

THE GAZETTE. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AFTERNOON. BY J. W. REDINGTON.

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WAGER & SKIPWORTH. Attorneys-at-Law. The above firm will receive all business entrusted to them with promptness and careful attention.

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DR. A. J. SHOBE. Physician and Surgeon. Justice of the Peace. Heppner, Oregon.

L. F. SHIPLEY, M. D. MEDICINE, SURGERY AND MIDWIFERY. OFFICE near his residence on the stage road in the north part of Heppner, Or.

L. W. DARLING. Notary Public and Surveyor. LAND FILING, FINAL PROOF, Etc., a Specialty.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness.

PETER O. BORG. Watches and Clocks, Jewelry, Etc. Heppner, Oregon.

GOLD PENS. Amethyst, Cameo and Diamond Gold Rings, Gold and Silver Watches.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY, AND ALL WORK WARRANTED. CALL ON The Belvedere SALOON.

THE WAGON ARTIST. May be found at his shop on Street, Heppner. He works up lumber into all kinds of wagon work and repairs to building wagons.

WILLOW CREEK SAWMILL. MEERS & SCOTT, Proprietors. Sixteen miles from Heppner. Good Roads and Plenty of Lumber.

STOCKRAISERS! Cattie branded and ear-marked as follows: Bows, 1/2 right shoulder.

NOTICE OF INTENTION. Land Office at LaGrande, Or., July 9, '87. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim.

NOTICE OF INTENTION. Land Office at LaGrande, Or., July 11, '87. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim.

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HUGH CONWAY. Thrilling Tale of the Trials and Troubles of THE TABBIES AND TALBERTS. (Continued from last week.)

Three days after this Sarah made a discovery, or rather completed her inquiry into Hervey's real motives. By persistently inquiring and watching in the most judicious manner she had discovered that the man who had been so kind to her was not what she had supposed.

Beattie heard her in silence. Then she spoke coldly and gravely. Events were fast making a woman of her. "Sarah," she said, "I will see Mr. Hervey, and if he really will see him I will see him. I will see him, I will see him, I will see him."

He roused his respect that she would sign the false declaration of age. "I will not," she said. "I will not sign that paper. I will not sign that paper. I will not sign that paper."

When Beattie got away from this storm of words, she walked back home with a lump in her head. Once inside the door she fainted.

Three days afterwards she read that Marie Hervey had been brought before the Magistrate on a charge of forgery, and committed for trial. She found means to send him a message, asking if he had money to pay for his defense.

Now the weakest part of her nature, a part no doubt inherited from Sir Malugay, showed itself. She let things drift. To a girl of her age, five years seems as long as a century.

What were her feelings when the truth first came home to her? When she knew she could help herself no longer? When no longer ignorant of what was going on?

Even then she would not go to her friends and tell them all. Still those long uncertain years stretched out before her. If she could only succeed this new trouble as she had handled her marriage, there was peace—peace for years.

Until the child was born Beattie's prayer was as a secret wish, and it might die. Can a woman, more pitifully framed by a God, than the truth could be told to all?

There was a sharp-pointed knife lying on the table. Beattie's fingers mechanically pressed themselves to the handle. "If you will," she said, "I think I shall kill you."

She looked at him and again wondered how she could have ever loved this wretched man. "I will do it," she said. "I will do it, I will do it, I will do it."

Another name was on her lips, and she was about to speak. She had intended to do so, but she had not time. In fact, she had not time to do so. In fact, she had not time to do so.

Beattie made no reply. She drew her marble hand across her eyes. "Don't like my name," she said. "I don't like my name. I don't like my name. I don't like my name."

"I will not," she said. "I will not sign that paper. I will not sign that paper. I will not sign that paper."

He kept his own appearance in sympathy with the surroundings. He wore slippers which he had changed at the door.

He had a chair, a table, a lamp, a clock, a picture, a book, a box, a bag, a bundle, a parcel, a package, a parcel, a package, a parcel, a package.

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"You lie," said Hervey coarsely. "It is more." Beattie flushed. She half rose from her seat, then returned to it without troubling to reply.

"Take it for argument's sake it is," said the man. "Now for the conditions. It is that you never seek me, never trouble me, never make known to any one that I am your wife."

"You have kept the secret then?" "One other person knows it, my faithful servant."

"That hag! Of course you hoped I should die in the five years." "No," said Beattie simply; "but I hoped I might."

The duel was progressing. The advantage was yet on Beattie's side. Hervey's turn was to propose. "Listen," he said; "I have a proposal to make and conditions." Beattie bent her head.

"You have two thousand five hundred a year. The hundred a year is for the first five years. The hundred a year is for the first five years."

"I have named them already," said Beattie coldly. "Hear me, I say," said Hervey bringing his hand down on the table, and speaking in grim earnest. "I will go away, never seek you, never trouble you so far as you pay the money; but before I go, here he bent forward and spoke to her in a low voice—

"before I go you shall come to my home, in these rooms, and for a month shall live here as my wife. All your five relations, all your dear friends shall know you are the wife of Maurice Hervey, forger, felon, and at present, thief-of-the-man's money. After that I'll leave you and take the man."

Beattie made no reply. She drew her marble hand across her eyes. "Don't like my name," she said. "I don't like my name. I don't like my name. I don't like my name."

"I will not," she said. "I will not sign that paper. I will not sign that paper. I will not sign that paper."

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so attentive to me at dinner last week," said Beattie placidly. "Oh, nonsense! It's a mere nothing to me. But why should they have your money for nothing and lend it out at seven or eight per cent?"

Beattie could give no reason. She simply said she wished it to remain as it was for a while. Hervey and Herbert began to wonder if she had asked any scheme for continuing a hospital, or restoring the parish church.

However, the money lay idle and at all, and if Hervey's explanation of the method by which bankers make fortunes was correct, the page in the book on the best-kept ledger, headed "Beattie's Name," must have been a gratifying sight for the Messrs. Furlong and the rest of the firm.

Now among other cashiers at the Blacktown Bank there was—perhaps there is now—one who should have been prominently on account of his general smartness and spruceness. A young man who, more fortunate than many, had been thrown into the very position of life for which he was suited, possessing a good deal of cold, dry, sunny brains.

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