

# Grant County News.



VOL. 1. NO. 24.

CANYON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 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, 29 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. CURREY,  
Attorney at Law,  
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

M. DUBIN,  
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.

### Life a Sermon.

"Our every life is a sermon."  
"Life's a sermon!" Let us preach it. Preach it ere this hour is past; Up and preach it! do not waste it, Perhaps this day may be your last.  
"Life's a sermon!" How, then, live ye? Is it full of lies or love? Is its logic clear and truthful? Does it point to the heart above?  
"Life's a sermon!" What, then, saith it? Does it onward, upward move? Is it written clearly, plainly, Every deed a word of love?  
"Life's a sermon!" What's its substance? Is it woven from thyself? Does it only prate of pleasure, Pride and ease, and love of self?  
"Life's a sermon!" Ever preaching, Vast its influence here—above; All its notes a tinkling cymbal, Should the heart be dead to love?  
"Life's a sermon!" All must preach it, Battling oft with many a foe; Oh that God may see Christ's beauty Gleaming through its tears and woe!  
"Life's a sermon!" O Great Master! Make it pure, and true, and free, And its web, though tangled, broken, Yet may guide some soul to Thee!  
—W. Poole Ballern.

### Josh Billingsisms.

If a young man hadn't got a well-balanced head I like to see him part his hair in the middle.  
I don't take any foolish chances. If I was called upon to mourn over a dead man I should stand in front of him and do a weeping.  
There is no man so poor but that he can afford to keep one dog, and I have seen them so poor that they could afford to keep three.  
I say to 2 thirds of the rich people in this world, make the most on your money, for it makes the most on you. Happy thought.  
I never argue in a success when I see a rattlesnake's head sticking out of a hole. I hear off to the left and say to myself that hole belongs to that snake.  
The infidel argues just as a bull duz chased to a post. He bellows and saws, but he don't get loose from the post, i notice. Not much.  
I think the Lord that there is one thing in this world that money can't buy, and that is the wag of a dog's tail.  
I notice one thing, the man who rides on the cars every day is satisfied with one seat, but he who rides once a year wants four.  
The man whom you can't get to write poetry or tell the truth until you git him half drunk, ain't worth the investment.  
Whenever I see a real handsome woman engaged in the woman's rights bizzness, I am going to take off my hat and jine the procession. See if I don't.

Long years after the capture of Stony Point, when Andrew Jackson was president, a visitor at the White House remarked that the postmaster in his town (who "held over") was an enemy to the president—even been heard to call him "a scoundrel!"—and urged the removal of the ill-mannered officer.

"What sort of a person is he?" inquired the president.

The visitor admitted that the postmaster was an aged and honorable man, and incidentally remarked that he was one of the survivors of the battle of Stony Point.

"What?" said the president, rising from his chair. "Was he really with Anthony Wayne at Stony Point?"

"He certainly was," replied the visitor.

"Well, then," said Old Hickory, "he has a perfect right to call me a scoundrel every day in the week, and to be postmaster during his natural life."

The craze for china is more than fifty years old.

**TRICKS ON FARMERS.**—The traveling sharpers who select credulous farmers for their prey are constantly inventing new tricks with which to impose on their victims. One of the latest of these is to persuade a farmer to become a local agent for a new hay rake, or some other patented article of machinery, by offering him a good commission on all sales he can make. This done, the farmer is induced to sign a conditional note for the payment of a limited sum of money when he shall have sold \$275 worth of the new machines. This note is so drawn and worded that it can be cut in two crosswise with a pair of scissors, the right half being worthless, but the left half being a regular note of hand for \$275 signed by the entrapped farmer. The traveling agent having secured it, sells it to any one who will buy it, and the farmer first awakes to his folly when the note is presented for payment. Another game is quite as adroit. A very respectable looking person goes through the country with buggies and carriages to sell, and sells them at such low prices—\$60 and \$50 each—many farmers are tempted to buy them; but the agent is scarcely out of sight when another chap in pursuit of him comes along, exhibits a chattel mortgage on the buggy to the astonished purchaser and carries off the property; provided the purchaser will let him. These tricks are becoming almost as common in the country as the swindling games practiced by sharpers in the cities, unsophisticated country people being the victims in both cases. Laws have been passed to protect the public against them, but it must be borne in mind that a farmer's good sense is a better protection than all the laws that can be devised. The less farmers have to do with city-tongued traveling agents who are not known, the better for them.—St. Louis Republican

**THE LOVABLE WOMAN.**—The man who meets—and loves—the woman of twenty-five is truly fortunate, and she is equally fortunate in meeting and loving him, says a writer in a feminine journal. At that age she seldom deceives herself and is seldom deceived. She may not have, she is not likely to have then, her first sentimental experience; at such an age is more sentimental, and rarely ever fleeting. She looks back at the youths she imagined she was enamored of between sixteen and eighteen, or even twenty-two, and they are worse than indifferent or repellent to her—they are ridiculous; and in some sort she, as she then was, ridiculous to herself. She cannot but think what she has escaped; she cannot but be grateful to her destiny that her sympathies and affections have been reserved for a worthy object and a higher end. At twenty-five, if ever, a woman knows and estimates herself. She is less liable to emotional or mental mistakes; she is far surer of her future, because she feels that her fate is, to a certain extent, within her own hands. Not only is she lovelier and more lovable, broader and stronger than she has been, but her wedded happiness and powers of endurance are in a manner guaranteed.—Bee.

A COUNTRYMAN, seating himself at a fashionable restaurant with the intention of taking a hearty dinner, summoned a waiter and made known his purpose. The latter skipped briskly away, and finally returned with a handsomely bound bill of fare, which he opened and placed before the guest, who pushing it away, scornfully observed: "Oh, come, now, you can't cram no literature down me; vittals is what I want—vittals—and purty durned quick, too!"

A young girl in Lynn, Mass., has had one of her feet so badly poisoned by wearing colored stockings that it is said her foot will have to be amputated.

**ALL ABOUT KISSING.**—It is because there is so much hypocrisy in promiscuous kissing that we object strongly to the senseless custom. It is well enough for a man to kiss his wife, a lover his darling, a mother her children, and a brother his sister; but it is another thing for a person to kiss anybody and everybody. It is a question whether all public kissing is not objectionable; it is certain that very little can be advanced in favor of public promiscuous kissing. Except in some cases, there is nothing enjoyable in a kiss, and it is certainly not a beautiful thing to look at. It should, therefore, be only necessary to prove that it has ceased to be a reliable symbol of affection in order to persuade the great majority of sensible persons to do their best to bring general kissing into disfavor.—Exchange.

A child at Dover, South Mills, Me., now eight years old, was born without eyes. He has eyebrows and eyelids, but there is nothing which indicates the presence of eyeballs, and doctors say that he has nothing whatever in the nature of an eye organism. The little fellow is an unusually bright boy. He has never been heard to utter a word of complaint at his condition, and he invariably rebukes his friends if they give expression to any pitying words. That he appreciates, however, the misfortune that afflicts him is shown by this fact. His little niece had a cataract upon her eye, and he had heard fears expressed lest it should destroy her sight. It was not long after this that his mother heard his voice in an adjoining room, and, going quietly to the door, she was surprised to hear him praying to God that the little baby might not become blind.

The Mrs. Sartoris, the announcement of whose death created such a shock in the United States a few weeks ago, was the mother-in-law, not the sister-in-law of Nellie Grant. American papers must be rather "grave" reading for the latter just now. She has probably read more obituary notices of herself than any other person living, and all breathe the same spirit of tender regret.

Fort Keogh, Wyoming Ty., was visited by a terrific hail storm, a few weeks ago, which completely destroyed the quarters of Company H, Fifth Infantry, and unroofed several other buildings.

Harvest is not more than half done in Yamhill county. The yield is better and the rust not so damaging as at first reported. The warehouse at Sheridan is now completed, and the cleaner will start next week. About 10,000 bushels now stored, nearly all of which is over average in weight, and of superior quality. But few buyers here, as yet, and no wheat offered at present prices.

The Beaverton correspondent of the Hillsboro Independent writes: Andrew Johnson, a Swede, who resides two miles east of here has just returned from a ramble in the Coast Mountains, where he was lost three days and two nights with no companions but three hounds and a gun. He waded a mountain stream the whole of one day, the brush and underwood being impenetrable. The depth of the stream, he says varied from one foot to arm pits, in depth. He returned home in a sorrowful condition, feet badly swollen, shoulders galled and lacerated by carrying his gun.

[From the Standard.]

Ah Chee has been fined at Salem for keeping an opium den.

John Purdy was arrested last week in Lakeview for robbery.

Mr. Bateman of Hillsboro, is the champion rifle shot of Washington county.

N. F. Smith killed three grouse with one rifle shot near Hillsboro, last week.

### General News.

Best & Belcher has levied an assessment of \$1.

The Chisholm case opened at Kalk, Miss., on the 8th.

Carpenters in Paris have struck for higher wages and shorter hours.

During the past week 65 deaths from yellow fever have occurred in Havana.

A sorghum factory is being built at Boise City.

A great deal of building is now going on in Seattle.

Two Seattle Chinamen were recently fined \$10 apiece for killing a hog within the city limits.

Fire has destroyed the Winter range in the vicinity of Squaw Mountain on the Payette.

Delegate Brentz has appointed Fred W. Sparling of Seattle to the naval cadetship of Annapolis.

Mr. James Imbee of Cornelius, plains, has purchased an English coach horse for \$2,000.

The work of ballasting and otherwise repairing the W. V. R. R. was completed last week.

A bridge will be built, in all probability, over the north fork of the Santiam, at or near Mehama.

It is reported that Hon. W. D. Hare will leave Astoria and settle on his Washington country farm.

Wisdom & Snyder's saw mill, near Sterling, Jacksonville county, was burned to the ground on last Thursday night.

Messrs. Pratt, Holmes and Brown have killed several deer near Rock Island, Clackamas county, recently.

Some lowlived wretch has been slipping obscene cards into the lock boxes of the Seattle post office.

Colonel Bernard's troops, almost destitute of clothing, and on broken down animals, has returned to Boise City to refit.

It is estimated that 15,000 bushels grain will be shipped from Chehalis and Newaukum stations, Lewis county, this year.

J. W. Bailey has discovered rich quartz and placer diggings on the Dose-whipple, a tributary, of Hood Canal, W. T.

Mrs. Freeman, wife of Leigh R. Freeman, editor of the Index, and formerly of the Ogden Freeman, who was wounded by the accidental discharge of a shotgun while enroute to Butte, expired a few days ago.

Frank Lambert would have choked to death Bart Chamberlain near Geravis on Saturday had it not been for the intercession of a friend.

The gross value of Yamhill county property is \$4,087,577; indebtedness, \$1,269,695; exemptions, \$352,624; and total taxable property, \$2,465,258; number of poll taxes, \$1,504.

The tax levy for Yamhill county for the year 1879 has been fixed as follows: State tax, 7 mills; county tax, 8½ mills; school tax, 3 mills; making a total of 17½ mills—2½ mills less than last year.

On after the 15th day of September a passenger coach will be attached to the regular train on the W. V. R. R., the said train to leave Dayville at 4:30 o'clock; returning, will arrive at 8:15 o'clock. From five to six, car loads are arriving daily; and it is expected when harvest is completed, to receive from 18 to 20 car loads a day.

Considerable fault is being found in Lafayette with the county court, for paying what some claim to be double the amount that should have been paid for repairing the Dayton bridge. The court let the contract at \$750, and several parties say they would have been willing to have taken the job for \$400 and would have made big money at it at those figures.