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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.

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. All directions are strictly followed.

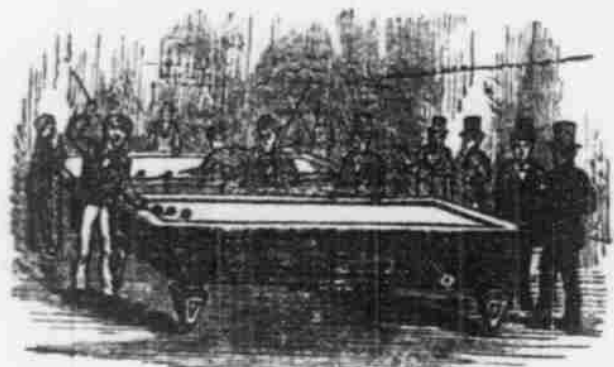
NORTH STAR SALOON, JOHN DAY, OREGON.

S. P. MORGAN, Proprietor, A Full Stock of Pure Liquors and Cigars always on hand.

The Grant County News.

Vol. IX. CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1888. No. 46.

Red Front Billiard Hall!



G. D. RICKARD, Proprietor. Dealer in fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

CANYON CITY OREGON.

NEW HOTEL!



CANYON CITY Oregon

SHAW & OVERTON, Proprietors.

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

The Traveling public will not find better accommodations at any house in Eastern Oregon.

AT J. H. ROMIG'S

TONSORIAL PARLOR

Bath Rooms

Patrons will find first-class accommodations. Hair cutting in the latest style. Particular attention paid to Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting.

Hot and Cold Baths at all Hours.

Besting Accommodations for Ladies

Don't Forget

S. A. HEILNER,

Forwarding and Commission House.

Baker City, Baker county, Oregon.

Will always endeavor to obtain the highest market prices on wools, etc., for parties consigning to me, store, hold or forward the same according to their desire.

MARK ALL GOODS. BAKER CITY S. A. HEILNER.

Overholt & Muldrick,

DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

CANYON CITY, Or.

A. HACHENEY.

DEALER IN

General Merchandise.

JOHN DAY CITY.

BILL NYE AND THE BARBER.

To-day I got shaved at a barber shop, where I begged the operator to kill me and put me out of my misery.

I have been accustomed to gentle care and thoughtfulness at home and my barber handles me with the utmost tenderness. I was, therefore, poorly prepared to meet the man who this morning filled my soul with woe.

I know that I have not deserved this, for while others have berated the poor barber and swore about his bad breath and never-ending chatter and his general heartlessness, I have never said anything that was not filled with childlike trust and hearty good-will toward him.

I have called the attention of the public to the fact that sometimes customers had bad breath and were restless and mean, while being operated on, and then when they are all fixed up nicely they put their hats on and light a cigar and then hold up their finger to the weary barber and tell him that they will see him more subsequently.

Now, however, I feel differently. This barber no doubt had never heard of me. He thought I was an ordinary plug who didn't know anything about luxury.

I shall mark a copy of this paper and send it to him. Then while he is reading it I will step up behind him with a pickaxe and kill him. I want him to be reading it when I kill him, because it will assist the Coroner in arriving at the immediate cause of his death.

The first whiff I took of this man's breath I knew that he was run's maniac.

He had the Jim James in an advanced stage. Now, I don't object to being shaved by a barber who is socially drunk, but when the mad glitter of the mania is in his eyes and I can see that he is debating the question of whether he will cut my head off and let it drop over the back of the chair or choke me to death with the lather brush, it makes me nervous and flighty. He honed his razor on his breath in fact.

This man made up his mind three times that he would kill me, and some one came in just in time to save me.

His chair was near a window, and there was a hole in the blind, so that when he was shaving the off side of my face he would turn my head over in such a position that I could look up into the middle of the sun. My attention had never been called before to the appearance of the sun as it looks to the naked eye, and I was a great deal surprised.

The more that I looked into the center of the great orb of day the more I was filled with wonder at night and power that could create it. I began to pine for death immediately, so that I might be far away among the heavenly bodies, and in a land where no barber with the delirium triangles can ever enter.

This barber held my head down so that the sun could shine into my darkened understanding, until I felt that my brain had melted and I was floating around and swishing about in my skull like warm butter.

His hand was very much unsteady, too. I lost faith in him on the start, when he cut off a mole under my chin and threw it in the cuspidor. I did not care especially for the mole, and did not need it much, but at the same time I had not decided to take it off till the weather got warmer. In fact I had worn it so long that I had become attached to it. It also had become attached to me. That is why I could not restrain my tears when the barber cut it off, and then stepped back to the other end of the room to see how I looked without it.

BILL NYE AT LARGE.

The Way They Boom.

"Are you getting ready for that excursion of Eastern capitalists which are coming here when the railroad is completed?" asked a prominent citizen of the Mayor of a new Kansas town.

"Oh, yes. We've made arrangements with the Metropolis City to borrow its county seal for the day, and will move it down."

"That's good. Anything else?" "Yes; each merchant is going to put up fifty packages which look as if they contained sugar, and the farmers will be going out of the stores with them all day."

"Fifty packages won't last." "But they'll keep sneaking them around in the back door again when the capitalists aren't looking. We purpose to sell each bundle twenty times. Then we're going to have two brass bands, and the railroad company will side track a couple of freight trains here all day, and I'm having the creek dammed up two miles above here, and just before they come we'll cut the dam and let her howl all day and call her a rive, and I'm going to salt the town with a barrel of kerosene and have an expert smelling around and talking of natural gas, and then there'll be two or three men run over with teams, and a lot more will be going around looking awful deep and sticking stakes around for new buildings, and everything will boom proportionately all day. Oh, you just let me alone to extract the reluctant dollar from the pocket of the eastern investor."

Chicago Tribune.

A Good Family Clock. Omaha Jeweler—"Here, sir, is a clock which will, I think, please your aesthetic tastes. At precisely ten o'clock every evening a chime of bells rings, and a bird hops out and sings a carol."

Omaha Man—"I will take that if you will make a few changes in it."

"With pleasure." "I have a daughter; and I wish the clock for the parlor when she entertains her company. Fix it so that at eleven o'clock at night a milkman's bell will ring and a news boy will skip out and yell 'morning papers.'" Omaha World.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had to follow, she gave her Castoria.

Had Better Take the Next Tree. Leap year in Washington, young man at the foot of a tree; young woman in three squares away coming rapidly toward him.

"Young man (to policeman) 'Can climb this tree?'" Policeman—"You'd better take the next one, sir; there is sixteen men already gone up this one." Washington Critic.

The Cause of His Joy. "What are you grinning about, Quimby?" "Why, we have a new girl up at our house."

"Well to tell you the truth, I should think that with the family of girls you already have you would be somewhat disappointed."

"Yes, but I'm talking about a new servant girl." "Old man, let me congratulate you." Nebraska State Journal.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED. To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.

d86mo 181 Pearl st, New York.

Troubleing A Postmaster.

A lantern-jawed young man stopped at the postoffice last Saturday, and yelled out:

"Anything for the Wattses?" George Potee, our polite postmaster, replied: "No."

"Anything for Jane Watts?" "Nothing."

"Anything for Ace Watts?" "No."

"Anything for Bill Watts?" "No sir."

"Anything for Tom Watts?" "No, nothing."

"Anything for 'Fool Joe' Watts?"

"No, nor Dick Watts, Jim Watts, nor Sweet Watts, nor any other Watts, dead, living, unborn, native, foreign, civilized, or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, white or black, franchised or disfranchised, natural or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for the Wattses, either individually, severally, jointly, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The boy looked at the postmaster in astonishment, and said:

"Please look if there is anything for John Thomas Watts."

"Sister! Just Fit Him."

"So Marie, you do not love me any longer?"

"No Charles. Your recent escapades have made a great change in my heart. I can hereafter be but a sister to you."

"Only a sister?"

"Only a sister."

"A true sister?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, loan me five dollars." Kentucky State Journal.

He Knew Why.

Married Man—"John, you say you like the taste of whisky?"

John—"Well, I should say I did."

"Well, young fellow, if you ever get married, pick out a woman opposed to whisky—a woman who had rather see her husband die than take a drink."

"Why?"

"The whisky'll taste so much better." St. Paul Globe.

Exchanging Compliments. Old gentleman (to boy on twelfth birthday)—"I hope you will improve in wisdom, knowledge and virtue."

Boy (politely returning compliment, totally unconscious of sarcasm)—"The same to you sir."

N. Y. Mercury.

Striving to be Honest. Woman (to tramp)—"You might saw a little wood for that nice dinner."

Tramp (reproachfully)—"Madam, you ought not to throw temptation in the way of a poor man."

woman—"Temptation?"

Tramp—"Yes madam. If I were to saw some wood, the chances are I would carry off the saw. I am an honest man now, and I want to stay so."

Bazar.

Read the Death Roll. Which the bills of mortality of any large city may be fully described, and you will find that renal and vesical maladies, that is to say those that affect the kidneys or bladder, have a remarkable prominence—we had almost said preponderance. Bright's disease and diabetes in the chronic stage are rarely cured, and gravel, catarrh of the bladder and enuresis slay many. Yet at the outset, when the trouble merely amounts to irritability of the organs involved, the danger may be nullified by that pleasant renal tonic and diuretic, Dr. Slocum's Stomach Bitters, which imparts the requisite amount of tone to the organs, without over-exciting them, and the use of which is convenient, and involves no elaborate preparation. Dyspepsia, a usual concomitant of renal complaints, and debility, which they invariably produce, are remedied by it. It is also a constitutive, malarial, rheumatic and nervous stimulant.

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All Reading Notices in Local Column will be charged at the rate of 20 cents per line for first and 10 cts each subsequent insertion.

Special rates to regular advertisers.

TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD.

Col. Ingersol delivered the following beautiful tribute to the memory of Mrs. Ida Knowles, whose death occurred in New York recently:

My friends: Again we stand in the shadow of a great mystery—a shadow as deep and dark as when the tears of the first mother fell upon the pallid face of her lifeless babe—a mystery that has never been solved.

We have met in the presence of the sacred dead to speak a word of praise, of hope, of consolation.

Another life of love is now a blessed memory—a lingering strain of music. The loving daughter, the pure and consecrated wife, the sincere friend, who, with tender faithfulness, discharged the duties of life, has reached her journey's end.

A braver, a more sincere, a more chivalric spirit—clasping the loved and by them clasped—never passed from life to enrich the realm of death.

No field of war ever witnessed greater fortitude, more perfect, smiling courage than his poor, weak and helpless woman displayed upon the bed of pain and death.

Her life was gentle, and her death sublime. She loved the good and all the good loved her. But there is this consolation; she can never suffer more; she can never feel again the chill of death; never part again from those she loves. Her heart can break no more. She has shed her last tear, and upon her beautiful brow has been set the seal of everlasting peace.

When the angel of death—the masked and voiceless—entered the door of home there came with her all the daughters of compassion, and of these Love and Hope remain forever.

You are about to take the dear dust home—to the home of her childhood—to the home that was once my home. You will lay her with neighbors that I have loved that are now at rest. You will lay her where my father is sleeping.

All I can say is: "Lay her in the earth, And from her fair and unpolished flesh Let violets spring."

I never knew, I never met, a braver spirit than the one that once inhabited this dear form of dreamless clay.

Mature Reflection.

"My darling, have you thought of the happy summer that our lives will be when we are joined for better or worse?"

"Oh yes, John, I've thought of it."

"And have you thought of the bright home that we will build on the foundation of our affection, and which will be painted with the dying flashes of the sun and furnished with the silver and gold that makes the night of Heaven beautiful?"

"Oh, yes, John, I've thought of it."

"Have you thought of the years that will come to us across the sea of time, white capped but blue with promises of years to come?"

"Shure as you are born, John I've thought of it."

"And have you thought—? have you—? have—?"

"Oh! yes, John more than all the rest. John, let us name it after you."