· "Haf I touch ze enord electrique

dat; but for me, no smile, no notice. I sail for Europe soon after. You spick

of Valerie Conant? She is dead to me.

Ah, ze ton, mam'selle—dat man once luv.you much!"
"What was the lady's name, Vanges?

Do you remember?"
"No, mam'selle. But zay call her 'zo
queeu of blondes.' Fair—very fair, wiz
ze full face, blue eyes. She say she

"Elise Alston!" murmured Valerie, fulling back in her soat, her face grown pale. "Did you not think the

slightly epris with monsieur,

'Mais out, mam'selle, very much.

She say: 'I like not her tone;' she say. Poor Valerie! Tres frivole! not ze fi-

delity for ze steadfast heart; "
"And what more, Vanges?
went monsieur from Oak hall?"

"He leaves for ze continent, mad-

"And did you never hear more of him

"Oni, mam'selle, I hear, but I know

"Speak, Vanges-hold nothing back! Did Mr. Gildermere's valentine remain

"It was rumor, mam'selle, zat zay marry. I know not certainment."

"Thank you, indeed. Vanges. It is late; you need rest. Good-night," and with her usual demure courtesy the

maid betook herself to a couch untroub-

led by disturbing love-dreams or memories—for her own love affair had

been well buried in the grave of a hus-

band who had abused her and whom

she had been glad to forget.

But Vslerie slept not. Whither had

gone the ring and the flowers which she

had never received? She had resented

this supposed oversight from Harry

Gildermere, and had chaffed the even-ing through with men she cared naught

One afternoon not long after Vanges' midnight confidence Valerie Couant de-

a peculiar expression of pain into

This man, who had asked her to be

his wife, had come to day for his answer. She had resolved to say yes. Why should she not? Her life was in-

give this man the wreck of a heart which

alone remained for her to bestow? She

But why?" he questioned with a lov-

"Miss Conant, I love you, and your

We will take time to think this

happiness is more to me than anything

over. Good-by."

And during the slow watches of that

night Valarie did think it over. For

the first shifting pearl light of dawn ushered in Feb. 14—the return of that

day when all her hopes had flown with

he disappearance of one face-a face

when, after some tardy repose, grudg-ingly tendered, she woke and heard

and giggling in the adjoining room over the contemplated dispatch of various

phemeral constructions, whose garni

ture of aerial cupids and diminutive knights, bending before the diminutive

found their interpretation in stanzas-touchingly descriptive of the youthful

leart when in a state of laceration from

Valerie saw that it was snowing. The

window-ledge was piled high with the slow, still fall of the night. This re-minded her of the workaday world.

and she rose, determined to forget her

gloom in work-bard, unintermitting

asks that should leave her no time for

But what is it that stays her glance?

the shafts of the little blind god.

little niece and nephew whispering

want he would be miserable.

I cannot.

him her love story.

her, but he said:

in the drawing-room.

be my answer.

viseet you.

and Miss Alston?

not se truth.

true to him?

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Japanese Sensitiveness.

From John La Farge's Japanese letters now appearing in the Century we quote the following: "The Japanese sensitiveness to the beauties of the outside world is something much more delicate and complex, and contemplative, and at the same time more natural, than ours has ever been. Outside of Arcadia, I know of no other land whose people hang verses on the trees, in honor of their beauty; where families travel far before the dawn to see the first light touch the new buds. Where else do the newspaper announce the spring blossoms? Where else would be possible the charming absurdity of the story that W— was biosom time some old gentleman, with capacious sake gourd in hand and big roll of paper in his girdle, seat himself below the blossom show-ers, and look and drink, and drink and write verses, all by himself, with no gallery to help him? If there is con-vention in a tradition half obligatory. and if we, Western lovers of the tree, do not quite like the Japanese refinement of growing the cherry merely for its flowers, yet how deliciously up side-down from us, and how charming is the love of nature at the foundation

A King in Egypt.

I think I lie by the lingering Nile; I think I am one that has lain long while, My lips scaled up in a solemn smile. In the lazy land, if the loitering Nile.

I think I lie in the pyraude. And the darkness weighs on the closed eyeid,
id,
And the air is heavy where I am hid.
With the stone on stone of the Paramid.

I think there are graven godhoods grim.
That look from the walls of my chamber dim,
And the hampered hand and the muffled
limb
Lie hved in the spell of their gazes grim.

I think I lie in a languor vast, Nomb, dumb soul in a body fast, Waiting long as the world shall last, Lying cast in a langur r vast;

Lying muffled in fold on rold, With the gum, and the gold, and the spice en-rolled. And the grain of a year that is old, old, old, Wound around in the line-spun fold.

The sunships of Egypt is on my tomb; I feet it warming the still, thick gloom, Worming and waking an old erfume. Through the curven monors upon my tomb.

sown, And the lean, lithe lizards at play alone.

And I lie with the pyramid over my head; I am lying dead, lying long, long dead, With my days all done, and my words all said, And the deeds of my days written over my

Helen Thayer Hutchinson, in St. Nicholas.

JASMINE AND VIOLETS

Valerie Conant had returned from a ball. Her gown of sea-green gauze, floating over folds of white China silk, gleamed radiantly from the white shoul-der to the hem of its voluminous draperies, resting upon the rich moquette carpet of her chamber. A flashing aigrette of diamonds and opals pierced the heavy masses of her golden-brown bair, and a circlet of the same stones glowed upon her shapely throat with

every breath she drew.

Yet the girl's face appeared listless and fagged as she dropped into an arm-chair and scanned somewhat dis-dainfully her own reflection in the mir-

'Ah, what fools we mortals be?" she ejaculated, half beneath her breath. "Certainly men who are in love are, else Harry Gildermere had never deserted the field for such small cause. wonder if he still lives and ever thinks of our last night together? Together! Ab, we saw but little of each other. Why his sudden departure? Fruitless, ever-recurring question for which I have never an answer, and which only proves we women are creatures of senliment, as that abominable Englishman used to say.

Valerie's sollloquy was interrupted by a stir in a darkened corner of the

room, and she sharply turned.
You there, Vanges? You ought not to have waited up so late. I shall

scarcely need you. "N'importe mam'selle. Your mam-an say zat you feel eel-triste-zis night. She advizes me zat I vill await

you."
"Mamma is most thoughtful." mur-

Their maid was a homely, trust-worthy creature, and Valerie did not mind if she had heard her talking to

But Vanges' manner as she arose to loosen her young mistress' hair was more than commonly tender. She was felt-she knew that as he realized this slow and silent where she was usually dexterous and loquacious. At last her unwonted mood found expression, and with many mille pardons she made mam'selle understand that, roused from slumber by the sound of her voice, she had heard her mention the name of a

certain monsieur.

That, if mam'selle would forgive such presumption, she thought she could give her some information of the monsiem whose name mam selle had unconsciously let fall.

Two large, sombre eyes rolled up-ward to meet the woman's kindly ones. "How, Vanges? Do you mean Mr. Gildermere?

'Oui, madame. He wass in Englan', at Oak hall where he visited my lady Palmer, to who, mam'selle memories her, I wass engage tree years before I

come to l'Amerique."
"And what of him, Vanges?" asked Valerie, looking down and feeling a trifle ashamed of her open outburst. now that she knew so much had been overheard, yet pining, in true feminine fashion, for any scrap of news relating to the only man she had ever loved. "A mere bagate le. mam selle, a

what you call—chaunces, coincidence On ze eve St. Valentine my lady giv' a grand ball. Ze salon danse; zay have light viz de candelabres; ze elite of ze county haf invite. All ovar ze maison is much elite, merriment. In ze efening dere is games—ze lotterie valentine wich my country haf know dese years -centuries. In dis lotterie you haf draw youar valentine for one year. Helasi all suffare ze zame. Ze cook draw ze scullery-maid he hate much: she haf a bad eye—a squeent. A mu-sician, he draw me. He haf ze black face of ze murder, wich I like not. I fly him. I hid me in ze recess of ze secret stair. But I fear me for ze rats. Ouf! zey run near py. I flee me to ze top of ze stair to ze parte mysterieuse —ze secret door of ze portrait gallerie. I feel me if it will mouf. Yes, I entere. Ze light is dim; ze gallerie alone; no one dere. I hid me behind a tapestry in ze corner. Present someone entere I hear voice; ah! it is ees not ze bad fiddler; it is anozer. It ees M. Geeldermere and a lady, who come to ze bail. She is most fair—embonpoint. He is distrait; ahl vere gallant. He spick of his country—of here, where he meet ze lady. 'Ah!' the reply, 'ze valentine efening two years ago! Ze party of Mees Conane's: vere ees she now? In my voyages I had lose her.' "He zay nothing, and ze lady again

in a summer sunrise.

On the lid of the box is a letter. From the pallor of calm morning to the fever flush of giddy night,

"Night of song and nights of dancing."

the superscription of this missive. Slowly, carefully, yet with trembling monsieur? she ask, vis a low laugh. Zen he say: Ze chord electrique was snap zat night. We will spick no more of zis. Yet stay; you are my valentine. It is my privilege to conhands, she opens the envelope, and reads as follows:

reads as follows:

"Valerie, my love, through the long lapse of years since you and I last met. I have never, until to-night, harbored the flattering hope that you remembered even my existence. Imagine, then, my joy when my friend, Jorrold Manuing-my friend in the noblest skrifficance of that word-divalred to me the precious fact that Valerie Conant had refused to become his wife because of her old memory of Harry Gildermere. Once, in the early months of my acquaintance with Jerrold-for I have known imm nearly as long as our parting-a burst of fide in my valentine, is it not? You sall know what snap zis chord. You know not perhaps zat I haf a penchant for our mutual friend. Miss Conant? Zat night I send her a note-will she be my valentine for life? Will she be acquaintance with Jerroid-for I have known imm nearly as long as our parting—a burst of confidence conveyed to him the crists in my fife which left me be garred of hap bees.

Need I say the words you cet tall to him tod y revealed the identity of the lady-revealed, too, the loyalty of her soul:

"He has since we load another, you said, my wife? With it I send jasmine and violets and a ring. She sall wear zese, she sall grant me ze first vaise—zat sall "Non; no flowers, no ring, no valse, Ze efening pass as you know, for you were present. She flirt wis zis one an'

the has since we deed another, you said, that for me there can be no second love. "Darling Valerie, you were wrongly informal, I have called no woman wife, though I was for a brief time affianced to Eisle Aiston. It was gay memory of you which lared me the side, and she herself released me from the iside, and she herself released me from the faciment upon encountering a wealthing. It was well pleased. For love there had the been on my part and my faith in her lessened as I knew her. Neither you not ill now question in our new for nd happy is into whose hands full itself the tokens left from as intended destroation, and whose mislead eith blight on two hearts. In the fullness over strengthened through pain, may we now dearest, lay in its grave this grinn of our past? Can you forgive one whose bases and was tof faith brought such selection of the faith brought such selections.

ided touches to her mistress' marvel-is wedding toilet, and gazed with sataffed pride upon the subject of her em-ellishments. Mon Dieu! but zis eefinest of ze most charmante voman it I haf know."

And Valerie fully agreed with her. Fireside Companion

JUST LIKE WOMEN.

How Two Innocents Struggle Over a Sim ple Telegraph Message.

One was perhaps twenty-five, the other a little younger. They were pretty and stylishly dressed. A carriage stood at the Fourteenth street en-trance of Willard's Hotel, awaiting their pleasure. It could only be sup-posed that they were in very distressand the car on which the boat is to be

They sat at a table in the reception-room of Willard's, devising, concocting and instituting a telegraph mes-sage to send to some friend. The elder one did the writing and scratching and rewriting; which used up six or seven Western Union blanks. The younger one leaned closely over the scrivener

"We will be there to-morrow." That was what they wanted to say. That was what they did say in the very

first writing.
"But," said the younger, "if we say we are coming nome we shall both cended to receive a caller awaiting ber Carrie and I will be there to-mor-

He was a fine appearing man who advanced to meet her, and the look in his eyes as he took her hand brought That was the result of much menal effort spent in composing and much physical exertion spent in cras-

"I guess that will do," said the ounger, and two seemed to breathe with that freedom which tells of great sponsibilities unshouldered. tolerably desolate, and he was kind and loyal. But one glance into his face to-day changed her mind. How could she

Hold on," said the elder, at the What?" asked the other.

"Carrie and I will be there to-mor-ow." One, two, three, four, five, six, ·Well!"

Why we have to pay as much for "Mr. Manning, you are mistaken in imagining I can ever make you happy. en words as we do for ten.' Here was more difficulty. It would ever do pay for ten words and send only seven. That would be a reckless and wicked waste. They proposed many ways to lengthen it, but each er's persistency; and Valerie, believing it justice to him, told him why-told me they talked of a new message on He listened, his face gradually growing pale and stern. When she had finished he rose. He no longer looked at their fingers they found they had either too few or two many words.

"Pshaw!" said the younger one; why didn't I think of it before? I

"Have you? Have you?"
"Why, of course!" Leave it just as is and add 'Yours, very truly." If the young lady had had an inspir-ation she could not have looked prouder of it; and as for the older one, she simply looked on the sweet face before her as that of a wonderful be-

brimming over with a charm of wit and bonhomie; a face that would haunt Carrie and I will be there to-morrow. Yours, very truly," was the mes-sage that went through some operator's even though another had won its owner and made her thought of him a hands yesterday afternoon .- Washing-"How I hate anniversaries!" she nurmured, fretfully, a few hours later,

Electricity and Rats.

There is no accounting for it, the men say, but somehow the electric light stations swarm with rats. Big rats and little ones gather in dynamo rooms and boiler rooms alike, and have great larks playing about the floors until the men get a little leisure maidens, with exceedingly taper waists, for scientific experiments. The simplest of their interpretation in stanzas rage metal plates that the rats, in scampering about the room, complete the circuit through their bodies. That ends the rat's larks instantly. The current is sometimes modified, how-ever, so that it shocks without killing the brute. It is said that when one is shocked and let go the entire gang leaves the premises for a day or so, but either they forget about it and come back or a new lot takes their place, for the rat circus begins again within forty-eight hours.

A Valuable Man.

Why that puzzled surprise in the large dark eyes? There, on the dainty white cover of her tollet-table, lies a still daintier box. Within, resting on a Street-Car Patron (wrathfully) mound of moss, vieing with each other Do you know, sir, that the conductor in freshness and fragrance, are sprays of car 1,492 is the most insolent, most of white jasmine and clustered purple violets. Their stems are drawn through unfeeling brute that ever held a punch?"
Superintendent — "Yes, I wish we had more like him." a small circlet of gold, whose rich solitaire diamond flashes like a bead of dew

cent from the company without being phabet.

STEAMBOATING ON DRY LAND

The long expected report of the Board of Government Engineer Officers that was to consider the subject of the obstructions to navigation in the Columbia River, between the Dalles and Celilo, and devise some method for overcoming them within reasonable

limits of expense, has at last been given to the public.

In this project boats are taken from the river at the foot of the Dalles rapids, and are returned to the river at the head of Celifo falls by means of hydraulic lifts, one at each terminus, and are transported over the interme-diate distance a little more than eight miles in length by a boat railway. The lower lift is designed to raise the boats 68 feet at low water and the upper lift 40 feet. The distances to which the boats are to be lifted diminish as the water rises. The lift is an adaptation of the hydraulic dock in use for some years at the Union Iron Works in San Francisco. The process is, therefore, not experimental. The lower lift consists of sixteen cast-iron cylinders, each thirty-one and one-half inches in interior diameter and nineteen feet seven inches long, weighing 19 tons. In these are rams having a full stroke of seventeen feet three luches. They are placed in two rows, forty-six feet apart, the rams in each row being twentytwo and one-half feet between centres There is a platform or cradle between these rows, supported by chains from the heads of the rams. The chains are so arranged over sheeves as to give the cradle a speed and movement four times that of the rams. A device for regulating the admission of the water in each press so controls the movement of the rams as to maintain them at a uniform speed and the eradle in a horizontal position, notwithstanding any difference in the load on several rams. The cradle is placed under the boat while in the water. After it is raised to the top of the lift this is removed,

transported on the railroad is substi It is required of the ear that it shall transport with safety the loaded boat or barge, and leave sufficient flexibility to pass over the horizontal and vertical curves of the road. The maximum load to be carried is estimated at 600 tons. The p atform is 168 feet long by 38 feet wide. The lateral flexibility to enable the car to pass around curves is obtained by the arrangement of the trucks. There are thirty-four four-wheeled trucks placed in two lines of

seventeen each.

The weight of the car is 300 tons. The maximum weight is 600 tons making the total weight of the loaded car 900 tons. The average load per truck is 27 1-2 tous, and per wheel 7 tons. The ear, with its load, is propelled on the track by two 50-ton ordinary locomotives.

The boats are 165 feet long and 38

feet beam and 5 feet draught, weighing with eargo 600 tons. The weight of the cradle is 184 tons. The total weight to be raised in the lift in 1,458 tons, and the speed 4 1-2 feet per min-

The estimated cost of the whole sysfour engines, capable of passing eight loads of 600 tons in each direction in tweive hours, including necessary buildings, and 10 per cent for contingencies, is \$2,690,356. Estimate for improving Three Mile Rapids, \$170,-600, making an aggregate of \$2,860,-656. It is estimated that a further expenditure of \$716,000 in buildings, cars, engines and sides tracks, will afford the maximum of forty boats each way in twenty-four hours.

The annual cost of maintenance to pass sixteen boats in twelve hours is estimated to be \$80,000, and to pass thirtytwo in twenty-four hours would cost \$50,000. The estimated time for transporting one boat from the Dalles to the head of Celilo falls is one hour and a half .- Portland Oregonian.

A Curious Episode of the War.

A veteran of the — Connecticut Regiment of Volunteers keeps at home a handsome uniform of a Confederate officer which was never worn but by him-elf, and to which he owes some months or years of liberty, if not life

He was a tailor before the civil war, and when he was captured on a South-ern battle-field this fact reached the ears of the commander of the prison-

ers' barracks.
Egad! I'll have the Yankee goose pusher make me a new suit," said the officer, gazing at his dingy uniform.

The fine gray cloth, gold-lace, and bright buttons were brought to the tailor prisoner, who worked cheerfully away at the welcome employment. On the evening the suit was to be delivered, however, a bright idea occurred to him, and soon what was to all appearances a sprince Confederate officer walked past the grards, and was seen no more in that part of Dixie. History pletives vented on the "autmeg Yankee" for not only gaining his libertyhe earned that but for taking that precious suit, which cost so many hundred dollars of good Confederate money!-Harper's magazine.

The Alphabet in One Sentence.

The following is said to be the short-est scatones in the English language containing all the letters of the alphabet: "John P. Brady gave me a black "Eh? Do you?"
"Yes, indeed. You see, he makes so entire unitence contains less many enemies that he couldn't steal a twice the number of letters in the alTHE ORLEANS FAMILY.

Hight Miles of Tire c Regular Trips to Be Descendants of Louis Philippe, King of Made on Iron Rails.

Three recent incidents, says the Youth's Companion have called special attention to the descendants of King Louis Philippe of France, who are generally known as "the Orleans fam-

The revolution in Brazil resulted in the expulsion from that country of the comte d' Eu, busband of the Brazilian princess Isabel and a grandson of Louis

Philippe.
Feb. 4 the duke de Montpensier, fifth and youngest son of Louis Philippe, died in Spain.
In the same week, Feb. 7, the young

due d'Orleans, great grandson and heir in the direct line of Louis Philippe, made his rash entry into Paris, though by law he was forbidden to set foot on

French soil. Thus the Orleans family have come into considerable notice of late. There i no doubt that they still hope, as they have long hoped that the French republic may some day be overturned, and that their own house may be re-

of the five sous of Louis Philippe three are still living. The eldest son, the former due d'Orieans, was killed nearly fifty years ago by a fall from his carriage during his father's reign. The eldest son of this duke is the count of Paris, now 52 years of age, and the young duc d'Orleans, just 21, is the ount of Paris' eldest son. The comte de Paris, moreover, has one brother, the duc de Chartres.

The second, third, and fourth sons of Louis Philippe, still living, are the due de Nemours (father of comte d'Eu), the prince de Joinville, and the due d'Aumale. The two latter have long been recognized as men of marked ability. De Joinville has served with distinction in the French navy, as his brother d'Aumale has in the army, and both are able and forcible writers.

The duc d'Aumale is the only one of the Orleans princes in whose favor the law of exile, forced against the family four years ago, has been revoked. He made a gift of his magnificent estate of Chantilly to the French institute while still in exile; and the tender of this gift, coupled with the belief that he is too patriotic to conspire against the repubic, caused his readmission to his

tive land. While the due de Montpensier, the While the due de Montpensier, the youngest son of Louis Philippe, who recently died in Spain, was far from being an able man, he has played a somewhat notable part in the history of the last tifty years. As a young man he did some military service in Africa, and at the age of 21 he married Maria, the sister of the then reigning Queen Isabella II. of Spain. The marriage was vigorously resisted by England and other powers and came near causing a great war, for it was feared causing a great war, for it was feared that it might result in the control of

Spain by France. But no such result followed. The due de Montpensier was made captaingeneral of the Spanish army, and plotted more than once to get the royal power in Spain, but being neither able nor popular his plots always came to nothing.

The comte de Paris, who is the chief of the Orleans family, being the heir now of both the houses of Bourbon and Orleans, is perhaps chiefly interesting to Americans on account of his service on Gen. McClellan's staff in the early part of the civil war, and because he is now writing a long and minute history of timt war. With his brother, the due de Char-

tres, he served upon the staff of the union army for about a year, with the rank of captain. He is known as an amiable and scholarly man, ambitious to wear the crown, but lacking in those qualities of tact, judgment, boildness which might, on occasion, win success. He married a daughter of his nucle Montpensier in 1864 and bus two children-

The Orienns princes are widely conpected by marriage or blood with the reigning European families. There are family ties between them and the houses of Spain. Austria. Russia, the Sicilies, Denmark, and several of the minor German houses. They have played a stirring part in politics, war, and one and all are men of large wealth. Yet it seems doubtful if France will ever change the republic for another Orleans dynasty.

Suitable Legs and Feet.

Every creature has the kind of legs best suited to it. Birds living la marshes have long, slender legs like stilts and some of them are called "stilt birds." The huge body of the elephant stands upon four thick pillars, the stag has supports of a lighter and nimbler quality. Animals that get some of their living in the water, as beavers, otters, swans, ducks and goese, are born with paddies on their The mole, again, is born with spades on his forelegs, so that he may dig his way through the ground, and the comel has his feet carefully padded and his legs of sufficient length to lift his head high above the sand waves so that his eyes may be protected from glare and dust. - Detroit Free Press.

Buried Japanese Treasure.

The has long been a tradition in Japan that once a treasure of gold bars, worth now \$800,000,000, was buried far beneath the earth somewhere in the inclosure of the castle of Yuki Harutomo. Three attempts to dig it out were abandoned on account of ac-cidents to the work. Last May ex-cavations were begun again, and the workmen have come to pieces of boxes covered with plate-iron and other indioutions of what is believed to be approaching success.