

# Heppner Weekly Gazette.

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

VOL. I. HEPPNER, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1884.

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**THE GAZETTE**  
IS ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY AFTERNOON, BY  
**J. W. REDINGTON.**  
At \$2.50 per year, \$1.25 for six months, \$1 for three months. It is an independent Local Paper, owned by its own proprietor, paying 10 cents on the dollar, is run as a legitimate business enterprise, and not as a charity shop or begging institution. It will accept the collar of no clique, party or faction, but will work for the best interests of the people.

**SOCIETY DIRECTORY.**  
**DORIC LODGE, No. 20,**  
**KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.**  
Meets every Tuesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, on Catherine St., Heppner. All brothers in good standing will receive a kindly welcome. P. L. PARKER, C. C. E. F. ELLIOTT, O. J. and R.

**WILLOW LODGE, No. 68,**  
**I. O. O. F.**  
Meets Wednesday evenings in Old Fellows' Hall. Members of the Order are cordially invited to attend. A. A. KIRK, N. G. G. W. YOUNG, Sec.

**HEPPNER LODGE, No. 63,**  
**A. F. and A. M.,**  
Meets at Masonic Hall, Lezer Building, on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 7 P. M. W. W. WRIGHT, Sec.

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

**PROFESSIONAL.**  
**WARREN CLARK,**  
Contractor and Builder,  
HEPPNER, - - OREGON.

**THOS. MORGAN,**  
Auctioneer,  
HEPPNER, - - OREGON.  
(Office next to G. W. Wright Building.)

**PROMPT** and accurate attention given to all business in his charge.

**GEO. W. WRIGHT,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
W. W. WRIGHT, Sec.

**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 & R. A. McARTHUR,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HAVING formed a 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 find the advantages of Judge McArthur's assistance in the trial of their cases. Office on Main Street, Heppner, Oregon.

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

**LAND 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.**

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 2, 1884.

**Freeman Green,**  
Homestead No. 1214, for the W 1/4 NE 1/4 E 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 19, Tp 28 N, R 20 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Joseph Koffer, J. M. Worden, John Hogdrix, 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 anything done in that line will please give her a call.

**PETER G. BORG,**  
HEPPNER, - - OREGON,  
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY &c. &c.

**WILLIAM H. STOUT,**  
Jewelry, Cameo and Diamond  
**Gold Rings, Gold and Silver**  
Watches.

All other articles usually kept in a Jewelry Store.

**REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.**  
STOUT 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 ARTICLES 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 agreeable manner.

**CITY MEAT MARKET,**  
Wm. J. McAlle, 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.**

**E. 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 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.

**THIEF OF TIME.**  
We'll read that book, we'll sing that song.  
But when? Oh, when the days are long;  
When thoughts are free and voices clear;  
Some happy time within the year:  
The days troop by with noiseless tread,  
The song unsung; the book unread.

We'll see that friend, and make him feel  
The weight of friendship, true as steel;  
Some flower of sympathy bestow;  
But time sweeps on with steady flow,  
Until with quick, reproachful tear,  
We lay our flowers upon his bier.

And still we walk the desert sands,  
And still with trifles fill our hands,  
While ever, just beyond our reach,  
A fairer purpose shows to each.  
The deeds we have not done, but willed,  
Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled.

**ON A SLEEPER.**

"Never was so amused in my life," said calmly the old traveler, "as one time when I was traveling in the western part of the state. There were two awfully stunning young ladies in the sleeper who occupied the seat next to mine. They were traveling with the father of the older one, and he and his daughter had the whole section on the opposite side of the car, and the other had the lower berth opposite that one, and consequently next to mine. I sat with my back to them and heard them decide to sleep together that night in the berth next mine, and they said they were so glad that top berth wasn't occupied, because they wouldn't be disturbed by having anybody climbing up there for anything in the world, and then it was such a lovely place to put their things for the night. Well, everything seemed propitious for their plans until, just as they were preparing to retire, a fellow got on at a station. He was a young fellow, would be mashers, you know—a regular swell. He got the top berth of theirs, it being the only one in the car that was vacant, and the porter came and told them they'd have to take their wraps and their hats and all their other things out of it.

"Isn't that just too horrid!" said one of the young ladies.

"The masher was close behind the porter, and he got up a most delightful smile and said:

"I really trust, ladies, that I shall not be very disagreeable."

"Well, they retreated to the shadow of the parent's wing, and I heard one of them say: 'He shan't think he's made a conquest of us! I don't believe he did think so the next morning. He went to bed in the top berth, but not to sleep. The two young ladies were unflinching, and the stern parent slept in the top berth opposite. Suffering Moses, how that stern parent did snore. Why I never heard anything like it! Then the torture of that unfortunate masher began.

"Oh, do just hear that horrid man up above us snore, young lady No. 1 would say, in a perfectly audible tone, as her father gave vent to a particular violent burst of music. Then the masher would cough to show that he was awake and guiltless, and the young lady, perfectly aware who was making the noise, would remark: 'Poor papa! He can't get to sleep because of that awful snoring any more than we can; oh dear! The masher would cough more violently, and then his fair tormentor would say: 'I declare, if he don't stop snoring I shall rap on the bottom of the berth with my shoe.' And sure enough she did, and they lay and giggled half the night about it. And you should have seen how lamb-like and inoffensive that masher was in the morning. I was really sorry for him."

**SETTLERS RIGHTS.**

Some of the apologists and defenders of the railroad land-grabbers are attempting to oppose the passage of the bills in congress to forfeit these lands back to the public, by setting up a cry about the rights of settlers under the license of the railroad. This is a false cry gotten up purposely to deceive. There is not a single bill now before congress to forfeit any of these grants but what contains ample provisions to protect the rights of all bona fide settlers under the railroad contracts or deeds. Let no one be deceived by this lame attempt at deception. When wolves protect lambs then we will expect railroad companies to protect the rights of the settlers. Congress will give them the protection the land grabbers have refused.

**TEXAS CATTLE MEN.**  
John N. Simpson owns the better part of 100,000 head of cattle. R. H. Overall, of Coleman, is an old Missourian. He is reputed to be worth \$2,000,000 in cattle and land.

Lane & Millett own about 125,000 acres of land and employ 60 cowboys, all the time. H. H. Campbell, of Motley county, represents \$2,000,000 in land and cattle. C. C. Slaughter, of Dallas, is worth \$750,000.

George W. West, of Live Oak, owns one pasture containing 125,000 acres, has over 20,000 head of cattle, and considers a check for \$100,000 a rather small transaction. Senator N. G. Collins, who hadn't ten cents to begin with, is worth \$1,000,000, made in cattle. L. B. Harris is much like him. The latter has one ranch in Tom Green county embracing 65,000 acres, which is a half day's ride in length, and takes in 10 to 15 miles of the Colorado river.

Dick King is literally king in the business. He has 650,000 acres of land in the body, 40,000 in another at St. Gertrude's, another in the Gulf of Mexico to the same extent, and many smaller tracts, in his opinion hardly worth mentioning.

A. W. Pierce, of Matagorda, was a cowboy, but now owns one pasture from the Gulf of the Colorado river, 64 miles long, besides 10,000 acres of cane land on Matagorda bay. He is a great wag and story-teller.

E. C. Sugg, of Gainesville, Tex., has immense herds in Indian Territory and Wyoming. He came to Texas at the close of the war, a poor boy. He is now worth about \$1,250,000 in cattle.

**PEOPLE'S LANDS.**

The people's lands must be fought for to the bitter end. Let Senator Slater remember, and let the House Committee on Public Lands take notice, that the Portland Board of Trade does not represent the people of Oregon, nor the sentiments or wishes of the people. But on the contrary, the people of Oregon are bitterly opposed to the Portland Board of Trade on nearly all questions, and especially on this railroad question. And besides this, these Board of Trade resolutions do not represent the disinterested judgment of a single man in Oregon. This Board of Trade is composed of Portland merchants, every single man of which has in his pocket a special contract which enables him to ship his freight over the Northern Pacific railroad for from thirty-three to fifty per cent. less charges than is charged to the merchants of Salem, Albany, The Dalles, Walla Walla, and other places outside of Portland. This Board of Trade is simply passing the resolutions which its patron and master demands of it. And the resolutions the Board passed to have the people swindled out of their lands are entitled to no more respect or attention at the hands of Senator Slater and other members of Congress than if they had been adopted by a meeting of the firemen, brakemen and section bosses in some convention assembled at the railroad shops in Albina.

**TOO OLD.**

The Boise Statesman is eminently correct when it says: An exchange mentions the recent appearance of a poem on Arizona by a bard who has probably never visited our sister Territory. The poet gives a vivid picture of a herd of "long-horned cattle" stampeded by Indians, who shoot the herder with a "feathered arrow." This idea of Arizona is obsolete. It was good for twenty years ago, before the Indian agent had sold the gentle savage the latest improved breech-loading rifle and the best ammunition. Now an Indian in Arizona with bow and arrows is as great a curiosity as a man who refuses good liquor or the prospector who has not struck it rich and made and lost a half-dozen fortunes in five years. The "feathered arrow" must be laid away with the stories of the good Indian, who never got drunk, or the gentle savage who nobly refused to scalp the white man who had fed him.

Christopher Columbus was the first man to "go west." About that time, Mr. Bighead Bishop was discovered.

**SOFT SOAP.**  
It is difficult to imagine that what is now the fair and populous State of Kentucky should have been only fifty years ago the dark hunting-ground of the Red Indian. Indeed the sufferings and hardships of Daniel Boone and his followers have hardly been sufficiently realized. Imagine what must have been the life of the handful of men, women, and children, who were right in the middle of a territory where Indians came not to live, but to fight. The Indians of the South came to fight with the Indians of the North. A touching story is told (the story is touching because it is true) of an American mother who was surprised by Indians while doing the week's washing. She had one hand in her wash-tub, and she was lulling out some hot soft-soap with the other, when she espied the face of an Indian peering in at the window. Quick as thought she threw the whole contents of the ladle full into the red man's face. The brave howled with pain. He had never been so highly flattered before. The other Indians, however, were delighted, and expressed their satisfaction in such expressions as these: "Good squaw! Ugh! ugh! Plucky squaw!" They further testified their appreciation by spitting her life, and by taking her and her child into captivity with them. Through the long winter nights the mother nursed her poor babe in the Indian wigwams. But the life was a distressing one. The food was bad, and the smoke of the wigwam made the child cry. The mother, fearful lest the chiefs would become impatient and kill her child outright, would croon to it in a pleading voice: "Don't be cross, honey; don't be cross." Death soon came to the poor mother; the child, however, lived, grew up to be a fine girl, and was adopted by the tribe. With bungling pathos her Indian foster-father called her "Cross-Honey." The devotion of the American mother had touched even the Indian heart.

**CORRUPTION FUND.**

The San Francisco Chronicle publishes a copy of a confidential circular issued by the Railroad Shareholders' Association, signed by John Livingstone, president, of New York. The circular sets forth that the object in view is to raise an immense fund to defeat legislation on railroad matters, to secure the repeal of existing laws, and the abolition of railroad commissions in all States where such exist. All railroad shareholders are invited to contribute to the fund, and the amount of the subscription expected is named in a confidential letter accompanying the circular. Two California shareholders, not merely interested, have been called on for \$100 each. It is understood the demand on wealthy ones will be in the same proportion. It is well known that great eastern roads have allied themselves with the Central Pacific to raise this fund, and it is predicted in the circular that enough will be subscribed to defeat congressional action on land grant bills. It is to be hoped that some of these men who are scheming to prey upon the people may be arrested for bribery and conspiracy.

"What kind of a horse should the all-purpose horse be?" was asked Coleman, of Illinois, and he replied, "It should be a horse 16 hands high, with good, serviceable body and limbs, and the more style he has the better. If he carries a fine head with a well-arched neck, if he has a long, busy tail and an active way of going at the walk, or the trot, or the run even, all the better. Such a horse is large enough, and not too large. He is just the size for the plow or the wagon, for the saddle, buggy or carriage. He is ready and suitable for any job of work on the farm or off of it. If he is for sale his owner will find plenty of buyers. If he has the size and qualities spoken of, and is in addition trotting bred, so much the better, for he will command so much the better price."

The shrinkage of Tulare lake, Cal., uncovered a prehistoric settlement, stone buildings, traces of canals, once bordered with trees, and other evidences of occupation by an unknown race, being clearly defined as the water subsided.

**SAW MY LEGS OFF.**  
At Lewiston a middle-aged man walked into the office of an attorney and took a seat, when the following conversation took place:  
"I called in to see about getting a divorce from my wife."  
"Ah! what seems to be the difficulty?"  
"Well, me and Jimmy are always quarrelin', and I think it would be better if she would go back to her folks and I stay where I am. She ken take the three children with her."  
"On what grounds do you want the divorce?"  
"Well, you see, it's just this way: Jimmy's the most skeeriest woman of tramps ye ever seen, and so when we go up stairs to bed she wants me to look under the bed for a man, when I know ther' an't no man there. So you see that I get mad, and then she gets mad, and then ther's a fuss, and I don't have no peace and can't get no sleep, and I'm a hard-working man."  
"You can't get a divorce on those grounds, sir."  
"I can't!"  
"No, sir."  
"Well, then, what shall I do?"  
"I'll go home and saw the legs off the bed, close up so a man can't get under. If I had thought of that sooner I might have saved all this time comin' in here from Camas Prairie."

**A MALICIOUS CIRCULAR.**

A circular has been issued from the Northern Pacific railroad office at St. Paul, which pictures in glowing colors the Cour d'Alene mines. The circular is evidently designed to increase the passenger traffic of the road, and as its ultimate effect will be to cause an influx of adventurers which in time will become a burden on charitable people, we feel it a duty to condemn the same as retarding rather than advancing the interests of the Northwest. As the mines are but little prospected, it would be nothing less than a wild-cat scheme to leave employment even in unremunerable quarters to attempt to earn a livelihood, and even should the New Eldorado, so-called, prove as rich as its most ardent proprietors claim, there are plenty of broke men there to work them. Boys, some of you may get rich by going there, but in the long run you will find more real richness in the dirt of the Heppner Hills.

Up to Kirk & Houston's Willow Creeks Sawmill is the place where they will soon work in big wet logs and turn them into cash as quick as a railroad man can draw his salary out of the pay car. The log is held on a carriage by means of iron dogs while it is being worked into lumber. These iron dogs are not like those we see on the front steps of a brown-stone front occasionally. They are another breed of dogs. The managing editor of the mill lays out the log in his mind and works it into dimension stuff, shingle bolts, slabs, edgings, two by fours, two by eights, two by sixes, etc., so as to use the goods to the best advantage, just as a woman takes a dress pattern and cuts it so she won't have to piece the front breadths, and will still have enough left to make a polonaise for last summer's gown.

"Gentlemen," said the professor to his medical class. "I have often pointed out to you the remarkable tendency to consumption of those who play upon wind instruments. In this case now before us we have a well-marked development of lung disease, and I was not surprised to find that he is a member of a brass band. Now, sir," continued the professor, addressing the consumptive, "will you please tell the gentlemen what instrument you play on?" "I blays der drum," said the sick man.

A Pizen Gulch correspondent sends in the following interesting items: "I have no material change to note in the state of the weather, except that Miss Mary Smith is engaged to be married to John Jingleoodle. Ulysses S. Jones is building a chicken coop, which will be the finest affair ever seen this side of the French Com's ranch. Our pastor was obliged to throw away the remnants of his last donation party, and we are sorry to say the boys left very few remnants to throw-away."