

# Grant County News.

VOL. I. NO. 25.

CANYON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 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. OLMSFEAD,**  
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, 1848.  
Canyon City, Oregon.

Office in his Drug Store, Main Street. Oracles 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 BLOODLESS FIGHT.

In the Canyon City Journal, published by R. H. J. Conner, in 1869, we find the following:

A horse had been shot by diggers near town; some cattle butchered, and the farmers and miners scouting for that historical cuss yeiapt "Lo," beside this, the mountains and valleys have been alive with tame Snakes, Umattilas and Warm Springs (many of them without passes), so that the public mind, like tinder, was ready to ignite. Early in the morning of Saturday last, Mr. I. H. Wood and Ernest Dosch had started out to find their horses in the hills in consequence of a report the evening previous that Siwash were seen driving them off. About ten o'clock in the forenoon a soldier came dashing up to Mr. Henry Dosch's place, about three miles west of here, with the horrible intelligence that Wood and the other men were surrounded by fifty Indians and one of them had been shot off his horse. Mr. John Riley reached town first, immediately followed by Henry Dosch, and the news spread like wild fire. Upset a bee-hive, sit down on a hornet's nest, and you may have a faint idea of the excitement in our city. With the promptitude and true courage peculiar to frontier life, in less than ten minutes over forty men were armed, some mounted and others on foot, and off to the rescue. Let us here, before giving the comical events of the day, say that too much praise cannot be given the man who, with the spirit of '76, started for the supposed scene of action. We also state that, under the circumstances, Mr. H. Dosch only showed prudence and foresight in bringing his family to town. We will state briefly that a day or two before some Indians had been seen near here, and at the above mentioned time some drunken soldiers showing and firing their guns in the timber, and one of them rushing in and telling H. Dosch they had been attacked, was the basis of the scare.

After the facts, now for the fun: Not having arms to go round and not being disposed to hunt Indians, in fact not having lost any Indians, many of our braves formed themselves into "home guards," and took observations at the volunteer through glasses with sugar in the bottom! Reynolds soon got excited and hanging his coat on a willow started in the wake of the volunteers, armed with a shingle, and captured a black bottle, which soon after was found empty. Whiten rode twenty miles—in the other direction. Miller locked his office, put the key in his pocket, and stayed inside. Laswell showed true courage by seeking the presence of the ladies and staying there. Drs. Horsley and Tierny were the last volunteers armed each with a lance, like a night of old. McBean started out with a shot gun and a game bag spread over his back like a tent. McCullough started with a yard stick and pencil, but soon returned, having forgotten to bid his family an affectionate adieu. Messenger ran up and down the street swearing, the longer I lives de more I does find out. A Web-footer Ludd very generously offered to loan his mule and pistol. Benson rushed out of town with an empty Henry. But the bravest man we heard of went and loaded his revolver and crept under his bed. Others of the home guard behaved with equal distinction, but time will not permit us to enumerate.

At one p. m. the volunteers returned with the Mr. Wood and E. Dosch, and to the great relief of all, assured us that all was quiet on the Potomac, and not an Indian been seen; so ended this bloodless conflict.

It is claimed by those who know, that it will be next to impossible to get out the Snake river grain this year, because the water is low and a heavily loaded boat cannot descend that stream with any moderate chance of safety.

### Some Natural History--The Editor.

"What ferocious looking animal is this?"

"This is the editor."

"Indeed! Are they very dangerous?"

"Sometimes. When cornered they have been known to be quite combative, and again they have been known to go through a convenient back window. Generally they are mild and passive."

"When are they most dangerous?"

"When intruded upon by a book agent who wants a forty five local for a seventy-five cent book, or by poets with verses about gentle Spring."

"Are editors cross to each other?"

"Only when separated by several blocks of buildings."

"Do they often have fearful combats with each other?"

"Occasionally when they go out in opposite directions, and come upon each other by accident."

"Are editors ever cowhided?"

"Sometimes the small ones are, but the big ones are very rarely molested."

"Do editors eat?"

"They do. It was formerly supposed that they ate at long intervals and upon rare occasions, but it is now a well authenticated fact that they can eat a great deal when they can get it."

"What kind of food do they like most?"

"They are not very particular. While they won't refuse quail on toast, fried crab on roast turkey about Christmas time, they have been known to make a hearty repast off a dish of cold urriaps and a consumptive herring."

"Can they eat concert tickets?"

"We believe not. Some people have gained this continuous impression from false teaching in early life, but no authenticated instance as such a thing is on record."

"Do editors go free into shows?"

"They do when they give dollar and a half locals for a twenty-five cent ticket."

"Are all editors bald, like this one?"

"No; only the married ones are bald. But let us pass on; the editor does not like to be stared at."—Exchange.

Do not be induced to endanger your life by using mercurial blood purifiers; they may dry up old sores, but leave a death sap in the system. Buy Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier, which is a purely vegetable one, and, in fact, will remove, by continual use, all mercurial poison from the blood.

**THE ROBBERS.**—In our issue of last Saturday we mentioned the examination of Wood and Reese, the Middleton robbers, and added that they had been held to await the action of the Grand Jury. In this we are wrongfully informed. They were only arraigned and given until Monday one o'clock, to plead. At the appointed time they were brought before Commissioner Stout and waived an examination. Mr. Stout informed them that it was necessary for the witnesses on the part of the U. S. Government to be examined. Messrs. Schainwald & Longendyke were brought in and recognised the prisoners as the men who gagged them, and robbed the store and post office. Their evidence was of such a nature as to make it a very strong case, and the Commissioner held them in a bond of \$20,000 to await the action of the U. S. Grand Jury on the charge of robbing the U. S. mail. They were taken back to the Penitentiary, where they are likely to remain until the action of the U. S. Grand Jury at least.—Idaho Democrat.

Albert Dewey, of Traceys, Clackamas county, aged 15, killed a bear with his gun.

### Land for Those who Need It.

The experience of the two past seasons has proven beyond a peradventure that the land on the flat across the river will produce just as good crops as any land in our valley. The owners of the Morris farm have just completed their threshing, and the yield of wheat is equal, if not ahead of any other body of land containing the same number of acres that can be selected from among the farming lands of our valley. The grain is well matured, there being no swiveled grain among it. It was very uniform in its growth, and also its ripening. This enterprise has been looked upon with a great deal of interest by our people, as upon its success depended the question as to whether the farming lands of our portion of the territory were confined to the narrow limits of Boise valley proper, or would the great sageflats on the more elevated plain produce if the necessary amount of water could be supplied. Hence, from the time it was announced that W. B. Morris was preparing to give the matter an effectual test, down to the present time, we have heard men of intelligence and experience offering their opinions, some on one side and some on the other. This season's crop has, however, silenced all intelligent opposition, and all are now convinced that all that vast plain lying between the Boise and Snake river will produce good crops at all points where it can be properly irrigated. Wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, tomatoes, squashes, in fact, everything that can be produced on our best bottom lands, have been produced on this farm with equal facility. Potatoes weighing from one to two pounds are now being dug from soil which, two years ago was thought to be worthless. This opens up a scope of country containing from 30,000 to 50,000 acres for future settlement. The present capacity of the canal is thought to be sufficient for the irrigation of 12,000 acres. But it is an easy matter to enlarge it so as to make it capable of carrying an indefinite amount of water. We are informed that the proprietors of the canal offer to secure settlers on that land from any danger of a failure of the water, and furnish it at a very reasonable figure. Here, then, is an opportunity to secure good land, and make homes with all the advantages of a new country, without being forced to endure any of the privations so common to frontier life.—Idaho Democrat.

**TUESDAY** afternoon, says the San Francisco Post, Mrs. Kallach, in dressing the wound in the patient's thigh, saw a dark object protruding. She told him to put his finger on the wound. He did so, and said: "I believe that is the bullet; pull it out." She made several attempts and finally succeeded in extracting the bullet. She came out smilingly, holding the ball between her thumb and finger. It was of 42 caliber, a large ball, about the size of an ordinary man's thumb. It had gradually worked itself out of the wound. The wound in the chest discharges a little, but thus far shows no indications of inflammation, and gives no uneasiness to the patient.

### The Hostiles on Squaw Creek.

The following is from the Idaho Democrat extra, of Friday, September 19th, 9 o'clock A. M.:

Last Wednesday evening, Sept. 17th, about three o'clock, while Jas. Valentine was hunting stock about six miles above Cal. Beard's place on Upper Squaw Creek, 45 miles north from this city, he was fired upon and seriously wounded by an Indian, the ball striking him near the shoulder blade and coming out near the right nipple. He went home immediately and gave the alarm.

The settlers, eight in number, made search that night but did not find the Indians until about 4 o'clock Thursday

evening. They were near where the boy was wounded secreted in the brush. A few Indians were seen at the edge of the brush and when fired upon by the citizens they ran back under cover of the brush. At this time 22 head of horses, which had been in the possession of the Indians, came running out of the brush and were captured by the citizens. In the raid to capture the horses the citizens saw that there were more Indians than they could manage, so they drove the horses down to the settlements and sent a messenger, Mr. Wm. E. Drewsinberry, to town for the troops, where he arrived this morning at 8 o'clock. Col. Bernard starts with his company immediately for the scene.

The settlers in the mean time will watch the Indians and will try and detain them until the troops arrive. The citizens estimate the number of Indians at from 40 to 60 warriors.

The troops left here at 9:10 A. M.

**DRIVEN WILD BY WHISTLING.**—It is acknowledged that editors are a short-lived race, and many conjectures have been made as to the cause thereof. Some eminent physicians believe it to be the close confinement; others the care that attends editorial duties; others, again, the worry and bustle of editorial life, and still others, the long hours and night work. With all respect for these theories they are wrong. It is whistling that causes the editor's hair to become prematurely gray. Almost every person that comes up stairs whistles. The boy that brings the mail whistles; the lamp cleaner whistles; the telegraph boys all whistle; each of the fifty or a hundred types whistles when he goes up stairs and whistles as he comes down. The man with an item whistles; the man who wants a correction made whistles; the man who wants a notice whistles; the jaunty advance agent of the Great Consolidated Minstrels whistles the very latest airs; and although there is a law preventing steamboats and locomotives from whistling within the city limits, yet every man and boy in Detroit is allowed to float around loose tooting his exasperating and everlasting whistle and no injunction can be served on him. It is no use trying to stop the nuisance. Not long since an editor made arrangements with a cab company for the day. He then had a few loads of bricks toted up to the editorial landing, and every one thought a big chimney was to be erected. He employed some orderly and active men at the foot of the stairway to attend to the remains, and then he took his seat beside the brick pile at the head of the stairs. As soon as a person appeared whistling about his Grandfather's Clock, or He Was Little Buttercup, or his Mary Ann, or the Dead March, or Saul, or He Was Monarch of the Sea, the editor felled him with a brick. The men picked up what was left, placed it in a cab and the cabman drove to the city hospital. All that day the bricks descended, alike on the just and the unjust, hit the whistler with an advertisement just the same as the whistler who wanted a puff, and when a cabman brought back word that the hospital wards were all full, the editor desisted, but the whistling went on just the same. This is the true reason that Detroit grows old and fade before their time.—Detroit Free Press.

In addition, says the Telegram, to the 137 gas lamps required to illuminate the city, there are 171 oil lamps, or a total of 308. These cost the city every month \$755, of which sum the oil lamps cost \$207 and the gas lamps \$548. An interval of two miles separates the lamp near the First street bridge and that near the west side depot. If one man had to light the whole number, he would be obliged to travel every night twelve or fifteen miles. It takes two hours to light and the same length of time to extinguish them.

L. P. FISHER  
ADVERTISING AGENT  
Room 21  
San Francisco, Cal.