

# Grant County News.



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CANYON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880.

TERMS: \$3. PER YEAR.

## The Grant County News.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

BY S. H. SHEPHERD,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

### SUBSCRIPTION:

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INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1w	1m	3m	6m	1yr
1 Inch	\$2	\$4	\$5	\$10	\$20
2 Inches	3	6	8	14	26
3 Inches	4	7	12	16	30
4 Inches	5	8	14	20	36
1 Column	7	9	20	28	40
1/2 Column	8	13	24	35	50
1/3 Column	10	15	30	40	70
1/4 Column	15	20	40	60	120

Legal Advertisements \$2. 50 per sqr for first insertion and \$1 per square each subsequent 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.

IM. 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 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, - O. N.

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.

## Hotels.

N. RULISON, A. H. GROTH.

### CITY HOTEL

CANYON CITY, OREGON.

RULISON & GROTH, - - Proprietors

Beg leave 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.

### 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 & CLEAVER 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



### STAGELINE,

Vaile & Co., - - - Proprietors.

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

Arrives from the same points, Daily.

R. C. WILLIAMSON, Supt.

### CANYON CITY & McDERMIT



### STAGELINE,

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.

## I. X. L. TOMATOES.

Put up expressly for Family Use, in three pound cans.—[Warranted, finer, better and cheaper than the Imported Tomatoes.] By G. W. Houston, Canyon City, Oregon. For sale by Phil. Metschan & Co., Gundlach & Bro. and the Proprietor.

## GRANT COUNTY,

### AS IT IS NOW, AND ITS FUTURE PROSPECTS.

It is the purpose in this article to furnish the readers of the News with a concise statement of what Grant County is, upon every material point, concerning which those who contemplate a removal westward usually seek to be informed. Details will be entered into fully than has been the case in any previous article of like character, and we ask a careful, candid perusal of it, giving the reader assurance that every statement therein made is warranted by the facts and the public records. We shall at first consider the County as a whole, and follow with the historical and statistical information of each township separately.

#### OUR SCHOOLS.

[From the note-book of Supt. Mack.]

Though Monument Postoffice is almost isolated to itself, an oasis in a desert, apparently; its inhabitants are not ignorant nor comfortless. I had known the lady in childhood and knew she was as full of music, naturally, as a bird. I was not at all surprised, then, when she sat down to the organ and proved herself a master hand, but I was very agreeably surprised when her husband brought forward a violin, at playing which, I found him an adept, and for more than hour, until ashamed to urge them to continue longer, I listened to as fine music as it has been my lot to hear for many a year. Thence a few miles across and down the North Fork to the home of Mr. Franklin, one of the directors of the district who kindly showed me the way by trail over a mountain ridge to the residence of a very intelligent English couple with whom I passed the night. These people have fled from the hard times in England in good time, and for much less than the annual rent in England, have become the happy owners in fee simple of one hundred and sixty acres of

#### GOOD FARMING LAND

and possessors of a large extent of bunch grass on the hills and table-lands around. There is no doubt, no Providential hindrance occurring, a very few years will find them comparatively wealthy. The next morning I returned to the North Fork at the residence of Mr. Cochran where I found one of the finest places on the route. Here apples, pears, peaches and everything almost, that is good to eat and producible from the soil, grew profusion. He expected to gather some hundreds of peaches. It was still July and ripe pears and apples were set before me, and were luscious and refreshing. From here a wagon road continued down the river to the lower settlement but to reach Hay Stack Valley, necessitated leaving this road some two miles below Mr. Cochran's and for fifteen miles over nothing but a trail, climbing mountains and plunging through deep canyons without a human face or a human dwelling to gladden the sight. This was one of the hottest days of the summer and years will not efface the memory of that ride. The river bottom was narrow and the bluff was soon reached up, which went the trail heaven-ward.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." Being a very merciful man, I dismounted to relieve my weary steed from my weight while climbing that mountain. But I soon made a discovery. That was, that I could not possibly climb a steep ascent and drag an able bodied horse up after me. So after that

"WE CLIMBED THE HILLS TOGETHER," that is, I climbed on him and he climbed the hills. And as we went up, the pitiless rays came down. How heartily I sympathized with those Hebrew children with jaw-breaking names who went through the fiery furnace. I realized just how they felt. The trail, too, appeared to take a malignant pleasure in leading me over the highest peaks and steepest acclivities. It surely was not trained up in the way it should go. I learned afterward, it was an Indian trail; which, of course, accounted for its waywardness. This trail, impracticable for wagons, is the only means of communication eastward from Hay Stack Valley, save by a long journey around by the north. Upon the table land over which it passes, bunch grass grows luxuriantly and it must be a grand stock country. A great many cattle and horses were then grazing upon it and were very fat. The mountains rose gradually on my right, covered with timber while to the left the table sloped gradually to the river eight or ten miles away. The land was level enough in many places to afford good farms if not too high and if water could be obtained. The experiment has, probably, never been tried and some adventurous pioneer may yet

#### FIND A "BONANZA"

in that country low left a tenantless wilderness. The soil appeared as fertile as any, anywhere, and with but very little rock to interfere with the plow. A few miles brought me to the brow of the bluff overhanging Benoni Creek which I reached after a seemingly endless series of dives and rolls and slides alternating with a constant dread banging over me of being "squelched" should my horse fall upon me, which appeared imminent. This stream flows along the bottom of a very sharp V without a spot of level land on its banks large enough for a "tater patch." Its waters looked clear and cool. I was fearfully thirsty. I know the Bible says: "Hoe every one that thirsteth," but anxious as I always am to fulfill every injunction of Scripture, nothing could be seen to hoe or to hoe with; so all I could do to quench my burning thirst was to reverently get down on my hands and knees and drink. It answered the purpose. The water was delightfully cool—and wet.

Another desperate struggle over another high ridge, and another plunge into unknown and immeasurable depths disclosed West Benoni, a twin sister or brother of the other. Another climb and journey over the intervening table land and

#### APPEARANCE OF CIVILIZATION

began to be seen, one being a wagon road from the timber on the mountain to the right. Following this down to a dry branch of Hay Stack Creek, thence directly across a low bench, I soon came in sight of the settlement on the main creek. Soon after climbing the bluff of the John Day, clouds had for a short time obscured the sun and allowed the heated atmosphere to cool. But they were soon dissipated and old Sol shone fiercer than ever. Now clouds had again overspread the sky and their thick blackness, the way they rolled and tumbled in ceaseless and violent commotion and the flashes of lightning that darted athwart their lowering front, showed plainly that this time they meant business.

Coaxing my steed to greater effort, I hurried forward. I did my coaxing with the halter rope. It had a knot on the end of it and it was wonderful to see the persuasive power that existed in that knot. It never failed to start him if laid down with sufficient emphasis. Just before the residence of the Carothers Brothers was reached, the storm burst with overwhelming fury. Holding my hair out with one hand, I succeeded in opening the gate with the other and leading my horse around in the lee of the barn where I found a shed to shelter him from the wind and rain. The storm, having chased me to cover, amused itself by decapitating a hay stack close by. Lifting two or three tons of hay from the top, it overturned it and deposited it on the ground on the leeward side of the stack

and then rushed on with a bluster and ROAR AND BOLLICKING HA! HA! as if it enjoyed the fun. It ought to be indicted for malicious mischief. I had intended calling upon Mr. Carothers, but I had no idea how badly I wanted to see him till that storm came on. I could not be induced to pass him then by any consideration. Here were found hospitable, pleasant people, with plenty of everything around them, reaping the beautiful harvest nature had provided for them and when their work was done, enjoying their leisure with books and music in larger and grander named communities. Here the field extended well up the slopes of the "bench" along the creek. Outside the fence was sage brush desert, as dry and barren, apparently, as any land in the world well could be, outside of Sahara, yet inside of the fence within a yard of that sagebrush, wheat was growing as rank and thick as it appeared possible for anything to grow. It did not seem possible for a single stalk more to grow on an acre, than grow there, yet no water had been used than had fallen directly upon it in the form of rain and dew. As at Long Creek, excellent crops of grain were raised without irrigation. I think no richer soil lies on earth than is found in all the little valleys nestling amid these Blue Mountains. I found similar evidences of fertility the next day in every farm in this charming valley. Mr. Fisher's, especially, having been occupied for some time, exhibited a very fine gardened and orchard where

#### FRUITS OF EVERY KIND

known here grew in abundance. Here and at Mr. Cochran's on North Fork, were peach trees but two years old from the bud, bearing fine fruit. Grapes also were growing in large bunches and giving promise of luscious ripeness in the near future. But alas! to me they were "sour grapes." My visit was six weeks too soon. I will know better another time. Expectant visitors should take warning by my fate and go late in September. Down Hay Stack to the river; the main river; for all the principal forks meet above; thence across and up Parish Creek by a road made by Mr. Parrish for his own convenience and might found me at the summit of the mountain, at the head of Parish Creek and at the summer camp of the gentleman after whom the creek was named. Mr. Parrish is a large sheep and cattle owner and occupies this camp in summer where an extensive range of grass covered hills and slopes and high mountain glades furnish abundant pasturage. I was made welcome by this hospitable family and never was welcome more gladly found or better appreciated than by this tired out individual. Since dinner at the house of Mr. Massiker, for seven long hours, not a human form had come within my vision. The country was beautiful, the day delightful, yet lonely weariness was the distinguishing feature of this long afternoon's ride.

#### HAY STACK

is the lowest valley on the north side of the John Day river in Grant County. I was now on my way south to the settlements along the Dalles and Canyon City road. These I first reached at the Mountain House on Mountain Creek after crossing an immense flat country on top of the mountain. Immediately after leaving Mr. Parrish's camp, the road led through a low, wide gap, and entered an immense flat on the very top of the mountain. This flat is miles in extent, well watered by springs, covered with grass and immense herds of horses, cattle and sheep. It slopes very gradually to the south towards Mountain Creek, has a rich soil, and if climate permitted would furnish splendid farms. Like Fox Valley and Bear and Silver Valleys, on the Harney road, it is decidedly too high-toned to submit to have its bosom harrowed up by the toils of the husbandman for bread. It will, probably, ever remain a stock country as which it cannot be excelled.

[To be concluded next week.]