

The Heppner Weekly Gazette.

VOL. II.

HEPPNER, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1884.

NO. 63.

THE GAZETTE

IN ISSUE 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, owned by its proprietor, printing 100 copies on the dollar, is true as a legitimate business enterprise, and not as a charity or a party organ. It will accept of no contributions, 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 lodgers in and standing will receive a friendly welcome. P. A. PAINE, C. C., T. R. FELL, K. of P. and S.

**WILLOW LODGE, No. 69,
OF O. P. S.**
Meets Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Order are cordially invited to attend. W. A. KIRK, N. G., C. W. YONDERSON, Sec.

**HEPPNER LODGE, No. 69,
A. F. and A. M.**
Meets at Masonic Hall, Loring Building, on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 7 P. M. Ed. R. BIRD, Sec.

**HEPPNER LODGE, No. 456,
I. O. of G. T.**
Meets every Friday evening at 8 P. M. in Odd Fellows' Hall. A. M. GISS, W. C. T. G. J. M. GISS, Sec.

PROFESSIONAL.

L. W. DARLING,
Justice and Notary Public,
LORING ROCK, WASCO COUNTY, OREGON.
LAND FILING, FINAL PROOF
Etc., a Specialty.

COLLECTIONS Made, and Deeds and other Legal Instruments drawn. 10-15-11

GEO. W. WRIGHT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
Will practice in the State and Federal Courts. Proof of claims taken. Titles to Land (three States) examined and abstracted. Collections and conveyancing suits made at reasonable rates. All business entrusted to me receives prompt attention. Office on Main Street, Heppner, Oregon. 10-11

JULIUS KEITHLEY,
Justice of the Peace,
Heppner, Oregon.

G. W. CORNETT'S
Heppner Barber Shop,
in the Matlock Building, opposite P. O. Borg's Jewelry Store,
Is now turning out Shaves, Shampoos and Haircuts in the highest style of the art.

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

EVERYTHING in the Painting Line done with the most artistic 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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Castle Rock Ferry!
Castle Rock, Oregon.
The undersigned having leased this Popular Ferry for a term of years, and having put on NEW BOATS,
And Everything Strictly First-Class, would inform the Traveling Public that this Ferry is now prepared to Cross Teams and Stock at the CHEAPEST RATES.
No Delay on Account of Wind.
No DELAY FOR WANT OF WIND.
His Ferry CANNOT Direct with Yakima City, Bickleton, Cleveland and Goldendale,
Also the nearest and most direct route to the most famous Hot Springs of Washington Territory, thousands of acres of which are still unsettled.
Reliable and Experienced Men in Charge of the Boats, and every attention paid to our Customers.
REMEMBER NO DELAY WAITING FOR WIND.
GIVE US A TRIAL.
36.80
JOHN LANDIS,
JACOB LANDIS.

M. LICHTENTHAL
Boot and Shoe Shop,
Main St., Heppner, Oregon.
Boots and Shoes Made to Order.
Repairing Neatly Executed.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

When up by the undersigned, living eight miles above Heppner, on Willow creek, one black mare, four or five years old, about fifteen hands high, no marks or brands perceptible. Appraised at \$20 by Julius Keithley, Justice of the Peace, this, May 5, 1884. A. B. FLORENCE.

NOTICE OF INTENTION.

Land Office at The Dalles, Or., April 28, '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 J. W. Redington, Notary at Heppner, Oregon, on June 21, 1884, viz.:
John Henderson,
Pr. Application No. 257, for the SW 1/4, Sec. 22, T. 2 S. R. 23, E. W. M. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.: Theodore Fox of Heppner, Umatilla county, Oregon; Perry House, A. J. Clem, Jacob Keithley, Justice of the Peace, Umatilla County, Oregon.
E. L. SMITH, Register.

FOR PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION executed with neatness and dispatch at the Gazette office. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. Land filing done free.

HALL & JONES,

— PROPRIETORS OF —

BELVEDERE SALOON,

— Keep the —

Very Best of Whiskeys,

Also the following Celebrated Drinks:

Kirch Wasser,

Marsschinodel,

Corcenigal,

Chartreuse,

English Ale and Porter.

Finest Brands of Cigars Kept.

A FINE New Billiard Table for the Amusement of Guests.

GEO. W. LORD,

CARPENTER

— AND —

WAGON MAKER.

(Next door to Wright & Ayers' Law Office.)

Heppner, Oregon.

Contracts taken for all kinds of Wood Work.

A full Supply of Hard Wood for Wagon Repairing Constantly on hand.

Flow Beams and Handles kept in Stock.

GIVE ME A CALL.

1865. 1884.

KOSHLAND BROS.,

WOOL

Commission Merchants

— PROPRIETORS —

PIONEER WOOL DEPOT,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

CONSIGNMENTS OF WOOL SOLICITED. Liberal advances made. Our best attention guaranteed to effect rapid sales and realizing the proper value of clips. Wool stored for owners; warehouse certificates issued; negotiable in bank, or borne if desired. Wool tags and twines for sale, and agents for "Patent Sheep Branding Oil." Use it in preference to all other substances. It is cheaper, and don't injure your wool. Kept by all merchants.

Shipping Marks. 22

O. O. ROWLAND,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

— AND —

SURVEYOR.

Heppner, Oregon.

Fluville, Wasco County, Oregon.

I am Prepared to do Anything in the Line of

SURVEYING, CIVIL ENGINEERING,

LAND FILING, FINAL

PROOF, ETC.

I am also Prepared to Locate Government Land.

Parties desiring of Locating in Wasco County will do well by calling on or addressing me.

O. O. ROWLAND,

FLETTVILLE,

Wasco Co., Or.

J. W. REDINGTON,

Notary Public and Land Agent,

Gazette Office,

Corner Yellowstone Avenue and Main Street, Heppner, Ogn.

Land-Filing and Proofing-Up Free of Charge.

FIRE Insurance effected in Reliable Companies. Bonds and Mortgages drawn up, and a General Pottfogging Business done in opposition to the other Pottfogging Landlarks.

Echo Land Office!

CRAYNE & TOMMINS.

Having opened a Land Office at Felix, we are prepared to do any kind of Land Business, and thus save you a trip to Portland or La Grande.

Land Bought and Sold.

THE BOSS!

— SOLD BY —

WILZINSKI BROS. & CO.,

Portland.

HORSE SALE!

I will sell at Public Auction in Heppner,

— ON —

Saturday, June 7, '84,

AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

30 Head of Horses!

Comprising Brood Mares, Geldings and Colts, none of which are over 6 years old, and all of which are

Good American Stock.

TERMS OF SALE—12 months on approved security, with legal interest. Ten per cent. discount for cash.

J. W. WILLINGHAM.

PETER O. BORG,

HEPPNER, OREGON,

— DEALER IN —

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry

&c., &c.

— ALSO —

Amethyst, Cameo and Diamond

Gold Rings, Gold and Silver

Watches.

— AND —

Other articles usually kept in a Jewelry Store.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

STOKE with C. M. Malloy, Street, All work guaranteed.

ED. RICHARDSON.

RICHARDSON & PATTON.

Next door to Swaggart's Saloon.

Heppner, Oregon.

SHAMPOOING and Dyeing a Specialty. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

W. M. ESTES,

New Blacksmith Shop,

Main Street, Heppner.

(Opposite W. J. Lester's Hardware Store.)

I am now prepared to do all kinds of work on my line

AT REASONABLE RATES.

Horse-Shoeing and Plov-Work a Specialty.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

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 ROOM

GO TO

E. NORDYNE,

THE WAGON MAKER,

To Get Your Wagons Patched.

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

JOHN JENKINS,

STONE MASON,

BRICKLAYER

— AND —

General Contractor,

Heppner, Oregon.

HOUSE-MOVING and EXCAVATING Done, and All Orders Promptly Executed.

Leave Orders with T. E. Fell, at J. L. Morrow & Son's Store.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Taken up by the undersigned, living eight miles above Heppner, on Willow creek, one bay horse, six or seven years old, about fifteen and a half hands high, some white on left hind foot, branded AI on right thigh. Appraised at \$50 by Julius Keithley, Justice of the Peace, this, May 5, 1884. A. B. FLORENCE.

LUMBER!!

Castle Rock Lumber Co.

All kinds of

ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER, SHINGLES, ETC., kept constantly on hand.

We have recently received a large and complete stock of

FIRST-CLASS LUMBER, SHINGLES, CEMENTS, POSTS, ETC.,

Which we will sell at lowest possible figures.

Give us a call.

DANIELS & HERREN,

Castle Rock.

LAMBS AT PLAY.

See, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen Spring's morning suns, and soul-enlivening breeze—

Say, did you give the filling transport way, Did your eye brighten when young lambs at play Leaped o'er your path, his animated prance Or glided in merry circles by your side?

Ye who can smile to behold a disgrace— At the arch meaning of a kitten's face; If speechless innocence and infant mirth Excites to praise, or give reception birth; In slinks like these prize your favorite joy, Must nature's revels, sports that never cloy, A few begin a short but glorious race, And indolence, abashed, soon flies the place; This challenged forth, so thither, one by one, From every side assembling, playmates run; A thousand wily antics, tricks that never cease, A cunning crowd, into a play of delay, Take the first stage, and then to try to outdo; Aye, they scold, impute, and vent, and stomp, The green turf trembling as they bound about; Down the slope, then up the hill, they climb, Where every mole-hill is a feat of rhyme, Then, pausing, stop, yet scarcely can refrain— A hind, a lead, will set them off again; Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow, Scattering the wild-birds' nests into snow, Their little limbs increasing efforts try; Like the top bowler, the fair assemblage fly, Ah, follow! and behold of their doom; Frail as they sit, they perch while they blow!

PREACHING AS A VICE.

Prentice Mulford Discourses about a Disagreeable Habit.

It seems to me—and when I say it "seems" to me, I do not mean through implication to say it so to seem to anybody else, for I can't get inside of any other person's mind, and so I know nothing of the light in which that other person may see things—that there has been, and is now too much preaching in the world. I do not mean altogether preaching from the pulpit; I mean the perpetual condemnation of faults in others by those of us who have faults ourselves, be it condemnation wholesale or retail, from pulpit or press, by parent to child, by husband to wife, by anybody to anybody else. I do not want my faults and misdeeds perpetually advertised to me by others. I have them—lots of them. I know them, know them better than anybody else. I know where they bite and how they sting. I can show scars all over me where in the past they have stung and bitten. They are not pleasant subjects for contemplation. If a man tears his pantaloons at a ball, does he want the master of ceremonies to advertise the fact publicly? Yet when a person's moral pantaloons are torn, how eager I may be to inform him and everybody else of the fact, when he perhaps does his best to escape observation and repair damages. If it be the left leg of those moral pantaloons that is ripped and he is trying to keep his whole and virtuous right leg and best foot foremost, don't assist him and endeavor to lessen his suspension. He is a poor creature, this unfortunate left leg and best-stowing on the right, the admiration and commendation that belong to it.

"Let folks alone," says my inward monitor. "If you've got nothing but admonitory words to give them, clear out and give them to yourself. Don't bother yourself with doses of moral medicine for others. Don't imagine you can make anybody better by scolding them. If you've got any extra sunshine, give it to them. If you see in them anything honestly to admire, admit it and tell them of it. If you can make them admire what is in themselves worthy of admiration, then, perhaps, they'll see clearer in them what you may not admire. Or they may have the right and think it best and feel best to have, hold and keep what you don't admire, and if they should, is it your business to try and make them over to suit you?" I find it very difficult to act up to this. Do what I will, the "preach" will leak out somewhere, it has such subtle and insidious ways of betraying me. I find myself near people who I think are making great mistakes. I want to turn them from the error of their ways. I feel that I am a missionary sent to reform them. I wait and at last cautiously open some delicate, modest little battery of suggestion, commencing with a "If you will allow me to suggest, I think it would be better if you would," or, "I think your troubles in the past have come largely through your," etc. When lo! all at once I find my pulpit knocked from under me

FIVE OBEДИENT HUSBANDS.

There were five of them together, and it was late. They had been drinking. Finally one of them looked at the clock, and said: "What will our wives say when we come home?"

"Let them say what they want to. Mine will tell me to go to the mischief," responded No. 2.

"I'll tell you what we will do. Let us meet here again in the morning, and tell our experiences. Let the one who has refused to do what his wife tell him to do when he got home pay for this evening's entertainment."

"That is a good idea. We will agree to that." So the party broke up and went to their respective homes.

Next morning they met at the appointed place, and began to tell their experiences.

Said No. 1: "When I opened the door my wife was awake. She said: 'Pretty time of night for you to be coming home. You had better go out and sleep in the pig-pen, for that's what you will come to sooner or later, anyhow.' Rather than pay for all we had drunk last night, I did what she told me to. That lets me out."

No. 2 cleared his throat and said: "When I got home I stumbled on a chair, and my wife called: 'There you are again, you drunken brute! You had better wake up the children and stagger about for a while, so they can see what a drunken brute of a father they are afflicted with.' I thought the best thing I could do under the circumstances was to obey; so I woke up the children and staggered around until my wife hinted to me to stop. She used a chair in conveying the hint. That lets me out."

No. 3 spoke up and said: "I happened to stumble over the pan of dough, and my wife said: 'Drift again! Hadn't you better sit down in that dough?' So I got down on it, and that lets me out."

No. 4 said: "I was humming a tune, and my wife called out: 'There you are again! Hadn't you better give us a concert?' I said, 'Certainly,' and began to sing as loud as I could, but she told me to stop or she would throw something at me; so I stopped. That lets me out."

No. 5 looked very disconsolate. He said: "I reckon I'll have to pay. My wife told me to do something none of you would have done if you had been in my place."

"What was it?"

"She said: 'So you thought you would come home at last! Now, get up better get out to the well and drink a couple of buckets of water, just to astonish your stomach.' That was more than I had bargained for; so it's my funeral."

TOOK THE JOKE.

Practical jokers despise "a man who can't take a practical joke." One unexpectedly drew a chair from under Brown, the other day. Brown got up very carefully. He was about to assault the joker, when the latter cried: "I thought you were a different sort of a man; for proof, for things to burn us and bite us, and sting us like adders, until we get sose enough knocked into our poor benumbed brains to steer clear of them, or use them rightly, or stop when we've got enough? Candles are good things when rightly used—very pleasant and cheerful things—but there's no sense in sitting down on one or holding the flame so near our eyes as to dazzle and sting off the eye-lashes."

But I am verging on the preach again. PRENTICE MULFORD.

A certain poetess is said to make good jellies as well as good poetry. It is suggested that she should make a new departure—send her jellies to newspaper offices and can her poems. Jellies discount poetry as "inside matter" every time.

This is the happy time of year when man getteth upon a step-ladder to hang a picture, and the step-ladder kicketh up behind and standeth him upon his ear, and fallteth over upon him, and filleth him with much woe.

HE DIDN'T SCARE.

A party of young bloods in Jamaica, N. Y., concluded to have some fun with a countryman who was tramping about town looking for a job. They hired him to act as private watchman on a dark street, promising to give him \$30 for the first month and then increase his salary if he proved efficient. The first night nothing special happened, but the next night he was met by a rough-looking customer who threatened to smash his jaw if he didn't stop controlling that beat. In about one minute the countryman was popping up the muddy street with the ill-mannered aristocrat. After letting up on him he discovered he was one of the parties who had employed him. A little later a ghostly figure made its appearance, but it wasn't long until this ghost, minus the winding sheet, went flying across an open lot, bearing a black eye and a broken nose. The next day it was discovered that it was another member of the gang who hired the man to have fun with. He refused to quit his job until the month was up, sued them for his wages, got his pay in full, and is now a member of the police force.

A STRONG ONE.

The spring crop of fish stories for 1884 is now hatching. Here is one: In Scotland they have a curious way of fishing that takes the medal for the ease with which it is conducted. The fisherman will say is after pike. Selecting a big goose from his barnyard, or half a dozen geese, as the case may be, he ties a bait hook and line about five feet long to their feet, and on reaching the water turns them in. The birds of course swim out, and the fisherman pulls his pipe and sits down. In a few minutes a fish seizes the bait and seizes it, giving the goose a good pull. The bird starts for shore at full tilt, frightened half to death, dragging the fish upon the bank, when it is unhooked. The line being rebaited, the feathered fisherman is again sent out to try its luck. A flock of geese can make quite a haul in the course of a day, the humane fisherman having only one of the game and bait the hooks, the pulling in and hooking being done by the birds.

HE WAS HUNGRY.

General Forrest was once approached by an Arkansas man, who asked: "General, when do you reckon we're going to get something to eat?"

"Well, that's about the size of it."

"Here," calling an officer, "give this man something to eat, and then have him shot."

The officer understood the joke, and replied: "All right, general."

The Arkansas man, exhibiting no alarm, said: "Bile me a ham, cap'n, stew up a couple of chickens, bake two or three hoe-cakes, fetch a gallon or so of buttermilk, and load yer guns. With such inducements, the man who wouldn't be willin' to die is a blame fool."

A hearty meal was prepared for the soldier, but he still lives.

A little girl went away with her mother for a week's visit in the country. When they returned she looked up and down the streets and at the houses, and said: "Why, the town ain't red, is it?" "Of course not, Fannie. Why do you ask that question?" "Because, mamma, just before we started away I heard papa tell Mr. Tompkins that he was going to paint the town red while we were in the country. I guess he must have been busy and didn't have time to do it. Don't you suppose so, mamma?" "Yes, dear, I do." Then there was a large silence.

On tearing down a house 150 years old, in Rhode Island, lately, the workmen found a lot of leaf tobacco and 100 old-fashioned cigars. This would seem to indicate that at one time cigars were made of tobacco.