

Grant County News.

L. P. FISHER'S
ADVERTISING AGENCY
Room 21 Merchants Bldg.
San Francisco, Cal.

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CANYON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.

TERMS: \$3. PER YEAR.

The Grant County News.
PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
—BY—
S. H. SHEPHERD,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

SUBSCRIPTION:
Per Year, : : : \$3 00
Six Months, : : : \$1 75
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Notices in local Column, 20 cents per line, each insertion.
Transient advertisements, per square of 12 lines, \$2 00 for first, and \$1 for each subsequent insertion—in ADVANCE.
Legal advertisements charge as transient, and must be paid for upon expiration. No certificate of publication given until the fee is paid.
Yearly advertisements on very liberal terms. Professional Cards, (one inch or less) \$15 per annum.
Personal and Political Communications charged as advertisements. The above rates will be strictly adhered to.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. W. PARRISH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

M. L. OLMSTEAD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

GEO. B. CURREY,
Attorney at Law,
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

M. DUSTIN,
Attorney at Law,
Canyon City, Oregon.

F. C. HORSLEY, M. D.
GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, April 8, 1878.
Canyon City, Oregon.

Office in his Drug Store, Main Street. Orders for Drugs promptly filled. No professional patronage solicited unless directions are strictly followed.

J. W. HOWARD, M. D.,
CANYON CITY, GRANT CO., OREGON.

O. M. DODSON, M. D.,
Prairie City, - Ogn.

N. H. BOLEY,
DENTIST,
Dental Rooms, Opposite the Methodist Church.
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

G. I. HAZELTINE,
Photographer,
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

GEO. SOLLINGER,
CANYON CITY
MILK-MAN.

The best of Milk furnished to the citizens of Canyon City every morning, by the gallon or quart; at reasonable rates.

JOHN SCHMIDT,
CARPENTER AND WAGON MAKER,
Canyon City, ----- Oregon.

Dealer in HARDWOOD, SPOKES and FELLOES, FURNITURE, CHAIRS, PAINTS, GLASS, and WINDOW-SASH.

Phil. Metschan. John McCullough.
F. C. Sels. Denis McAuliffe.

Extraordinary Inducements.

OFFERED BY
Phil. Metschan & Co.
SUCCESSORS TO
M. S. HELLMAN.

Having purchased the entire and well assorted Stock of General Merchandise of M. S. Hellman, in September last, and we being then desirous to wind up the business as speedily as possible, we have been selling **AT COST EVER SINCE.**

We are now determined more than ever to settle up our business at once, and hereby offer **Superior Inducements** To our Patrons and the Public Generally, which be greatly to their Interest to Come, Examine and Price our Goods before purchasing elsewhere.

PHIL. METSCHAN & CO.
Canyon City, Ogn., April 10, 1879.

JOHN WOOLSEY. GEO. HOUSMAN.
WOOLSEY & HOUSMAN,
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

THE BAR is supplied with pure Wines and Liquors, Beer, Ale, Bitters and Cigars.
FINE BILLIARD TABLES
In the Saloon. Give us a call.

I. H. WOOD J. W. CHURCH
WOOD & CHURCH,
LIVERY STABLE
—AND—
CORRAL, and FEED STABLE.

Good buggy teams and nice Saddle horses furnished at all hours of the day or night, at reasonable prices. Particular attention paid to boarding and grooming transient stock.

ENTRANCE
On Main and Washington Sts., CANYON CITY, OREGON.

BAKER CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

A. B. ELMER
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
BAKER CITY, OREGON.

All work done promptly, and warranted to give satisfaction. Has constantly on hand a full and complete stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, for sale Cheap for Cash. All goods warranted as represented. Watches and all other articles sent for repairs may be left with S. H. Shepherd, who will attend to forwarding the same. A. B. ELMER.

WM. GOOS,
BAKER CITY, OREGON,
CIGAR MANUFACTORY.

ALSO
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Tobacco and Smoking Articles.

T. C. HYDE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Baker City, Oregon.
Office corney of Court Avenue and Liberty Street.

Haines & Lawrence,
Attorneys at Law,
BAKER CITY, OREGON.
Will practice at law in all courts in Oregon and Idaho.

Can't Afford It.

"I tell you Uncle Josh, I can't afford it. Girls nowadays are so extravagant that it fairly terrifies a man contemplating matrimony. There is your favorite, Miss Hartley; she declared to me in strictest confidence, last evening, that she could not imagine how any one could exist without the opera. And not more than a week ago I knew of her mentioning an India shawl as a positive necessity for a lady's wardrobe."

"Mere girlish exaggeration, Will. She has always had a rich father to pay her bills."
"And naturally will expect a rich husband, to do the same. If I had Mr. Hartley's bank account, the matter would be different; but though my salary is good, my income independent of that is very small. If I provide opera tickets and India shawls to the future Mrs. Stanton, I can scarcely meet expenses, if I do not actually run in debt. Now I am quite resolved to save a little every year until I can own a home, and can start in business for myself."

"A good wife would help you, Will."

"But where is she to be found?"
Uncle Josh chuckled a little at the idea of his giving information on the subject, and the gentlemen having finished their preparation for departure, started for their place of business.

Uncle Josh was cashier, and his nephew clerk in a large retail dry goods store, but the elder gentleman possessing ample means, employed his time not from necessity, but from a horror of idleness. He boarded, as did his nephew, at a fashionable boarding house at Brooklyn, crossing the ferry every morning for the store in New York.

On the morning when the gentlemen held the conversation recorded above Will found his services required as a salesman, owing to the illness of one of the men in the silk department. He had served in the same capacity before though he held a more lucrative position in the counting house; but stepping around the counter he found already a few fair customers in the store. Two ladies, young and pretty, required his services at once.

"Evening silks, if you please," said one, a tall, and very stylish looking girl, dressed with exquisite taste and in rich garments. "Show me some of the new shades."

"Oh, Vinnie," said her companion, "this shade of silk will suit you perfectly. I am not fair enough to wear it, but it is a lovely tint for a blonde. Don't look any further for a silk."

"I am not going to get a new silk, Marcia."

"Not going to get a new silk for Mrs. Hartley's party? Why, Vin, it will be one of the most dressy occasions of the season. You have never been at one of Floy Hartley's parties!"

"No; Miss Hartley is only a recent acquaintance."

"Then take my advice and get a handsome dress. You have no idea how they dress there."

"I can't afford it, Marcia."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"But it is a fact. I have been out so much this winter that my allowance will not last till spring, unless I am very economical."

"Ask for more. I never pretend to keep within my allowance."

"I am saving for a new piano, and I cannot afford any extravagance."

"But what will you wear?"

"I have a new white organdie that Aunt Kate gave me last summer, that I did not need, so it has not been made up. I shall make it so that it will serve me afterward as a summer dress."

"Oh, Vin! Vin! As if your father would not give you twenty new dresses if you only asked for them."

"I know he would, but he gives me

a very liberal allowance, and I find it sufficient with a margin for saving."

All the above conversation, carried on in a low tone, was apparently unheard by the smiling clerk, whose quick ears had, however, caught every word of it. He looked again at the sweet-faced young lady, resolving that Floy Hartley should introduce him at the party for which his card of invitation had been already received.

"Come, Vinnie, give me the benefit of your taste," said Marcia; "I am tired of all the bright colors that suit my Indian style of beauty. Is there not one of those delicate tints that I could wear?"

"The peach blossom, Marcia, with the black lace. If you will come over I will show you a new fold of trimming."

"Oh, Madam B——will make it up handsomely. I never make an evening dress, do you?"

"I make all my dresses. I took lessons of a first-rate dressmaker on purpose."

"You like the peach blossom?"

"I do," holding it against her companion's shoulder. "It is certainly becoming. Not so glaring as pink, but as pretty. Your black lace overdress will be pretty with it."

"I shall have an overskirt of the same, with a new thread lace trimming. I teased you out of a new dress this morning, and I mean to have the benefit of his generosity. Twenty-five yards," she added to the clerk and Will measured off the dress.

He saw the ladies going from counter to counter, and the hour being still early, had leisure to saunter about a little, marking Vinnie's purchase of blue ribbon and her care in selecting what was of good quality, her selection of gloves, and her unselfish interest in all her friend's purchases, from the dress and thread lace to the gloves and a costly web of a handkerchief. Evidently Miss Marcia intended that her father should indeed supply an entire new dress.

Floy Hartley was rather surprised that Will Stanton, who was the favorite of her father's while she had Uncle Josh's heart, never paid her those marked attentions that were evidently the desire of the old gentleman. But her surprise was changed to chagrin when he asked a special introduction to Miss Vinnie Holway, and was that young lady's devoted cavalier for the evening of Miss Hartley's party.

"The young lady in white with blue ribbons!" she said in answer to his request; "this is Miss Holway, a school-mate of Marcia Livingstone's. I have met her at the Livingstone's, but am not very well acquainted. Marcia tells me her father is quite well off, but has a very large family."

Will found that every visit to Mr. Holway's pleasant sitting-room increased his distaste for boarding-house life, and his love for pretty Vinnie Holway, till he found himself in serious consultation with Uncle Josh again.

"So it is not my pet, Floy Hartley," said the old gentleman. "It would serve you right if I should marry her myself."

"I will give my consent," Will said smilingly.

"No, my boy, not you and your pretty Vinnie must fill my old heart, as you promised me a corner in your home long ago. Will, when my hair was as brown as your own, and my eyes as bright, I, too, had my love dreams. I was a country boy then, and to own a farm was the very height of my ambition. I was working for a farmer named Nelson, for I had no parents, when there came to visit my employer a cousin from the great city of New York. In those days, Will, New York seemed further away from the small country places than Europe does now. The advent of Joseph Nelson was an event in our village,

and her beauty and grace were fully appreciated by all the rough country bumpkins around her. Working on her cousin's farm, I was constantly near her. I drove her, if she wished, to see the surrounding scenery, and as we jolted over the rough country roads she told me of the great city, of the opening there for energy, industry, and talent. She found I was fond of reading, and lent me volumes of poetry she had brought with her from the city. Books were rare treasures here, and we read the sweet-measured lines together; we walked together in shaded lanes, and I gathered the wild flowers, which she wore in her bosom and hair. To make a long story short, Will, I loved her with all the wild enthusiasm of a boy, and the mature reason of a man. She was far above me in grace, in beauty and goodness, but she was gentle as she was fair, modest and tender.

When I told her my story she put her little white hand into my rough brown one, and promised to be my wife. Then she came home to the city, and I added dollar after dollar to my hoard so as to follow her. Mr. Nelson wrote to Josephene's father for me; and he promised me a place in his counting-house, if I came to the city. I came, Will. Then I found out why my suit was favored; why no cross was laid on my darling's love. I had thought her pale, delicate beauty only city refinement, compared with the robust charms of our country lasses. I found that it was the beauty of that scourge of sea-side cities, consumption. Her parents knew my darling could not live to be my bride, but because she had given me the treasure of her love they made me welcome as a son in their home. I spent my days in the counting-house of Mr. Nelson, and my evenings with Josephene. Slowly she faded before my loving eyes, growing weaker and weaker till she died, clasping my hand in hers. That was forty years ago Will, but I have loved no woman since. I will keep faith with Josephene till we meet in Heaven. When I die, Will, all I have will be yours, but bury this with me."

As he spoke he put a small basket that had been hidden in his bosom into Will's hands. Opening it disclosed the face of a very beautiful woman. At the sight of it Will cried—
"How much like Floy Hartley!"
"Mrs. Hartley is Josephene's sister," said Uncle Josh, quietly. "Now you know why I am so fond of Floy."

There was a long silence, and Uncle Josh knew by Will's face and the firm grasp of his hand that his story had fallen upon sympathizing affection.

"Come," he said cheerfully, after a long pause, "if Miss Holway has actually accepted, I must see about the wedding present."

"She actually has," said Will, "and the money saved for a piano is to go for a trousseau."

"Is that a hint for me to buy a piano?" laughed Uncle Josh. "Well, I will."

But when the wedding day was fixed, and Will consulted Uncle Josh about a house, he was informed that Mrs. Stanton's wedding present from her new uncle would be a neat brown stone fully furnished, including a piano, with one room reserved for Uncle Josh.

There are children's voices now in the handsome house, and Uncle Josh has stood godfather to a sturdy namesake. The sun of prosperity shines upon Will, but he says his business success, his happy home, his freedom from worldly perplexities, have all depended upon the good sense of his wife, who, in all expenditures, all charities, first considers whether or not she can afford the outlay; and while she is liberal and large-hearted, she is never ashamed to exercise economy, if never sry, or to decline an extravagance.