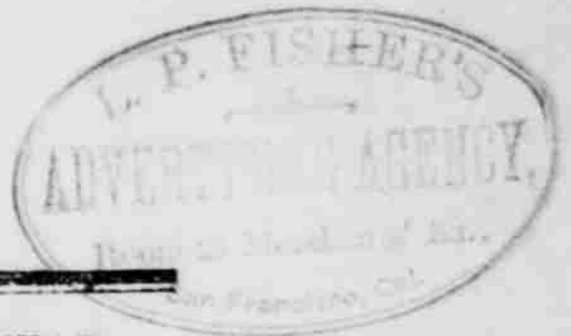


Grant County News.



VOL. 1. NO. 36.

CANYON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 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 50 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. DUFFIN,
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. 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, - - - On.

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.

Hotels.

N. RULISON, A. H. GROTH.

CITY HOTEL

CANYON CITY, OREGON.

RULISON & GROTH, - - Proprietors

Be glad to inform their friends

And the Public Generally!

That they can be found at the

OLD STAND,

And are always ready to furnish good

Board and Lodging
AT MODERATE PRICES.

STEINER HOUSE,

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the general public that they have opened a FIRST CLASS HOTEL in the building known as THE GOLDEN EAGLE,

Canyon City, - - - Oregon,

Where you can find the

BEST TABLE

North of Portland,

The Beds

Are all new, and the rooms have been furnished new throughout.

Board, \$5. per week; \$1. per day
Meals, 50 cents.

SEGERDAHL & ROBERTS, Proprietors.

Grange Hotel.

PRAIRIE CITY, OREGON,

J. H. Hardman, Proprietor.

The accommodations at the above Hotel are good, and every care will be taken to make guests feel at home.

Comfortable beds, and as good a table as the market affords furnished at reasonable rates.

HARNEY HOTEL

Fort Harney, Oregon.

N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

Having completed my Hotel I am prepared to entertain the traveling public with care and comfort. The table is supplied with the best the market affords. The beds are neat and clean.

STRAWBERRY VALLEY

FLOURING MILLS,

MOREHEAD & GLEAVER

PROPRIETORS.

Manufacturers and dealers in Flour of the Best Brand, Graham Flour, Corn Meal, Shorts, Bran and Feed. For a

Superior Article

OF FLOUR go the Strawberry Mills. These Mills are located in Strawberry Valley, in the upper John Day Valley, Grant County. Accommodations a speciality. Reasonable prices. Give us a call.

DALLES AND BAKER CITY



STAGE LINE,

Vaile & Co., - - - Proprietors.

Departs from Canyon City for The Dalles and Baker City, Daily.

Arrives from the same points, Daily.

R. G. WILLIAMSON, Sup't.

CANYON CITY & McDERMIT



STAGE LINE,

FRANK McBEAN, - - Proprietor

Departs from Canyon City on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday of each week.

Arrives at Canyon City on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday of each week.

THE COUSINS.

[From the Chicago News.]

He had got himself into a scrape, and, manlike, had no definite idea how he was to get out of it.

Last winter, in a flush of enthusiasm, he had rewarded Miss Mowbray's seraphic smiles by an offer of his hand and fortune, and she had accepted the prize with a show of tenderness that was perfect in its way.

The marriage, in all human probabilities, would have been consummated, had not the grim hand of Fate beckoned the unfortunate Con up to a little village on a fishing excursion ostensibly, but, in reality, to fall in love with pretty little Dora Blair.

He met her at a village gathering and it being a fixed principle of his to attach himself to the prettiest girl in the room, he adhered to his purpose with a rigidity which would have been extremely amusing, had it not so soon become serious, for, after two or three meetings, Master Con was fairly infatuated.

For a week the dream was bright and undisturbed.

Then Con began to feel uncomfortable.

With the prospect of being married to one girl in a month he was hardly dishonorable enough to propose the same course with another.

But being neither very clever nor original, he could not see the slightest loophole; so he lingered on at Dora's side, and she, poor child! was happy, even in the uncertainty.

Of course people talked as they always do talk, and some daring than the rest encompassed Con, and looked unutterable things as they spoke of Dora's parentage.

"Lives with her father and mother? Oh, yes; but then they don't happen to be her father and mother—well, we don't know, and the Blairs take care to give us no information."

Then Con was angry.

He was just young enough to be Quixotic, and of course, he wanted to marry her; to take his little star-faced angel to himself; to transplant his little field daisy to a more luxuriant soil.

He went up to see her with a letter from Miss Mowbray in his pocket and an ominously guilty feeling about his heart.

Pretty Dora, sat with her white face up-raised, and her wondrous hair falling around her like a glorious golden cloud.

"I thought you would come," she said, slyly, the color faintly flushing her fair cheeks, and then, though Nature had not made him so, Con felt more utterly foolish than ever.

"As if I could stay away," he answered, half reproachfully. "At least until I have to, for I am going away in a day or two."

"Oh! are you?" very faint and tremulous.

"Yes, but I'll come back again if any one wants me."

She stole one quick glance at him from under her downcast lids.

"Do you want me, Dora? Will I come back to you?"

No answer came from the parted lips, but I think he knew she wanted, for, leaning over the garden gate he answered her silence by saying:

"Very well, dear, I'll be back in a very little while, and you'll be waiting for me, won't you?"

It was not very definite, to say the least of it.

Con went home that night, ecstatically but guiltily happy.

And when he reached home he found a letter awaiting him.

A letter from his mother, the dowager Mrs. Creighton, demanding his instant return.

"Gertrude is very ill," she said, "and certainly your place should be beside the lady who in four weeks will become your wife. I have heard but totally

disbelieve, a rumor of some girl whose pretty face has attracted your attentions. It might have troubled me, had I not known that I could trust your dignity as being a member of the Creighton family, and your honor as being engaged to Gertrude Mowbray."

Con crushed the letter in his hand, and tried to stare circumstances in the face, but circumstances baffled him, and in a state of semi-torture, he retired to his dream-disturbed couch.

The next morning he returned to London.

Miss Mowbray was much better when he reached home.

Mrs. Creighton greeted him with dignified pleasure, and poor Con felt as utterly mean and dishonorable as his most inveterate enemy could have desired.

"Mr. Creighton, I would like to speak with you for a moment, please."

Con was walking down the strand considering how he should break off his engagement, when the words struck his ear.

Con turned with a start, and encountered his lawyer, Arthur Gray.

"Certainly, Mr. Gray! What's the business now?"

"Rather an unpleasant business, I am sorry to say, sir. But you will step into my office where I can fully explain."

So Con followed him in, and waited to hear what the unpleasant business might be.

"You are aware, sir, that your late uncle, from whom you inherited your fortune, died intestate, or I should say, was thought to have died intestate, whereon you were his heir-at-law. A few days since, however, we made what must prove a painful discovery, namely, the certificate of his marriage, and a half drawn up will, in which he bequeathed all he possessed to his unacknowledged wife, or her children, should she have any."

"After diligent inquiries, we have discovered that the late Mrs. Creighton died in giving birth to a child, but the child is still living, so I must inform you that you are—"

"Peniless," finished Con, gloomily, but with deliberation.

"Not quite, Mr. Creighton. Your father left you £2,000, which is something. Your cousin arrived today, I believe."

Poor Con, he managed to get out without disgracefully showing his feelings, for it's no joke to find oneself suddenly precipitated from the pinnacle of a millionaireship.

"Well, after all, there's some comfort," he said, returning to his soliloquy. "Gertrude Mowbray won't want me now, so I'll give her warning. Dora will take me, rich or poor, and I hope I'm not such a miserable coward as to shirk the labor of a man."

His meditations brought him in front of the Mowbray mansion.

Five minutes after he was sitting in the daintiest of boudoirs, Gertrude before him in the most recherché of French morning robes.

"You look dreadfully tired, Con. Have you been walking very far?"

"Not particularly far, but I have had bad news, and as a general thing, that is more harassing than the mere effort of walking."

"Why, what news have you had?"

"Nothing very serious, I hope."

"Oh, not at all; only that I've lost every penny of the fortune my uncle left me."

"Lost, oh! Oh, no! How?"

"Oh, in a romantic way, of course. It seems that my supposed bachelor uncle was, in reality, a Benedict, but, as his as his marriage was in secret, and the girl was a country lass, nobody knew anything about it; so he told her the ceremony was false, and left her. She died heartbroken, and left an heir or an heiress, I don't know which. This child takes the silver spoon out of

my mouth, and I, as you see am ruined. Of course, Gertrude, I come to you first to release you, if you wished, from our engagement. Reared as you have been, I could not expect you to marry a poor man, and, indeed in my changed circumstances I could be no fit husband for you."

Then Miss Mowbray showed that, girl though she was, she was equal to the occasion.

"I can readily perceive, Mr. Creighton, that it is your wish that our engagement should end, and, knowing that, I should be last one to oppose your inclinations. As regards your loss, I sympathize with you sincerely, but I cannot fail to rejoice that it happened before I awoke to the fate of an unloved wife."

So, for the last time, Con went down the steps, saying to himself:

"At any rate, I still have £2,000 and Dora!"

He walked along, feeling his spirits considerably lighter, his troubled conscience comparatively at rest.

But just as he reached his mother's residence, Gray once more encountered him.

"Ah! Here you are again; the very fellow I want. Your cousin has arrived and is anxious to see you. Could you go to her at once? She is with some relatives at the hotel."

Con turned on him, a sulky expression wreathing his handsome face.

"Look here, Gray; isn't it enough for a fellow to be left penniless, without making him play lucky to the girl that's got his money? As you're so desperately interested, you can tell my cousin that I am very much engaged today, and can't go to her. If she wishes to see my mother, I presume she can find her."

Arthur Gray turned his back upon his late client.

He was young and still unmarried, so it may be presumed he did not feel very badly as he returned to pay his devoirs to the heiress.

But Con did feel badly as he passed through his mother's door, and strode impatiently down the halls that were no longer theirs.

He was ascending the stairs when the servant called:

"I forgot to give you this note, Mr. Creighton. It was left here about five minutes ago."

Con took it up and glanced carelessly at it, a dainty little envelope whose delicate address he did not recognize, broke the seal and read.

"Miss Creighton's compliments to Mr. Creighton, and desires his immediate presence."

"By Jove! She'll offer me the post of footman next, I presume; but I'll go to her now and let her see her mistake."

So, in anything but an amiable humor, he wended his way to her "immediate presence."

"Miss Creighton is engaged at present, but will be down in five minutes," the waiter said; and, after he had disappeared, Con began to mutter something very contemptuous about "country chams," etc.

Then, finding he had to wait, he resigned himself to a comfortable arm chair, until a light step sounded in the hall, until a slight figure, with clouds of golden hair and diaphanous robes of fleecy gauze, came floating into the room, until a sweet voice cried out:

"Oh Con, I am so glad to see you!"

Then, while he was staring and wondering, Dora's two white hands were laid in his.

Dora's sweet face was upturned to him.

Dora's violet eyes rested upon him, the tender love-light lurking in their depths.

"Dora, my darling! My own little Dora, what does this mean!"

[Continued on second page.]

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