

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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The Grant County News.

Vol. IX. CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1887. No. 33.

NEW HOTEL

CANYON CITY OREGON

As a FIRST CLASS Hotel, and the proprietor desires to run the public that here they will receive the best of board and lodging at ...

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Carrriages, Wagons, Hacks, Buggies and Backboards, repaired or built to order.

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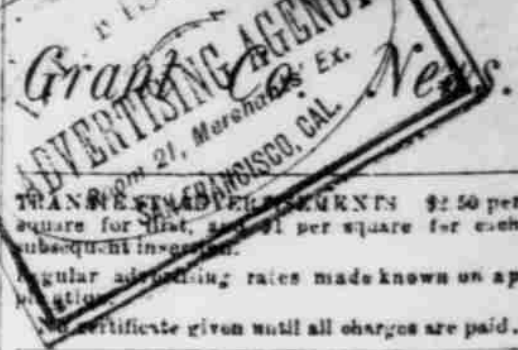
HOW DO WE DIG OUR GRAVES?

We must eat or we cannot live. This we all know. But do we all know that we die by eating? It is said we dig our graves with our teeth. How foolish this sounds. Yet it is fearfully true. We are tormented at the approach of the cholera and yellow fever, yet there is a disease constantly at our doors and in our houses far more dangerous and destructive. Most people have in their own stomachs a poison, more slow, but quite as fatal as the germs of those maladies which sweep men into eternity by thousands without warning in the times of great epidemics. But it is a mercy that, if we are watchful, we can tell when we are threatened. The following are among the symptoms, yet they do not always necessarily appear in the same order, nor are they always the same in different cases. There is a dull and sleepy feeling; a bad taste in the mouth, especially in the morning; the appetite is changed; sometimes poor and again it seems as though the patient could not eat enough, and occasionally no appetite at all; dullness and sluggishness of the mind; no ambition to study or work; more or less headache and heaviness in the head; dizziness on rising to the feet or moving suddenly; furred and coated tongue; a sense of a lead on the stomach that nothing removes; hot and dry skin at times; yellow tinge in the eyes; scanty and high-colored urine; sour taste in the mouth, frequently attended by palpitation of the heart; impaired vision, with spots that seem to be swimming in the air before the eyes; a cough, with a greenish-colored expectoration; poor nights' rest; a sticky lime about the teeth and gums; hands and feet cold and clammy; irritable temper and bowels bound up and constive. This disease has puzzled the physicians and still puzzles them. It is the commonest of ailments and yet the most complicated and mysterious. Sometimes it is treated as consumption, sometimes as liver complaint, and then again as malaria and even heart disease. But its real nature is that of constipation and dyspepsia. It arises in the digestive organs and soon affects all the others through the corrupted and poisoned blood. Often the whole body—including the nervous system—is literally starved, even when there is no emaciation to tell the sad story. Experience has shown that there is one remedy that can certainly cure this disease in all its stages, namely, Shaker Extract of Roots or Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. It never fails but, nevertheless, no time should be lost in trying other so-called remedies, for they will do no good. Get this great vegetable preparation, (discovered by a venerable nurse whose name is a household word in Germany) and be sure to get the genuine article. GIVEN UP BY SEVEN DOCTORS. Shaker Extract of Roots or Seigel's Syrup has raised me to good health after seven doctors had given me up to die with consumption. So writes R. E. Grace, Kirkmanville, Todd Co., Ky. HE HEARD OF IT JUST IN TIME. "I had been about given up to die with dyspepsia when I first saw the advertisement of Shaker Extract of Roots or Seigel's Syrup. After using four bottles I was able to attend to my business as well as ever. I know of several cases of chills and fever that have been cured by it." So writes Mr. Thos. Pullum, of Taylor, Geneva Co., Ala. WORTH TEN DOLLARS A BOTTLE. Mr. Thomas P. Evans, of the firm of Evans & Bro., Merchants, Horn-town, Accomack Co., Va., writes that he had been sick with digestive disorders for many years and had tried many physicians and medicines without benefit. He began to use Shaker Extract of Roots or Seigel's Syrup about the 1st of Jan. 1887, and was so much better in three weeks that he considered himself practically a well man. He adds: "I have at this time one bottle on hand, and if I could not get any more I would not take a ten dollar bill for it." All druggists, or Address A. J. White, Limited 54 Warren St. N. Y.

Notes On Insomnia.

What pleases me, when I am tormented with sleeplessness, is a little health book of my own, in which I have jotted down a few—very few—of the 'infallible remedies' for sleeplessness which have been tried in thousands—or perhaps it was millions of cases, most of which were in the prescriber's own family, or, at the farthest, circle of intimate friends, and had never once failed to effect a permanent, and, it is needless to say, instant cure. All of these cases collectively and each one by itself individually were and was exactly like my own in cause, duration and operation. The simplicity of the combined remedy appeals at once to human confidence: Eat nothing within three hours before retiring. Eat a light but substantial luncheon just before going to bed. Nature abhors a vacuum. (This is one of the prescriptions I like.) Read light literature before going to bed. Walk a mile in the open air just before bedtime. Go to your room an hour before retiring, and read until bedtime. Give up smoking altogether. If you are a smoker, a cigar just before retiring will soothe and tranquilize your nerves until you can't keep awake. Don't think about sleeping; you scare away slumber by worrying the drowsy god. Resolutely resolve as you lie down that you will go to sleep, and sleep will come naturally. Take a warm bath, and go from the tub into bed. Take a cold sponge bath, jump into bed, and you'll be asleep before your head touches the pillow. Walk slowly about your room half an hour. Lie on your right side, with your cheek on your hand. Lie on your left side, with your head resting on your arm. Count up to 1,000. (I tried this inhuman bit of idiosyncrasy one night. I came very near falling asleep two or three times, but was startled wide awake by suddenly becoming conscious that I had lost my count, and had to begin over again. This cure kept me awake one whole night when I was so sleepy I could scarcely keep my eyes open. The friend that gave me this prescription is not living now. She was a woman, and I could not, as a gentleman, offer her violence. So I dosed a box of marsh-mallows with Rough on Rats, and sent them to her.) Drink milk. (This, according to my experience, is the best in the lot. It will make you sleep better than all the bromides going, which are snares and delusions. But milk diet not only makes you sleep at night, but you want to sleep all the next day. It makes you intolerably stupid all time. It is a pleasant half-awake feeling, if you have nothing else to do but to enjoy falling asleep at any time and in all manner of places, like Colville in the best-told story of these times, "Indian Summer;" but if you have any work to do, it is embarrassing.) So, what is a sleepless man who wants to sleep, going to do? If he eats a light luncheon, smokes a mild cigar, reads Bun-ner an hour, walks a mile in the

air, comes back and walks an other mile about his room, takes a sponge bath, cold, followed by a tub bath, warm, drinks a pint of milk, jumps into bed and lies on both sides, with his head on one arm and one hand, and counts a thousand, it will be time to get up, anyhow, and he can have a few nervous fits during the day. It is a fact, however, that men who think they suffer from sleeplessness do not lie awake half as long as they imagine they do. When a man says to me, "I did not close my eyes all night," I know he lies. Not intentionally, of course; he thinks he was awake all night; the probability is that he did not get to sleep until two hours after his regular time, and it seemed an age to him. Really, it isn't often a man lies awake the whole night through. I am not a physician, and cannot speak by the book, but I believe that men fib about their sleepless nights more than any other ill to which our weak humanity is heir. Now, take your own case; you remember the last time you lay awake all night, don't you? Yes, I see you do. Well, don't you remember that the same night you heard the clock strike two, and the next time you heard it, it struck seven? Yes, I see you do. Well, that's one of the mysteries about insomnia that is difficult to explain.—Burdette in Sunday Mercury. There is something very Irish about the Germans. They speak of a gentleman as Herr instead of Him. "What is an epistle?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class. "The wife of an epistle," replied the young hopeful. Some women, we hear, are complaining because they do not have a club. They do not need a club. They have a rolling pin. It is very wicked for men to flirt, but the women are to blame for it after all. If there were no women it is certain that the men would not think of flirting. Visiting cards this winter are to be very plain we are told. But those with pictures and words on the walls continue to be found useful at evening parties. Naval neologisms and school shipwreck out pretty good shippers, but Captain Norris says old chess can double discount them when it comes to quantity. Do not marry for riches, my son; but remember that the husband of an heiress is seldom obliged to get up at five o'clock in the morning and build a fire. She—"Are you going to the picnic, Tuesday George?" He—"No, yes." She (with feeble indifference)—"Alone, George?" He—"No, I shall take an umbrella." "Twenty three new babies in Newport in one day," says the Kentucky State Journal. Now is the time for Newport wives to organize a general labor union. "What did Adam and Eve wear before they put on aprons?" asked the teacher. And after a few moments hesitation the new boy from Meridian Centre, said: "Nothing but bathin' suits." Angry stranger (to assistant editor): Is the man who is responsible for this article in? A. E.—No, sir. A. S.—Where does he sit? A. E.—The corner desk, sir—the one that has the fort-four calibre revolver for a paper weight. Will you leave your card, sir. A. S. (mildly)—No. Billy Patterson is to be hung in Louisville. We hope this will settle the dispute about who and what struck him.



A FALL REVERIE.

Another Summer has gone by, Ah me! Again the swallows homeward fly, I see. I've wandered by the flowing tide With many men close by my side, But none asked me his little ride To be. I've laughed full many a girl's laugh, To be! And yearned for a better half To be. A dozen Autumns have taken wing, Each with its Winter and its Spring, And now I'd woe anything With glee. I've wandered with young fellows by, To be! But when I roll my eyes and sigh They flee. I've hunted all the lovers' nooks And looked my most effective looks But I am still upon the look, Ah me! A Smart Boy's Triumph.

There is a clever lad who will get his living in this world and no mistake. For playing truant, maternal authority cut off his supper. Casting one fond look at the authorship of his existence he paused at the door to say: "Mother, I am going and when I am no more I wish the doctor to cut me open and look at my stomach." The maternal heart was filled with awful forebodings and the maternal voice asked what he meant. "I wish it to be known," he answered, "that I died of starvation." This was enough. The small boy was triumphant and retired to his little bed gorged to repletion.

The Lady Administered a Rebuke to the Fire Laddies.

"The fire in Col. Duggerty's wagon factory Wednesday evening," says a Colorado paper, "was largely attended. Among the prominent society people present we noted Judge and Mrs. Witherspoon, Senator and Mrs. Poindester and daughter and Gov. Standish. Mrs. Senator Poindester administered a neat and deserved rebuke to one of the firemen early in the proceedings. Stepping up to a hose man, she touched his shoulder and said sharply: 'Play it lower down, you red-headed chump, get it down where the fire is! You fellows ain't expected to put out the North Star!'"

A Real Spunky Western Girl.

"I see young farmer Hicks has gone back on his girl and won't marry her." "What's the matter with him or her?" "Well, his girl's mother told Mrs. Hopper and Mrs. Strong told my wife that Hicks wrote the girl in effect that he concluded to devote his entire attention to stock growing; that there is more money in it than in children growing, and that he didn't think he could run the business profitably." "Umph. How did the girl take it?" "Why, she took it easy enough to write back to him that if he preferred marrying a cow to her all right. Ex."

Too Comfortable To Move.

Clara (in carriage with horse running away)—Do you think you can stop him with one hand, George? George (with teeth set)—I don't th-th-think I e-can st-stop him, b-but I e-can keep him in the road. Clara (with perfect confidence)—Very well; try it for another mile, and then if he doesn't stop, use both hands.