



THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS

Volume X.

CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1889.

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Grant Co. News.

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,

BY D. I. ASBURY

Editor and Proprietor.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

Subscription \$3 00 Six Months 1 50 Three Months 75

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2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office they are directed to, they are responsible until they settle their bills, and order their paper discontinued.

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6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

7. If subscribers pay in advance they are bound to give notice to the publisher at the end of their term, if they do not wish to continue taking the paper, otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it on, and the subscribers will be responsible until express notice, with payment of all arrears is sent to the publisher.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY:

Clerk of Court: N. H. Mackey; Phil Metcham; Treasurer: N. H. Boley; Commissioners: J. H. McHaley, H. H. Neal, W. P. Gray; Sheriff: W. P. Gray; Assessor: Chas. Timms; School Supt.: E. Hayes; Stock Inspector: T. H. Curl

Dist. Judges: L. B. Isaac, James A. Fee; Dist. Attorney: J. L. Rand

Church Directory: Rev. A. Eads holds divine service at the Winagar school house at 11 o'clock a. m. on the 1st Sabbath of each month, and at 7 o'clock in the evening at the M. E. church in Prairie City.

DEPUTY STOCK INSPECTORS: NOTICE is hereby given that I have appointed the following-named persons as my Deputies, viz: Joseph Kerbins, Stewart P. Thompson, Barnes M. Riley, Harney M. S. Kenney, Long Creek Warren, Carsner, Wagner John Carey, Hamilton John C. Luce, John Day Goo. H. Brown, Riley Wm. Wylie, Drewsey J. T. Thorson, Dayville V. B. Peterson, Ritter J. L. Barnhouse, Caleb T. H. Cribb, Stock Inspector for Grant County, Postoffice Mt. Vernon, Or.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. ORR, M. D. Canyon City, Ogn.

Office on Main Street in Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Howard.

D. R. G. W. BARREER Physician & Surgeon.

Canyon City Oregon. Formerly of Iowa, has located here, and will attend Professional calls day or night. Office opposite News Office.

N. H. BOLEY, Dentist Canyon City Oregon. Office in City Hotel.

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

S. DENNING, Attorney-at-Law.

LONG CREEK OREGON

J. McCULLOUGH, Notary Public.

CANYON CITY Oregon. Office with M. D. Cliff at 106

Land filings and Collections promptly attended to. Deeds and Mortgages drawn, and charges reasonable.

E. A. Knight, Dentist.

From The Dalles, has permanently located at John Day City.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

C. A. SWEET, Attorney-at-Law

CANYON CITY Oregon.

PARRISH & COZAD, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

CANYON CITY, OREGON.

THORNTON WILLIAMS, Attorney-at-Law.

CANYON CITY OREGON. Office at the court house.

CLAY TOLHUNTER, Constable and Collector.

Canyon City, Ore.

J. W. Mack, Attorney-at-Law

AND Notary Public.

PRAIRIE CITY OREGON. Also Agent for the sale of School Lands.

J. OLIVER, Proprietor of the John Day Milk Ranch

Fresh milk delivered daily to my customers in John Day and Canyon cities. Give me your orders. J. OLIVER.

W. A. WILSHIRE, LAKESIDE, Or. N. E. HUDSON, Burns, Or. WILSHIRE & HUDSON, Attorneys at Law

LAKESIDE AND BURNS, OREGON. Will practice in the Circuit Court at Canyon City, and before the U. S. Land Office at Lakeview.

Any business in the Land Office entrusted to us will receive the most prompt attention. Land cases solicited.

F. C. HORSLEY, M. D. GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, April 8, 1848.

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

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Lakeside, Oregon. Dec 8, 1888.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Grant County, at Canyon City, Oregon, on January 15th, 1889, viz: WILLIAM GREY D. S. No. 104 for the W. 1/2 of W. 1/2 Sec. 17, T. 7, R. 2, E. 2.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: James Macdonald, Ward Swift, Ed. Luce, Charles Finlayson all of Dayville, Or.

Any person who desires to contest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witness of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

HENRY BISHART, Register.

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To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured.

Livery and Feed Stable. Having bought these popular Stables I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage.

LEE MILLER, Propr. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon. [PETER KUH'S OLD STAND]

"BIT SALOOK!" CANYON CITY Oregon. Hugh Smith, prop'r.

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THE MAN IN MAN.

Major Dalton was in trouble. He had been detailed and sent to one of the largest cities in the confederacy to superintend the manufacture of bombs and torpedoes.

Everything moved along satisfactorily until the chemist connected with the works made an experiment one day and blew himself up. The force of the explosion was so great that not a piece of the unfortunate man could be found.

"I wouldn't have minded it so much," said the major to his friend, the provost marshal, "if the fellow hadn't carried off a lot of valuable papers with him. He knew lots of chemical secrets, and he had his formulas written out, and they were in his pocket when he left."

"You might advertise," suggested the provost marshal. "Good idea!" replied the major. "I will do it."

The next morning the city papers contained a small advertisement stating that a first-class chemist could secure employment, at a good salary, at the government works.

At the time there were very few idle chemists in the confederacy, and after waiting several days the major began to think that he would have to send up to Richmond for man.

One night when he was alone in his office, he commenced a letter to the secretary of war. He had just penned a request for the detail of an experienced expert, when he became conscious of the presence of another person in the room.

"I didn't see him, and I didn't hear him," said the major afterward, "but I could feel my flesh crawl, and knew that something was up."

The major wheeled around in his chair, and saw a man standing just inside the door. The stranger was tall and thin and his black suit contrasted strangely with his pale face and white hands.

Major Dalton noted these points. In addition to his black attire, the man's hair and eyes were of the same sombre shade, a pair of black rimmed eyeglasses and a black seal ring.

The officer gave a sharp look at his visitor's face, but its dead whiteness was an expressionless mask.

"Ahem!" ejaculated the major. "I must introduce myself," said the stranger, stepping forward. "My name is Pellico. I am a chemist, and I am familiar with the manufacture of explosives. I saw your advertisement and decided to offer my services."

He spoke rapidly, in a musical voice, with a slight foreign accent. "You are no American?" said the major.

"Italian," briefly responded the other. "I belong to a family of famous chemists, and we have saved nearly every government in Europe."

Just then the major remembered that he had a sentry stationed in the front of his office. "Confound it, sir!" he broke out angrily, "how did you get in?"

"I beg your pardon," answered Pellico, courteously. "When your office was pointed out to me I walked in."

The interview resulted in the engagement of Pellico, and on the following morning he went to work.

From the very outset the man in black gave perfect satisfaction, but he made no friends. The men called him "Mr. Midnight," and the officers quietly agreed among themselves that he was a mysterious, very useful, no doubt, but a very agreeable companion.

It did not take long to make the discovery that the Italian's bombs and torpedoes were the best that had ever been made.

One night Pellico made another visit to the office of Maj. Dalton.

"Major," said he after some talk about powder, gun cotton, Greek fire, and other matters, "the main object of our explosive is to destroy the enemy."

"Um! well yes, to a certain extent," replied the gallant confederate.

"What do you think then of a boom that is capable of doing a hundred fold more damage than any now in use?"

"It would be a big thing," "Well," continued Pellico, "I have invented it, I have a chemical compound that can be projected into the enemy's lines through the medium of a shell, and when the shell bursts a deadly vapor spreads over an area of 200 yards, killing every living thing. One shell is capable of killing an entire regiment."

"Why, my God, man," exclaimed the major, "that would be murder!"

"And what is war?" asked Pellico, in his low, soft voice. "The subject did not drop there. The man in black had so much to say about the invention that the major found himself deeply interested."

"This little thing," said Pellico, exhibiting something that looked like a pill covered with tin foil, "would kill a house full of people."

"Let me convince you," urged the chemist. "If you will walk a square with me I will show you something."

The major objected but the Italian assured him that his intended victims were several hogs in the rear of the office.

When they reached the place they found the hogs quietly snoring in a fence corner.

"Then they retired fifty yards or so and Pellico blew his little pill through a hollow cane. "Wait three minutes," he said.

At the expiration of the time the two approached the fence corner. Four large hogs lay stretched out on the ground. It required only a glance to see that they were all dead.

"Now," said the chemist as they walked away, "this experiment is on a very small scale, but you can form an idea from what you have seen."

"It is astonishing," commented the major.

"Nothing to what I have done," said the man in black. In Cuba I took a sling and threw a ball of that stuff of big as my fist into a village. The next morning it was found that all the inhabitants, some 300 or 400, were dead. People outside supposed that it was some mysterious epidemic, but it was not."

"Oh, the soldier, I simply passed him by."

"You ran a great risk of being shot," growled the major.

"Not at all; there was no danger," was the quiet reply. Pellico's manner impressed the officer, and he asked the visitor for his credentials.

The man in black produced a letter of recommendation from a Spanish officer of high rank in Cuba.

"So you have not been long in this country?" remarked the confederate.

"Ten days. I slipped through the blockade, landed in Florida, and then came here."

Further conversation did not cause him to say anything that was inconsistent with the first account of himself.

The armies of Sherman and Grant will melt away before it, and a few hundred projectiles fired from long range guns into New York will turn that metropolis into a city of the dead. What do you say?"

"Hello, corporal; come here!" yelled the major.

"Several soldiers ran to the spot in a hurry. "Seize him!" shouted the officer, "and take him to the guard-house. He is an enemy, a murderer, the devil himself, I believe. But hold on—search him."

"Only some papers and these pills," said the corporal. "I'll take them," said the major. "Now hustle him off to the guard-house."

The major walked with rapid strides to the office of the commander of the post. The provost marshal was summoned as a party to the conference, and other officers were called in.

The council lasted until a very late hour. Never in their whole military experience had the officers been confronted with so serious a problem.

It is not the best men at a wedding who gets the bride. It is strange that we get conflicting reports about a fight.

Eastern newspapers are figuring upon the probable electoral vote of the two parties in 1892. It is a case of large priviousness.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, has issued a decree proclaiming that murderers shall forfeit their lives, and that thieves shall lose their left hands.

China has her troubles. She just now winces under a rebellion in Formosa. Just 100 years ago an uprising in that inland coast the lives of 160,000 Chinese.

We have received a little book entitled "Eating for Strength." As it omits to speak of either onions or cheese, we cannot recommend it as a thoroughly candid and reliable work.

At least seven cities are claiming the little girl who, when asked by her Sunday school teacher what the Epistles of the Bible were, replied that they were the wives of the Apostles.

Francis Murphy says he has induced 14,000,000 people to sign the total abstinence pledge, and that 85 per cent of them have kept it. This is a noble record for the honor of moral stunion.

When William Henry Harrison was elected president there were only 14,000 Federal officeholders, and they worried him fatally sick in a month. Now there are 192,000 offices, and five candidates for each one.

It is estimated that \$100,000 has been sent as Christmas gifts to Ireland from Boston—nearly all of it by the servant girls of that city and vicinity—during the last week. One house alone drew drafts for \$60,000.

Thirty years ago insanity was almost unknown among the Southern negroes, but now the number thus affected in North Carolina alone is one thousand, and the asylum for their treatment at Goldsboro has been enlarged.

It is said that a Dakota girl ate twenty ears of green corn for supper and then went to a party and danced all night. We should think she would. Eight ears of corn are enough to make some people dance all night—and not too.

In Vermont a liquor seller, brought before the courts, urged in defense that he had so reduced his whisky by water that a man could not get drunk on it. He came very near proving his case, but unfortunately for him, in an unguarded moment he had sold one glass of unadulterated whisky, and a fine was the consequence.

In 1822 Alexander Hamilton planted on Washington Heights, now a part of New York City, thirteen trees, one for each of the original colonies. They are all living but one. The green tree planted for North Carolina was blown down a few years ago. It is now proposed to destroy the others to open a new street. There should be room some other place for that street.

"Manly!" almost shrieked the elderly aunt, as she entered the parlor unexpectedly and found the young lady clasped in the arms of a young man, who was kissing her with every indication that he had had considerable practice, "what on earth does this mean?"

"Nothing but an election bet, auntie," replied Amanda, with a look of heroic martyr-like resignation on her lovely face; "I lost, yum yum. Go on, Mr. McPellican. How many was that?"

"Talking about swindlers," said old Deacon Blizard, "about two years ago a book peddler came along, and, as we had no Bible in the house, I bought one with a pretty red cover, with 'Holy Bible' in gilt letters on the back, and clasps on to it, and I'm danged if we didn't discover last week that the book was a volume of census reports for 1870, with a bogus back; and maybe we'd never found out how we'd been cheated if my wife's sister, who had come to visit us, hadn't gone rummaging through the book, looking for a recipe for mince pies, which Amanda said she had mislaid somewhere."

She Was Guided Entirely by the Dictates of Her Heart.

Confiding daughter—Oh mamma, I really think Mr. Nobraes intends proposing soon. Fond mamma—Indeed? Daughter—Yes, if he does, what shall I say? Mamma—Be guided entirely by the dictates of your own heart, my child. Remember, my love that Mr. Nobraes is heir to at least \$25,000 a year. You would doubtless go abroad on your wedding tour, and enter the first circles of society on your return. It would be a lovely match for you. But I have no desire to influence your choice. What does my child's heart say? Daughter—Then my heart is prepared to say 'Yes.' Mamma—My own darling! What joy it will give me to see you married to the man you love!

The Skating Season has Opened

and the obituary editor fills his instand.