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Kidney Troubles Attack Heppner Men and Women, Old and Young

Kidney ills seize young and old. Often come with little warning. Children suffer in their early years. Can't control kidney secretions. Girls are languid, nervous, suffer pain.

Women worry, can't do daily work. Men have lame and aching backs. If you have any form of kidney ills. You must reach the cause—the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys.

Have brought relief to Heppner people.

Heppner testimony proves it. Mrs. M. E. Barton, Heppner, Ore., says: "I do not know of a better kidney medicine than Doan's Kidney Pills. We have used this remedy in our family for the past two years and it has proven so effective in relieving kidney complaint that I consider it my duty to give this public statement."

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Gazette-Times, one year \$1.50
Total \$3.00

Both Papers One Year - \$2.00

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Publishes the latest and most complete geographical notes of the world; gives reliable market reports, as it is published at Portland, where the market news can be had and is corrected to date for each issue. It also has a page of special matter for the home and home, an entertaining story page and a page or more of comic each week, and it goes to the subscriber twice every week—34 times a year.

The Gazette-Times

Over all the local news a 4 happenings and should be in every home in this vicinity.

The newspaper makes a splendid compliment and joy to you if sending your subscription to the GAZETTE-TIMES.

We can give our subscribers a good cleaning for the Daily and Sunday, and Sunday Journal, in connection with the

Gazette-Times

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You cannot buy a "ready-made" suit—one that was made for a "model" man and then reproduced by the dozen—that will look right on you.

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Order your next suit here—

FRIEDRICH The Best Tailor

PLAYING CARDS.

An Interesting Study From Historic and Pictorial Viewpoints.

Quite apart from their use in various games, playing cards are an interesting study from historic and pictorial points of view. Take first their numerical arrangement—52 cards, 365 pips or dots and 13 tricks, representing the weeks and days in the year and the lunar months.

There are four suits, representing four classes of people as they were divided at the time the pack of cards was now used was devised by the French. The "spades" stood for pikemen or soldiers, the clubs for clover, typifying farmers; the diamonds for building files, representing artisans, and the hearts for clergymen or ecclesiastics.

The "kings" and "queens" at that time were more or less correct likenesses of certain royal and noble personages. Even in our modern packs it is said that one of the queens is a conventionalized portrait of Elizabeth of York, who was engaged to the dauphin of France.

The "knaves" were then the king's jesters, and even these cards may be portraits. All the court cards, in fact, retain their sixteenth century characteristics. Cards are among the few things that have not changed with the centuries.—Brooklyn Eagle.

NAPOLEON'S DESTINY.

Summed Up In Four Mottos Bonaparte Learned at School.

In 1784 Bonaparte, then fifteen years old, arrived at the military school of Paris from Brienne, being one of four under the conduct of a minor priest. He mounted 173 steps, carrying his small valise, and reached, in the attic, the barrack chamber he was to occupy. This chamber had two beds and a small window opening on the great yard of the school. The young predecessors of Bonaparte had bespattered the whitewashed walls with charcoal, and the newcomer could read in this little cell these four inscriptions, which we ourselves read there years ago:

An epaulet is very long to win—De Montivray.

The finest day in life is that of a battle.—Vicomte de Tintencac.

Life is but a prolonged lie.—Le Chevalier Adolphe Delmas.

The end of all is six feet of earth.—Le Comte de la Villette.

With the trifling substitution of the word "empire" for "epaulet" these four sentences contain the whole destiny of Bonaparte and formed a kind of "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," written in advance upon that wall.—Victor Hugo.

Dangers in Paint.

"Turpentine and benzine," says a department of agriculture bulletin, "are very inflammable, and special precautions should be taken not to bring paint containing these substances near any light or open fire. Many pigments are poisonous, and the workman should be particularly careful to remove all paint stains from the skin and not under any circumstances allow any of it to get into his mouth.

A man should not eat in the same clothes in which he has been painting and before eating should not only change his clothes, but wash all paint stains from his skin. It is not advisable to use turpentine or benzine in removing paint stains from the hands, but by oiling thoroughly with linsed oil or in fact with any fatty oil and then thoroughly washing with soap the paint may be removed, provided it has not been allowed to dry too thoroughly on the hands."

Handicapping the Burglar.

Burglaries in private houses in Vienna are rare, because the doors are locked from 10 o'clock at night to 6 in the morning by order of the police. Admission and exit between those hours are given by the house porter, who receives a fee for unlocking the door and is bound to report to the police the doings and mode of life of all the inhabitants of the house. This system of lock money is tiresome, but in Vienna, as at Naples, where it also exists, it obliges burglars and other criminals to operate during the daylight and diminishes their chances of success. The landlords tried a few years ago the system of giving the key of the house door to tenants, but the majority of the keys have been withdrawn.

Wonders of Modern Drama.

The heroine of the play had just received the telegram from her faithless lover. Then she fainted, and the curtain went down.

Loud applause followed, particularly in the gallery.

Instantly the curtain went up.

The heroine, having miraculously recovered, was on her feet, bowing and smiling.

More wonderful still, the faithless lover stood by her side, also bowing and smiling, having traveled a distance of 287 miles in ten seconds in order to be on hand to acknowledge the applause.—Chicago Tribune.

A Good Goer.

"That's a fine watch you've got there, Calhoun," said a friend. "Is it a good goer?"

"A good goer?" said Calhoun Clay. "Well, you bet your life it's a good goer. Why, it can do an hour in half the time!"—Exchange.

He Can't.

"Before you were married you said that you couldn't do enough for me."

"Well, I guess that time has proved that I was right."—Detroit Free Press.

The motto of chivalry is also the motto of wisdom—to serve all, but love only one.—Balzac.

CARE FREE CONVICTS.

Jail Life In Montenegro a Cheerful Sort of Existence.

Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro, possesses the most remarkable prison system in the world. The jail presents little to indicate that it is a place of confinement. There are no outer prison walls, and in the cells the men—about ten in each—are as contentedly and comfortably housed as their own personal domestic belongings can make them. Moreover, they are generously fed, and cigarettes without stint, wine occasionally and no work at all combine to check any desire to escape more effectually than would strong walls, iron bars and an army of warders. When W. J. Stillman was in that country in the seventies all the free men were away fighting, and he observed how when a messenger was wanted the official took a man out of the prison and sent him off, having no fear that he would not return. One such messenger was sent to Cattaro, in Austrian territory, with 2,000 florins for the bank and duly came back. Another asked a Russian at Cattaro to intercede with Prince Nicholas for his release from prison.

"But you are not in prison," said the Russian.

"Oh," said the man, "I have only come down for a load of skins for So-and-so, but I must go into prison again when I get back to Cettinje."

One guard watched all the prisoners when they sunned themselves out of doors, and if he were called away a prisoner would take his rifle and do duty for the time.—London Mail.

GRISTLE BREAD.

A Favorite In Norway and In Parts of Germany.

"What is gristle bread? Why, that," said a baker, "is a kind of bread that is peculiar to Norway and to some parts of Germany. In Norway it has been made for many years, and here there are bakeries in which it is made for Norwegian patrons who still prefer it wherever they may be.

"In making gristle bread the leaves when first formed up from the dough are laid on boards and put through an extra heated oven in which there is baked on them an outer crust or skin, the gristle. Then the loaves are turned over and put through the oven again, so that the gristle may be baked all over them. This quick oven makes only that outer crust on the loaves, which are then placed in another oven for their final complete baking.

"Originally in Norway gristle bread was made of rye flour only. In this country there was a demand for a handsomer and larger loaf, and wheat flour was mixed with the rye, as has now to some extent come to be the custom in Norway also. Here the proportions now used are about half and half, the result being a bigger loaf of the same weight as one of all rye.

"Gristle bread costs more than ordinary bread because of the greater time and labor required in making it."—New York Sun.

His Equivocal Answer.

The blushing girl buttonholed her flushed fiance.

"Well, Egbert," she murmured, "did you give his consent?"

Egbert drew himself up stiffly.

"He did not commit himself either way," he responded.

"Then are we or aren't we engaged, Egby?"

"I do not know," answered Egby, still stiffly.

"But what happened?"

"This," said Egby more stiffly than ever. "I went in and said: 'Sir, I wish to marry your daughter. Have I your consent?' He turned and looked at me a minute, then he grow red in the face, then he grabbed me, then he lifted me up, then he threw me over the banisters. But whether he is in favor of our engagement or not, Ethelbrite, he did not say."

Beginning of the Drama.

The theater in the only sense that is worth considering was born in Athens. Both tragedy and comedy sprang from feasts in honor of Bacchus, and as the jests and frolics were found to be out of place when introduced into graver scenes a separate province—the true drama—was formed and comedy arose. The father of the Greek comedy was Aristophanes, who had lots of fun lampooning the public men of Athens. The creator of Greek tragedy was Aeschylus, born B. C. 525. In sublimity Aeschylus has never been surpassed. He is to the drama what Phidias and Michelangelo are to art.—New York American.

The Irony of Fate.

"What is your understanding of the irony of fate?" asked the bashful young man.

"Well," the beautiful girl replied, "if two fellows should fight over me and I shouldn't get into the papers I should think that was about it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Similarity.

The doctor told little Mary she was anemic because she was so white. A few days after she exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, come here and look at this anemic horse! He's just as white as he can be!"—Judge.

Quarrelsome.

Polly—I never knew such a quarrelsome girl as Molly, Dolly—That's right. Half the time she isn't on speaking terms with her own conscience.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fair Supposition.

The Lady—And is your father working, my little man? The Little Man—I s'pose so, mmm. The Judge said 'ard labor.—London Telegraph.

THE CUCUMBER.

One Way to Dress It and a Royal Way to Grow It.

If ever an anthology of the foods of the earth comes to be written quite an entertaining chapter could be made out of the cucumber. And some of the extracts would provide material for much mental exercise to decide whether they are humorous or serious. For example, what did the Greek poet mean when he said of a certain woman:

She was to me More tender than a cucumber?

Only one meaning would have been taken from that equivocal statement by that famous doctor who used to declare that the only way to dress a cucumber is to cut it into very thin slices, sprinkle it with the finest of oil, pepper it plentifully, cover it with vinegar—and then throw it out of the window! On the other hand, Thackeray tells how he "had delicate cucumbers stuffed with forcemeat," while Dickens refers to "salmon, lamb, peas, innocent young potatoes, a cool salad, sliced cucumber, a tender duckling—all there!" Both novelists were evidently men after the heart of the Emperor Tiberius, who was never without cucumbers and had frames made upon wheels, by means of which the growing cucumbers could be moved about and exposed to the full heat of the sun, while in winter they were withdrawn and placed under the protection of frames glazed with mirror stone.

Yet two or three centuries ago the vegetable was looked at suspiciously as cold and trencherous.—London Standard.

FEAR OF LIGHTNING.

It is Hardly Justified by the Number of Deaths It Causes.

Why are so many people, brave under all other circumstances, so deathly afraid of thunder and lightning?

It is not because lightning is so dangerous, for it isn't half so dangerous as going out of the house on an icy morning, walking down the cellar stairs or a hundred other things we do every day without a thought of personal harm. More people are killed each year by falling building material, more die from fright, than are killed by lightning. The census bureau shows only 169 people killed by lightning in this entire country during a given year, and only thirty of these people were killed in the cities. Heat and the sun killed 703 during the same year, 203 died from cold and freezing and 4,235 were drowned.

But you will find it quite a waste of time during a thunderstorm to try to ease the fears of a person who is afraid by telling him or her that the chances of being killed by lightning are less than two in a million; they will remain just as frightened for all this mortuary knowledge. And after the storm has passed and nerves are steadied the woman who was so frightened a few minutes before will start getting supper on the gas stove, smiling through her tears that the danger has all passed and only laughing if you venture the remark that twice as many people are killed by gas stoves as by lightning.—Country Life In America.

Learned His Own Value.

A husband and wife combination in vaudeville, with the husband as the feeder and the wife as the real attraction, worked for Lew Fields in one of his summer shows. The two were very popular and got much newspaper space; also they had \$1,000 a week. One day the husband, puffed up by what the newspapers said about the singing of his wife, went in to see Fields.

"Mr. Fields," he said, "it is \$1,200 a week from now on for us or we quit right here."

"Twelve hundred, eh?" Fields asked, with interest.

"Yes, sir, \$1,200 a week or we quit and go out on the big time in the Morris circuit."

"Well, sonny," said Field, "I think an awful lot of your wife's work, but I don't think she is worth \$1,175 a week to me."—Saturday Evening Post.

Theory and Practice.

Here is a good story from the collection of a German school inspector. The pupils were being examined on the subject of personal hygiene. A boy was asked, "What have you to do in order to keep your teeth sound and white?" "Clean them," was the prompt reply. "When ought you to clean them?" "Morning, noon and night."

"What are they to be cleaned with?" "With a toothbrush." "Very good. Have you a toothbrush?" "No, sir."

"Has your father a toothbrush?" "No, sir." "Has your mother a toothbrush?" "No, sir." "But how do you know about the use of toothbrushes?" "We sell them, sir."

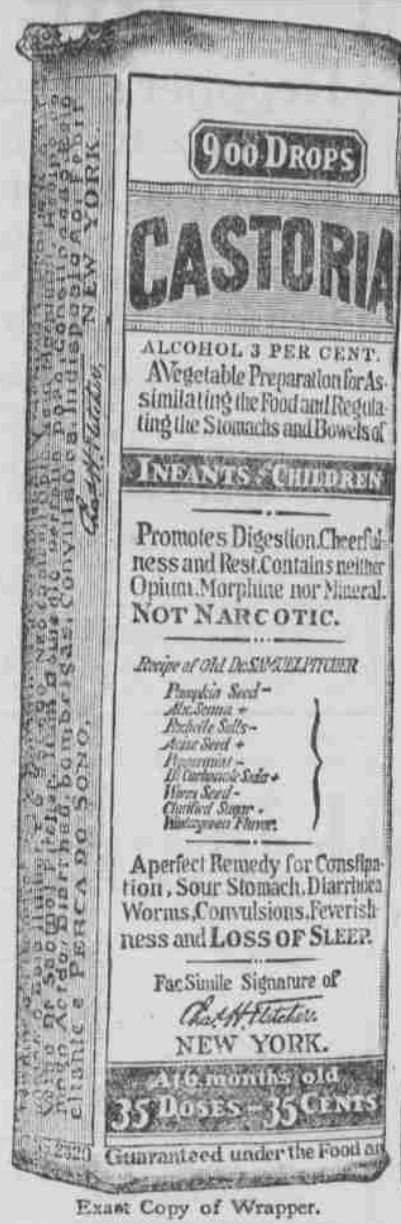
Character in Handwriting.

I showed a professor of calligraphy a letter I had received. He took a very unfavorable view of the handwriting. It was the handwriting, he told me, of a man without learning, without genius, without feeling. "And, now, sir," I said, "will you look at the signature?" The letter was written by Lord Macaulay.—Arnold's "Three Corners Essays."

A Canine Reason.

She (on the beach at Atlantic City)—I wonder why that dog tried to bite me just now. He—The intelligent animal heard me call you a little witch, and he probably thought you were a sandwich.—Baltimore American.

The man who can be nothing but serious or nothing but merry is but half a man.—Hunt.



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