; this paper lives on left-timate business, not on the charity of friends, and when its editor returns from a long stage trip to Pettysville on a o. p. money, he don't have to go all over town lick-spittling every man he meets.

While we expect to get even as far as possible with Squire Mallory for the part he is taking in trying to freeze out the GAZETTE, we hope to continue on good terms as man and man with the others of the Squire's family. As a liberal-minded soul of the old gentleman's says, "It is no hide off the seat of my breeches."

If we had time we might write up some stuff that would make interesting reading to Heppner's self-nominated office-seekers. But when a fellow has to keep his own books and be printer's devil and several other things at the same time, he can't do more than 25 hours scribbling a day without missing a meal or two.

The name of the editor of this sheet flies in the face of the utterances it makes. If anyone don't like the truths he tells he may be found in his ink-barrel at any time, office hours all day and half the night. John L. Sullivan may be able to lick him, but John L. Sullivan will never be able to scare him.

The editors of the projected political disorganizer have already begun asking Heppner business men to sell their souls by pledging their entire support to the thing they call a "newspaper." These "editors" should now ask our merchants to donate them their entire stock of canned salmon and codfish, to produce brain-power enough to run the shebang.

Our nervous friend, Ed Bishop, is about as fit to be the next clerk of Umatilla county as the editor of the GAZETTE is to be a teacher in a Sunday school. And everybody who knows the editor of the GAZETTE, knows that he is about as fit to be a Sunday school teacher as the Jersey gentleman that Tom Ayers has in his pasture up by Sam Donaldson's.

A few weeks ago young Hallock had a few letters that J. K. Gill furnished him to sell, and he wanted to advertise the fact. Out of charity and respect for his family, he was allowed to use the GAZETTE's type and press to print some posters. Shortly after this, true to his sneaking nature, he went around back biting this office and pulling wires to freeze it out. Of such is the kingdom of two-faced hypocrites.

Reports of theories have been advanced as to the cause of the recent gorgeous sunsets. The real fact of the matter is that we have not seen any from Heppner, owing to the high hill skirting the town on the west. A gorgeous glow has been observed hitting the top of Sam Donaldson's hill of evenings, but that was caused by Charlie Mallory leaving his east door open when he had a red-hot fire in his cockpit stove.

Jude Dutton is a good judge of fine stock, and knows blue blood when he sees it. His latest addition to this line of goods is his thoroughbred shepherd "Ring," who looks like a likely enough dog, but is really the darndest fool in seven states. When you see a black pup with a white hair collar on his neck jumping around after his tail like a French dancing master giving lessons in hop schottische, that is the thoroughbred "Ring," and he is almost as big as the Judge's self-made brother-in-law.

Last Saturday a prominent business man of Heppner kindly offered to let the GAZETTE have \$500 as a starter with which to stand off any freeze-out game. While we appreciate such public-spirited generosity, we respectfully decline to compromise anybody but ourself in this matter. The enterprising citizen who furnished for a year the free use of funds to start the paper will all be repaid before their year is up, and the GAZETTE will run on the principle of "every tub on its own bottom." If its publisher busts, he will bust only himself. It is easy enough to borrow money, but we know from the past ten months' experience what darned hard scratching it takes to pay it back.

An Editor's Experience.

The fence and post question is an important one, especially in a country where most of the land lays out doors, and we should all come forward and give our experience for the guidance of our fellow-sufferers. A man in Webfoot got some fir posts and they rotted off in two years. Then he went to Cedar Camp, 30 miles away, cut a lot of cedar posts, hauled them home and planted them. He thought they would last forever, but they didn't. No; they rotted off in eight years. He tried the coal tar racket, dipped and boiled them, but they rotted off just the same. The editor of the GAZETTE has had a different experience. Ninety days ago he planted 100 fir posts on his bunchgrass-ranch in Wind canyon. Part of the postholes were dug and the balance were made from an old dry wash-out saved up into two-foot lengths. And now, after standing in the ground for three long months, they were planted in the dark of the moon. The blisters made on our hands while tamping them have passed away, but the posts still stand, monuments to hard work. But we don't expect them to last forever. If we did, we would bury them near some mineral spring and get them petrified. Or burn them up and put the ashes where they could not blow away. Our columns are open to anyone who wants to compare notes on the post-hole question.

Self-Preservation.

We regret very much to have to show up the shortcomings of an old man like Squire Mallory. He has patronized the GAZETTE and helped to work it out of debt, and our relations with him have been uniformly pleasant. But now he has signed an agreement to freeze out the GAZETTE by taking away all the settlements advertising as far as he could get, and he may expect to see the first law of nature assert itself. When a man takes from a mule the barley the animal has honestly earned, he may expect to get kicked without reason to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude. This is honest animal instinct, on which layout the editor of the GAZETTE don't propose to get left by any other mule in the country.

People's Property.

Many persons have made bitter complaints about the way their mail has been handled by Heppner's postmaster. The GAZETTE wants to do the fair thing in the matter, and will give place in its columns to any citizen who has any real grievance to set forth. It will also give space to the postmaster to tell his side of the story and answer any charges that may be brought against him. Perhaps throwing a little light on this postoffice business we can find out whether the institution is the property of the people, run for the accommodation of the people, or whether it is the property of Uncle Rufe, to be given out as a family heirloom.

A Stand-By.

Our veteran friend, Robert Temple, who, although he has his failings like the rest of us, is at heart a true man and a true citizen, has been down from his Skinner Fork sheep-ranch last Saturday. He now takes and pays for three copies of the GAZETTE to be sent to friends, and proposes to subscribe for six more copies before allowing any note-shavers to freeze out the institution. Mr. Temple is a man who has washed through mud, snow, ice, and grape and canister in the service of his country, and anything he says may be relied on.

His Mite.

Heppner's energetic postmaster, Mr. O. H. Hallock, has contributed his mite towards freezing out the GAZETTE by stopping the advertisement of his little drug store. He may have done this because advertising brought him too many customers, and caused him too much jumping around his counter, which he supposed to be his own property. He may be a little peeved on account of anything it might say about his self-made store, while he knew those things were too true. Mr. Hallock may have a different idea about the noble game of freeze-out after Cash Mallory gets him froze-out of his little postoffice.

Foot Race.

At Newton Ranch last Saturday, Mr. W. B. Cunningham backed his brother, Mr. Boyd Cunningham, against Mr. H. H. Henson, to run from his house to the gate and back, a distance of one mile and three-quarters. A very close race ensued until a quarter of a mile from the winning post, when Mr. H. retired, owing to severe cramp. Mr. Jack Ayres accompanied the foot-racers. Mr. H. says that he would have been beaten by the pace he set too quick for him. Mr. Cunningham's time was 30 minutes, 15 seconds.

Above the Fog.

Jack McKenzie was in town Saturday, having come down from Schoolhouse Flat, where he and Dave Gant are engaged in putting up a lot of cordwood for next winter. Gus Hale and Bill Crank are also at work in the same neighborhood. While periodical fogs have hung over the plateau and the hills the past few weeks, the sun has shone warm and bright on the Flat, and the boys found it very comfortable without coats, being above the fog. The best wood in the country comes from Schoolhouse Flat.

Lumber at Last.

Wm. A. Kirk and Wm. L. Houston have bought Park Garrigues' sawmill, and just as soon as the weather will permit they will start up and go to grinding out lumber, thus ending our famine. These gentlemen will run the business with energy and enterprise, and have kindly agreed to give the GAZETTE editor a job wheeling smoke from their big furnace after he is froze out.

To Wool Men.

As will be seen by advertisement in another column, Messrs. Christy & Wise, the well-known wool commission merchants, are now ready to handle the wool of the Heppner Hills country. The representative of this reliable firm, Mr. E. H. Clarke, is at present over in the pull-loose country, but will soon return to Heppner to make any cash advances sheepmen may require.

Logger Wanted.

We want a logger right away to take a contract to haul to our mill from 500,000 to 800,000 feet of logs which are already cut. KIRK & HOUSTON, Successors to S. P. Garrigues.

CURRENT SAYINGS.

Is "Which Some Heppner People Think Out Loud."

"And so my pious friend, Mr. Paine, wants to be a district attorney? Well, he would make a hell of a district attorney!"—[A Heppner Lawyer.]

"Those people who say I am not an efficient and accommodating official, had better beware!"—[Heppner Postmaster.]

"We'd-I now, I tell you! I may be the uncle of a self-made stiff, but that's not my fault. Don't blame me!"—[Uncle Charlie.]

"People may say I am a stinker from Stink-villa, but that don't injure my chances of freezing out President Arthur. I am a little the smartest man this 19th century has thus far produced, and I own most of this town, from Hill Kirk's new house down to Tom Morgan's barn."—[H. Hiring Hallock.]

"The part of this town that young Hallock don't own, I do. I wonder if my reputation will be hurt by the too-true things the GAZETTE is printing about me?"—[E. Ramrod Bishop.]

"I ought to have a little office, for Mr. Hains is my friend, and now Squire Mallory is my friend, although only two months ago he wrote a letter to the GAZETTE in which he called me a cut and a pettifogger."—[P. Lubricator Paine.]

STOCK BRANDS.

Subscribers to the GAZETTE can have their brands published free of charge by sending them in.

Adkins, C. E. J. on right shoulder, horses; A V on right side, cattle.

Brundage, E. A.—Cattle, U Z on right thigh, right ear cropped and wattle below it; horses, U Z on right thigh.

Cunningham, W. B., Newton Ranch.—Horses, N with figure 2 under it on left shoulder. Cattle, same on left hip and thigh, left ear square cut.

Cox & English—Cattle, C with E in center.

Cason, J. P.—Horses, C on left stifle; cattle, TC connected on left hip, 3 dups on neck.

Douglas, W. M.—Cattle, R D on right side, swallow-fork in each ear; horses, R D on left hip.

French, A. D.—Horses, A F on left shoulder; cattle, same on left hip, upper bit in left ear.

Florence, S. P.—Horses, F on right shoulder; cattle, F on right hip or thigh.

Gay, Henry.—GA Y on left shoulder.

Gilmore, J. W.—Cattle, upper slope off each ear, wattle right side of neck, J G on right hip; horses, circle dot on left shoulder.

Harbin, E. V.—Horses, H and round lock combined on left shoulder.

Jones, J. L.—Horses, J with shade over it on left shoulder. Address Hardman.

Johnson, Felix.—Circle T on right hip, cattle; same on left stifle, on horses.

Kirk, J. C.—Horses, 17 on either flank. Cattle, same on right side.

Lyon, J. J.—Horses, M with bar under it on right shoulder.

Mallory, Chas. P.—Horses, 7C on left thigh.

Mason, Jos.—Cattle, JM connected, upper crop in each ear, dnap on throat; horses, JM on left shoulder. Address Pettysville.

McClaren, D. G.—Figure 5 on each shoulder for horses. Cattle, M2 on hip.

Nordyke, E.—Horses, circle, 7 on left thigh. Cattle, same on left hip.

Oiler, P.—Horses, PO connected on left shoulder.

Roberts, Cass.—Cattle, 7 on left hip or thigh; horse mark, crop on right and under slope on left. Horses, 7 on left hip.

Rector, J. W.—Horses, JO on left shoulder.

Staiter, D. B.—Horses and cattle, 7 on left thigh.

Sperry, E. G.—Cattle, WC on left hip, crop off right and underbit on left ear; horses, WC on left shoulder.

Wallace, Charles.—W on right thigh, hole in left ear, cattle. W on right shoulder, same same on left shoulder for horses.

Willingham, J. W.—Horses, BUD on left flank.

Walbridge, Wm.—Horses, UL on left shoulder.

A General Settle-Up.

To all whom it may concern: We have sold out in the livery and saddlery and harness business, and desire to settle up with everyone, and all who are indebted to us by note or account, and knowing the same to be due, will please call on W. A. Kirk, at the office of Wright & Ayers, and settle the same as soon as possible. W. A. Kirk, T. W. Ayers.

Heppner, Oregon, Sept. 28, 1883.

Nursery Stock.

I will take orders for such nursery stock as I have not already on hand for spring sales. Twenty years acquaintance with nursery men in the East enables me to place orders with firms who will ship only reliable stock.

CHARLES B. FELL, Heppner, Or., Dec. 26, 1883.

Partnership Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Mr. Phil Heppner has been admitted into partnership in the Alkali House of Heppner & Blackman. HEPPNER & BLACKMAN, ALKALI, Jan. 1, 1884.

Owing to the threatened freeze-out, the editor of this little sheet has had to sell in considerable time lately in sawing wood in the backyard, and therefore has not been able to dish up much red wing matter for this issue. But if the weather warms up so he can leave the woodpile, perhaps by next week he may find time to write up something which will be interesting to Ed Bishop and his little clique.

CITY HOTEL BAR.

Choice Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

MINOR & HALL, Prop's.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Taken up and posted by the undersigned, living about four miles north of Heppner, Umatilla county, Oregon, one red cow about 10 or 12 years old, and her calf, a spotted heifer now about 10 months old. Cow branded figure 2 on left hip, left ear cropped and underbit in right ear; calf not marked or branded. Said cow and calf were lost and strayed from the premises of the undersigned, and were found on the 22nd day of February, 1884.

GEO. W. SHEPHERD.

Staffed Clubs.

To every cash subscriber to the HEPPNER GAZETTE we will, besides sending them the paper for a year, give them a year's subscription on other papers with whom we club, at the following reduced rates:

GAZETTE and Portland Weekly Standard, 1 year, \$4.00.

HENRY HEPPNER, Alkali.

HENRY BLACKMAN, Heppner.

The Old Established House of

HEPPNER & BLACKMAN,

Dealers In

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Sole Agents for Heppner, and Vicinity

FOR THE

Celebrated Bain Wagon,

—AND—

Knapp, Burrell & Co's. Agricultural Implements.

Commission and Forwarding Merchants.

Ship Care of H. & B., Alkali.

A FULL LINE OF SHEEP MENS' SUPPLIES VERY CHEAP

HIDES AND PELTS BOUGHT FOR CASH OR TRADE.

Heppner, Umatilla Co. | Alkali, Wasco Co.

BELVEDERE SALOON,

Wm. E. Theodore, Prop.

—)KEEPS ONLY THE(—

Very Best of Whiskeys,

The Belvedere Cigars,

With Havana Filling,

The Finest in Heppner.

Seeds! Seeds!

A Fine New Billiard Table for the Amusement of Guests.

MILLER BROS.,

209 Second Street, Portland, Ogn.

DEALERS IN EVERY KIND OF FIELD.

FLOWER, VEGETABLE, GRASS and CLOVER SEEDS, ETC., ETC.

A large stock of

LOCUST AND BOX ELDER SEEDS

For Timber-Cultures on hand.

Send for Catalogue.

Mention this paper. 45-57

NOTICE OF INTENTION.

Land Office at La Grande, Or., Jan. 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 John S. Vinson, Notary Public at Vinson, Or., on Feb. 23, 1884, viz: William J. Smith, D. S. No. 441, for the S 1/4 NE 1/4 SW 1/4 NE 1/4 and NW 1/4 Sec. 24, Tp. 8 S, R. 29 E. W. M. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Jesse Hamer, Joel Thresher, Wm. H. Robinson, George Linnville, all of Vinson, Or. H. W. DWIGHT, Register.

GAZETTE and Chicago Weekly News, 1 year, \$3.25.

GAZETTE and Farmers' Companion, 1 year, \$3.00.

LUMBER!!

Castle Rock Lumber Co.

All kinds of 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.

New Livery, Feed and

Sale Stable

ALKALI, OREGON.

R. B. HOOD, Prop'r.

Horses Bought and Sold on Commission.

THE BEST ATTENTION GIVEN TO HORSES LEFT IN MY CHARGE.

Terms Reasonable.

Stock Shipped to any part of the Country as Ordered.

<