

Grant County News.



VOL. I. NO. 50.

CANYON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 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.

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.

The cheapest place to buy
PAINTS, OILS,
TURPENTINE,
GLASS, PUTTY,
VARNISHES
And WALL PAPER
Is at Sam. Sired's, opposite the M. E. Church, Canyon City, Oregon. n12tt.

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.

To whom it may concern:

No Chinamen employed.

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, Sup't.

CANYON CITY & McDERMIT



STAGE LINE,

FRANK McEEN, - - 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.

YOU AND I

You and I have parted,
For it was your will;
I am broken-hearted.
You are happy still.
Other scenes surround you,
All unlike the past;
Other ties have bound you—
Tell me, will they last?

Brightly bloom the roses
All along your way;
Every evening closes
On a happy day.
Earth with pleasure meets you,
Much has she to give;
But the love that greets you—
Tell me—will it live?

Will it be tender
As my love has been?
Think you it will render
Happiness within?
Will the faint affection
Of another, be
Like the recollection
Of my love for thee?

Let earth's gems be scattered
When your scornful eye
Leaves the hopes you shattered,
In the dust to die!
Poets filled with passion,
May thy beauty sing;
They will fade with fashion,
Like the joys they bring.

Fickle fancy often
Shall thy heart estrange;
It will never soften—
It will never change!
Bent upon the pleasure
Which the world imparts,
You a life shall measure
Breaking human hearts!

HOW HE CAME TO BE MARRIED.

It may be funny, but I've done it. I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—cigar boxes, oyster stews, brandy cock-tails, boot-jacks, absconding shirt buttons, whisk and demijohn. Shadows present—hoop-skirts, hand-boxes, ribbons, garters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, bits, peregoric, hive syrup, little willow chairs, cradles, sugar teats, rhubarb, senna, salts, squill and doctor bills. I'd just tell you how I got it. I was always the darndest, the most tea-custard, bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty girl approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one; twasn't because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind the fence looking through a knot-hole, I could not look long enough.

Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I started away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house whistling Old Dan Tucker, dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up, so I could get to my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and it was getting mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to shin up the door post. No sooner said than done, and I soon found myself snug in bed.

'Now,' says I, 'let her rip! Dance till your wind gives out.' And cuddling down under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me.

I was dreaming of soft shell crabs and stewed tripe, and having a good time, when somebody knocked at the door, and woke me up. 'Rap' again. I laid low. 'Rap, rap, rap!' Then I heard a whispering, and I knew that there was a whole raft of gals outside. Then Lib sings out:

'Jack, are you there?'
'Yes,' says I.
Then came a roar of laughter.
'Let us in,' says she.
'I won't,' says I. 'Can't you let a fellow alone?'
'Are you abed?' says she.
'I am,' says I.

'Get out,' says she.
'I won't,' says I.
Then came another laugh.
By thunder! I began to get riled.
'Get out you petticoated scarecrows. Can't you get a bean without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you—I won't, so you may clear out!'

And throwing a boot at the door I felt better. But presently I heard a still, small voice, very much like my sister Lib's, and it said:

'Jack, you'll have to get up for all the girls' things are there.'

Oh mercy! what a pickle!

Think of me in bed, all covered with muffs, shawls, bonnets and cloaks, and twenty girls outside the door, waiting to get in! If I had stopped to think I should have panicked on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the bonnet ware and ribbons in a hurry. Smash went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark for there was a crack in the door, and girls will peep, and the way I tumbled was death on straw hats. The critical moment came. I opened the door and found myself right among the women.

'Oh, my leghorn!' cried one.
'My dear darling winter velvet!' cried another, and they pitched in, they pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears and one bright-eyed little piece—Sal her name was, put her arms around my neck, and kissed me right on the lips. Human nature couldn't stand that and I gave her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got the taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Cæsar to the Fourth of July.

'Jack,' said she, 'we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?'
'Yes, I will,' said I.
I did do it, and had another smack at the gate.

After that we kinder took a turtle doving after each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider when we were away from each other.

'Twas a glorious Summer day. The sun was setting behind a distant hen roost, the bull frogs were commencing their evening song, and pollywogs in their native mud puddles, were preparing themselves for the shades of night, and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated back-log listening to the music of nature, such as tree toads, roosters, and grunting pigs, and now and then the music of a jackass was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mullen stocks, and heavily laden with the delicious odors of hen-roosts and pig-styes.

The last lingering rays of the setting sun glancing from the solitary horseman, shone through a knot hole in a hog pen, full in Sal's face, dyeing her hair an orange peel hue, and showing off my thread-bare coat to a bad advantage; one of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand resting on the small of her back, she was toying with my auburn locks of jet black hue, she was almost gone and I was almost ditto. She looked like a grasshopper dying with the hiccupps, and I felt like a mud-turtle choked with a cod-fish ball.

'Sal, says I, in a voice as musical as the notes of a dying swan, will you have me?'

She raised her eyes heavenward, and clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the heaves and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe strings to her palate, said yes.

She gave clean out then, and squatted in my lap. I hugged her till I broke my suspenders, and her breath smelled of onions she had eaten two weeks before.

Well, to make a long story short she set the day, and we practiced for four weeks every night how we would enter the room to be married, till we could walk as gracefully as a couple of Muscovy ducks. The night, the company and the minister came, the signal was

given, and in arm we went through the hall. We were just entering the parlor door when down I went kerslap on the oil cloth, pulling down Sal after me.

Some cussed fellow had dropp'd a banana skin on the floor, and it floored me. It split a big hole in my cissimeres, right under my dress coat tail. It was too late to back out; so clapping my hand over it, we marched in and were spliced and taking a seat I watched the kissing the bride operation. My groomsman was tight, and he kissed her till I jumped up to take a slice, when, oh, horror! a little six year old imp had crawled behind me and pulled my shirt through the hole in my pants, and pinned it to the chair, so that when I jumped up I displayed to the astonished multitude a trifle more white mu-lin than was pleasant. The women giggled, then meo roared, and I got mad, but was finally put to bed, and there my troubles ended. Good night. —Sheby Times.

How She Cared Her Husband of the Heart Disease

There is a man up in the Seventh Ward that hasn't spoken to his wife for over a week. He is so mad that he will not go home to his meals, and the other day his wife went to his office to get six dollars to pay for some shoes and he told a clerk to pay her off and let her go. He grates his teeth when he goes home nights and comes out of the house every morning swearing. She came a joke on him, that was all. He has for years been telling her that he had got the heart disease, and that he should go off some time in the night. She had got sick of such kind of talk, and after bearing it for thirteen years, when she knew he was as neathly as a yearling. Why he didn't even know where his heart was, and couldn't point out the location of any particular portion of his internal improvements.

But he kept talking about death every little while, and she said she would break up that little game as soon as she could think of any way to do so. A spell ago she bought one of those India rubber water bags, for keeping hot water at the feet, instead of using bottles. It would hold about three quarts and her husband didn't know anything about it. One night after she had had the water bag to her feet for a couple of hours, until they were about as warm as a piece of zinc, and her husband was snoring away by note, she thought what a good joke it would be to put it on his stomach. The bag was about as large as a cow's liver, and as warm as a shingle on a boy. It hadn't been on his chest and other baggage over two minutes when he slowly opened his eyes. She stuffed the upper works of her nightgown into her mouth to keep from laughing. He raised up his head and said, "Harriet, my ead has come."

"Which end, Josiah," said she, as she rolled over, "your head or your feet?" and then she put a pillow in her mouth and reached over to him and unscrewed the nozzle that holds the water in the bag.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying," said he. "My heart is enlarged to three times its natural size, and O, I am bleeding to death!" She had opened the nozzle and the three quarts of hot water was pouring over him, saturating him from head to heels. She had not meant to let out more than half a pint of water on him, but when it got to flowing she could not stop it, so she got out of bed and told him to save himself. He attempted to stop the flow of blood, and she struck a light and asked him if his life preserver had not sprung a leak, and then he looked at the rubber bag, and went and ran himself through a clothes-wringer, and he slept on the lounge the rest of the night, and he says his wife is the meanest woman that ever drew the breath of life. She tells her friends that Josiah has been miraculously cured of heart disease.