

# Grant County News.

L. P. FISHER'S  
ADVERTISING AGENCY,  
Room 21 Merchants' Bk.

VOL. 1. NO. 16.

CANYON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 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 charged 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. CURRY,  
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.

### A Runaway Wife.

It is not every man who will take the trouble to pursue a runaway wife. It is not always that they are worth pursuing. It is true that women sometimes leave their husbands from perfectly legitimate causes, but it is very rarely that they do so in company with another person. But an incident of this description is related by a conductor of the Kansas Pacific Railroad as occurring on his train, during a recent run in the direction of Denver. A couple were occupying a middle seat in the ladies' car, having got on at a way station. Probably attracted by that invisible fascination which never fails to bring about a contretemps, a gentleman in a rear car came in and took a seat immediately behind the amorous couple. There was a shock of surprise as his eyes first fell upon them, and a deathly pallor overspread his countenance. But this was for an instant only. Then a flush succeeded, and a queer smile began to play around the corners of his set, determined lips. An hour passed. The billing and cooing went on, and the man was a patient and evidently an interested listener. The people in the car began to perceive that something unusual was going on. Perhaps that subtle sympathy which makes us interested in strange incidents had taken hold of them and had evoked its influence. Anyway, they looked like people who were expecting something unusual to happen. And they were not disappointed. The man leaned forward with that strange, peculiar smile still hovering about his lips, and said:

"I beg pardon, but you do seem to be enjoying yourselves immensely."  
The lady arose with a stifled scream and wheeling round confronted the stranger with pallid face and great staring, scared like eyes. Her companion was no less disconcerted. He too had risen to his feet, and stood uneasily looking at the intruder, flushing and paling by turns.

"My God, it has come at last!" wailed the woman.

The stranger was cool and imperturbable.

"You did not expect to see me, did you?" and his face took on a sneer that was bitter in its scorn and contempt.

"Heaven knows I did not!" exclaimed the lady, from whose eyes the tears had already begun to trickle.

"Well, its not unusual. People often meet under peculiar circumstances. I suppose you are on your bridal tour."

The lady covered her face with her hands and sank back into her seat. She had already begun to sob hysterically. The scene had become as thrilling as a tragedy to the spectators in the car. Some had begun to view the spectacle with scared faces. Others, and they were the worst part of them, appeared to enjoy the humiliating episode.

"I happened along this way by mere chance," continued the stranger. "I am going west to Leadville. I thought I would try to do something for the children, inasmuch as you have left us. But I trust you will not let this accidental meeting disturb your enjoyment."

The woman was moaning in her abject misery.

"I wish you all sorts of happiness, and will no longer intrude upon you. This, ladies and gentlemen," facing around to the spectators with a sweeping wave of his hand, "is my runaway wife and her lover. They are very nice people," and then turning away he stalked back, leaving the guilty couple alone in their humiliation and shame. At the next station the eloping pair left the train.—Denver News.

Rev. N. Lee, an old resident of Polk county, died on the evening of the 11th at his home in Dallas.

### OREGON.

[From the Oregonian.]

The new Monumental mill will be running in a short time.

Hay in the vicinity of Perrydale is suffering greatly from late rains.

The stumpage on some timber lands in the vicinity of Astoria averages \$100 per acre.

A terrible storm raged on Clatsop plains on last Friday. No very serious damage has been reported.

Jack Spansel has bought the old Proebstel store building in Weston for \$2400 and will turn it into a brewery.

A new trail from John Day settlement to Astoria passes through some splendid land. It is a route over which a wagon road can be readily made.

Engineer Thielsen is now making examination of the route over the Blue Mountains by Ruckle road, with a view of ascertaining its practicability for the proposed railway line.

Miss Lilly Jennings, on the 3d inst. running down the steep path that leads from her father's residence, in Oregon City, to the wharf, overreached her strength, and was forced to leap into the Willamette river. The timely aid of her sister saved her from a watery grave.

John Wetherby, while trying to "cut a caper" on horseback, at Centerville, in Eastern Oregon, was thrown. His horse kicked him in the breast a few times and in the face, knocking out two teeth and splitting two of his double ones, and cutting a fearful gash in his tongue.

Salem State-man: Last Sunday a little son of Mr. Gosling, living near Sugar Pine mills, was viciously attacked by a savage dog. The brute cut a deep gash in the child's face over the left eye, and knocking it down literally tore the boy's left ear from his head. The child though badly hurt will probably recover.

About two weeks ago a Umatilla county prisoner tore down the blue leading from his prison room and made off. The deputy Sheriff made after him and brought him back. The hole was stopped, but on the 6th inst. the same prisoner again opened it and again escaped. The deputy sheriff again followed and caught him, and this time proposes that he shall stay.

The steamer Admie Faxton on her last trip down Snake river, Saturday evening, July 6th, caught under the wire rope of Central Ferry, tearing off the smoke stack even with the deck, smashing in the pilot house to some extent, and doing some other damage.

This is the second accident of the kind that has occurred on Snake river within the last month, and the proprietor of the ferry will have to pay about \$293 damages.

### Telegraphic.

[From the Oregonian.]

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

An earthquake shock shook up Victorians at 3:15 this morning. The motion was from east to west, the shock lasting ten seconds. No damage was done.

A young farmer, named Robert Johns, had his arm completely severed from his body while using a reaping machine in a field near town.

All the appurtenances intended for the construction of the Canadian overland telegraph line will be sold on the 26th inst.

Advices from points in the interior and in eastern portions of the state indicate that the storm of last evening was a very severe one. The damage to crops will be very great. At Degraff a number of houses were blown down and the whole country covered with water. Crops were leveled.

The exports of the province for the quarter ending June 30th have reached \$445,155.

CINCINNATI, July 12.—At a meeting of the common council last evening at the suggestion of the health officer, \$16,000 was appropriated for placing the city in the best possible sanitary condition and to fill in all outlying ponds liable to breed miasma and cause disease.

CAIRO, Ill., July 12.—The steamer City of Helena, from Vicksburg, was not allowed to land last night. Quarantine regulations will be enforced against all steamers and trains from Memphis in accordance with resolutions adopted by the board of health.

THE crop prospects in the neighboring State of Oregon are better than they have been for many years. The grain yield will be immense. Oregon has a promising future, and with the certainty of additional railroad enterprises being undertaken soon within her borders, it is reasonable to predict that her population will be doubled within the coming five years.—Avalanche.

ALTHOUGH a printer may be sitting all day, yet in his own way he is a great traveler, or at least his hand is, as we shall prove. A printer will set 8000 ems a day, or about 24,000 letters. The distance traveled over by his hand will average one foot per letter, and of course returning makes two feet for every letter he sets. This would make each day 48,000 feet, or a little more than nine miles; and in the course of a year, leaving out Sundays, that member travels about 3000 miles. This does not include the distance his hand travels in distributing type.

About two weeks ago Mr. Owen, who has been carrying the mail between Florence and Gardner, was driving horses when the animal he was riding threw him on the pommel of the saddle. He complained at several times that his side pained him, but thinking it was nothing serious continued to carry the mail until Sunday, the 13 ultimo. When he came from Gardner on that day he complained of being sick, and Mr. D. Morse, Sr., advised him to lie down, while Mr. Myer prepared some medicine, but before the medicine was ready Owen was attacked with spasms and died before a physician could be called.

### The Boss Crop.

[From the Inland Empire, July 12th.]

If ever there was a doubt concerning the success of agriculture in the rich and picturesque valley of the Columbia river, the appearance of the grain fields about Walla Walla this summer is calculated to put an end to all conjecture. Last Wednesday week we drove out with a party of gentlemen in an elegant rockaway behind a pair of spanking bays, leaving the Queen City at 8:30 in the morning. It was nearly 5 in the afternoon ere we reached the cool colonades of poplars in which the city is nestled; and all that time we were among fields of waving grain.

The uplands produce the finest grain, not only in weight but in the number of bushels to the acre. It was a sight never to be forgotten, the ears of wheat waiting the sickle of some rustic Ruth, and waving in the balmy breeze like ocean billows. In all that vast grain garden, through which it took us all of eight hours to drive, we saw not a single field which would cut less than 32 bushels to the acre, and from that to 59 bushels!

This distances anything we have seen in a residence of 26 years on the Pacific coast. The vicinity of Chico in California was always our pet locality for big wheat in past years, but there is as good land as the Chico belt for a hundred miles above Walla

Walla. There is no flattery in calling it the boss crop. Last year, with less than 70 per centum of an average crop, the boats brought down 21,820 tons of wheat and flour from Walla alone. This year there is an increase of acreage sufficient to justify the belief that, with the augmented product of these fields, the export from Walla Walla will not fall short of 38,000 tons.

There is no good reason why Wasco county should fall far behind Walla Walla. Granting that our lands are less fertile, which is by no means clearly proven, our closer proximity to market should make grain farming here equally profitable. In our county, within twenty miles of the main artery of the Pacific slope—the Columbia river—can be had 70,000 acres of land capable of producing an average of thirty bushels to the acre. These are to be had either by preemption, homestead or purchase from the Military Wagon Road Co. There are no Mexican land grants to be revived, by scheming speculators, that the tiller of the soil may be despoiled of the fruits of his labor.

It cannot always be dull times in this section. Five years hence every hill between here and Tygh valley will wear an emerald hue with the sprouting wheat. Our grain will go to feed the famished poor of the Old World, and bid them save their earnings that they may come among us and participate in the many blessings which we now enjoy.

MORE "GOOD INDIANS."—On Monday of this week a party of eighteen Indians made their appearance at the old Leonard bridge on John Day river, kept by James N. Clark, who was, as is well known to most of our readers, a hard fighter in last year's war. The redskins hate him for it, and would doubtless relish a sly shot at him. These eighteen rascals grew very saucy and abusive, but were finally persuaded to go away. Six of them were Umattillas and the rest of them were from the Warm Springs reservation. Now why, we ask, cannot better care be taken of these red scamps! They have no business off their reservation and Capt. Smith knows it.—Empire.

DISAPPEARED.—Judge F. C. Sels, of Canyon City, arrived here last night in search of G. C. Saur, who left The Dalles for this city on the 6th or 7th of May and has not been heard from since. Sauer was formerly a traveling agent for an eastern agricultural house, and latterly has been taking orders for farming implements at Canyon City. Sauer left Canyon City early in April, and rode horseback to The Dalles, making collections on the way, and paid over his collections to parties at The Dalles. He has not absconded, as he had only \$75 about him when he left. He has a wife and one child at Canyon City. They left on the last trip of the State of California for San Francisco. Sauer has always borne a good reputation, and Judge Sels fears that he has been foully dealt with.—Oregonian.

The Mountaineer says: Statistics go to show the quantity of wool raised in Oregon has increased 750 per cent. in the last eight years, and as it is reasonable to suppose the same increase will follow in the next ten years, the production of wool will amount to nearly 59,000,000 pounds, or 29,500 tons. This amount of wool at only 15 cents per pound, would make the sum of \$8,850,000.

COLUMBUS, O., July 15.—In the trotting race to-day Powers made a mile in 2:14.