

Grant County News.

L. P. FISHER'S
ADVERTISING AGENCY
Room 21 Merchants' Ex.,
San Francisco, Cal.

VOL 2 NO. 13.

CANYON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1880.

TERMS: \$3. PER YEAR.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

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

M. DUSTIE,
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, - Oreg.

N. H. BOLEY,
DENTIST.
Dental room first door south of Dr. Howard's Drug Store.
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

G. I. HAZELTINE,
Photographer,
CANYON CITY, 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. nl2t.

WOLSEY & HOUSMAN,
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

THE BAR is supplied with pure Wines and Liquors, Beer, Ale, Bitters and Cigars.
FINE BILLIARD TABLES
In the Sa'l-o-n. Give us a call.

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.

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

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
W. W. JOHNSON, 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

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.

When a young lady tripped into a music store the other day, and asked the bestful clerk in attendance for "Two Kisses," he jumped on his ha and rushed out the back door. The clerk, never having heard of the piece of music, thought he was the victim of a leap-year proposal, and his salary was not large enough to support two.

Litt's Georgie was taken to church last Sunday for the first time. Of course he was plied with questions when he got home—what he thinks of this, that and the other, what did he see and what did he hear. "What did the minister say, Georgie?" asked his mother. "He said 'Dread God' don't 'way papa did todder day when he was putna down terpet, and his finger wiv um vanner."

Oto, ex-county treasurer of Santa Cruz has been convicted of felony.
The census, so far as taken, indicates a population of 475,000 at Chicago.

Martin McQueen threw himself in front of the Menlo Park train and that was the end of him.

The saints who are bound for heaven by way of the gallows are all on the home stretch.

TOO HANDSOME TO BE HONEST.

"Blue is the floweret called the forget-me-not,
Wear it upon your heart and think of me—
Floweret and hope may die,
Yet love with us will stay,
That cannot pass away,
Dear one believe!"

Major Renshawe was gallant and handsome, and looked every inch a soldier, notwithstanding the fact that he sang softly this little German love song to a very pretty girl.

Lottie Fay shook her curly head doubtfully, and turned away that he might not see the tears in her eyes. Everybody had warned her against the dashing young officer, who had been in town for a few weeks drumming up recruits for the army. But for all their warnings, Lottie liked him very, very much, altogether she was determined that he should never know it.

Yes, he looked very handsome and a trifle pale as he hummed the quaint little song, but that might have been the effect of the moonlight, and so Lottie tried to steel herself against him when he lifted her slim fingers to his lips.

"Well, little one," he said, "this will never do for me. I might stand here forever, but I must not. Good-bye, good-bye! If the gray coat spurs me, I shall see you again some day."

With that he smiled half sadly at her downcast face, and went striding away in the moonlight.

Once he paused to look back, kissing his hand to the girl who stood watching him. He caught the flutter of a white handkerchief, and then went on, while Lottie sped up the path to her home.

Wear, weary months waited Lottie; a year—two years.

One July day, when all the air was fragrant with the new mown hay, Lottie was sitting on the porch picking over raspberries for tea.

Up the walk came Aunt Hannah presently. She had been making calls in the village. She sat down in the doorway to rest, and fanned herself vigorously with her shade hat.

"Well, Ch'rotte," she said, "it does beat all how things come to pass."

"Why, Auntie, what has come to pass now?" quired Lottie rather absently, as she dislodged a worm from a particular fine berry.

"Why, you know," proceeded Aunt Hannah, with a slightly malicious emphasis, "I allus told you that that air Major—what's his name—Hensaw—"

"Renssaw," corrected Lottie, rather faintly, as she bent lower over her dish of raspberries.

"Well, Renssaw, I allus said he was too handsome to be honest, and I hain't no faith in his mooning around arter you. 'Twasn't likely that a gay, dashing chap of such style would remember a country girl two hours arter she was out of sight. And here he is back in town stopping at the tavern with his wife, for I was in Ruth Henderson's sitting room and seen them with my own eyes out on the pizzy, walking arm in arm, her dress trailing a yard behind her, and she smiling at him the sweetest. Ruth says they came last night. You see, now, how well I knew him."

In the evening, Lottie, walking idly up the road, heard click of a horse's hoof behind her. She stepped aside, as she recognized the rider—Major Frank Renshawe!

Poor Lottie clasped her hands and watched him eagerly, unconscious that he had seen and recognized her.

He reigned his horse and dismounting, walked directly toward her.

"Well, Lottie, how do you do?"

This was the most commonplace of greetings, and Lottie stammered rather incoherently.

"I—I—thought you did not see me!"

He laughed.
"Well, I had an impression that you

were close by. Come, haven't you something to say to me after these long years? Do you not remember the old days, sweetheart?"

Lottie moved on in a very dignified way for so small a person.

Renshawe put by her side, looking at her with a comical mixture of astonishment and dismay.

"I remember nothing that it is a weakness to remember," she said in the coldest of voices.

But his quick glance had caught the quiver of the of the sweetest mouth in the world, and so after a moment's silence, he said, with eager carelessness: "Oh, then you have decided to live a life of single blessedness, like Aunt Hannah, because of the sinfulness of man?"

For her life Lottie could not have repressed that little laugh, for Renshawe's drawl was inimitable.

"For shame, little one," he said facing her suddenly, and forcing her to look at him. "What do you mean by treating your own true love in this fashion?"

He was laughing at her. His bonny blue eyes were full of repressed fun. He caught her hand in his, and she could not free it.

"For shame yourself, Major Renshawe!" she flashed out at length, half-crying. "What right have you to talk so to me?"

"The best of all rights, my dear; I love you."

"I hate you," cried Lottie desperately.

He was quite grave now, and said rather sternly:

"Is that true, Lottie? Do you hate me? Then you shall tell me why."

Lottie began to feel very much as if she was the guilty party.

What business had he to look and talk so when his wife was at that very moment, perhaps, watching for his return? How noble he looked! Not the least bit like a villain, and yet he had been making love to her, and he was a married man.

"Major Renshawe, I think that you had better turn to your wife."

"My wife?"

Frank Renshawe threw back his head and burst into a clear, ringing, merry laugh, which woke the echoes about them, and swept the last cobweb of distrust from Lottie's mind.

He dropped his horse's bridle, and let the animal wander away to nibble at the grass, while he drew Lottie close to his heart.

"I have no wife, Lottie; but I have dreamed many times in the last two years of a little girl whom I would like for a wife, if she can forget that she remembers nothing that is a weakness to remember. And if any one has told her that the lady at the hotel is my wife, that person has made a grand mistake, for the lady is my sister."

"You were a list's goose," he said later, when Lottie told him how Aunt Hannah had cautioned and surmised. "You were a little goose not to know that I loved you to distraction before I went away; but I did not like asking you to pledge yourself to me then, for, as a soldier, my fate was uncertain, and there would be years of dreary waiting."

"Ah! and do you think the years of waiting were not the more dreary because I did not know if you cared for me?"

"Forgive me, dear," he said. "In trying to be unselfish I committed the very fault I endeavored to avoid. But why did Aunt Hannah doubt me?"

"She said," Lottie told him, "that you were too handsome to be—"

"Honest," prompted Renshawe with another laugh. "Well, Lottie, in that case I have ample cause to doubt you, and, in the future, if I ever discover you in any bit of treachery, I shall at once give your sweet face the credit of it. I brought my sister here in order

that she might make your acquaintance and, as we shall return to Boston in September, I would like to take my little with with me. Dare you leave your home and your Aunt Hannah to follow the fortune of a 'handsome' man like me?"

"I will go anywhere with you," whispered Lottie, the meekest damsel now that ever drew breath.

I do not think Aunt Hannah ever fully pardoned Major Renshawe for turning out so differently from what she had prophesied.

But Lottie's parents gave her a God-speed and an outfit fine enough for even Frank Renshawe's wife.

And this is how it came to pass that Lottie Fay left her country home for a handsome brown-stone front in Boston.

Important if true—A wife.
Pride and poverty usually reside in the same house.

You can never persuade a man that a paper that has his name in it isn't worth reading.

When is a nose not a nose? When it is a little turned up, or a little reddish.

A Philadelphia man, arrested for clubbing his wife, tried to excuse himself on the plea that he was hanging her hair.

"Mike did you ever catch frogs?" "Yes, sorr." "What did you bait them with?" "Bate 'em wid a stick, sorr."

Apothecary: "You want this prescription filled, sir I understand?" Patrick: "Divil a bit av it sorr, it's the bottle I would have filled."

Mr. Smith, father wants to borrow your paper. He only wants to read it." "Well, go back and tell your father to send me his supper. I only want to eat it."

"That's the first hop of the season," remarked a dancing-master as his young hop ful sat down on a tack. Then the music started and the bawl began.

They went fishing. She looked languidly at him and said "I wish the fish would bite at your hook; if I was a fish I would."

The sick man had been brought back as if by a miracle from the very gates of death. "It's too bad," says the clergyman; "he'll never be half as ready to die as I had him this time. I never took such pains with a sinner before."

A gentleman springing to assist her, and picked up her muff and her wrapper;

"Did you ma'am?" he cried, "Do you think," she replied, "I sat down for the fun of it, ma'am?"

A Frenchman, writing a letter in English to a friend, and looking in the dictionary for the word "pre-serve" and finding it meant to pickle, wrote as follows: "May you and your family be pickled to all eternity."

The editor of a newspaper that has adopted phonetic spelling in a measure received a postal card from an old subscriber in the country, which read as follows: "I hev tuk your paper for leven yeres, but if you kant say any better than you have be-ud is fur the the las to munt's you may jes stop it."

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before the sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked wistfully toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "Good 'evening" if it would be agreeable to the company.

"No real generous man," remarks an Exchange, "would go to a spiritual seance given by a lady medium, and, just as the ghost is walking about (while the medium is tied in the cabinet) exclaim: 'There's a man right by heghest.' I spoils the effect to have the ghost yell and gather up its skirts and run."

Brooklyn has 555,000 population; increase 72,000 in five years.