

Heppner WEEKLY Gazette.

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

VOL. I. HEPPNER, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1884. NO. 50.

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, owning its own soul, paying 100 cents on the dollar, is run as a legitimate business enterprise, and not as a charity shop or begging institution. It will wear 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, in Castle Hall, Main St., Heppner. All brothers in good standing will receive a cordial welcome. P. L. PAINE, C. C.
T. E. FELL, R. of B. and S.

**WILLOW LODGE, No. 66,
I. O. of O. F.,**
Meets Wednesday evenings in Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Order are cordially invited to attend. W. A. KANE, N. G.
C. W. YORNGAARD, Rec. Sec.

**HEPPNER LODGE, No. 69,
A. F. and A. M.,**
Meets at Masonic Hall, Levee Building, at 7:30 o'clock, on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 7 P. M. Ed R. BRADSHAW, Sec. E. G. SLOAN, W. M.

**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. WAGNER, Sec.

PROFESSIONAL.

**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.

**L. L. McARTHUR, G. W. WRIGHT,
The Dalles, Or. 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 in 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. Wright Heppner, Oregon.

**W. DARLING,
Justice and Notary Public,**
LOVE ROCK, WASCO COUNTY, OREGON.

**LAND FILING, FINAL PROOF
Etc., a Specialty.**
COLLECTIONS Made, and Deeds and other Legal Instruments drawn. 113-14

**G. W. CORNETT'S
Heppner Barber Shop!**
In the
Matlock Building, opposite P. O. Borg's Jewelry Store.

is now turning out Shirts, Shampoons and Hair-cuts in the highest style of the art.

**W. WILLIAMS,
House Painter, Paper Hanger and Grainer,**
Heppner, Oregon.

**EVERYTHING in the Painting Line done with
thoroughness and dispatch, and Satisfaction
Guaranteed.**

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

Country Work a Specialty. If you want anything built, obtain my price before going elsewhere.

**THOS. MOHON,
Auctioneer,**
HEPPNER, OREGON.
(Office next to GAZETTE Building.)

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

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 La Grande, Or., Jan. 25, 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 G. W. Bishop, Notary Public at Heppner, Or., on March 8, 1884, viz:

Orleton J. Mulkey,
D. S. No. 462, for the N. E. 1/4 and S. 1/4, NW 1/4, Sec. 8, T. 4 S., R. 27 E., W. 4 M. He claims the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Joseph Arbuckle, Wm. Lumsford, W. J. Canady, Wm. Walker, all of Heppner, Or.
H. W. DOWD, 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.

A lot of fancy illuminated cards both for business and calling, just received at the GAZETTE office.

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, Astoria, 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 accept my old friends, and will endeavor in the future to entertain all in the most accessible manner. 10-11

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

ENSNARED.

Deep in a vast primeval wood
My half-decaying cabin stood.
Its walls were mossy, and its floor
With stain and mould was darkened o'er.
Therein I dwelt, aloof from care,
Alone with fancies sweet and rare.

Long after dawn I lay in bed
And heard the woodpecker overhead
Beat on the roof his rattling call.
And heard the wind-waves rise and fall,
Whilst from afar, worn keen and thin,
Faint memories of the world came in.

At noon the wood was strangely still:
No fluttering wing, no tapping bill;
Shadow and sunshine side by side
Drowned in sibilant and vast wide.
Even the brook's voice, rich and full,
Seemed slowly lapsing to a lull.

When night came on, the owl came too:
"Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo-oo-oo!"
And sly faint footfalls, here and there,
Betrayed the hesitating hare;
Whilst in the tree-tops, dark and deep,
The wind sighed as a child asleep.

Day-time or night-time, all was well:
With light or dew God's blessings fell.
For coarser dreams I had no room:
My heart was like a lily bloom,
And every song I sang was sweet
As the blue violets at my feet.

But at the last, all unaware,
Unlucky bird! I touched the snare,
And (in the city's meshes wound)
My cabin never more I found,
Nor that sweet solitude where naught
Save Nature, helped me when I wrought.

SARCASTIC PARROT.

When old Buffalo Hump Mountain, in Northern Idaho, was in a state of eruption a few years ago, Col. Frank Parker and Col. H. E. Holmes, of Walla Walla, made a horseback dash up there to see the show. Between there and Salmon river they discovered and captured a big green parrot, who had evidently been fired out of the crater depths below. He could talk pretty well, and gave the explorers some points on the lay of the country between there and Pony Smead's ranch on the South Fork. They mutually "located" the parrot, and in playing a game of seven-up in him, Col. Parker won the bird and now has him with other trophies of the chase and the mines, in his Cabinet in the Statesman office. From the Statesman printers the parrot has picked up several sarcastic wrinkles, and also learned to pass. Recently a New York capitalist, out west to buy minks, and who is a great stammerer, was looking through the Statesman specimens, and discovered the parrot on his perch over the clock, chewing on a piece of hard-tack which Frank Parker had brought back from a scouting expedition in '77, and which had been put among his specimens and labeled "flint." The capitalist looked at the parrot, who, by the way, goes by the name of "Hellboy," and asked Frank: "C-c-can you p-p-r-rot t-t-talk?" Instantly the parrot dropped his piece of hard-tack, which crashed through the floor, and with his Idaho eye flashing said: "If he couldn't talk better than you, he'd have his damn neck twisted off!" The worst part of the joke is that Frank Parker, being slightly deaf, did not hear the good thing his parrot had got off.

AN EDITOR'S ADVICE.

The editor of a paper has more questions asked him, and gives more answers than any man living, though some of the answers may not be right. For instance, a correspondent of an Eastern paper says: "I have a horse that has suffered from periodical dizziness. Please answer through your valuable paper and let me know what I should do with him. I'm afraid he will get worse if something is not done soon." The editor puts on his glasses, consults the authorities on blind staggers in horses, and answers as follows: "Our advice, based on the perusal of the valuable book, 'Every Man His Own Horse Doctor,' would be to take the horse some time when he is not dizzy and sell him to a stranger." The average horse owner would not need the advice, as he would sell the horse too quick and warrant him perfectly sound.

"You're a goose!" angrily exclaimed an Austin man to his wife, who continually chided him about his excessive extravagance. "You do nothing but cackle, cackle, cackle all the time." "Yes, dear," she sweetly replied; "but you must not forget that the cackling of geese once saved the capitol of Rome, and if cackling can save your capital I'm going to keep it up."

ECHOS FROM ECHO.

Feb. 25, '84.

Dr. Brownell, our popular postmaster, has enlarged the postoffice and put in new boxes.

The flood that was expected by everyone, luckily did not come, and Pendleton is once more on safe ground.

Mr. J. H. Koontz will begin work on his flouring mill in a few days—the race for same was commenced last year.

Mrs. S. J. Lisle, who died last week, is mourned by hosts of friends. The funeral was the largest ever known in Echo.

Mr. G. W. Webb, of Pendleton, was in town Saturday last, and says he will positively open his hardware store and tin shop on April 1st.

Work on four new dwelling houses was begun to-day, and we have it from good authority that a certain business man of Echo will shortly begin the erection of sixteen dwelling houses.

Geo. W. Ramsdon has opened a tailor shop on Main street, also a barber shop, and his customers can have a suit of clothes made in regular San Francisco style, or have their hair cut "A-La-Dude" on short notice.

School, which has been closed during cold weather, was opened this morning with a large attendance. Prof. McIntyre has given perfect satisfaction as principal, and will no doubt remain as such another term.

A memorial has been sent to congress asking for an appropriation of \$3,000,000 towards filling up the treacherous water holes around Echo, into which young men going home late at night have been in the habit of falling.

The spring post has made its appearance in Echo. It has a sign over the postoffice delivery window reading:

"What you all, dear friends, to know, I'll tellers without a stamp won't go." A mob of infuriated citizens have been looking for the author, but as yet he is unknown.

Echo is preparing for a boom this spring. Prospects for crops are now even better than had been expected. With the appearance of spring everything presents a lively appearance. New buildings going up, teams throng the streets, some loading with provisions for shearing season, some with lumber, and others assisting in the regular spring moving—which is the custom in all civilized countries.

HE'D BEEN FROZE OUT.

Speaking of art on steamboats, I recall another story of Mr. Travers—there are thousands of them—in which he figures, not as the butt, but as the wit. The original projectors of the Fall River line of steamboats were Travers, Jim Fiske of sainted memory, and Jay Gould. However, it was not long before Travers got the experience, and the others got the steamboats. Travers never entirely got over this, as the sequel shows.

On either side of one of the boats running to Newport were portraits of his old conferees, Fiske and Gould. Mr. Travers was ascending the stairs with a party of friends. They pointed them out.

"Y-e-s," stammered Travers, but where's the other?" "What other?" echoed the party. "W-w-w-here's Christ?"

THE DIFFERENCE.

The Nevada Enterprise, speaking of the difference between the slaves of the United States, says: "It is a fact which cannot be gainsaid that the best and strongest upheavals of charity in the interests of the Indians on the Pacific coast do not rise knee-high to the anticipations of the aborigines. Although the people in Boston and down that way no doubt mean well, and in the smallness and innocence of their hearts think they are doing big things, yet the bulk of the old clothes sent out to this coast from the Eastern States is so much worse than what the Indians have on their backs that they would not exchange short of several dollars to boot.

Some people will run three miles to get a good start for a fourteen-inch jump.

THE OHIO FLOODS.

The Ohio river, with an actual length, including its longest tributary, of nearly fifteen hundred miles, drains an area of country estimated at 241,000 square miles, an area half as large again as that of California. With a catchment as large as this extending from the mountains of Pennsylvania and New York on the east to the Mississippi river on the west, it is easy to understand how these sudden and great rises of the river can occur. A general rainfall of a general thaw throughout this extent of country would at once throw vast bodies of water into the river—bodies so vast that the channel could not hold them, and floods would be the immediate result. It seems almost impossible to guard against these overflows. Last year the cities along the banks of the Ohio were inundated, and this year they experience the same disaster. No precautions that are taken seem to have been of the least effect. It apparently is impossible to build levees capable of restraining rising rivers. A single weak spot renders the entire levee useless. It may be that experience will show that it would be better to raise the cities themselves than to raise their banks. The expense of filling in the lower part of cities until they were raised above flood mark would be heavy, but it would be offset by the annual saving effected. Every flood does damage to the extent of hundreds of thousands or even millions of dollars. Perhaps it would be better to avoid this loss by expending a certain amount, even though a large one, in protecting the cities from danger. Of course, the original cause of these floods is the loss of forest in the region drained by the Ohio and its tributaries. The forests held rain and distributed it gradually to the rivers. The bare ground pours the rain and melting snow into the rivers with a rush. [Walla Statesman.]

OH, LORD!

A correspondent of the Walla Epigram writes: It seems that a charming Miss has a sweetheart who does not stand too high with her father, the latter forbidding the young man the house. A few evenings since the young lady notified X. that the coast would be clear after 8 o'clock P. M., as pa would be down town and mother was confined to her room. Consequently he called, and they were billing and cooing like turtle doves, in the parlor, when suddenly a violent stamping on the front porch signaled the approach of the enemy. Here was a dilemma! What would the terrified lover do? Where could he hide? He saw no means of escape. Oh, yes, the sofa would not stop in the parlor; he would only pass through and into the sitting room. Happy thought. X. lay flat on the floor and his trembling loved one had just time to roll the huge old-fashioned sofa over him, when the door opened and in walked pa. He divested himself of his great coat, and drawing a magazine from his pocket coolly drew his arm-chair to the stove and began to read. Poor X! He was literally being "happily" under the sofa; he could scarcely breathe, much less move a muscle. Once he attempted to straighten out his stiffened limbs, and slightly moved the top of his prison. Pa looked up sharply, and to throw off suspicion his daughter cuddled herself on the sofa and complained of a headache. Her weight caused one of the springs to lower and press into the pit of X's stomach. The minutes passed like hours, and the hours like years. Just as the poor fellow was about to give up, pa yawned, closed his book, and started for bed. In a moment X. was liberated, and nearly dead, with toilet crushed and soiled, he silently stole out of the door and disappeared in the darkness.

The life of a Kentuckian has been shortened by tobacco. A hog's head of the weed fell on him and crushed him out of symmetrical proportions. It cannot be denied that tobacco in large quantities is injurious.

"There is no such word as fail"—people make assignments now-a-days.

THE WORD "OREGON".

In 1863, the late Archbishop Blanchet contributed the following interesting paper to The Oregonian. It will be observed that the archbishop speaks of himself in the third person:

Jonathan Carver, an English captain in the wars by which Canada came into the possession of Great Britain, after the peace, left Boston June 6, 1766; crossed the continent to the Pacific and returned October, 1768. In relation to his travels which were published in 1774 and republished in 1778, he is the first who makes use of the word Oregon. The origin of that word has never been discovered in this country. The first Catholic missionaries, Father Demers, now bishop of Vancouver island, and Father Blanchet, now Bishop of Oregon City, arrived in Oregon in 1838. They traveled through it for many years, from south to north, from west to east, visiting and teaching the numerous tribes of Oregon, Washington Territory and British possessions. But in all their various excursions among the Indians, they never succeeded in finding the origin of the word Oregon.

Now it appears that what could not be found in Oregon has been discovered in Bolivia when he visited that country, Chile and Peru, in 1855 and 1857. The word Oregon, in his opinion, most undoubtedly has its root in the Spanish word "oreja" (ear); and came from the qualifying word "orejon" (big ear). For it is probable that the Spaniards, who first discovered and visited the country, when they saw the Indians with big ears, enlarged by the load of ornaments, were naturally inclined to call them "orejon" (big ears). That nickname first given to the Indians became also the name of the country. This explains how Captain Carver got it and first made use of it. But the travelers, perhaps Carver himself, not knowing the Spanish language nor the peculiar pronunciation of the j in Spanish, for facility sake, would have written it and pronounced it Oregon, instead of "Orejon"; in changing j to g. Such in all probability, must be the origin of the word Oregon. It comes from the Spanish word "Orejon". This discovery is dug in justice, to the learned Dr. George Haygarth, of London, a man well versed in the Spanish, whom the archbishop met in La Paz, Bolivia. So much for the etymology of the word Oregon. This probably becomes a conviction when we consider how customary it is for travelers in a new country to give appropriate names and how generally these names are received, retained and pass to posterity. We have not a few instances of this practice on the Pacific coast and in Oregon in particular.

SLICKERS.

Love is blind, but the rest of the boys can see the long hair on your coat-collar.

The honeymoon beats the other moon all to thunder.

"I have a remarkable strong following," remarked the man who was chased by a skunk.

One advantage of the long-distance telephone will be that the reporters on the American dailies can tell the English authorities at once how to manage matters in Egypt instead of waiting for the slow process of sending a paper over, marked with a blue pencil.

"Oh, see that," exclaimed a Heppner girl. "See what?" inquired her brother. "Oh, see that little cloudlet just above the ridge-let like a tiny leaflet dancing over the scene." "O, come, you had better go to the pumpkin in the back yard, and soak your little headlet."

Last evening, says the Independent, while the stage was going to Upper Astoria, a Chinaman got in at the corner of Main and Cheamus streets and took a seat beside an Irish woman. He seemed to want to make himself agreeable, and remarked: "Belly cold." The woman looked at him with an air of contempt and replied: "If yo'd put your shirt inside your pants your belly wouldn't be cold, you heathen blackguard." This remark created considerable merriment, and some of the passengers are laughing yet as heartily as you will, dear reader, when you read this item this morning.