THE GAZETTE.

HEPPNER, THURSDAY, AUG. 18, '87.

Local and General.

ATTENTION ALL!

The reliable firm of Heppner & Blackman is in the field to do business on legitimate principles. For variety and excellence of merchandise no firm in Eastern Oregon can undersell us. To cash customers we will meet competition, which will be of advantage to all close buyers. We maintain that we sell goods at railroad prices, freight added. Quick sales and small profits is our motto. In order to make room to enable us to remove to our elegant and costly brick building we will make sweeping reductions in all our lines of goods. Thanking the public for past favors and hoping for a liberal continuance of the same, we are, respectfully,

HEPPNER & BLACKMAN.

Girl Wanted

To do general housework in a moderate-sized family. Good wages and a permanent place. Apply for information at this office.

Born—On Rhea creek Sunday, to the wife of C. A. Rhea, a son.

At his ranch in Jones canyon Ed Kilcup is having a severe spell of illness.

Cash Mallory has just added a commodious extension to his drug store building.

Born—In [illegible] the [illegible] of W. J. [illegible] ich

[illegible] one stone of nature [illegible] whole world akin, what does one to[illegible] of colic make it?

Teachers who need monthly report cards can find them all ready-printed at the Gazette shop.

Up the creek W. R. Newman has built a big barn for Tom McCullough at the mouth of East fork.

Jim Dodson, of Arlington, has been visiting old time neighbors in the Heppner hills the past week.

Grouse are reported fat, tender and thick around Uncle John Lacknane's ranch below Caldwell grade.

At the old Gassy Smith ferry on the North fork of the Santiam Linn county is paying $7400 for a bridge.

A girl baby was added to the population of Clarke's canyon this week, Dr. Shipley being in attendance.

Silas Goff has bought the Sells ranch, on the Chesnimnis, in the Wallowa country, and will take sheep there.

Marriage licences have been issued to J. H. Ridgeway and Emily McFerrin; Geo. Mansfield and Francis Leyde.

There's a land that is better than this,
Where the wicked folks go when they die;
And they'll sing way more blister than bliss,
"We shall melt in this sweet by and by."

The finder of a dog collar with "Old Jack" engraved on the plate will be rewarded by returning it to the Gazet shop.

A Boise City wife-beating brute was fined $5 and costs, then went home and beat her again, and was fined $60 and costs.

Perry Oller, the veteran horseraiser of the Heppner hills, was in town Tuesday shaking hands with hundreds of old tillicums.

Forgetting that it is fly-time, the Oregonian thoughtlessly asks: "What is the matter with a butcher shop at Sellwood?"

While at the Joe Teal springs Geo. Harrington went out to Tom McCarty's sheepcamp and they killed a bear and four deer.

The North Dakota territorial fair offers $50 reward to any couple consenting to be married before the crowd in the main hall.

Dock Shobe is about to build a new residence on his garden tract near Emanuel Nordyke's, where he has quite an orchard growing.

Several chunks of pig-iron have been brought into the Heppner hills for the purpose of starting a strain of swing that will stand a hard winter.

As will be seen by his professional card on first page, F. J. Hallock is prepared to issue fire insurance policies in several first-class compan[illegible]

In Judith basin, Mon[illegible] ckson, formerly of Heppner, [illegible] dve head of cattle last week by [illegible] dip which they licked from the vats.

In a flighty moment an amiable married woman west of Heppner shied a stovelifter at her husband, saying that she thought he needed iron in his blood.

Hundreds of tons of good wheat hay have been delivered in Goldendale the last two weeks at $7 a ton. No stock should go hungry next winter when hay is so cheap.

Jake Cohn writes back that he found Boise City as beautiful as ever on his return home. His many friends in Heppner hope he will visit them again next year.

At Woodstock, Va., Saturday, the county judge sent U. S. Senator Riddleberger to jail for five days for contempt of court, and a crowd of Riddle's friends released him.

The Cox & English horses, shipped to Illinois last year, have become general favorites in that section, and made it fashionable for people to say "tough as an Oregon horse."

The fish commissioner says he is going fine you about $[illegible]00 if you catch salmon this month or next, but you can catch all the canned salmon you want at the usual price.

W. W. Gosney's lease on the old Jim Sperry ranch having expired, he this week moves to one he bought on Dry Buck creek, below the John [illegible]

Tom Matlock has returned from his extended tour to the eastern racetracks.

Near Milton five head of Charlie Besserer's horses working in the harvest field for Mr. Gerking, were poisoned by drinking water packed in old fish barrels.

Bolle Daugherty was over this week from his fertile springwater ranch up Butter creek. With brick buildings going up, shade trees growing up and improvements on every hand, the Heppner townsite looks different from what it did in '62, when Bolle passed here on his way to the Granite creek mines.

It costs a snug sum of money to spend a summer in Saratoga. During the regular season the hotels consider that they are doing a losing business if they charge less than $5 a day for a single room and board. Some of their cottage suits which consist of a parlor and two or three bedrooms, are rented at $250 a week.

The cavalry saddle used in the United States army is pronounced by the military men of Europe to be the most bungling and cumbersome appliance in use. In the United States it is counted a very nice little arrangement, full of lightness, handy hooks and straps, though not much account for a bucking horse.

It is sometimes quite amusing, says the Tacoma Ledger, to see the great number of Indian canoe oars and paddles which tourists bring from Alaska as old Indian relics. An old Alaska pioneer says: "The most of those paddles are made and painted by Chinamen in San Francisco, shipped to Alaska points and thousand[illegible]dian relics, brought down to Fashion[illegible] the steamers and carried [illegible] of miles away."

[illegible] note from Walla Union: Wednesday morning a curious sight was noticed on Main street bridge. A number of Umatilla squaws were driving a number of ponies into town, and in the rear of the procession of sore-eyed and sore-backed cayuses, were two Indian maidens, each attired in calico slips, riding steeds astraddle. Each held over her head a gaudy satin parasol, rich in ivory handle and fringed lace. They attracted much attention.

Blue Mountain Bear Ranch.

The eastern tourist and sight-seer should come to Heppner town and rig out for a trip through the wonderfully-weird John Day country. Among other things he will find, away up on the Middle fork of the John Day above the mouth of Big creek, a patch of brush called Hawkins flat. A very extensive patch it is. It covers the whole river bottom from bench to bench and back to bench again. Brush thick? Yes. Try to work your passage through on a horse or even afoot and see if the hawthorn, choke-cherry and elder-berry bushes haven't tangled things up pretty thoroughly. If you succeed in getting a short distance you will have to take the back track. If you try to follow along the eastern edge of the jungle the jagged rocks will sorely skin your horse's legs. The best way to get through is to take right up the river channel where it is generally wadable. Here Mr. Hawkins once started a bear ranch. Several acres of bears were put in, and they thrived fairly well till the neighbors' hogs crowded in upon them. Along the river-bars you can see the fresh tracks of the surviving bears, and their feet are well developed. They feast and fatten on the abounding hawes and choke-cherries and keep hid away in the jungle. If you camp here to get a side you will find little feed for your horses. Sheep have been there and stayed over night. The Long creek road strikes Mr. Hawkins' bear ranch at its upper end. Look out for bears while the bellwether growls.

Fatal Range Row.

A shooting affray occurred on Vessey creek, a branch of Upper Ochoco, near the residence of Henry Radle, Wednesday morning, which resulted fatally to one of the parties.

Two or three stories are afloat about the origin of the affair, but the one generally believed is as follows: Wm. Turner was herding for Linville, and he [Turner] and Linville's son were moving the sheep from one range to another, when Connett interfered and began throwing stones at the flock. The herder protested, as a matter of course, whereupon Connett drew a revolver and fired at Turner, the ball striking him in the left breast below the nipple and passing entirely through the body. At this juncture young Linville rushed up and struck Connett on the head with a revolver, felling him to the ground. As soon as Connett got up he ran away. Turner died at noon of the same day he was shot, living but a few hours. Connett was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Combs the same day the trouble occurred and brought to town.

The preliminary examination which was held on Thursday developed a case of self defense on the part of Connett, and the prisoner was discharged. It was shown by evidence that the herder, Turner, drew a revolver on Connett, without cause or provocation, and Connett, acting in self defense, drew his pistol and fired.

Insect Interests.

A correspondent of the Oregonian reports excellent results in fighting currant worms with whale oil soap applied with a whisk broom. Each worm is clubbed over the head with the heavy handle of the broom, then covered with soap, and finally whisked over the fence among the neighbor's currant trees.

A pair of elm leaf beetles showed up in Heppner this week and are now in jail in a pickle bottle. They have been offered to the Smithsonian institute for a dollar and six bits and costs.

Two dollars worth of Rose[illegible]

IN IDAHO.

Life in the Lonely Lost River Region.

Mrs. Duniway, who has been visiting her son's stock ranch in Idaho, writes as follows to the Oregonian: Imagine an oval shaped valley, with a visible area of ten by twenty miles in width and in length, settled down in a sink in the mountains at an altitude of 5000 feet above the sea level, with a swift, crooked and tree-bordered river of crystal water through its center, with numerous smaller streams coming down from the rugged mountain sides and merrily seeking the river; their courses marked by rows of alder bushes, looking from a distance as straight as arrows and greener than the ocean. All around the valley the mountains rise in sharply defined, and deeply rerrated ridges, wind-riven at their summits, timber clad in the middle, and grass covered at the bases, and you will have a birds eye view of that portion of the Lost river valley which surrounds our Idaho home. Upon obtaining a nearer view you will see that the surface of the virgin earth is covered with sagebrush of a pale green color and wonderfully uniform outline. Looking closer you will see a velvet carpet of bunchgrass growing luxuriantly under and among the sage, with now and then a stool of cactus reminding you if you walk carelessly that it is there.

Dotted at intervals on the Duniway ranch are the primitive cabins of the border, the one in which I sit as I scribble this being nestled close to the beautifully fringed and merrily ringing waters of Alder creek. This creek, upon which the ranches depend for their fertility, is just now sending out its irrigation [illegible] through fields, orchards and garden, fructifying the volcanic soil and coloring the luxuriant vegetation they visit with the deepest, brightest and most vivid shades of green and gold. Rude rail fences surround the fields and cabins and form a long, wide lane in front of the yard, past which the Blackfoot and Challis stage drives daily; and at frequent intervals the ships of the desert sail noisily by, their motive power being the twelve-mule teams that drag them along in tandem fashion, joined one behind the other in twos and threes. How it is possible for one lone driver to manage from twelve to sixteen mules hitched to three wagons, each loaded with many tons of merchandise, I'm sure I cannot tell. But one man does often manage such an outfit, doing his own rude cooking wherever night overtakes him, and sleeping near his tethered animals on the ground. Very shaggy, bronzed and travelworn are these muleteers, and exceedingly [illegible]ful they are when at their modest repast the lonely women in the rancher cabins give them loaves of morning bread of their own baking, for which they refuse the proffer of pay.

The summer climate in this valley is simply perfect. The long, delightful days are dry, breezy and bracing, and the light, limpid nights are like ether. Although there is no rain upon which to depend for crops, there are frequent electric storms in the mountains, where the pyrotechnic display of the heavens is grand beyond description. There is just enough distance between the ranchers and the storms to insure safety from the lightning flashes; and the thunder at such times is sublimely interesting, being too far away to cause alarm, and just near enough at hand to be awe inspiring. We have just had such a storm, in which sufficient rain fell in the valley to settle the dust and wash the whole face of nature as clean as a newly bathed infant. Then the black clouds rolled away and hid themselves in the mountain gorges, the lightning streaked out of sight, the thunder died away in low, muttering growls that soon ceased altogether, and the fields and gardens refreshed by the shower are more intensely green and sparkling than ever. But my reader must not think there are no drawbacks to all these accompaniments of nature, for there are.

Look Out for Fire.

On Thursday a German named Saltzman, who lives up near the Narrows south of Silverton, lost his cabin which caught fire during his absence from a log heap about 40 yards from the house, says the Appeal. Saltzman was a jeweler, and there were several watches from Silverton parties in the wreck. Marshal Marchbank's fine ten wheel, side snap patent rotary gold repeater was twisted into various grotesque shapes by the holocaust. Several other tickers shared the same fate. Mr. Saltzman is a poor man and feels his loss severely. All his household effects were destroyed. The cabin and barn of Mr. W. R. Smith up on Silver creek was also consumed by fire last week, together with all his hay and tools.

Glandered Horses.

In parts of Montana the fatal disease of glanders is prevalent among horses, and over 500 head are now quarantined. The spread of the disease is due to the fact that by a previous incumbent in the office of territorial veterinarian the affection was termed nasal gleet. The disease was thus allowed to get a foothold which is proving most dangerous to the horse interests. Where the case is well defined the animal is killed, and where any doubt exists the animal is quarantined to await development.

THRIFT AND TRADE.

Heppner's Enterprising Citizens Who Lay their Wares Before the World.

From shore to shore we pulled our oar, but found nowhere a better stock of nails, hardware, etc., than at Patterson & Hunsaker's Heppner Hardware Emporium.

The native sons of the golden west are seldom sick, but when they are, C. M. Mallory's drug store is the place to get something to cure them.

Those sleepless nights, made miserable by a tooth that aches like a breaking heart, can be turned into seasons of rest and peace by a visit to Dr. Vaughan, the dentist; office in Porter's drug store.

The careful compounding of prescriptions and the sale of fresh medicines, choice cigars, perfumery, etc., are made specialties at J. S. Porter's drug store.

No man can run a ranch to any advantage without farming implements, rope, nails, bird cages and a clothes-horse, and he should not forget to remember that he can get all these at the big hardware store of Leezer & Thompson.

School books and stationery at Minor, Dodson & Co's.

All kinds of ready-made goods and fine custom work at Mat Lichtenthal's boot and shoe store, at reasonable rates, and repairing a specialty.

Love in a cottage is all very well, but if you don't have a good cookstove to go with it, it is liable to go up the spout or stack. Get the stove at Patterson & Hunsaker's.

Messrs. Dodson & Co. have their stock the finest line of boots and shoes ever shown in Heppner. Ladies' French kid hand sewed, flexible sole a specialty.

The weather can't get so warm but what Cash Mallory's ice-cold soda water will offset it.

Justices, sheriffs and constables can now find a full stock of the new style summons blanks at the Gazette office.

At J. S. Porter's drug store all the popular syrups are ready to flavor your Arctic soda water.

For firearms and ammunition go to Minor, Dodson & Co's.

Mat Lichtenthal keeps the only special stock of boots, shoes and slippers in town, and he can suit all tastes.

Minor, Dodson & Co. are buying Morrow county scrip and paying the highest market price either in cash or goods.

The Umatilla Indians complain to the government that the agent on their ranch is too insultingly overbearing to be bearable, and the men who appointed him might have seen that in the first place.

P. O. Skoyn and Wm. Hill were arrested near Desolation whilstealing cattle. One of the cattle had been killed, and the men were engaged in "jerking" the meat. They had burned the head, bones and hide.

FINE LARGE EWES.

Some Extra-Fine Sheep Arrive in the Heppner Hills

The well-known Baldwin sheep-ranch, located on Hay creek, Crook county, will have a well-selected band fine Spanish Merino bucks for the Heppner market this season. The sheep are all large bone and frame, and first-class breeders in every respect. Mr. Lecoy, one of the partners, will be in Heppner with the bucks early in October prepared to sell at very reasonable rates and on easy terms. Sheepmen who desire to get good stock to improve their bands are advised to reserve their orders until the Baldwin ranch bucks arrive and are examined. They can well stand examination, and are bound to [illegible] These sheep are raised from the finest imported animals that can be obtained, and the blood is renewed every other year without fail.

BALDWIN SHEEP & LAND CO.,
Successors to Van Houten Bros. & Co.

Ho! Tillers of the Soil!

Grain sacks! Harvest supplies! Write for prices. Will buy wheat at Echo or Coyote, or forward grain at customary rates.

N. W. HIRSTAND,
Echo, Oregon.

Tailoring.

I have opened a well-appointed tailoring establishment in Mrs. Smith's building on May street, and am now receiving new goods and will make to order from $20 to $35. Pants made pants from $7 to $15—I have some of the finest goods in the market.

A. ABRAHAMSICK.

OLD FORT HENRIETTA.

This historical spot on the Umatilla river is now a place of thrift and trade and called Echo. There the immense Henrietta flouring mill is conducted by J. H. Koontz, an honored pioneer. He is prepared to pay cash or exchange flour for wheat. His warehouse is large and roomy, and he can handle all the wheat brought in. Mr. Koontz will also ship wheat for parties who do not wish to sell at Echo, and he has new and second-hand grain sacks for sale.

NOTICE OF MEETING OF BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.

State of Oregon, County of Morrow. } ss.

Notice is hereby given that on the last Monday in August, 1887, the Board of Equalization for Morrow county will meet at the office of the county clerk of said county, for the purpose of examining and adjusting, publicly, the assessment roll; and all persons having business with said board are hereby notified to appear at said office in county court house, Heppner, Oregon, on said date.

J. M. SHELTON,
Assessor of Morrow County.

Notice to Teachers.

Notice is hereby given that for the purpose of making an examination of all persons who may offer themselves as candidates for teachers of the schools of this county, the county school superintendent thereof will hold a public examination at Heppner, Or., to begin at noon on Wednesday, August the 31st, 1887.

J. H. STANLEY,
School Supt., Morrow county, Or.

Dated this 26th. day of July, 1887.

$15 Reward

Will be paid for the recovery of a bay mare two years old, branded X on right shoulder; no white on her; last seen in Sanford canyon in June. Deliver at Rush brothers, Rhea creek.

H. P. LONG.

Curios Wanted.

I want Indian curiosities, arrow-points, stone idols, stone representations of birds, fishes, etc.; flint knives, beads, etc., for which liberal prices will be paid. Address,

J. H. HAGENY,
Portland, Oregon.

On Timber Land.

[illegible] public

IN THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS.

A Sheepherder Strikes Oil and a New-Fangled Candle.

Geo. Brooks, who went from Heppner to Montana with Sam Carmack and herded for him a long time, has returned. He says he left Sam's ranch last spring and went prospecting in the wild Big Horn mountains. He didn't find much mineral, but claims that he did make a good oil strike, and that he is going to return to it after he makes a stake herding. He says that his prospect is in a pool in a hidden and wild gully of the Big Horn mountains. The pool is sunk in solid rock, is circular in form, is about 100 feet in circumference, waters of an unfathomable depth, and is covered with a sheet of oil, unbroken and nearly pure, to a thickness of nearly six inches. The oil is rapidly generated from the pool depths, the quantity rising above the six inch level being carried off through numerous orifices in the pool's rocky sides in constantly fed rivulets. These rivulets fall into an enormous cavity in the earth, which yawns apparently bottomless, close at hand. But this oil pool has also oil fish. These fish are in shape not unlike the eel family, and have a decided advantage over their fresh water prototypes in slippery characteristics. This singular fish is very active in movement and darts to and fro in its native oil with an almost inconceivable velocity. As the oil fish moves it leaves a luminous wave and after nightfall the surface of the pool presents the brilliant appearance of a never ending flame wave. The fish is easily caught with a hook and line and never [illegible] ingredients of candle. It fails to tempt the appetite to any great extent, as the frying pan reduces its flesh to a pan of oil. It is good for purposes of illumination. Placed head downwards in a receptacle prepared for the purpose, the tail end ignited, and the oil torch thus obtained illuminates the cabin or dugout with a glow as brilliant as it is cheap, convenient and unique. The water of the pool is rather cold immediately below the oil surface, but grows hot as greater depths are penetrated. An egg placed in a small, water tight tin vessel and lowered to a depth of 150 feet is boiled hard in four minutes. But eggs are too scarce around there to experiment with.

USEFUL AND USELESS.

A Heppner Lady Lectures her Sisters on Sewing and Such.

Heppner, Aug. 13.

The Americans, as a people, are noted for their ingenuity and for making the most out of their labor. Yet there is an immense amount of work annually performed by them that does not pay. Some years ago I was struck by the bright idea of a writer as to true economy. He advised people to save half burned lamp wicks and sew two or more together and use them again, thus avoiding the purchase of new ones. He forgot that a woman could earn the price of several wicks in less time at any other work. So saving was not worth the waste of bodily tissue and was not economy.

But here I refer to another matter: A lady of my acquaintance buys new calico and tears it into a thousand pieces that she may have the fun of sewing them together again. A variety of color and arrangement in this way may be very desirable, but they are obtained at too great a cost. At a recent fair two quilts were on exhibition, one having 13,180, the other 11,690 pieces. In this there is too much labor for the end accomplished. Life is too short to spend days, weeks, even months and years in making a quilt. There are people in the world who have nothing to do, or imagine they have not, and I would advise them to try a hand at it. But they are the last to try such herculean tasks.

In articles of common clothing there is too much of life's precious time squandered. A love for the beautiful is commendable. A man with much money in his pocket would hardly be safe in a dark place, in company with a man who has no appreciation of the beautiful. But there is a limit beyond which the result would not justify the labor. A lady may work a week, or a month, on a calico dress, and with all the frills and flounces it will be a calico dress still. With the more expensive goods the case would be different. Good goods should be well put together. Very fine goods are generally more easy for show [illegible]

HENRY HEPPNER, Arlington. HENRY BLACKMAN, Heppner.

Always in the Lead!

—TO:—

The Pioneer and Oldest-Established House

—OF—

HEPPNER & BLACKMAN!

—: DEALERS IN :—

General Merchandise,

CONTINUES TO

SELL FIRST-CLASS GOODS!

—AT THE—

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES!

Our Stock will be found Complete in Every Respect, and we shall always endeavor to retain our place

IN THE FRONT RANK!

And in the future, as in the past, we shall endeavor to continue to be the

Leading House in the Heppner Country!

Our facilities for doing busines are unexcelled by any mercantile establishment in the Northwest!

We guarantee to all our Customers Courteous Treatment and Fair Dealing. An inspection of our establishment will convince each and all as to the full and complete stock we at all times carry.

Owing to the steady increase in our business we have leased the adjoining Fireproof Stone Warehouse which gives us better facilities than ever before enjoyed.

Sole Agents for Heppner and Vicinity

—FOR THE—

Celebrated Bain Wagon;

—AND—

Knapp Burrell & Co's. Agricultural Implements.

HIDES AND PELTS BOUGHT FOR CASH OR TRADE.

HENRY HEPPNER,
Commission and Forwarding Merchant.
Ship Care of H. & B., Arlington.

Attention, Ladies!

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

On and after this date I will sell all goods in my line at Portland Prices. This is no catchpenny scheme, nor is it a bluff. It is solid fact. Please call and see my prices. No trouble to show goods at the Ladies' Furnishing Goods Store.

MRS. S. P. GARRIGUES.

HEPPNER, June 22, 1887.

Look, Look, Look! Read, Read, Read!

AND DON'T FORGET, THAT

C. M. MALLORY,

AT THE CITY DRUG STORE,

HEPPNER, OREGON.

Keeps the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Goods in his Line in Morrow County.

Comprising Pure Drugs and Chemicals, Patent Medicines, and Toilet Goods of Every Description. Also Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, Putty, Etc., Etc.

He makes a specialty of Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal [illegible] and Imported Cigars.

[illegible] Prices reasonable. Terms, Cash. [illegible]nded, day and night, and special [illegible]untry.

GUNN'S

[illegible]mith Shop!

Big Livery, Heppner, Ogn.

[illegible]eing Made a Specialty!

[illegible]ies, Ploughs and Machinery Re-[illegible]illed Workmen

[illegible]WN PRICES!