

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING, BY D. I. ASBURY Editor and Proprietor. COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER. Subscription \$3.00 Six Months 1.50 Three Months .75

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Prairie City LIVERY STABLE AND Feed Corral. Jules Le Bret, Proprietor.

Official Directory: Co. Judge N. R. Marcy, Clerk J. T. Mael, Treasurer E. Hall, Commissioners T. A. McKinnon, T. H. Meador, J. H. Neal, J. H. Neal, Sheriff M. D. Cameron, School Supt. H. F. Dodson.

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CANYON CITY. TIN SHOP, Louis Evertsbusch, Proprietor. Baker City, Baker Co. Or. Will always endeavor to obtain the highest market prices on wools, etc.

BAKER CITY. S. A. HEILNER, Proprietor. CANYON & MONUMENT Stage Line. John Fish, Prop'r.

Harney Stage Line. I. Jewett, Proprietor. This route leads from Canyon City to Burns, in Oregon, carrying U. S. Mail and Express.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, continuing the description of its benefits.

Grant County News.

VOLUME IX. CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1887. No. 5

WHAT KILLS AMERICANS.

Fast Living—Reckless Eating—Hard Drinking—Poor Sleeping—Social Jealousy—Political Ambition—Violent Passions—The Race for Money.

The alarming disease of this country is nervous debility and prostration. It goes under many names but it is essentially the same complaint. Hospitals and private institutions for nervous patients are crowded.

These facts are startling. They threaten the very life of the nation. They assail the springs of its power and prosperity. They wreck manhood's strength and woman's usefulness and beauty.

Every one should know the causes. What are they? The answer is easy and terribly plain: Our vicious personal habits; our careless and lawless eating and drinking; the intense mental and physical strain arising from our mad race after money, position and influence; the fears and struggles of poverty; the use of narcotics and stimulants; our fashion of turning day into night and night into day; and, briefly, our desperate willingness to pay any price for an hour's pleasure or success.

The disease from which we suffer and die is, in plain English, Nervous Dyspepsia, as it is seated in the Nerves and in the organs of Digestion, Assimilation and Nutrition. Healthy digestion being impeded or destroyed, the whole body, nerves included, is literally starved; even when there is no emaciation to tell the sad story.

Nervous prostration sends out its warnings—headache in the morning; a persistent dull heaviness or aching at the base of the brain; wakefulness; loss of appetite and disgust with food; loss of mental energy and interest in ordinary duties and business; restlessness and anxiety without any assignable reason; cruetations; bad breath; foul mucous on the teeth; occasional riddiness; palpitation of the heart; sallowness of the skin; coated tongue and gradual failure of strength and ambition.

The remedy is a total abandonment of the habits and customs which cause the disease in each individual case, and the use of Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) to cure the mischief already done. This great remedy, prepared by the Shaker Community of Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., is especially adapted to eradicate Nervous Dyspepsia. To do this it acts directly and gently but powerfully upon the disordered stomach, liver and kidneys, restoring their tone and vigor, promoting the secretion of bile, expelling waste matters from the system, and purifying the blood.

Upon the nervous system Shaker Extract (Seigel's Syrup) acts as a safe and wholesome anodyne without the slightest narcotic effect, and then leaves the nerves to regain their natural tone and strength through its wonderful influence upon the function of nutrition. It is safe to say more nervous dyspepsias have been restored by it from the depths of misery to a fresh enjoyment of life and labor than by any or all other forms of treatment combined.

A Duck Hunter's Story.

"Speaking of duck shooting on St. Clair Flats," sighs an old citizen, as he took a seat in a gun store yesterday. "I don't think there are as many birds up there as there were ten or fifteen years ago. Why, sir, the chances used to be just black with 'em, and they were so tame that you could knock 'em on the head."

Everybody sighed to think those good old days and duck could never return, and the veteran hunter continued: "I remember I was out one day in April. I got in among the bipeds, and how many do you suppose I counted?"

"Three hundred," ventured one of the audience after a long interval. "Three hundred? Why, I always killed over a thousand every time I went out! No, sir, I counted over sixteen thousand, great, big, fat-plump, delicious ducks, and then I had only counted those on one side of the boat!"

"How long did it take you?" "I don't know, sir, I had no watch with me. Time is nothing to a man counting ducks. I counted aloud, and when ducks were too small I two for one. By and by I got tired of counting and got ready for the slaughter."

"How many did you kill?" "Well, now, I suppose I could lie about it and say I killed nine or ten hundred, but I'm getting too near the grave for that. No I didn't kill a blasted one, and that's where the strange part of the story comes in. When I began to lift that gun up, those ducks knew what I was up to just as well as a human being; and what did they do? Why, sir, about two hundred of 'em made a sudden dive swam under the boat, and raised up on her port side at once and upset her! Yes, sir, they did, and there I was in the north Channel, in ten feet of water, boat upset, night coming on, and I in my wet clothes."

"Well?" "Well, I climbed up on the bottom of the boat, floated five miles, and was picked up by two Indians. We towed that upset boat to an island, and here another curious thing comes in. Under the boat were two hundred and sixty-four large, plump ducks. They had been caught there when she upset, and all we had to do was to haul 'em out and rap 'em on the head."

"Why, why didn't they dive down and get from under the boat?" asked an amateur duck shooter. "Why didn't they, sir?—why didn't they? Well, sir, I might have asked 'em why they didn't; but it was late, a cold wind had sprung up, and I didn't feel like talking! All I know is that I counted over sixteen thousand ducks, was upset, captured two hundred and sixty-four, and have affidavits here in my wallet to prove every-

thing I have stated. Does any man here want to see the documents?"

No man did. They all looked out of the windows and wondered if they could let that way when had passed three score years.

In the early days of Denver good deacon Smith used to preach at the meeting house when the congregation was too poor to pay for a preacher, which was about nine months out of the twelve. On a certain Sunday somebody rushed past the church door crying, "Fire," just as the deacon had reached the point where he intended to clinch his remarks. A dozen or more of the congregation rose and made for the door. "Do not leave the house of God in this unseemly manner," thundered the deacon. "But," said a man at the door, "it is your house, deacon." "Then run, run, for God's sake run, 'cause 'tain't insured."

A man has been created in Buffalo who will find it difficult to prove his exact affinity in the next world. He was born a Jew and married in that faith in St. Louis; then he went to Utah and became a Mormon and married two wives. His first wife got a divorce and pretty soon he got one from the other two and joined a Protestant church in Omaha. This didn't suit him and he became a Spiritualist, and after this he became an agnostic and died.

A laughable incident occurred at a meeting in support of the women's jubilee offering some time ago in Sussex village. A speaker, in answer to a question, explained with due importance that the money was being collected to enable Her Majesty to abdicate in favor of the Prince of Wales. The assembly thought the idea a first-rate one and more than one speaker hoped that enough money would be obtained.

When James Gordon Bennett was in Pau the other day, a talkative nuisance at the club was boasting of his wonderful shooting experience. Seeing no other way to escape a tragic fate, Mr. Bennett yawned and said: "I myself had a narrow escape the other day. I shot at a wild bear, and missing him, killed my dog. The bear at once turned and brought back the body of my dog, laying it at my feet. The story-teller retired."

A friend was condoling with a man who was very ill, and the sick man said: "Yes, I feel it very much to have to leave my poor wife and children." "Never mind us," said the wife, "you just go on with your dying; we will get on very well."

A suggestion to the Traveling Public. Travelers, emigrants and mariners find that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicinal safeguard against unwholesome influences, upon which they can rely, freely, since it prevents the effects of climate, unwholesome or unhealthful food, bad water, or other conditions unfavorable to health. On long voyages, or journeys to latitudes adjacent to the equator, it is especially useful as a preventive of the bilious complaints and disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, which are apt to attack natives of the temperate zone on journeying or traveling in such regions, and it is an excellent protection against the influence of extreme cold, sudden changes of temperature, exposure to damp or extreme fatigue. It not only prevents intestinal and remittent fever, and other diseases of a malarial type, but eradicates them, a fact which has been notorious for years past in North and South America, Mexico, the West Indies, Australia, and other countries.

Proving the Soundness of an Eye.

In a large factory in which were employed several hundred persons, one of the workmen, in wielding his hammer, carelessly allowed it to slip from his hand. It flew half way across the room, and struck a fellow-workman in the left eye. The man avowed that his was blinded by the blow, although a careful examination failed to reveal an injury, there being not a scratch visible. He brought a suit in the courts for compensation for loss of half his eyesight, and refused all offers of compromise. Under plaintiff's loud protest of his inability to see with his left eye, the oculist proved him a perjurer, and satisfied the court and jury to the falsity of his claim. And how do you suppose he did it? Why, simply by knowing that the colors red and green combined made black. He prepared a black card on which a few words were written in green ink. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the right eye being red and the one for the left consisting of ordinary glass. Then the law, the owner of the factory was responsible for an injury resulting from an accident of this kind; and although he believed the man was shamming, and that the whole case was an attempt to swindle, he had about made up his mind that he would be compelled to pay the claim. The day of the trial arrived and in open court an eminent oculist retained by the defense examined the alleged member, and gave his opinion that it was as good as the right eye. Upon that the card was handed to him, and he was ordered to read the writing on it. This he did without hesitation, and the cheat was at once exposed. The sound right eye, fitted with the red glass, was unable to distinguish the green writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye, which he pretended was sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done.—Ex.

The ring presented by the pope to the new cardinals consists of a large sapphire, mounted in plain gold and engraved on the metal surface of the inside with the arms of Leo XIII. The sapphire is employed because it is the typical precious stone of fidelity and royalty. Its actual value is about \$25.

A commercial traveler, wishing to take a rise out of a clergyman who occupied the same compartment as he in Paris as often as a priest was langed a dunkey was hanged at the same time. The victim of the joke replied in his blindest manner: "Well then let us be thankful we are not in Paris."

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child she craved for Castoria. When she became a woman she clung to Castoria. When she had a child, she gave him Castoria.

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ESTABLISHED IN 1870. TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS \$2.50 per square for first, and \$1 per square for each subsequent insertion. Regular advertising rates made known on application. No alterations given until all charges are paid.

The Dead Broker. Travers was a great stutterer. When one of his fellow-brokers incurred his ill-will he managed to make the offender feel it. "I-I-I look there," he exclaimed one day in a state of well-feigned excitement, pointing directly at a man and speaking so the latter could hear him. "That isn't D-d-dash, is it?"

"Yes, it is," was the answer from a friend. "But why do you ask?" "W-w-why?" came back the words with cold precision. "D-d-don't you see he has g-got his hands in his own p-pockets?"

Driving in a light buggy one day he saw a well-known editor, who weighs a great above two hundred pounds, on the side walk, and drawing up, asked him to get in.

"I don't know about that," said the editor, eyeing the buggy suspiciously. "I am afraid I am too big for that trap of yours." "Oh, get in," said Travers, perhaps you're n-n-not so b-b-big as you think you are." The editor got in.

Here is the reply which he made to a Baltimore friend who met him on Broadway not long after his removal to that city. It was known to the Baltimorean that Travers had made desperate efforts to conquer the stammering habit, and it was once rumored that he had succeeded. As they conversed a moment, his friend noticed that the habit, instead of being conquered, was in reality asserting own mastery over his friend.

"Why, Bill," he said, not in the most delicate way, you stammer worse now than you did in Baltimore." "I have to," answered Mr. Travers, laconically, "b-b-bigger city."

Seated in a street car once with his little son, Mr. Travers edged gradually up as seat after seat was taken by incoming passengers. Finally he lifted the lad on his knee and so sat for awhile. The car grew more and more crowded, and a good-looking young woman, seeing no vacant seat, stared rather impatiently at Travers, as though expecting him to rise. His eyes twinkled in characteristic fashion as he turned his face to his boy and said, amiably: "G-g-get up, my son, and give the M-lady your seat."

The boy got up, but the young lady didn't sit down. When the famous Vanderbilt fancy-dress ball was occupying the attention of all New York there was much discussion in Wall street as to the appropriate costume, and so forth. A ball-hound broker asked Travers to give him an idea for a character. "I w-w-will," said Travers, in his most serious tone. "S-s-sugar your your and go as a p-p-pill—Ex."

A teacher in a Sunday school, wishing to impress his class with the necessity of faith, asked the class why did Moses lift up the serpent in the wilderness? None of the class knew except one. He said Moses lifted it up because he knew it wouldn't bite. It was the same boy who said the Jews made a golden calf because they didn't have goldenough to make a whole cow. It is reported that an English steamer has foundered off Bonadacio, Corsica, and that 150 lives were lost.