

Heppner  
Oregon  
1884

# THE HEPPNER GIZZARD, JUNIOR.

Ground Out Whenever the Mule-Power Press Feels Like It.

## THE SETTLER'S FRIEND.

A few years ago a settler got Surveyor Keithley to run out the lines of some land; then he came into Heppner and told Squire Mallory he was going to file on it next day, pointing it out to him on the plats. The squire said: "A-h-h, yes, yes!" That evening he gave a man \$2.50 to ride up and get one of his own son's to come down and file on the same land. And when the settler called to file, his land had been gobbled. A-h, yes, yes, yes! old Uncle Gusticus is the settler's friend. He had a summons published against a man who had not been sued. On account of his gray hairs, the man let him off on his promising to publish a full explanation and apology. Did he keep that promise? No. The old man would keep nothing except a settler's dollar. Let the settler say: "Damn such a settler's friend."

## A DEAD GIVE-AWAY.

Governor Rea is working like the devil for Squire Mallory, although the squire is a fanatical, hidebound republican and the governor is a democrat. This shows business sense on the part of the governor. You see he is a keen lawyer, and looks at things in a lawyer-like way. As he says himself, the old squire is easy led. So it follows that if the old squire was allowed to remain on the mourner's bench, the governor would have a very soft racket leading the old gentleman into making any kind of a decision. The governor tried to get Jack Clark to vote for the squire, but Jack, being an honest man, and having a very forcible recollection of some perjury in the Mallory court, said: "To ——— with Mallory!" Vote for Shobe and Keithley, two honest men who own themselves.

Of course Swellhead Hallock wants his poor old uncle again elected justice, so that when the kid's father gets tired of supporting him, he can go and bum his grub off the uncle. The old fanatic is easy led, and might even be induced to feed a dead beat.

Vote for Jim Fuller for county commissioner.

A vote for Bushee is a vote for an honest and competent man.

## FIRE HIM OUT.

It seems that Old Squire Mallory has been really reading up on law. So might a hog, for all the good it would do. Yes, the old gentleman has been reading a copy of the general statutes which was borrowed some years ago from Hon. J. L. Morrow and has never been returned. And from what the squire finds in that borrowed book he seems to think the statutes give him and his little court very long latitude—perhaps authority to send a man to the penitentiary, or to order him hung. So you fellows who are not well hung better look out. Squire Mallory's trainers and keepers should now set him to studying up some other borrowed books. Turn him loose on Kennedy on Diseases of the Skin, or the History of a Slickear Beef Barrel.

## WHO STOLE THE STEER?

Voters, remember that the corrupt republican machine ring in Portland have cut and dried a programme to capture your votes. They have had tools and tricksters on salary in Umatilla county for two years; they hope to split up the honest voters of both parties and sneak in their candidates on splits and local issues; they care nothing about you except to use you; they started the patent Hat Times to freeze out a paper started by the people on legitimate local issues; they started the cayuse bolt at the other end of the county, and hired a pinto to run; they are working every point to sneak in their candidates and steal a few votes from the real representatives of the people, Messrs. Morrow and Cox; Big-head Bishop, Shyster Pain, Old Rusticus Mallory and his sucker-mouthed dead beat nephew are the tools and stoop-pigeons of this corrupt Portland ring. No free republican can afford to bend the knee to such a set of stinkers. Vote for Morrow and Cox.

## JUSTICE OR SHYSTER?

Last summer an old man on Eight Mile bought a pre-emption right, paying with a \$10 cayuse. The claim not suiting, he came to Heppner to enter a civil suit for the recovery of his cayuse, but not being able to put up costs, Squire Mallory advised him to get out a warrant and arrest the man for stealing the horse, as costs could then be got out of the county. So the pre-emptor, a good citizen of Dairy Ridge, was arrested, and nearly every citizen on Shutler Flat was forced to come to Mallory's court as a witness. A respectable man was held up as a horsethief, a whole community taken from home and business, and the county cinched \$180 00, all because a so-called "justice" wanted to make paltry fees. Fire the old stiff out.

A vote for Henry Gray is a vote thrown away. Vote for Morrow and Cox.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. Pettifogger Pain, the sneaking shyster of the Heppner Hills—the bald-headed chimpanzee and slightly-educated idiot who talks in seven different languages and thinks in none,—has gone over to Rhea creek to use his immense influence against the election of Hon. J. L. Morrow and Mr. Cox. There may be a few newcomers camped there who have not yet heard of this sneaking shyster partner of Big-head Bishop. His many ardent admirers, including Squire Mallory, who formerly called him a liar, a thief and a pettifogger, wish him a pleasant trip, and hope that he may not fall into a badger-hole or have his luxuriant locks injured by cruel alkali dust.

Acting on the orders of their masters, those lickspittle kids who get up a part of Bishop's patent outside dishrag, have reprinted some extracts from an article in a Pendleton paper of a few years ago, and think they have seriously injured Mr. Cox thereby. Those brainless idiots are apt to think they are pulling very large blood puddings when they are only handling very small sausages. It would paralyze the community to hear that they had ever got up anything worth reprinting.

Look out for that amendment racket on the bottom of your ballot—that is the woman suffrage business; and if you want to vote against it, scratch out the word yes.

## PICKLED PORK.

Did Bro. Brundage Steal Bill Hughes' Hog?

Every man who has ever worn a blue stripe under his vest knows that pickled pork, when properly put up, is a good, substantial dish. The American hog furnishes fine fruit. But in a semi-civilized country this fruit is not supposed to be exactly wild and free for all to pluck. Rather is it supposed to be a matter of dollars and cents and trade. But according to the tale being told about Bro. Brundage he seems to think a hog is free fruit to be plucked. The story goes that Bill Hughes had a big gentleman hog worth about \$50. The animal was allowed to visit around among the neighbors, and for many months he had become a power for good in the land, and at each of his successive visits new generations of his descendants rose up and squealed at his approach. It's a wise pig that knows its own father. But after a while this valuable hog disappeared. And its owner has information to the effect that it was last seen cooped up in Bro. Brundage's pen, from which place it is supposed to have found its way into his pickled pork barrel. Now, if Bro. Brundage would be cruel enough to butcher a neighbor's hog and prevent him from returning to his numerous and devoted wives, he would be too cruel to ever act as a justice of the peace. Besides, Bro. Brundage, when writing of himself, spelled "me" with a big "M," and nobody but Godalmighty has a right to do that. Voter, pause and reflect before you waste your ballot on Old Man Brundage.