

# Grant County News.

J. P. Fisher  
 R. P. FISHER'S  
 ADVERTISING AGENCY,  
 Room 21 Merchants' Bk.,  
 San Francisco, Cal.

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CANYON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1880.

TERMS: \$3. PER YEAR.

## 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. 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, - Ogn.

N. H. BOLEY,  
 DENTIST.  
 Dental Rooms, Opposite the Methodist Church.  
 CANYON CITY, OREGON.

G. I. HAZELTINE,  
 Photographer,  
 CANYON CITY, OREGON.

W. F. PRUDEN,  
 ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN.  
 Residence—John Day, Grant County Oregon.

T. C. HYDE,  
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,  
 Baker City, Oregon.  
 Office corner of Court Avenue and Liberty Street.

Frank McCallum's  
 Variety Store,  
 John Day City, Oregon.

CHOICE GROCERIES,  
 TOBACCO,  
 CIGARS,  
 STATIONERY,  
 NUTS AND  
 CONFECTIONERY,  
 ETC., ETC.  
 We would respectfully solicit a share of the patronage of the citizens of John Day and surrounding country.  
 MAIN STREET, JOHN DAY, OREGON.

PHIL METSCHAN & CO.

Announce that they have received a full and well assorted Stock of

GENERAL  
 MERCHANDISE,  
 which they offer  
 CHEAP FOR  
 CASH.

Having bought for Cash we are prepared to sell our Goods cheaper than they were ever before sold in this Market.  
 Canyon City, Jan. 16, 1880.

## Hotels.

N. RULISON, A. H. GROTH.

### CITY HOTEL

CANYON CITY, OREGON,

RULISON & GROTH, - - Proprietors

Reg 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.

A fire and burglar proof safe has been placed in the house for the accommodation of guests.

### GOLDEN EAGLE HOTEL,

Canyon City, Oregon.

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to his Patrons and the general public that after a trial of nearly a year, he feels confident of success in Hotel business.

I shall endeavor to gain the esteem of my guests, and give them their money's worth.

Terms of Board and Lodging, Invariably Cash:

Board and lodging, per single day, \$1.50.

" without lodging, per single day, \$1.

Board and lodging, per week, \$7.

" without lodging, per week, \$5.

JOHN SEGERDAHL, Proprietor.

### 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.

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. C. WILLIAMSON, Supt.

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.

## 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.

## MY MIDNIGHT PERIL.

The night of the 17th of October—shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness, the roar of the Autumnal wind through the lonely forest, and the incessant downpour of the rain?

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered petulantly to myself, as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunks of the trees to avoid the ravine, through which I could hear the roar of the turbulent stream forty or fifty feet below.

My blood ran cold as I thought what might be the possible consequences of a misstep or move in the wrong direction. Why had I not been contented to keep in the right road? Hold on! Was that a light, or are my eyes playing me false.

I stopped, holding on to the low, resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank, for it actually seemed that the wind would seize me bodily and hurl me down the precipitous descent. It was a light—thank providence—it was a light, and no ignis fatuus to lead me on to destruction and death.

"Hallo—o—o!" My voice rang through the woods like a clarion. I plunged on through tangled vines, dense briars and rocky banks, until, gradually nearing, I could perceive a figure wrapped in an oilcloth cape or cloak, carrying a lantern. As the dim light fell upon his face I almost recoiled. Would not solitude in the woods be preferable to the companionship of this withered, wrinkled old man? But it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanting," he snarled, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to leave his yellow teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can you direct me to R—station?"

"Yes; R—station is twelve miles from here."

"Twelve miles?" I stood aghast.

"Can you tell me any shelter I could obtain for the night?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"To Drew's, down by the maple swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they take me for the night? I could pay them well."

His eyes gleamed the yellow stumps stood revealed once more.

"I guess so; but folks don't stop there."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very; about half a mile."

"Then make haste and let us reach it. I am drenched to the skin."

We plodded on, my companion more than keeping pace with me. Presently we left the edge of the ravine, entering what seemed a trackless wood, and keeping straight on until lights gleamed fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place, with the windows all drawn to one side, as if the foundation had settled, and the pillars of a rude porch nearly rotted away. A woman answered my fellow traveler's knock. My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, voluble words of welcome.

She regretted the poverty of their accommodations, but I was quite welcome to them, such as they were.

"Where is Isaac?" demanded my guide.

"He has not come yet."

I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of bread.

"I should like to retire as soon as possible," I said, for my weariness was excessive.

"Certainly."

The woman started up with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put him?" asked my guide.

"Up chamber."

"Put him in Isaac's room."

"No."

"It's the most comfortable."

"I tell you no!"

But here I interrupted the whispered colloquy.

"I am not particular—I don't care where you put me, only make haste."

So I was conducted up a steep ladder that stood in the corner of the room,

into an apartment, ceiled with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window, where a cot bedstead, crowded close against the board partition, and a pine table, with two or three chairs, formed the sole attempts of furniture. The woman set the light—an old lamp—on the table.

"Anything more I can get for you, sir?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"I hope you will sleep well, sir. When shall I call you?"

"At four o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk over to R—station in time for the seven o'clock express."

"I'll be sure to call you, sir."

She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment. I sat down and looked around with no very agreeable sensation.

"I will sit down and write to Alice," I thought; "that will soothe my nerves and quiet me, perhaps."

I descended the ladder; the fire still glowed redly in the hearth beneath; my companion and the two women sat beside it talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table eating; a short, stout, villainous looking man, in a red shirt and muddy trousers.

I asked for writing materials, and returned to my room to write to my wife.

"My darling Alice—"

I paused and laid down my pen as I concluded the words, half smiling to think what she would say, could she know of my strange quarters. Not till both sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber. As I folded my paper I happened to glance toward the couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye observing me through the board partition or was it my own fancy? There was a crack there but only blank darkness beyond, yet I could have sworn that something had sparkled balefully at me.

I took out my watch—it was one o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours sleep I would lie down in my clothes and snatch what slumber I could. So, placing my valise at the head of my bed and barricading the latchless door with two chairs, I extinguished the light and lay down.

At first I was very wakeful, but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me like a misty mantle, until all of a sudden some startling electric thrill coursed through my veins, and I sat up excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed to glow through the room—no light of the moon or stars was ever so penetrating—and by the little window I saw Alice, my wife, dressed in floating garments of white, with her long golden hair knotted back with a blue ribbon. Apparently she was coming to me with outstretched hands, and eyes full of wild, anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed toward her, but as I reached the window the fair apparition seemed to vanish into the stormy darkness, and I was left alone.

At that moment the sharp report of a pistol sounded—I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillow, straight through the very spot where ten minutes since my head had lain.

With an instant realization of my danger I swung myself over the edge of the window, jumping some eight or ten feet into tangled bushes below, and as I crouched there recovering my breath, I heard the tramp of heavy footsteps into my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the

ladder—the smooth, deceitful voice of the woman.

"Of course he is," growled a voice back; "that charge would have killed ten men. A light there, quick, and tell Tom to be ready."

A cold agonized shudder ran through me. What a den of mid-night murderers had I fallen into! and how fearfully narrow had been my escape!

With the speed that only mortal terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illuminated by a faint glimmer of starlight. I know not what impulse guided my footsteps—I never shall know how many times I crossed my own track; or how close I stood to the brink of the deadly ravine, but a merciful Providence encompassed me with a guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned, with faint red bars of orient light against the stormy eastern sky, I was close to the high road, some seven miles from R—.

Once at the town I told my story to the police, and a detachment was sent with me to the spot. After much searching and many false alarms we succeeded in finding the ruinous old house; but it was empty—our birds had flown; nor did I recover my valise, and watch and chain, which latter I had left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police, "and they've troubled us these two years. I don't think, though they will come back here just at present.

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is yet to come. Some three weeks subsequently I received a letter from my sister, who was with Alice in her English home—a letter whose intelligence filled me with surprise.

"I must tell you something strange," wrote my sister, "that happened on the night of the 18th of October. Alice had not been well for some time; in fact, she had been confined to her bed for nearly a week, and I was sitting beside her reading. It was late—the clock had just struck one—when all at once she seemed to faint away, growing white and rigid as a corpse. I hastened to call assistance; but all efforts to restore animation were in vain. I was just about sending for the doctor when her senses returned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in the bed, pushing back her hair and looking wildly around her.

"Alice," I exclaimed, "how you have terrified us all. Are you ill?"

"Not ill," she answered, "but I feel so strange? Gracie, I have been with my husband?"

"And all our reasoning failed to convince her of the impossibility of her assertion. She persists to this moment that she saw you and was with you on the morning of the 18th of October. Where and how she cannot tell, but we think it must have been a dream. She is better now, and I wish you could see how fast she is improving."

This is my plain, unvarnished tale. I simply relate facts. Let psychologists unravel the labyrinthical skein. I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths or apparitions; but this thing I do know—that although my wife was in England in body on the morning of the 18th of October, her spirit surely stood before me in New York in the moment of deadly peril that menaced me. It may be that the subtle instinct of a wife's holy love all things are possible, but Alice surely saved my life.

If Vic. Woodhull runs for President, Lize Pinkston will enter the field against her, as an Ohio man.

Several citizens of Albany have invested in land in Eastern Oregon.

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