

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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Will practice in the Circuit Court at Canyon City, and before the U. S. Land Office at Lakeside.  
Any business in the Land Office entrusted to us will receive the most prompt attention.  
Land cases solicited.

**J. OLLIVER,**  
Proprietor of the  
**John Day Milk Ranch.**  
Fresh milk delivered daily to my customers in John Day and Canyon cities. Give me your orders.  
J. OLLIVER.

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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.  
All directions are strictly followed.

# The Grant County News.

Vol. IX.

CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1887.

No. 34.

## NEW HOTEL!

CANYON CITY

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

MRS. MARJORY HERBURGER, Proprietor

Patronage respectfully solicited. MARJORY HERBURGER.

## City Brewery

—AND—

SALOON,

Washington St., Canyon City, Oreg.

JOHN KUHLE, Prop.

(Successor to F. C. Seis.)

All orders for beer in two or ten gallon kegs will receive prompt attention.

## ECLIPSE SALOON.

Hayes &amp; McClain, Prop'rs.

Drewsey, Oregon.

A Full Stock of Fancy Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Bitters.

**YOU** can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at any time in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from the first start. (Send no money to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once.) H. HANLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

**CANYON & MONUMENT Stage Line.**  
John Fish, Prop'r.

Carrying Passengers and U. S. Mail via Fox, Long Creek and Hamilton.  
Stage leaves Canyon City on Monday and Thursday, at 8 A. M., and arrives Wednesday and Saturday.

BAKER and CANYON CITY

STAGE LINE,

PARKE &amp; McCUEN, Props.

Stage leaves Canyon City every morning except Sunday, arriving at Baker the next day.

Good teams, good conveyances and fast time.

Every attention given to the comfort of passengers.

Charges Reasonable.

Prairie City

LIVERY STABLE

—AND—

Feed Corral,

PRAIRIE CITY, OREGON

Jules Le Bret, Proprietor.

## A TOUGH YARN.

A Wild, Weird Tale About a Man, a Snake and a Fire-Proof Safe.

CAUGHT IN A MONSTER'S COILS

The Remarkably Thrilling Experience of an Unrivalled Snake Liar, as Told in a New York Paper.

New York Sun.

Twenty years ago I was managing clerk in an English merchant's office. My work was heavy. Many nights I sat at my books until the small hours of the morning. Once or twice I actually dozed off into sleep. To be awakened by the woman who cleaned the various rooms coming to her work.

The house I was connected with had a branch establishment in India doing a large business, and many curious consignments of goods, quite outside of our usual articles of commerce, passed through our hands. Priceless cloths and native fabrics, brass and gold ornaments set with precious stones, collections of stones, botanical specimens, birds, animals—everything, in fact, until at times the contents of the cases, if opened and spread out, would have made a very average museum.

One afternoon a large box was delivered from one of the ships, labelled "To be kept in a moderately warm place." I was away from the warehouse at the time of its arrival, and placed it in the outer office. On my return I casually noticed the case in passing, and saw that one end was slightly crushed, as if by some heavier case falling on it. This was a mere accidental observance.

My private office was just four walls, hung with maps and charts. A writing bureau in the centre of the floor behind the door; behind the bureau a large iron fire-proof safe some six feet high and four feet square, standing twelve or fourteen inches from the wall, and a case of books and three or four chairs completed the inventory. I was going to work late, and in a short time I was alone in the large building.

I worked steadily till midnight. I arose and paced about the room a few minutes. A sound, as of a chair being moved in the adjoining room, startled me.

I stepped to the door and opened it.

The light from a street lamp lit the room fairly well, and after a glance I concluded it must have been a fancy, and returned to my desk, leaving the door open.

A few minutes afterward a faint, harsh sound came from the same direction, a curious, rubbing sound, undeniably moving toward the door leading to where I was sitting.

I rose to my feet, and as I did so the head and neck of a huge snake protruded through the doorway into the well-lit room. I stood transfixed with horror.

When the reptile saw me it stopped for a second, its eyes grew more and more aflame until they resembled two lurid balls of fire, its tongue darted in and out of its mouth, and the head raised higher and higher until nearly level with my own. I could hear its body coiling and recoiling in fury in the dark.

ness beyond, and there I stood powerless, unarmed and apparently unable even to move.

I looked once around in a despairing search for some outlet to escape, and, as I took my eyes from those of the horrible reptile, it lowered its head and darted toward me. Another second it would have caught me, when, seeing the open safe, I rushed in and shut the door. A small petty cash book fell to the floor, half in, and half out of the safe, holding the door open about half an inch.

But for the book I would have speedily been suffocated. Not thinking of that, I stooped and tried to draw the book inside, but the snake, moving simultaneously with myself, had dashed itself against the safe, and its brute fury, thinking the safe part and parcel of myself, had thrown its coils around it, compressing the door so tightly that I fortunately could not remove the book, which was my sole means of ventilation. Half crazed with fright I pulled and tugged at it without avail. The perspiration rolled down my face, my heart beat almost to bursting, and even with the book holding the door ajar I seemed to be at the point of suffocation. Gasping for breath and utterly nerveless, I fell against the door and slid to the floor in a dead faint.

How long I remained so I cannot tell—perhaps a few minutes, perhaps an hour. At last my senses returned, and although dreadfully cramped by the position into which I had subsided in the narrow space, I felt I had not the power to rise, and lay gazing through the narrow opening at the two folds which encircled my refuge, feeling a horrible fascination that I shall never forget. I even touched my finger out and touched one, feeling quivering movement that told me the reptile had drawn its coils to their utmost tension, in the hope of crushing the shell that held the precious kernel of myself.

By an effort I collected my ideas, and, remembering the box and the crushed end, could readily account for the intruder. I knew it was customary to feel them to satisfy before shipping, send them off, and as a rule they arrived here still in the state of stupor. This one might have had a long passage, and coming off the sleep wanted water, grew furious burst the weak end of the case, and finding me attacked me by instinct.

I grew calmer and investigated my position thoroughly. I rose to my feet, and as I did so my foot rested on something uneven. I picked it up and found it to be one of those long ink erasers, having a blade about four inches long, sharp as a razor, tempered like a Damascus blade, the handle being about five inches long and flat in shape. It must have fallen out of the cash book, these knives frequently being shut in the books by the careless clerks. Taking the knife in my right hand I thrust it into the thinnest fold with all my strength. There was a horrible, sickening, tearing sound, and quickly withdrawing the blade, I thrust it again and again into the folds, until at the third or fourth stab I saw the folds relax and go sliding down the sides of the safe to the floor, lying there squirming and writhing in convulsions.

I dare not move for nearly an hour, until all seemed quiet; then opening the door, I dashed across the room into the outer office, banged the door, locked it, and, hatless, rushed to the nearest police station. At first my story was disbelieved, and I was almost locked up as being drunk, but eventually four officers armed with revolvers came with me.

We found the reptile nearly but still tremulous when touched, the cuts with the keen knife, owing to the extreme tension of the coils, having nearly severed the body in half. It measured just 33 feet 5 inches from head to tail.

TWINN IN A BARBER SHOP.

A Tonsorial Artist Puzzled by a sudden Growth of Whiskers.

Stories of mistaken identity are plentiful enough, but they are also amusing, so that there is still excuse for telling them. A gentleman in Boston, Mass., one morning recently, went to a barber and was shaved smoothly and tightly. Returning home, he found that during his absence his twin brother had arrived from California, travel-stained and unshaven. The traveler was directed to the same barber-shop, and thither he went. Seating himself in the big chair he waited for the barber's services. That functionary, however, while regarding the visitor with surprise, made no sign of approaching him. For five minutes the traveler sat in silence, and then his patience being exhausted, he inquired with some asperity:

"What in the deuce are you waiting for? Can't a man get shaved in this shop?"

"What's the joke?" responded the barber. "I've just shaved you."

"Much you did," retorted the customer. "Look at my face."

The barber looked with astonishment at the big black beard of a week's growth, felt of it to assure himself that his eyes were not deceiving him, and at length burst out:

"If you can raise a beard like that in twenty minutes you'd better go into the mattress business and get the hair off your own chin."

A Bright Postmistress.

A South Florida town has a young lady postmistress. She complained to an inspector that stamps were bought from her and then letters mailed on the train, thus robbing her of the fee for cancellation. Long did she revolve various schemes to prevent this, and finally she cancelled the stamps when sold, and as they were good nowhere else the letters bearing them were dropped in at her office. This is a new way to remedy an old evil.

A young man entering the hotel at Franklin, Pa., recently, was taken for the governor and that evening the band serenaded him. He was saluted as Gov. Beaver, to his surprise, but he did not give himself away. Stepping out upon the balcony, he placed his hand upon his breast and made a dignified bow.

"George," she said, and her manner was so earnest, that at last he came over and said, "I treat you badly and evidently tries to avoid you."

"He borrowed \$10 of me a couple of weeks ago," explained George.

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS 50¢ per square for first, and 41¢ per square for each subsequent insertion.  
Regular advertising rates made on application.  
No certificate given until payment is received.

## Is this Disease that is Coming Upon Us?

Like a thief at night it steals upon us unawares. The patients have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint, all gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and clammy. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish-colored expectoration. The patient feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the urine is scanty and high colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in train present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms.

It has been found that physicians have mistaken the cause of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., but none of these kinds of treatment have been attended with success; for it is really constipation and dyspepsia. It is also found that Shaker's Extract of Roots, or Mother Seigel's Cautive Syrup, when properly prepared will remove this disease in all its stages. Care must be taken, however, to secure the genuine article.

IT WILL SELL BETTER THAN COTTON.

Mr. John C. Hemphill, of Chulafinn, Alabama, Ala., writes: "My wife has been so much benefited by Shaker's Extract of Roots of Seigel's Syrup that she says she would rather be without part of her food than without the medicine. It has done her more good than the doctors and all other medicines put together. I would ride twenty miles to get it into the hands of any sufferer if he got it in no other way. I believe it will soon sell in this State better than cotton."

TESTIMONY FROM TEXAS.

Mrs. S. E. Barton, of Vinton, Bixley Co., Mo., writes that she had been long afflicted with dyspepsia and disease of the urinary organs and was cured by Shaker's Extract of Roots, Rev. J. J. McGuire, merchant, of the same place, who sold Mrs. Barton the medicine, says he has sold it for four years and never knew it to fail.

SHE WAS ALMOST DEAD.

I was so low with dyspepsia that there was not a physician to be found who could do anything with me. I had fluttering of the heart and swimming of the head. One day I read your pamphlet called "Life Among the Shakers," which described my disease better than I could myself. I tried the Shaker's Extract of Roots and kept on with it until today I rejoice in good health. Mrs. M. E. Tinsley, Beaver, Muhlenburg Co., Ky.

For sale by all Drugists, or address the proprietor, A. J. White, Limited, 54 Warren St., New York.