THE GAZETTE.

HEPPNER, THURSDAY, AUG. 18, '87.

IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

Twilight Thoughts in the Tall Timber.

"All aboard for the mountains!" The driver cracked his whip, the horses sprung into a trot, and the huge farm wagon gave a sudden lurch which caused two or three members of the party to perform sudden and not over-graceful efforts to maintain a sitting position. A laugh and a shriek from the ladies, a hurrah from the gentlemen, and we were off for a whole week's picnic in the Blue mountains. After toiling up sundry hills and rattling down the same

AT BREAK-NECK SPEED,

Now passing some out-of-the-way ranch, stopping to quench our thirst at some wayside spring, laughing, jesting, singing, we at noon stopped to discuss our first meal in the open air. Before it was finished distant mutterings of thunder warned us of the approach of a storm. The horses were hastily housed in a stable belonging to some English gentlemen at whose place we had stopped to "noon." The canvas was stretched over the wagon while we took refuge in the house, whose proprietors kindly tendered their hospitality for the night. The rain soon came down in torrents accompanied by spiteful little gusts of wind that sent the dust through a broken pane of glass into my eyes as I sat near the window trying to while the tedious hours away by reading a story by that charming authoress Rhoda Broughton.

Morning broke clear and warm and we were soon on the road, and by 10 o'clock reached the timber. Oh, how sweet the

SMELL OF THE PINE!

How grateful the sight of the green wood. It seemed to carry us back a whole decade to the home of our childhood in the midst of just such a forest, part of which had been cleared away to give room for the waving grain fields and apple orchard. As I close my eyes and listen to the "soughing" of the pines and breathe the subtle perfume, I can almost persuade myself that it is home and myself a child again, and at night lying awake to look up at the countless stars which appear to be only a little above the tops of the huge trees whose soft, weird music at length charmed me into forgetfulness.

The next few days were full of pleasures—hunting huckleberries

FAR UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE;

Fishing in the silent pools that yielded up the speckled mountain trout to swell our bill of fare; gathering mosses and ferns which had to be thrown away upon reaching home because of their crushed and ruined condition. After several days spent thus we reluctantly turned our faces homeward, casting many longing glances backward as we left the green trees and grateful shade behind and with no incident worth mentioning, reached home to take up again the cares and burdens of every-day life—to be men and women again and not the boys and girls we had played to be while in the mountains. Rested, refreshed, a little nearer to God, I think, from the closer communion with Nature, which is only a manifestation of Himself; stronger, better, with a better appreciation of our homes and the comforts of civilization, and with a strong determination to go to the mountains again next year, and to all you who dwell in regions where there is no timber we say "go ye and do likewise."

BESSIE.

FIRE AND WATER.

Let not the good people of Heppner town think for a moment that their fire and water questions are settled. They are important issues, and will continue to intrude themselves until they are settled in some way. These questions should be fully discussed from all points of the compass, all parties keeping in view the bald-headed, common-sense fact that something should be done and some course marked out to insure the safety of the town. The fire-fiend shows no mercy when he does come, but a good supply of water and fire apparatus tend to make him a little less of a ruthless destroyer. If a full supply of running water for all purposes cannot be had, let the matter of digging a few big fire cisterns be looked into. Located in the business center of the city they might be the means of saving the whole works when fierce flames were getting a start. Nothing will ever be done until something is done, and a start should be made before a fire gets the advantage of the town's present defenceless position.

A Public Necessity.

The question of giving the John Day and Long creek settlers a short and direct road to Heppner, and at the same time opening up to settlement the extensive scope of country in the southeastern part of Morrow county, is getting into proper shape to soon become a reality. It will develop much territory that is now wild and unused, will create a great deal of taxable property, will furnish homes for many people, and will be productive of good all around. The Heppner board of trade is now giving the matter its proper attention, and the county court will take action at its next session, Sept. 5. The proposed road is a public necessity, and is bound to be put through.

Death of a Pioneer.

O. H. Hallock, a pioneer of the Heppner country, died at his home in Heppner Monday. He was 63 years of age and a native of New York state. The funeral took place Tuesday under the auspices of the Heppner Masonic lodge, and was largely attended by friends and relatives.

A two-week camp-meeting begins today on Straw fork, six miles from Fossil.

DIRE DISASTER.

A Train Goes Through a Bridge In Illinois.

KILLING, CRUELLY CRIPPLING

And Maiming Men, Women and Children. Horrible Scenes.

Near Chatsworth, Ill., Wednesday night, an excursion train on its way to Niagara falls went through a burning bridge, resulting in a fearful loss of life and limb. The train was running a mile a minute when it suddenly shot onto a bridge across a dry ravine. The bridge had been burning some time, having been fired, it is thought, from burning brush near by. The first engine passed over all right, but the other was completely wrecked, together with ten coaches and baggage cars. Engineer McClintock was

INSTANTLY KILLED,

Two firemen and the other engineer escaping serious injury. The ten cars were piled on top of the two engines, being telescoped and piled across and on top of each other. It is miraculous how any one escaped, as the coaches and engines do not occupy over two lengths of the track. In one coach not a person escaped. In another only a lady.

The night was pitch dark and raining. Four hundred excursionists from Peoria, Canton, Eureka and other places, many of them well known and highly respected throughout central Illinois, were aboard. The shrieks and groans of the [illegible] were heard on all sides.

Every timber beam represented a crushed human frame or a broken bone. The air was filled with the cries of wounded and the shrieks of those about to die, the groans of men, the screams of women united made an appalling sound. Above all could be heard the agonizing cries of children. In some instances they lay pinned alongside of their dead parents. There was another terrible danger yet to be met. The bridge was still burning and the wrecked cars were lying around the fiercely burning embers. Everywhere in the wreck were wounded and unhurt men, women and children. Whole lives could be saved if they could be gotten out, but whose death was most certain if the twisted wood of the broken

CARS CAUGHT FIRE,

And to fight the fire there was not a drop of water, and only some 50 able-bodied men who had still presence of mind and nerve enough to do their duty. All the railway disasters of this country were surpassed. The train was composed of six sleeping coaches, six day coaches and chair cars and three baggage cars. It was carrying 960 passengers.

It lacked just five minutes of midnight. Down in the ditch lay the second engine. Engineer McClintock was dead and Fireman Applegate badly injured. On top of each other, like a child's card house after he has swept his hand, comes the six day coaches. They are telescoped as cars never were before, and three of them were pressed into just enough space for one. The smoker had been mounted off its trucks and crushed through the car ahead of it crushing the woodwork aside like tinder and resting on top of the seats, while every passenger in the front car lay dead and dying underneath. But four people came out of that car alive. On top of the second car lay the third. The only light was the light of the burning bridge and with so much of its aid about 50 uninjured men went to work to subdue the flames. For four hours they

FOUGHT LIKE FIENDS,

And for four hours victory hung in the balance. Earth was the only weapon with which the fire could be fought, and there was no pick or shovel to dig it up, no basket or barrel to carry it in, so they desperately dug their fingers down in the earth, which a long drouth had baked as hard as stone, and heaped the precious handfuls thus hardly won upon the encroaching flames, and with this earthwork, built handful by handful, they kept back the fire. While this was going on the other brave men crept underneath the wrecked cars beneath the fire and the wooden bars which held prisoners so many precious lives, and with pieces of boards sometimes in their hands beat back the flames when they flashed alongside of some unfortunate who was pinned down by a beam, and looked as if his death by fire looked certain. While the fight was thus going on the ears of the workers were filled with

THE GROANS OF THE DYING

Men, the anguished entreaties of those whose death seemed certain unless the terrible blaze could be extinguished, and the cries of those too badly hurt to care in what manner the end were brought about the sooner they were out of pain, was touching. Many of them dug up the earth with their hands, reckless of the blood streaming out from their broken finger nails, heaping it up in little mounds, while all the time came the heartrending cries: "for God's sake don't let us burn to death!" But finally the victory was won.

THE FIRE WAS PUT OUT

After four hours of endeavor and as its last spark died away a light came up in the east to take its place and dawn came on a scene of horror. While the fight had been going, men had been dying and there were not so many wounded to take out of the wreck as there had been four hours before. In the meantime the country had been aroused. Help had come from Chatsworth, Forest and Piper City. As the dead were laid alongside of each other out in the cornfield there were ready hands to take them to Chatsworth, while some of the wounded were taken to Piper City.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN

Was the awful pile of the dead, while the wounded numbers four times that number. The full number of the dead can't be told for days. The town of Chatsworth was turned into a morgue. The town hall, the engine house and depot were all full of dead bodies, while every house in the little village had its quota of the wounded. There were over 100 corpses lying in the extemporized dead house. Every man and woman were turned into amateur but zealous nurses. Over in the lumber yard the noise of hammers and saws rang out in the [illegible] and the busy carpenters were

MAKING ROUGH COFFINS

To carry to their homes the dead bodies of the excursionists who 12 hours before had left their homes full of pleasurable expectations of the enjoyments they were going to have during the vacation begun. Mothers, husbands, brothers, sisters, wives, children, tearfully inspected each face as it was uncovered, and sighed as the features were unknown to them, or cried out in anguish when the well-known face, mangled, but yet recognizable, was uncovered. The entire capacity of the village was taxed, and kind-hearted women drove in for miles around to give their gentle aid to the sufferers.

The latest is that two men are under arrest charged with setting fire to the bridge.

The wheat market is at a standstill in San Francisco, with a downward tendency. At Walla Walla price seems to be down to about 43 cents.

Among others, death overtook Senator Sargent of California the past week.

HEPPNER MILITARY COMPANY.

The above organization met at Odd Fellows' hall Saturday evening and was mustered into the service of the state by Col. Saylor. The commissioned and non-commissioned officers and privates on the roll are as follows:

OFFICERS:

Wm. Warren, Captain. C. N. Clark, 1st lieut. P. O. Borg, 2d lieut.

WARRANT OFFICERS:

Otis Patterson 1st sergt. F. Rogers, 2d sergt. G. W. Harrington 3d sergt. W. J. McAtee 4th sergt. P. Quaid 5th sergt. Geo. Noble paymaster. A. Smith armorer. L. McAtee drummer.

PRIVATES:

C L Andrews,	Wm Cantwell,
W J French,	J H Fell,
D P Garrigues,	D A Herren,
M D Hayman,	B A Hunsaker,
F M Koontz,	Thos Morgan,
M C McDougall,	R Neville,
J W Rasmus,	W H Sayer,
L J Shaner,	N S Whetstone,
A Wells,	W C Hoagason,
A M Webb,	Walter Fell,
Leon Logan,	Frank Shipley,
Harry Warren,	E Nordyke,
C R Keithley,	T W Ayers, Jr
C A Brown,	Dave McAtee,
James W Fisher,	J A W Hall,
F M Sanders,	J A W Coffee,
C P Mallory,	Chas M Jones.

Rates on Wool.

A dispatch from Washington to the Oregonian says: Ayers & Fell, of Castle Rock and Arlington, Oregon, wool and commission merchants, complain to the interstate commerce commission that the Union Pacific railway company and navigation company secretly, and without the ten days' notice required by the interstate commerce act, put in effect a new classification and greatly increased tariff, which causes great loss to petitioners, their eastern correspondents, wool producers and dealers generally. Large quantities of wool, it is said, have been bargained for and purchased at prices which would not have been paid had freight rates been known. The new classification makes no distinction between wool in sacks and in bales, which operates, it is charged, as a discrimination against petitioners' presses.

The new tariff is said to bear date of May 15, and purports to go into effect May 25, but as a matter of fact it is charged that the tariff was not printed till May 23, and was not posted or in any way made known to shippers until June 1st.

Complainants place the amount of their damage at $5000. They petition for redress. This complaint is accompanied by a petition bearing the signature of 37 firms and individuals, each controlling between 100 and 1600 sheep, asking for speedy action upon the complaint, declaring their familiarity with the facts set forth, and their opinion that discriminations are disadvantageous to the entire wool growing interest of Eastern Oregon.

On the Warpath.

Dispatches from Colorado say that the White river Utes are again in warpaint. The last grand jury indicted two Colorow bucks for horse stealing. Three or four days since Sheriff Kendall with a small posse of men started for the White river country to arrest the two bucks, who with a number of this band of renegade Indians, were camped in the vicinity of Meeker, close to the scene of the Meeker massacre of 1879. This morning a courier from there arrived in town with a requisition from the mayor of Meeker on the mayor of Glenwood Springs for arms and ammunition. Several men with about 40 Winchesters started at once. The country fears that the sheriff and posse will be massacred in the Indian camp and demand the bucks from chief Colorow. The old renegade refused to surrender them to the sheriff or allow them to be arrested, swearing by his forefathers that "we heap big Injun; own whole country; damn sheriff; damn law; damn white man; no arrest Injun." They began firing on the sheriff's men and the fire was returned, killing one Indian. The Indians retired to the brush and kept up the firing and shooting at every one in sight. They are now gathering their whole band together, which consists of 50 or 60 warriors. They have sent to the agency for more of these renegades who will join them if they are not prevented. Trouble of a serious nature is feared, as Colorow is threatening destruction and to go on the warpath.

The latest from the front is that a battle has been fought, five Indians killed, and that they ask for a 15-day truce to pack their wounded back to the agency.

Giant Powder.

A San Francisco dispatch of the 11th says: An explosion occurred at the works of the Blakely Giant Powder company, located in West Berkeley, opposite this city, at 1:45 this afternoon. The shock was of such force as to severely shake all the large buildings of the city, and to create an impression that an earthquake had occurred. The first report from the scene of the explosion stated that thirty Chinamen employed about the works had been killed. As an illustration of the force of the explosion it is only necessary to mention that windows were shattered along the entire battery front of this city, with intervening spaces of six miles from the scene of the explosion across the bay. A number of large panes of glass were broken in business blocks five blocks from the water front, and the buildings themselves were sharply rocked. A second explosion occurred a few moments after the first one, caused, as it is supposed, by the explosion of the storage house adjoining the powder works proper. The force of the explosion was such as to destroy temporarily all telegraphic communication with the city.

Children Cruelly Crushed.

Saturday Mr. Jackwith started out of Portland, having in his wagon four children. When about 3½ miles out on the Jefferson street road he got out of his wagon, allowing the children to drive, and walked along with D. M. Gault, who was behind with a load of hay. At this point a fire on the steep hillside was burning among the trees, brush and fallen logs for the purpose of cleaning the land. Suddenly and without warning, a burning tree toppled over and fell in front of the wagon containing the children, and a large limb fell among them, seriously injuring two of the occupants of the wagon. Herbert Humphrey, a lad of 11 years, was struck across the head and several scalp wounds inflicted. He was unconscious for several hours. His sister, May, aged 13 years, was struck on her spinal column, and her side and lower limbs paralyzed. It is feared that the paralysis of the young girl may be permanent, and she rendered a cripple for life.

$1,000,000.

It is thought that the above amount will about cover the loss by the fire at Pittsburg, Pa., Friday night. The fire originated in the carpet store of H. Holtzman where a small party of gentlemen were waiting in the upholstering department, when one of them lighted a cigar and thoughtlessly threw the match into a waste paper basket, and in a few moments the entire room was in a blaze. Efforts were made to extinguish the flames, but the light material burned so rapidly the fire was soon beyond control.

A WEARY WIFE.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dewdrop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the sky are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.
The men are wanting their breakfast early;
She must not linger, she must not wait;
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly
Are what men give when the meals are late.

Oh, glorious colors and clouds are turning,
If she could but [illegible] over hills and trees;
But here are the [illegible] and here is the churning;
These duties [illegible] must yield to these.
The world is filled with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot and her hands grow weary;
Oh, for an hour to cool her head
Out with the birds and winds so cheery!
But she must get dinner and make her bread.
The busy men in the hay-field working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,
Would think her lazy and call her shirking,
And she never could make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her
Hungers for beauty and things sublime,
They only know that they want their dinner,
Plenty of it and yet on time.
And after the sweeping and churning and baking,
And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and chores draws nigh.

Trout Lake Country.

Capt. C. S. Rinehart, editor of the Goldendale Sentinel, has been making a trip to the upper end of Trout lake, in the Klickitat country, and jots down the following [illegible] quite the style for [illegible] a week or two for [illegible] mountains during the [illegible] it is certainly an industrious and faithful practice, if [illegible] the mountains for a week or two. I will break the monotony of housekeeping, and probably save a doctor's bill. It will be healthy to both body and mind to leave the cares of home and basin behind, to drink the fine mountain water, feast the eyes on waving trees, grotesque and beautiful wild flowers, the ears on the gurgling melodies of rippling brooks and the stomach on fresh trout and tender grouse. No matter if you get a little dirty and sunburnt. The sourness will wear off and the dirt you can wash off. Upon your return you will enter upon the routine duties of life with more zest, and will have had a pleasant trip to think about. It will pay a hundred different ways.

Much of the grandeur of the famous Ice Caves in the region of Trout lake seems to be disappearing, if indeed it was ever more wonderful than it is at present, and we see reason to believe that it was. Tales of finding perpetual ice from ten to twenty feet below the surface of the ground, is of course a thing of wonder, and we presume that early in the spring before any of the ice has melted, it is indeed a grand sight. But at this time aside from the ice that covers the floor is a few icicles hanging from the cave, and a pyramid four or five feet high where the water has been dripping enough from overhead, and the natural interest that always attaches to an immense cave in the ground, there is to us nothing very inspiring in the sight.

The White Salmon river is about the size of the Biglickitat, and it has a milky white appearance, and almost its entire source goes roaring and pitching down over the rocks between the almost perpendicular hills, and for grandeur far surpasses anything we saw.

Red fir predominates in the timber, but we saw large aunts of white fir, some yew, tamarack, pine, maple, soft maple with leaves a foot broad, dog wood and undergrowth of every description.

The falls of the White Salmon, just above the bridge are a beautiful sight. We passed through some of the finest fir timber that it [illegible] been our lot to see [illegible] on account of it and floating down [illegible] 24 miles. There are but a few settlers along the White Salmon on that side above the falls; in fact the timber is generally so thick that there is room for but few. We saw only one small band of sheep on the trip, and that was on this side of the outlet, making its way slowly toward Mt. Adams. The sheep are all back six or eight miles from the settlements, and so far as we have heard, peace and quiet prevail.

The late frost nipped the wild blackberry crop this season, but we noticed a number of Indians heading for the huckleberry patch, and we presume they are not injured. Six miles from Gilmer we can in sight of Camas prairie, and from Noah Chapman's at the head of the prairie to Mr. H. F. Troh's at the foot, some six or seven miles distant, and from one to two miles wide the country is one solid meadow, upon which wild grass and timothy grow in profusion and every barn is full.

Credit at Home, Cash Abroad.

The Goldendale Sentinel says: Some of our merchants are complaining, and with consistency, that they are treated badly by a class of our citizens who come to them for accommodations when they have no money, and when they get a little ready money, instead of paying up the bills, which in many instances are my old, or spending their ready money where they get their credit, they send it away to some foreign establishment, because they can get goods a few cents cheaper; to an establishment that they would not think of asking for two cents of credit for two hours. It must be borne in mind that our local merchant could sell much cheaper if their customers were as prompt in paying them the cash as they are in sending it to foreign companies. Again, they consistently urge, that while foreign establishments may send certain goods to this county for a little less price than they can afford to sell, it is to the merchants of Goldendale, and not to outsiders, that the people of this county appeal when they [illegible] for the building of churches, schools or charitable purposes of all kinds. The right thinking person will see that there is more in this question than the mere price of goods.

Near Condon.

Shannus Cobb, Jr., writes as follows to the Arlington Times: The harvest is about over, hands scarce. Many have left, seeking work abroad, and so left few to do the work at home. Hay is nearly all bought up at a higher price than that of last year. The spring crop is much poorer than expected. Potatoes are not good in some localities, on account of the late frosts. There is a general complaint of timber seeds not coming up this season; trees will be in demand. Nothing much can be done with hay as long as the heavy wind blows, and stacks not protected are diminishing. Hon. G. H. predicts a very cold winter, "an old cow killer." Stockmen generally are preparing for it as there is more money in hay than in hides and pelts.

The Washington Filth.

The mortality among the very young and very old, in Washington has been very great and superinduced by the terrible heat of the last four weeks. The babies succumb oftenest, for out of a list of eight deaths in one day seven were infants under one year. There is no prospect of relief, either, for the sun continues to shine with unabated vigor and the frequent showers bring no change of temperature. Under such a stress it is impossible not to talk about the weather.

Missing Moisture.

This has been a dry season in Eastern Oregon, and it has retarded prosperity, but the outlook for the agriculturist in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, and the southern part of Michigan and Wisconsin is gloomy in the extreme. These localities have been for months subject to a visitation of drouth for which a parallel can not be found in many years. During the past few weeks this state of things has been intensified in the district mentioned, and much injury to growing crops has resulted. The destruction is not uniform though. Where crops were planted late in the season, the owners will probably not realize the cost of planting. Of necessary feed for live stock there will be an appalling dearth, and prices of milk, meat, butter, cheese and other farm products may be expected to rise to an unprecedented height. The effect for a year to come will be felt in all quarters, in trade and business, as well as in agricultural districts. The railroads will feel it; the grain will not be there to ship, neither will fattened stock be there to haul to the central markets. Already farmers are disposing of herds of half fattened swine, and even horses and cows are being disposed of at 25 per cent of their ordinary value. A large burden will fall upon the shoulders of the people next year.

Indispensible to the Toilet.

Darby's Prophylactic Fluid cures chafing, eruptions and inflamation of all kinds; cures inflamed or sore eyes; relieves pains from bites or stings of insects and sore feet; destroys all taint of perspiration or [illegible] from the and [illegible] part in. Used as a dentifrice it purifies the breath; preserves the teeth and cures toothache; sore gums and canker. A little of the Fluid in the water used in bathing is very refreshing and especially beneficial to the Sick.

Steers Wanted.

Anyone having some three and four-year-old steers to sell can find a cash customer by applying to the Newton Ranch Co., near Heppner.

The Pioneer Hotel.

Main Street, Heppner, has been reopened by Mr. Henry Smith, who will accommodate guests at the following rates: Meals, 25 cents; beds, 25 and 50 cents. The house has been refitted and refurnished throughout, and will be conducted in first-class manner.

Heppner & Blackman's Locals.

Most complete assortment of wall paper, borders and ceiling ornaments just arriving at Heppner & Blackman's.

Chew Heppner & Blackman's new brand of big ring. Five plugs for two dollars.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

HEPPNER
Planing and Chop Mill

Rough and Dressed Lumber, Shingles, Moldings and all Kinds of Building Material Constantly on Hand.

Chopping Done and Lumber Dressed on Short Notice.

J. A. W. Coffey, Proprietor.
219

A full Assortment of
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
OPTICAL GOODS, ETC., AT THE
--City--
JEWELRY STORE!
Main St. Heppner, Ogn.
NEXT TO ODD FELLOWS' HALL.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN DUST-PROOF WATCHES FROM $11 UP.
Repairing well done. Satifaction Guaranteed.

HEPPNER
FLOURING MILL Co.,
HEPPNER, OREGON.
J. B. SPERRY, NELSE JONES,
PROPRIETORS.
This Mill has been Enlarged and Improved, and will be still further enlarged in the near future.
The Flour and Feed manufactured will be of the best possible quality, and warranted in every respect.
Flour and Millfeed is now on sale in quantities to suit purchasers.

Say, Sheepmen!
CHRISTY & WISE
THE
WOOL!
Commission Merchants
Are now in the field to
Make Cash Advances!
And are represented by
Minor, Dodson & Co.
Office: Ainsworth Bank Building,
Third Street Portland, Oregon.

TIME FLIES!
WELL, WELL, LET IT FLY!
There are no flies on the Fact that an
IMMENSE
Stock of No. 1 Hardware!
Agricultural Implements,
And Everything in that line of Goods
are kept by
M. V. HARRISON!
ARLINGTON, : : : OREGON.

LOOK TO
YOUR OWN INTEREST!
Buy Your Goods
WHERE YOU
Can Buy the Cheapest!
We have now on hand a complete stock of staple and fancy goods, which were bought at lowest possible prices for good goods, and which we now offer our customers at bedrock prices. Buying for cash and selling for cash enables us to do business on a small margin. A fresh stock of groceries always on hand.
MINOR, DODSON & CO'S.

MAT LICHTENTHAL'S
CHICAGO
Cash Boot and Shoe Store
Having just received a large and complete stock of first-class Boots and Shoes, I am now prepared to furnish any article in that line at fair prices.
I will continue to do custom work and repairing, as usual.
Shop enlarged and refitted throughout. New stock and every goods.

W. J. LEEZER. P. C. THOMPSON
LEEZER & THOMPSON,
—DEALERS IN—
HARDWARE,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
SHELF HARDWARE, Bird-Cages, Rope, Nails, Cutlery, Wood and Willow Ware, Granite Ware, Etc.
MAIN STREET, - - - - HEPPNER, OREGON

OTIS PATTERSON. B. A. HUNSAKER.
PATTERSON & HUNSAKER.
(Successors to OTIS PATTERSON
—DEALERS IN—
HARDWARE,
TINWARE,
COPPERWARE,
GRANITEWARE,
PUMPS, GAS PIPE,
NAILS, ETC., ETC,
JOB WORK EXECUTED IN A SKILLFUL MANNER.
MADDOCK CORNER, - - - HEPPNER, OREGON.

Heppner : Drug : Store!
J. S. PORTER, : : PROPRIETOR.
In the Leezer & Thompson Building, Main Street, Heppner.
—DEALER IN—
Drugs, Patent Medicines, Stationery, Cigars, Sheet Music, Harmonicas, Novels, Shoulder Braces, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Notions, etc., etc.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded, Day or Night, and Especial Attention Paid to Family Recipes.

FIRE Insurance and all kinds of Land Business at Hepp. Gazette Shop!
Save your Substance from the Destroying Angel by keeping your Property well Insured. You can't afford to do otherwise. The Heppner Gazette office represents the Oregon Fire and Marine, the Hamburg-Bremen and other first-class companies.

THE GAZETTE LAND OFFICE
Announces that it is prepared to make homestead, pre-emption and timber-culture filings or final proofs, to conduct contests, make out mortgages, deeds, leases, notes, agreements, etc., and attend to any kind of land or notary business. Upper Main street, Heppner.

A Car-load of Fine Stallions.
Jesse Harris will be in the Lone Rock country with a car-load of Clydesdales and Cleveland Bay stallions, about the last of March. Persons wishing to buy these fine stallions can apply at Stoller & Wright's horse ranch.