

# Heppner WEEKLY Gazette.

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

VOL. I.

HEPPNER, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1884.

NO. 48.

## 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. It is an Independent Local Paper, owning its own soil, paying 10 cents on the dollar, is run as a legitimate business enterprise, and not as a charity shop or beggarly institution. It will wear the collar of respect, party or faction, but will work for the best interests of the people.

### SOCIETY DIRECTORY

**DORIC LODGE, No. 23,  
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.**  
Meets every Tuesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, in Castle Hall, Main St., Heppner. All brothers in good standing will receive a Knights welcome.  
W. C. Felt, R. of R. and S.  
P. L. PARRIS, U. G.

**WILLOW LODGE, No. 63,  
I. O. of O. F.**  
Meets Wednesday evenings in Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Order are cordially invited to attend.  
W. A. KIRK, N. G.  
C. W. YOUNG, Sec. Sec.

**HEPPNER LODGE, No. 63,  
A. F. and A. M.**  
Meets at Masonic Hall, Levee Building, on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 7 P. M.  
Ed R. Bishop, Sec.

**HEPPNER LODGE, No. 456,  
I. O. of G. T.**  
Meets every Friday evening at 7 P. M., in Odd Fellows' Hall.  
J. B. SPERRY, W. C. T.  
G. W. WRIGHT, Sec.

**WARREN CLARK,  
Contractor and Builder.**  
Heppner, Oregon.

**THOS. MORGAN,  
Auctioneer.**  
Heppner, Oregon.  
(Office next to Gazette Building.)

**DEPORT** and accurate attention given to all business of this character.

**GEO. W. WRIGHT,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.**  
Will practice in both State and Federal Courts. Fees of claims taken. Titles to Land investigated. Real estate business attended to. Collection and conveyancing safely made at reasonable rates. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Office on Main Street, Heppner, Oregon.

**W. WILKINS,  
House Painter, Paper Hanger and Glazier.**  
Heppner, Oregon.

**EVERY BODY** in the Publishing Line does with us, and we do it with dispatch, and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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

**L. W. DARLING,  
Justice and Notary Public.**  
Long Rock, Wasco County, Oregon.

**AND FILING, FINAL PROOF**  
Etc., a Specialty.

**COLLECTIONS** Made, and Deeds and other Legal Instruments drawn.

**T. L. JOHNSTON,  
LAWYER.**  
Heppner, Oregon.

**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.**  
Last 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 2, 1884, viz:  
Freeman Green,  
Homestead No. 1214, for the W. 1/2 NE 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 19, T. 38 N. R. 25 E. He claims the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence, cultivation of said land, viz: Joseph Keller, J. M. Warden, John H. Davis, Thomas Smith, all of Heppner, Umatilla County, Or.  
E. L. SMITH, Register.

**Carpet Weaving.**  
Mrs. H. A. Hayman is now prepared to weave carpets, and anyone wanting a yielding done in that line will please give her a call.

## PETER O. 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 SET WITH THE BEST  
THE MARKET AFFORDS.

Having resumed charge of this favorably known house and gone into the hotel business again, would be glad to meet my old friends, and will endeavor in the future, as in the past, to maintain all in the most accessible manner.

**CITY MEAT MARKET.**  
Wm. J. McAlister, Proprietor,  
Heppner, Oregon.

**CITY HOTEL.**  
Heppner, Oregon.

**E. MINOR, PROPRIETOR.**

Commercial Travelers will Understand that this is the  
—ONLY HOUSE—  
THAT FURNISHES SAMPLE ROOMS.

GO TO  
**B. Nordyke**  
To Get Your Wagons Patched.

Bring Your Purses along with you, and don't you forget it.

**SING LEE,**  
Washing and Ironing,  
50 Cents a Dozen.  
May Street,  
HEPPNER, OREGON.

Remember the Old Stand

**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 Livings.

**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 field seeds, 20,000 catanibones to give away, send for one. Local agents wanted everywhere.  
FRED N. LANG, Beraboo, Wis.

## ONLY A PANTSY BLOSSOM.

John Henry wore his breeches tight. Of this he did not think. When he got on the roller skates To show off at the rink. His first adventure was his last. He'll put on skates no more; He tried to kick the roof all off. And sat down on the floor.

When Johnnie dropped the girls all laughed; It was a awful fall— And when they had their backs all turned He backed against the wall. He called a friend, took off the skates, And giving him the wink, Said, "Jim, lead me that long-tailed cat. I want to leave the rink."

**AN AVERAGE CONGRESSMAN**  
Writing from Washington, Jo. quin Miller says: If we could only get a law passed to keep congressmen out of Washington it would be a better place. The annual inundation of arrogant congressmen is the greatest affliction that ever overtakes this city, and we have the malaria here some, have even had the small-pox. Of course, if this howling congressman did not descend upon Washington with such a pomp and air, I would not feel it my duty to say this of those who otherwise might be my friends. But there is no disguising the fact that the modern average congressman is a nuisance. It is a fact, a shameful fact, and all his own fault, too, that he is studiously "cut" by the best society here in Washington. And society is a thing a congressman desires. His face of brass is not accustomed to have many doors shut against it. He is a little lost at home, where his audacity is mistaken for capacity, his brass for brains, and he does not like to be shushed and kept in his place in Washington. Of course, this was not always so, and it should not be so now. It would not be so if the people would send up gentlemen to the federal capitol. But the very qualities which have gained this average congressman his seat are the qualities which make him intolerable here. He is a liar to start with, or he would never have beaten the quiet and unobtrusive gentlemen whom the best people at home first thought of, and made them nominate himself instead in convention. He is a trickster, a trimmer, a turncoat, a beggar of the rich and a bully of the poor, and yet he comes here to Washington with his lips a nest of lies, and wonders why honest and good people do not want him in their parlors. Let a law be passed to exclude him from the capitol.

**MEN WHOM BULLETS MISS.**  
A curious article might be written on the immunity from wounds in action of some generals and the ill fortune of others, in becoming the fillets for bullets. No commander was ever more forward in the fighting line than Sheridan, yet he never got a scratch. Skobloff, who many a time went at it with his own sword, in a white coat and on a white charger, headed every charge with a recklessness that men called madness, had as complete immunity as if he carried the charmed life that his soldiers ascribed, and was wounded only in the quiet trenches by a chance bullet fired in the air a mile away. Wellington was but once hit; the bullet that carried away his boot-heel scarce gave him a contusion. Grant was never struck. No more was Napoleon. Of Sir Neville Chamberlain again, the saying goes that he never went into action without receiving a wound, and the gallant old man has been fighting pretty steadily ever since the first Afghan war. Bazaine was a man to whom fortune was not stingy in the matter of wounds. And Cut-Mouth-John, in all his skirmishes, scouts and bushwhacking was hit but once, and then by his own brother.

**WOOL SALES.**  
Bradstreet's Journal of recent date says that the demand for wool at Boston is more active, and sales for last week foot up not less than 2,595,000 pounds. The best grade of Ohio and Pennsylvania wool sold for 36 to 37 cents; medium, 38 to 40 cents; first quality, 40 to 42 cents. Michigan wool sold for 34 to 35 cents; coming, 38 to 41 cents; fine coming and delaine, 43 to 45 cents. Ritory wool, 18 to 22 cents; put 22 to 41 cents. Australian sale, 225,000 pounds, 40 to 41 cents.

## A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

And What a Heppner Boy Saw on the Road.

I left Heppner on the evening of Sept. 25, 1883, on a buckboard for Blalock Station, via Rockville, and a glorious ride I had, the night being cool and the roads very rough. Rifleman, the stage driver, would pop his whip and go pell-mell down the steep declines at a break-neck pace, telling wild and romantic stories to pass away the time, and at last, after fourteen hours' traveling, I have in sight of Blalock Station, feeling considerably stove up from the many jolts and jerks I received. It was 9 o'clock in the morning, and the train was to pass at 11 for Portland. After a hearty repast I told the landlady of the hotel I would lie down and sleep a little till the train came, as I had been up all night. I told her to wake me ten minutes before the train came. She said all right, but she did not. She waited till the train came and came rushing to my room and told me the train had come, and if I did not hurry I would be left there. I was a quarter of a mile from the depot, my boots on, and lost, and my breakfast to pay for, and the train ready to start at any moment. I at last got on my boots, though each on the wrong foot, found my hat and handed the landlady a ten dollar bill. She said she had no change, and she was unable to find any, and at last found some. I then rushed out with carpet-bag in one hand, and change in the other. In trying to put the money in my pocket I missed the opening, and the money disappeared in the sand. Down I went on my knees to find it. In the meantime the engine was a puffing and the bell ringing. I at last found my money, and started for the train like leaves before the wind, only a little faster. I reached the train at last, with drops of perspiration falling from my forehead after all this, it was fully ten minutes before the iron horse pulled out.

I reached Portland without further commotion 24 hours after leaving Heppner. While going up First street next day a notice attracted my attention. It read thus: "A \$50 gold watch found. Silver watches for \$1, and numerous other articles." I thought I would try my luck, and so walked in. Behind the counter stood two young men, dressed in the latest style, with stand-up collars on like mules' ears. They made polite bows, and a smile played across their faces that would captivate the bear Tom Ayers used to have. They proceeded to show me how they conducted their business. After they got through, I thought I had struck something rich, and so I invested my money. I invested again and lost. I invested again and lost. I invested again and lost. I got disgusted and quit. Out \$60, and lost \$20 out of my pocket, or had it stolen.

So, entirely disgusted with Portland, I left for San Francisco at midnight of Sept. 27, on the steamship Columbia, and arrived at San Francisco Oct. 1st. While the steamer was running down to Astoria I asked some of the passengers what was good to prevent seasickness, and they told me oranges. So when we got to Astoria I got a good supply of them. As soon as we got out on salt water I began to eat oranges. In about three hours I began to get dizzy-headed, and felt a little sick. I then crammed the oranges down as fast as I could, but at last I could not stand it any longer and up came the oranges with a mighty rush. Oh, Lord, how they did taste! That was the last of me. I went to my little bed to die, but I could not. I lay there two days and nights without food or water. I did not come forth till the vessel passed safely through the Golden Gate.

The first week in the city I spent in sight-seeing, going to theaters and other places of amusement. One thing that attracted my attention was the dummy street cars that are run by cables under the ground. They are stopped by throwing on a break and started by throwing it off. Away they go again at the rate of about ten miles per hour. While getting off one day without ringing the bell for it to stop, I—well, you can talk of

turning summersaults and skating on your bustle—I did it. Picking myself up as gracefully as possible, I resolved to be a better man.

Tired of the city life, I concluded to go to Boulder Island, 60 miles southwest of San Francisco, but did not tarry long, as it was not the kind of a place I expected to find. Instead of finding grapes and all other kinds of fruit, I saw nothing but large fields of beans and potatoes. Boarding a river steamer, I went up the San Joaquin 20 miles and thence through a canal to Stockton. It has a population of about 12,000, and looks like a city in a forest. But few houses can be seen above the tree tops. It is a very nice place, indeed. After a day's sojourn I got on a west-bound train for Sacramento, where I arrived without any mishaps, and stayed one week. Sacramento, like Stockton, is well shaded with trees and quite a flourishing city, with many fine buildings. On going up in the dome of the State capitol, a person can see five or six towns twenty to fifty miles distant, with mountains looming up in the east and west; groves of timber here and there; the beautiful but muddy Sacramento river winding through the valleys; trains coming from the east, west and south at the rate of sixty miles per hour, with long clouds of smoke floating behind; steamers plying up and down the river—all together making quite a picturesque view. The grounds about the State house are beautifully laid out in flower beds, shrubbery, etc., and have several fountains. National Park, one mile from the main part of the city, is a very attractive place, where many people take their dinner out with them, and eat under the shade of some big tree. I would go out to some vineyard every day or two and get all the grapes and other fruit I could eat.

While going up K street one day I happened to see in a window this sign: "Gold Watches for \$1." I said to myself, "They can go to hell with their dollar racket. I have been bit before." Returning to San Francisco, I again took in the sights. The electric lights, which burn all night, make the streets almost as light as day. I found many old friends—or they pretended to have known me long ago. Some of them were too friendly. I told them I was Willie Bill, of Arizona, and if they didn't clear out I would cut their ears off, so away they went. I took in the Palace Hotel, North Beach, Woodward's Garden, Tar Flat and every other place worth mentioning, and saw many strange sights.

The price of land in California is \$50 to \$500 per acre, the latter being for good garden ground and vineyards. The profit per acre is from \$300 to \$700. California is no place for the poor man to go, but if you have got \$20,000 or \$30,000 it is the place for you. Oregon is the state for me—a good place for the poor as well as the rich.

On my return trip to Portland I took nothing to prevent seasickness, and was just as sick as before, so I took the usual resolution of the seasick passenger, that I would never go on salt water again. As for oranges as a preventative, Ugh! I can taste them yet, and now never see one without beginning to feel seasick. No, I will never, never go on salt water again,—until the next time. Before returning home I enjoyed a very pleasant visit among old friends in Lane county.

**JEFFERSON D. KIRK.**  
**BLACK HORSE, Feb. 11, '84.**

The Innuits live so near the North Pole that the thermometer frequently stands sixty-eight degrees below zero. The only animal who is fool enough to live anywhere near them is the reindeer. The Innuits, therefore, have little difficulty in solving the problem of creation. God created man, so their legends run, by heaping up a little dirt and breathing upon it. The reindeer he created for man to eat. Unfortunately, he gave the reindeer teeth, and, as a consequence, instead of man eating the reindeer, the reindeer began to eat the man. God saw his mistake, and corrected it—he took away the reindeer's upper row of teeth. Things were now properly adjusted, and man was enabled to profit by the Creator's bounty.

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Whenever I hear any one declaiming against early marriages, says a writer, I think of the time when girls married at fifteen and sixteen and men at nineteen and twenty. Doubtless this was as you say, very rash; yet many a grandfather has outlived his grandsons. Let the philosophers have it otherwise if they please, the fact will still remain that the prudential marriage, so-called, produces weak and sickly children, and often conceals under the thin cloak of the world's approval much real, if secret, misery. These philosophers, indeed, are very fond of pointing to the large number of unhappy marriages without the slightest reference to the much greater number that are quite the reverse. In fact, a happy marriage creates no great stir in the world. People are supposed to marry largely for the sake of being happy, and the presumption is that they have gained what they desire. The chronicles of congenial married existence do not readily find their way into the newspaper or the divorce court.

"Come into the garden, Maud," said a Rhen creek lover to his girl. And they went, and dug up some suspicious cabbages.

## FRANK AND SAM.

Seattle was honored last week by the presence of two eminent newspaper men from a distance. One of them was Col. Frank J. Parker, of the Walla Walla Statesman, and the other was L. Samuels, of the West Shore. Both of them are good fellows, but neither of them can hear more than the law allows. They met by chance the usual way, on Front street Saturday and the following animated conversation ensued between them:

Parker—Hello, Samuels. When did you come over?

Samuels—Eh?

Parker—I asked you when did you come over to Seattle?

Samuels—Yes, you're right; it is a booming town.

Parker—Eh?

Samuels—I said Seattle is booming.

Parker—Yes; the weather is delightful.

Samuels—How is your paper getting on?

Parker—Oh! I left my wife at home.

Samuels—They've got a fine harbor here.

Parker—Maybe so; but I always shave myself. What do you think of Villard's downfall?

Samuels—She don't speak much English, but she likes the country very much.

Parker—He went back on Walla Walla.

Samuels—Eh?

Parker—I said Villard kind of soared on Walla Walla.

Samuels—Well, they always did make jays hollow.

Parker—Eh?

Samuels—I didn't catch what you said last. But the West Shore is \$2 a year.

Parker—No, thanks; I never take beer.

Samuels—Good-bye.

Parker—So Long.

## THE RAILROAD BRAKEMAN.

"No, my son," said an Alkali parent, "that gentleman in the azure clothing and gilt buttons is not a naval officer. He is a gentleman of leisure, of no profession, and without and above occupation. He spends his time on the cars, because he can there best serve his fellows. He is always doing some good act. At one moment he is locking the stove door to prevent the fire from going out; at another he is turning down the lights to prevent the passengers from reading and injuring their eyesight; and at the same time furnishing to all the rich perfume which the partial consumption of coal oil always affords; and anon he is playfully mystifying his fellow-mortals by calling out the names of stations in language unintelligible and unknown. But his principal and pleasantest labor is to assist young ladies off the cars. It is estimated by statisticians that the average brakeman squeezes the arms of 4,798,345 young ladies every year. It is very pleasant to be a brakeman, but only the sons of millionaires can afford to aspire to the position."

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