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Duck-Legged Dudes.

A couple of duck-legged dudes got into a Brook street car the other day and broke the rules of the company and insulted ladies in the car by filling it with the filthy fumes of cigarette smoke. An old negro woman carrying a bundle got into the car at Second street and was about to take her seat, when she looked around and, eyeing the dudes for a minute, fanned the smoke away from in front of her face with her open hand and said: 'Say, little boys, ef you'll fro' dem ar weeds away yer suckin' I'll gin yer er dime ter buy seegars wid; dey makes me feel sick at de stimmlek, an I'd radder ride than wark. The "little boys" didn't take the dime, but they took he hint, pulsed the strap, stop and the car o out. "Sam out a man a set of the other than while

dow, and I e excessed only The Swiss Army.

Switzerland has called out all ber armed force for campaign exercise this: year. Some of the troops will be as much as two months in the field. The little country does not propose to be caught napping by Germany.

The Little White Hearse.

Somebody's baby was buried to-day—
The empty white hearse from the grave
rumbled back.
And the anoming somehow, scenned less
smillng mad gray.
As I proceed on the walk while it crossed on

its way.

And a shadow seemed drawn o'er the sun's golden truck.

Somebody's haby was laid out to rest.

White as a snow-drop and fair to behold,
and the soft little hands were crossed over
the breast.
And the hands and the lips and the cyclids
were pressed.

With kisses as hot as the cyclids were cold.

Somebody saw it go out of her sight. Under the coffin-id, out of the door. Somebody finds only darkness and blight. All three'the glory of summer sunlight.— Some one whose baby will waken no more.

Somebody's serrow is making me weep,
i know not her name, but I echo her cry
For the dearly-bought baby she longer so to
keep.
The baby that rode to its long lasting sleep.
In the little white hearse that wind rambling

I know not her name, but her sorrow I know, While I passed on the crossing I knew it once more— And back to my heart surged that river of

That but in the treast of a mother can flow-For the little white hearse has been, too, at my door. -Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE MYSTERIOUS FLUTIST.

Last January, on the first evening hat a light snow carpeted the roofs of Paris, a closed carriage colled along the boulevards, spinning like a zebra. It was so loaded with trunks that you would have thought an actress was starting out on a journey. Worse, Within was a valetudinarian,

large and fat, one of those whom a trifle disturbs, and who think their final day of reckoning is near when they have a cold in the head. This one imagined he had weak lungs. So at the approach of cold weather he bundled himself with furs and fled to

He was a bachelor. Although could have married at any time, for he had 100,000 francs in stocks, and therefore suited many young ladies, he had been unwilling to dispose of his right hand. Next to himself, the one he loved best was the cook—not for her-self, but for her cooking. No one took better care of No. 1. Under no cir-cumstances would he have disturbed himself to do a favor. He would not have lent 5 sons to his father in the street, for it would have been necessary to unbutton his overcoat to take out

is purse. He was indeed the most extravagant crank to be met with. His most insignificant acts were on system; he slept, rose, ate, smoked, and took medicine with his watch in hand. Many curious stories were told at his expense. For instance, he was so nervous, so irritable, that he detested the songsters in the court-yards. The porter had to drive them away with a broom. To persons who persisted in singing in the street he quickly threw a half-frane on condition that they would leave. Now every time the porter lacked the price of a drink he put on a false beard and went under the window, tapping on a pan as a pre-lude to a dance. Immediately a halffranc was forthcoming.

The neighbors had to hold their sides. for there are people who cannot help

At Nice he always put up at the great United States hotel, where for lifteen years the same magnificent room, well exposed to the sun, had been reserved for his use. It was the only one he fancied, and he occupied it until April 2 at noon precisely, the hour at which he set out for Paris.

His name excited mirth. I will not attempt an explanation, but everybody smiled whenever he was introduced. He was known as M. Jaune.

Now M. Jaune arrived at Nice the day after leaving Paris at 6 o'clock in the evening. He partook of an excellent dinner—a bouillabaisse aux langoustes, a fillet marine, a quail, asparagus, and a bottle of Chatesu la With this he hoped not to die with hunger. Then, after having smoked a goo! cigar to settle his coffee

and champagne, he retired to rest. It was nine o'clock when he esconced himself in bed. He extinguished the light, and stretched himself out, anticipating sleep like a doormouse.

But scarcely had he dropped into a

doze when a flute was heard in the next apartment playing the air from Faust: "Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

The tone was sweet and silvery, so the first impression was charming; but the flutist cut short the melody at the fourth measure and repeated it several time and then rested for five minutes and resumed in like manner, stopping

'What is the matter with him?" said M. Jaune to himself. The other continued without a sign

of trouble. At the fifth rehearsal, as there is nothing so agreeable as not to weary at the the end, M. Jaune tapped on the par-tition wall. The flute was silent. Satisfied he took a potation from his night-table and closed his eyes. It was 10 o'clock. The hotel was almost empty, the greater part of the guests not having yet come in. Suddenly the peaceful slience was broken by the

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!" M. Jame grew excited.

'Whew! He is getting to be a nuisnee. If this is for an extra attraction

I will dispense with it."

He tapped loudly and cried out:
"Will you stop? If you don't I'll
gaze upon your face oretty soon!"
When M. Jaune go augry he forgot
the dictates of politeness. There was
silence again, and he began to get

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"
"Fie! The mean scamp!"
He rang for the chambermaid.

Who is this idiot of a flutist whom

have for a neighbor?" he asked.
"A flutist!" she exclaimed with a vacant air. "Why. M. Jaune, you are dreaming. The chamber is empty."
M. Jaune dared not reply. The surnise obtruded itself that perhaps he was beginning to have delusions. Be-

at hand the flutist could not be heard. But scarcely was she gone, crack: "Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!" And so on about once a minute. M. Janne floundered about and sank under

the bed-coverings exhausted. At 11 o'clock he heard some one enter. Under the partition door he saw a gleam of light. He heard the rustling of garments and preparations for bed. Atterward quiet reigned, and

he slept, as usual, until the next noon. On this second day, after having taken a walk on the Promenade Des Anglais for a sun bath, passed a little time at the club and dined composedly, went up to retire at 10 o'clock. He commenced undressing, deniv-just so-you have it:

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"
Forgetting his grotesque appearance
in his night-cap, half undressed, he
rushed down to complain to the master of the house.

"M. Favioli, why do you furnish lodgings to musical artists in a house which I thought so commendable?"

"Truely, M. Jaone, I do not know what you mean. I beg you to believe that I have regard enough for my interests to refuse those people."
"Then you have one without know-

"I beg your pardon, M. Jaune, at No. 10 is a most sedate lady, Mme. Kissmiconick of the United States, and at No. 6 is Miss Whiterose of London." "I repeat that there is a flutist at No. Perhaps the lady thrusts him into

the wardrobe when any one goes in."

'I beg your pardon again M. Jaune.
Mme. Kissmicouick enjoys an irreproachable reputation. No landford in
Nice would be willing to receive a doubtful character. Mme. Kissmiconiek is a mature widow. If she flirted it would be seriously, and as she weight some 200 pounds it would not be with a flute. She would take at least a clarionet. This lady goes every evening into the best society, and returns

at 11 o'clock.' M. Jaune, disconcerted went back to his room. However, his head was scarcely on the pillow-crack! you have

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"
"Flute again!" exclaimed M. Jaune.
He rang for the chambermaid. "Ask your master to come here.

M. Favioli burried up.
'Listen, pray,' said M. Jaune.
M. Favioli endeavored to hold his breath. Of a sudden two philandering cats set up a caterwauling on the bal-

"I hear only two cats talking love to each other," said M. Favioli. "I hear them, too," M. Jaune chimed in. "Be patient! The flute will be-

gin again."
M. Favioli held his breath.

Suddenly, crack, the flute! "Let, oh, let me guze upon thy face!" M. Jaune, in agitation, struck against the wall, while W. Favioli burst into stand many hard knocks.

loud laughter.
"I have it, M. Jaune-I have it. I present you to the artist. Please follow

He took a light, and opening Mme. Kissmicouick's door with his pass-key. he pointed to a cage on the table in which a bird similar to our blackbirds was moving his head about and singing without a semblance of fear.
That is Mme. Kissmicouick's flute,

M. Jaune—an Australian nightingale. These birds learn an air perfectly and in the night charm the neighbors

Somewhat calmer, for it was folly to get angry with a bird, M. Jaune said: "Propose to the lady to sell it to me. Go as high as 500 francs, that I may have the satisfaction of wringing its

"Well, M. Jaune, I will speak to her

this evening."
M. Favioli complied with his Kissmiconick sent promise, but Mme. Kissmicouick sent him walking. "Five hundred francs!" she cried.

'I think as much of it as a Chinaman of his pigtail. Say to that fellow that I will not sell my bird for \$500, for it is a souvener of my husband."

The word 'fellow' touched M.
Jaune's sensibility; he grew red in the

face and threatened retaliation. As Mme Kissmicouick was ac-customed to sleep from 2 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon he scraped on a violin. 200 times in succession, the first four

measures of "Returning from the Re-Unfortunately for his plan Mme. Kissmicouick was deaf of one ear. She lay on the other and slept with the

serenity of a marmot. In the evening, still in a perspiration, delighted with having silenced the bird, if not the mistress, he promised him-

self a fine sleep.

But hark! Suddenly in the silence, erack! you have it. No. you don't have

The bird, which had it appeared, a prodicious memory, began to sing, "Returning from the Review," without prejudice. Instead of one annoyance Jaune had two.

couick's door. By chance she had not locked it. He burried to the cage, and with a heart full of bitterness threw into it a biscuit dipped in arseniate of potash and tripped back again to

But, far from making away with it. A man hearing that a raven would set, as the cruel lording hopse, the live 200 years, bought one is try it.

bird sang twice a minute instead of ouce, and then as though it had two throats, it warbled the two airs to-gether, "Let Me," and "The Review." Furious, M. Jaune ran again to the door of the American lady. She had now come in and locked it, but it gave

way under the impact of his shoulder.
"Madame," cried he, your conditions, no matter what they are. P"

"Indeed, sir" she replied, her face suffused with blushes, "you have broken into my domicile with a high hand. Save my honor! Marry met" "Beelzebub may take you first!" exsides, so long as the chambermaid was claimed M. Jaune, without any French courtesy.

"Then I shall appeal to the law." Pestered by the endless troubles which pursued him M. Jaune was finally

"I consent if you let me kill that miserable parrot."

"I est hand him over to you willingly on the day of the nuptials, dear M. John." She thought that his name was John instead of Jaune.

M. Jaune led Mme Kissmiconick to the

"I will be so disagreeable," said he to himself, "that she can not endure me and will hurry off to her own

country. Now, on returning from the review excuse me, I mean from the church —he promised himself the inhuman satisfaction of having the nightingale fricasseed and served with his dinner. Nevertheless Mme.Jaune-Kissmicoulek

graciously handed him the cage.
Zounds! What a surprise! It was a
stuffed bird which a Paris artisan
had mounted as a singing-bird. In order to keep the wheels from rusting the lady wound it up every evening be-

fore going out. The other nightingale, which M. Jaune had taught to sing the "Review," was that of Miss Whiterose at No. 6. In face of such contempt M. Janne has entered a complaint to annul the marriage for error of person-or rather for error of bird .- Translated from the

French for the San Francisco Cali. ABOUT YOUR FALSE TEETH. Durability of Artificial Molars and Otl

Gossip About Teeth. "How long do false teeth wear?" an experienced dentist was asked the other day by a reporter of the Boston Her-

"You might as well say 'How long does a suit of clothes wear?" was the reply. "It all depends upon the quality of the teeth and the care of the person who uses them. If a woman bites thre d with her artificial molars they are levely to to be ruined in a week. On the other hand, I know persons who have worn the same sets for twenty years, and have never been com-pelled to have them repaired. Sets made of the best material and in the best manner should last a lifetime with

proper care."
"What is the proper care of false teeth P

Both the plates and the crowns should be removed from the mouth and cleansed every night and morning."

'Do artificial teeth decay?" No; they are all made of porcelain, which is not subject to decay as the natural bone is. But at the same time and hence an artificial tooth will not

What is the difference in the durability of high-priced and cheap teeth? "That is a difficult question. Cheap teeth are made of a material that bears the same relation to that of the best teeth that a common stone china plate does to a Sevres vase. Cheap teeth look like glazed china, and that is about all that some of them are. Now, so long as the glaze lasts the teeth are as strong as those made of the costliest material, and I have known sets costing next to nothing to perform service for many years. They are not so brittle, in act, as those made of the finest porcelain. But the chief superiority of the latter lies in their shape and appearance and in the exactitude with wanted a piano, and his life was made

which they are fitted to the gums.' What is the best sort of plate?" One made of gold. But black rub-ber is just about as durable, only it is harder to keep perfectly clean."

"Are complete sets of artificial teeth not uncommon?" Partial sets are more frequently

seen but complete sets are by no means unusual. Who wear the most false teeth-

men or women? "Women, by long odds. I don't think the result is due alone to vanity, however, although that may have something to do with it. The chief reason is that the natural teeth of women are not as good and strong as Nation offers an original suggestion for those of men, and, therefore, have to the solution of the race problem. He be more frequently replaced by artiticial teeth.

The Kind of Tea Sac Wanted.

A St. Paul merchant gave the folowing to a Pioneer Press reporter as the reason why he cut a piece of goods in two and sold one portion at a high and the other at a low price: 'Twentyfive years ago I was a sub-clerk in a general store in Kalamazoo, Michigan. The head salesman sent me downstairs into the grocery department to do up a pound of tea for a prominent social leader. In forty-five minutes it came back from the house with an or-der to change it. What does that head sa esman do but shake the tea out Under such provocation he stole with of the brown paper, do it up in silk tea the tread of a wolf to Mme. Kissmi- paper, tie it with a colored cord, and paper, tie it with a colored cord, and send it back to the lady. It staid this time and she afterwards told me that that was the kind of tea she always wanted to ill her orders. That, my boy, was a part of my early education.

MISSING LINKS.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis will probably complete her late husband's biography before sailing for Europe.

A guide much patronized by American tourists in Amsterdam, Holland, bears the name of Vanderbilt.

Miss Rebekah E. Roberts is the second woman lawyer who has been admitted to the bar in Philadelphia. Mrs. Catherine Smitley, of Salt Creek

township, Muskingum County, Ohio, is hale and hearty at the age of one hundred and two.

Two centenarians living in the neigh-borhood of Alton, England, have been great smokers and moderate drinkers all their lives. A Fremont, Mich., man owns a hen which lays at night a proceeding which he claims is as phenomontal as though she ate hay like a horse.

In China, when the rain is too abundant, the officials set the images of the native gods out in the rain to induce

them to stop the down-pour. A dramatic representation of the adventures of Stanley is being prepared for one of the English theaters, which will present it in grand style.

Aunt Mary Flareity, of Jonesboro, Me., aged ninety-one, has solved the servant girl problem. She refuses to have help and does her own work. How are the mighty fallen! A heroic-size figure of the British lion is to be

used to ornament the grave of a patent medicine man in a Yankee graveyard. J. A. Howells, recently appointed Postmaster at Jefferson, Ohio, is a brother of William D. Howells, the novelist. They are now both men of

letters. ··W ill punish you if you tell a London police magistrate lie?" of a s. answered the little girl, con-

tidently. It is said that the Empress Augusta left very full and carefully written memoirs, in which a clear account is give. of her differences with Prince Bism. rek.

trained in agriculture, which is there an important industry. The owners of farms receive pupils, who undergo s regular training. Eight varieties of leprosy are recog-nized in China, and the disease is re-garded as contagious, infectious and

In Denmark most of the girls are

hereditary, but is said to disappear in four generations. Jules Ferry has returned to Paris from the south of France very much changed for the worse. His whiskers are snow-white, and his face is marked

by lines of age and care. One of the most beautiful women in Paris, the marquise de Galliffet, is suffering from a peculiar form of insanity. She goes into convulsions whenever she sees her face in a mirror.

In a Philadelphia cemetery there is planted the lower limb of a prominent Grand Army man, who visits the place on each holiday to decorate the resting place of his deceased member.

Count Wilhelm Bismarck, the second Chistopher Columbus lives at Egg

fied there in a murder case. Christopher said that death in his opinion, was not too great a punishment for an extravagant wife. Ex-Minister Foster says that the foreign debt of Mexico now aggregates \$120,000,000. He estimates the amount

of American capital invested in Mexican railways, mining, and other enterprises at \$100,000,000. A practical joker at Slatington, Pa., circulated the report that a voung man of the place contemplating matrimony

miserable by piranagents, who swarmed bridge is estimated at \$10,000,000. It has been calculated that the chief struts of the bridge would thrust of more than forty-eight thousand tons before showing signs of giving

It is said that in the depths of Africa the natives still retain the memory Sir Samuel Baker, and especially of his wife, who traveled there with him many years ago. They call him, it is said, "Longbeard," and his wife "Morning

Star. Chief Bushyhead of the Cherokee Nation offers an original suggestion for would send all the blacks to Africa and all the whites to Europe. Then all

the land would naturally revert to the

redskins, the original owners of the The Viscountess Kingsland, who re cently died in London at an advanced led a sad life. She was the widow of the last Viscount Kingsland, who died more than fifty years ago. Through the dishonesty of a trustee the Viscountess was reduced to extreme pover-

ty and was forced to earn her living with her needle. Seth C. Maker of Senttle claims to have beaten the world's record on a typewriter, writing 125 words in one minute, or 396 letters and seven punctuation marks, without a mistake. The fastest record heretofore was made by a boy in Chicago, who wrote 121 words or 384 letters in a minute. Mr. Maker has writen over 1,000 words in

ten minutes several times. can be recognized as easily tollay by

the cartoons Tom Nast drew of him in 1876 as he could then. Mr. Schurz is not a handsome man either in figure or face. He is lean and cadaverous, with red whiskers and a sharp nose that is habitually elevated in the air as if exterior and a start of the size of the start of the

as if catching an unpleasant odor. A convict for theft, after thirty-two years of service in the galleys at Genoa, was liberated recently, at the age of 62. A local paper commented on his libera-tion, and said that his fine personal ap-pearance warranted the suspicion that he possessed strength enough to go through with many more years of pun-ishment, whereupon the ex-convict wrote a letter to the editor threatening him with a lawsuit for slander.

Miss Marlowe, who has jumped so suddenly into success in New York, is a great friend of the Ingersoll family. Colonel Bob is her enthusiastic admirer, and the two recite Shakspeare at an endless rate when Miss Marlowe dines at the Ingersoll house on Fifth avenue. This occurs very frequently, by the way, for the actress is a close personal friend of the Ingersoil household. The three young girls are inseparable when Miss Marlowe is in town.

Meteorologists are taking advantage of the Eiffel tower for experiments. They have found that there is only five degrees average variation of temperature at the top of the tower, while the average in Paris below is ten degrees; that in Summer the thermometer is lower on the tower and in winter higher than on the earth, and that recently there was a warm breeze for three days at the top of the tower, while there was cold weather below and severe frosts.

It is hard to realize what wonderful proportions the use of the electric motor, the most convenient and reliable method of distributing power known to-day, has attained. There are now in operation in the United States stationary electric motors aggregating between 5,000 and 10,000 horse power, besides 6,000 to 8,000 small motors, fan ou fits, etc. The confidence of the public in the electic motor as the most public in the electic motor as the most reliable and economical power avall-able is now an assured fact, which is becoming more evident every day by the demand for power in slops and factories using from twenty to 100 horse power, and even higher.

Legal Fees Then and Now.

From Chauncey M. Depew's judiciary centennial speech: For forty years after the Supreme court began its work the fees of lawyers were not so large as they are now. In fact, the most eminent attorneys received no more than \$25 for drawing briefs and pre-senting causes to juries. Those were the happy days for the client. Nearly all lawyers died poor. A rich lawyer was at that time as much of a novelty

as a rich literary man is now. How different at the end of this century! It is a common thing nowadays to hear of attorneys receiving \$150,000 for the reorganization of a railroad or for organizing a trust, and the queerest part of it is that his clients look upon him with a respect commensurate with his charges. Moreover, the community

applauds the attorney's moderation. Clients are most illogical. They reason from no known commercial son of the Prince, is pre-eminently the basis. In the early days of my career son of the Prince, is pre-climately to a said a said to the said as a lawyer I wrote an opinion for a shility, and holds the position of Governor of the Province of Hanover.

Chistopher Columbus lives at Egg ing it. Then he took the opinion to a Harbor City, N. J. He recently testifamous New York advocate to find out whether it was all right. The advocate gianced over it, wrote across the first page the word "correct," and asked \$500 for his work. My client paid the sum gladly, and is yet talking about the kindness of the great advocate.

For the first legal paper I ever drew charged \$1.50. A farmer was my client, and he beat me down to \$1. Twenty years afterward I wrote a paper precisely similar and received for it

\$500 with many thanks.

A printer well known in Atlanta got hard up in Birmingham recently, says the Atlanta Constitution. He to come to Atlanta and he crawled into the first vacant stock-car he saw, and, as it was night, rolled into one corner and went to sleep. He was awakened in a little while by a lot of mules,

An Awful Ride on a Mule.

which were driven in on him.
"Scared? Well, I think I was," he says in telling the story. But I wanted to come, and I thought I could pacify the mules so they would let me alone I soon found that wouldn't work. They eyed me suspiciously, then bit at me and kicked me until I began o realize there must be some change or my last

days had come. "I made up my mind to ride one of the mules. I tried one, and was promptly landed against the top of the car. Then suother, and another, with the same result. The fourth one was docile, and on that mule's back I rode for a day and a night. It was the most horrible ride anybody ever experienced and you need not wonder at my hair turning gray."

Temperance in Kussia.

Russia is at present in the throes of a temperance campaign, which the central government does not seem to be seconding to any extent if one may judge by the news from the department of Kiev. In that section thirty-six villages sent petitions to St. Petersburg demanding the abolition of all liquorseiling establishments within their boundaries. Thirt,-five of these petitions were rejected, but the thirty-sixth being accepted the inhabitants of the village thus deprived of its drink turned out and beat to death the man Carl Schurz does not appear to change a particle in appearance, and can be recognized as easily follow his