

# Grant County News.

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## The Grant County News.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

S. H. SHEPHERD, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Notices in Court, 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.

### PROFESSIONAL CLERKS.

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

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

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

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

E. C. BORSLEY, M. D. GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, April 8, 1848.

Office in his Drug Store, Main Street. Orders for Drugs promptly filled.

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

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

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.

### PREPARING FOR GRANT.

We take the following report from the Standard: The committee of twenty-four citizens appointed to make arrangements for the reception of General U. S. Grant held a meeting yesterday afternoon at the City Council Chambers.

The meeting was finally called to order by Mayor Thompson, the chairman, and organized by the election of Wm. Kapisas secretary and H. W. Corbett treasurer.

J. B. Congle offered an amendment to the above and made a motion that the Mayor of the city be authorized, on behalf of the committee the citizens of Portland to extend to General Grant an official invitation to visit the city.

The motion of Mr. Congle was seconded and passed. Mayor Thompson was authorized to send such dispatch, and upon receipt of answer, to appoint such committees as would be necessary.

The committee then adjourned to meet at the call of the chairman.

The following telegram was sent to General Grant at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon by Mayor Thompson:

PORTLAND, Sept. 24, 1879. To General U. S. Grant, San Francisco, California:

In behalf of the general committee and the citizens of the city of Portland, I am authorized to extend to you and party an invitation to visit our city and such other places in the State of Oregon as you may desire.

D. P. THOMPSON, Mayor.

A DISPATCH FROM GRANT. Last evening the following telegram was received direct from General Grant:

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 24, 1879. To D. P. Thompson, Mayor of the city of Portland:

I hope to be in Portland on the fourteenth proximo, but will telegraph you the day of departure. U. S. Grant.

Among the other parties that will accompany General and Mrs. Grant to this city will be the Governor elect of California, George Perkins, ex-Governor George Wood, formerly of Oregon, John Russell Young, the well known correspondent, Lieut. Fred Grant and several prominent citizens of San Francisco.

The Stewart grave robbers evidently thought they had got hold of a bonanza, and \$2,500,000 was the first price demanded for the return of the body. From that sum they came down step by step to \$200,000. Judge Hilton, it is said, offers to pay no more than \$25,000 and even then will promise no immunity to the criminals.

More than one-half of Montana is covered with Indian reservations. The number of Indians in 1870 was 20,000; now hardly half that number are within the limits of the Territory.

### General News.

[Idaho Democrat] A new-paper has been started at Logan, Utah.

Over 20,000 quartz mines have been recorded in Montana.

J. M. Sawtelle, the actor, has built a theatre at Helena, Montana.

There are 102 students at the Territorial university of Washington.

The Utah Northern is holding freight at Ogden while the terminus is being moved to Beaver canyon.

The Ozen Dispatch says that the boy who fell from the tight rope at that place last week is able to be around.

The case of C. W. Hymen, who killed T. K. West at Paradise last May, is before the district court at Winnemucca.

Twenty years ago the vote of California was 103,000 and is now 150,000. The increase is small for so long a period.

The total bullion yield of Colorado for 1879 is estimated at \$30,000,000. Since 1858 the mines of the State have yielded \$82,000,000.

John Kelly, the pioneer violinist, well known by old timers of the Pacific Coast, is holding forth at Olympia. He is accompanied by his wife.

Very rich placer mines have been struck in Lane county, Oregon, and the excitement was so great that men left threshing machines standing in the fields and started for the mines.

The first wheat raised in Oregon was produced upon a farm in Marion county, in the year 1828. Ever since that time—fifty-one years—with a single exception, grain has grown on that farm.

[Daily Bee.] R. C. Gee's hip house in the Waldo Hills, was burned up on Saturday last. Loss being \$1,200.

Quite a lively town is springing up near the Monumental mine.

The settlers don't like the idea of removing the soldier boys from Kittitas Valley.

Chief Moses visited Ellensburg last week and invested some coin in Winter supplies.

A new mail route has recently been established via Crab Creek from Walla Walla to Camp Okanogan. Spokane Jiminy has the contract at the modest sum of \$350 per month.

A few days since a shooting scrape occurred at Ellensburg, in which a well known lady and gentleman figured as principals, the former as the shooter and the latter as the "shooter." Medical attendance for a shot in the arm was shortly afterward absolutely necessary.

Of the 70,250,000 English speaking people in the world, 17,750,000 are Episcopalians, 14,000,000 are Methodists, 12,500,000 are Catholics, 10,000,000 are Presbyterians, 8,000,000 Baptists and 7,000,000 Congregationalists.

[Daily Standard.] Diphtheria is plentiful at Olympia. Tunawater people are suffering with colic that are an epidemic.

Twelve members have organized a Congregational church in Wenatchee Valley, W. T.

Mr. Canaday, Kittitas Valley, had his jaw broken last week by being thrown from his wagon by a runaway team.

A dwelling house with contents and a wagon belonging to Ben Snipes, 25 miles below Yakima City, were burned by fire last week.

The fire in Portland on Sept. 22d, destroyed about \$70,000 worth of property. The heaviest losers are Zau, Ainslie & Co., Davidson & Co., Minnesota House, Robinson & Walker, Cardinell and the Barton House.

Pfunder's medicines are made from Oregon roots, herbs and barks, and are not patent medicines, but purely vegetable Family remedies.

### An Essay on Women.

After man came woman. And she has been of him ever since.

She is a person of noble extraction, being made of man's rib.

I don't know why Adam wanted to feel away his ribs in this way, but I suppose he was not accountable for all he did.

It costs more to keep a woman than three dogs and a shot gun.

But she pays you back in interest—by giving you a housefull of children to keep you awake all night and smear molasses and candy over your Sunday coat.

Besides a wife is a very convenient article to have about the house.

She is handy to swear at when you cut yourself with a razor, and don't feel like blaming yourself.

Woman is the superior being in Massachusetts.

There are about sixty thousand more of her sex than males in that State.

This accounts for the terrified, hunted expression of the single men who emigrated from the East.

Woman was not created perfect.

She has her faults—such as false hair and false complexion, and so on.

But she is a great deal better than her neighbors, and she knows it.

Ever was a woman.

She must have been a model wife, for it cost Adam nothing to keep her in clothes.

Still I don't think they were a bit happy.

She couldn't go to sewing circles and air her information about everybody she knew, or excite the envy of other ladies by wearing her new winter hat to church.

Neither could she hang over the back fence and gossip with her near neighbor.

All these blessed privileges were deprived her.

Poor Eve! She's dead now.

And the fashion she inaugurated is dead too.

If it had not been for that confounded "snake" perhaps the ladies of the present day would dress as economically as Eve did.

But the only place where the primitive style is emulated is in certain portions of Central Africa, where the women consider themselves in full dress when they have on but a postage stamp stuck in the center of their forehead.

Woman is endowed with a tremendous fund of knowledge and a tongue to suit.

She has a capacity for learning everything she was divinely intended to know, and a few extra items besides.

Young ladies take a great deal of stock in classics and learn very fast.

When you see a young lady from Vassar, with an absorbed look in her eyes, and her lips moving, you understand at once that she is memorizing a passage from Virgil.

But perhaps closer observation will reveal the fact that she is only chewing gum.

A woman may not be able to sharpen a lead pencil, or hold an umbrella, but she can pack more articles in a trunk than a man can in a one horse wagon.

The happiest period of a woman's life is when she is making her wedding garments.

The saddest is when her husband comes home late at night and yells to her from the front doorsteps to throw out a bunch of key holes of different sizes.

There is some curiosity in feminine nature.

For instance, I knew a young lady could easily pass another one on the street without looking around to see what she had on.

Poor thing! She was blind.

### It Is So Easy To Write For A Paper!

He was a friend of mine and used frequently to drop in and give me advice as to how I ought to run my paper.

He was a minister, and consequently thought I should devote it a little more to the cause of religion, and not quite so much to politics.

He said it would make a power for good in the Western land, in which we had both cast our fortunes.

He was a lover of the original, too, and said he disliked to see re-print, and thought I should write more—take the time, in fact, to fill the paper right up with good new stuff. It seemed such an easy thing for him that one day I ventured to say:

"Brother, you had a glorious meeting at the school house, I hear; suppose you write it up for me."

He didn't seem to notice though he wanted to.

I urged.

He flushed a little and stood around, awkward like. He had never been honored with an invitation to write for the press before.

I then urged.

Then he took off his gloves and hat. Then I gave him a seat at the table, with paper and pencil.

He sat down to editorial work.

He was always talking about how it should be done and now he was at it.

He started in.

I went about my work, and, having written up a column or two of matter for the day's paper, left him still writing, while I went out to solicit some advertisements.

I was gone an hour or two, and when I came back he was still at it.

He was sweating awfully.

His eyes were bent on the edifying white paper before him, and his pencil was a stub. I began to grow frightened, I knew I had only a small weekly paper, and that its fourteen columns of space (one side was a patent inward) would not hold the contents of the Bible and supplementary messages from Heaven besides.

At last the man looked up and timidly advanced with a piece of paper in one hand, and suddenly went back to chance a word.

Then he came on again, and like one who had passed through a vision, held out a piece of paper and boldly asked:

"Will that do?"

I looked at it.

There were just seven lines of it advertising measure.

He was a large man, weighing over 300 pounds then but when I met him three weeks later he weighed less than 155.

He had been sick.

The seven-line nine-hour effort was too much for him.

But it was not all lost. He never advised an editor again.

Neither did he compose for a paper again.

It was hard work for him to write, and he saw he was not cut out for an editor—Chicago Journal.

The Dalles Mountaineer says: "A few days ago Doctors Logan & Richardson succeeded in taking from Mr. Parkhurst, of Astoria, a woman's feet long and about one-half inch wide. He has carried this mass in his stomach for about ten years, and at times suffered a great deal of pain resulting from its presence. The gentleman is now improving rapidly and is feeling like a new man."

Robert Bonner's trotting horse "Edwin Forest," on the 9th made the fastest time on record—a mile in two minutes and eleven and three-fourths seconds.