L P Fisher

Grant Co. News.

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☞ 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. OLIVER.

F. C. HORSLEY, M. D.
GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, April 8, 1848.
Canyon City, Oregon.
Office in his DrugStore, Main Street
Orders for Drugs promptly filled.
No professional patronage solicited unless 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.

A GHOST STORY.

THE HAUNTED RED-CHAMBER.

A Night of Terror Passed in a Lordly Castle with a Shadowy Form.

I am a distant relative of Lord F., whose country house in Kent is, as you all know, a very old one. Once in one of his good hearted moods he invited me to make him a visit. I gladly accepted his invitation, for I dearly love to ramble over ancient buildings, and one of this kind Lord F.'s castle certainly is. I was assigned to a room which my friend told me had never been opened since he could remember. This was done at my own request, and I found that my apartment was a large room with a high wainscoting. The bed, a ponderous affair, stood in the middle of the room. It was made of oak, the sides coming down to the floor. On examining it I discovered what seemed to be a door in its side, but being unable to open it I gave the matter no more thought. That night about three o'clock I suddenly awoke, and to my great horror I beheld a shadowy form pacing the room. I sprang up and approached the figure, which glided toward the bed and disappeared in the side. I could sleep no more, but restlessly strode up and down the haunted chamber until morning. I made haste to apprise Lord F. of what I had seen. He was greatly surprised, and informed me that within his own recollection nothing of the sort had been seen. I resolved to make a thorough investigation of everything in the room, and the door in the bed returned to my mind. On examining this closely I found a slight projection, on pressing which the door flew back, disclosing a flight of stone steps leading to a room under the floor. I immediately called Lord F. and informed him of the discovery. With some trepidation we descended the steps, first taking care to procure a light. We found ourselves in a strongly built room about ten feet square. In the middle hung an ancient chandelier, in the iron sockets of which were two or three stubs of candles. In one corner was a small wooden frame in the extreme stages of decay, and beside it a notched blade of iron. We had been there but a few moments when we heard a slight rustle, and looking around, saw coming toward us the same phantom which I had seen the night before. We drew to one side, and it passed by us, and going to the wooden frame, stooped, picked up the blade of iron and went through a series of remarkable motions. This the ghost kept up for quite a while, but at last stopped, and taking up what seemed to be a rope, bound this around its neck, and catching hold of the chandelier with one hand, with the other bound the rope to the iron, and then with a yell disappeared. During this scene we stood motionless, not daring to move a muscle. When at last the supernatural being left us we rushed up the stairs, and breathed freer when once we arrived in the room above. For several days we pondered over this. Lord F. could think of nothing in connection with his family history which could throw any light on this subject. Several times we entered the chamber, and twice witnessed the same strange performance of the specter which haunted the apartment. One day while ascending the steps I noticed a box or sort of cupboard protruding from the side of the bed. I pointed this out to my friend, and on examining it we found a great number of papers, among which was an ancient note book, which proved to be the diary of Lord F.'s grandfather. On careful examination of this book we found the following entries, which enlightened us respecting the ghost:

"MAY 10TH.

"To-day we captured a spye, whom we putte in ye celle under ye Oake roome."

"ALSO FOR MAY 20TH.

"To-day our captive was founde hanging from ye ceiling of his celle. He was entirely dead."

Our ghost was evidently that of this captive spy, come back to haunt the cell in which he had taken his life. We found another entry of interest, which read as follows:

"AUGUST 14TH.

"We have had to close ye Oake Room because it is troubled by ye ghost of our former spy. Every night he walks and goes thro' ye motion of cutting wood, at which employment he was kept while living."

This statement explained to us the meaning of the strange antics of the specter. Soon after Lord F. filled up the cell, and since then my ghostly visitor has not been seen.—[St. Paul School Horæ Scholasticæ.

Just a Little Too Smart.

A student of the University of Texas being short of funds wrote to his father in Galveston: "Send me $100 by return mail. He who gives quickly gives double."

The old gentleman replied the next mail inclosing $50, with the remark that, as he had responded promptly, the $50 inclosed were equivalent to the desired $100.

Pleasant for Jones.

"I say, Jones, dine with me at the house to-night, will you?"

"Certainly, with pleasure. Will your wife expect me?"

"No; that's the beauty of it. We had a quarrel this morning about the sea-shore business, and I want to make her mad."

While workmen were engaged on the new City Hall, Philadelphia, recently, a portion of the arm, the hand and the scales, of the figure of Justice broke off and fell to the floor with a crash. Justice probably got disgusted with being a misrepresentation of the condition of affairs in Philadelphia and threw down the scales. Things must be pretty bad when they shock a marble statue.

IN A NUTSHELL.

Stories of a Romance and Adventure Boiled Down.

A BACHELOR'S SPIDER.

A St. Louis bachelor sat down to a table in his room to write a letter when an immense black spider advanced toward him upon the table. He took a straw from a broom and drew it gently over the spider's back and legs for ten minutes, when it went away. The next evening the spider reappeared and went through the same antics with the broom straw, to his evident pleasure. This was kept up all the winter, the big spider coming out regularly every night for a frolic with the broom straw.

WHY HE RAN AWAY.

A dog belonging to a Wanaqua (N. J.) lad had for a long time been in the habit of picking up his breakfast and running away with it instead of eating it. The boy followed him on Friday, and the dog led him a roundabout trip, evidently to tire out his pursuer. Finally the dog lay down and waited for the boy to go away. The boy started abruptly, as if to go home. The dog then ran very fast and disappeared in a covert, where investigation revealed a decrepit and emaciated old dog, who was eagerly devouring the breakfast.

A CAT'S HOSPITALITY.

I once had a cat that always sat up to the dinner table with me, and had his napkin round his neck, and his plate and some fish. He used his paw, of course, but he was very particular and behaved with extraordinary decorum. When he had finished his fish I sometimes gave him a piece of mine. One day he was not to be found when the dinner-bell rang, so we began without him. Presently puss came rushing up stairs and sprang into his chair with two mice in his mouth. Before he could be stopped dropped a mouse on to my plate, and then proceeded to devour the other of his own plate. He divided his dinner with me as I had divided mine with him.

A CAT'S FISHING.

Four miles from Johnston one of our county commissioners, Henry Gallman, owns a mill and pond and grinds corn for the public. He has a man named Pratt who attends to the mill. Pratt owns a large cat that as soon as the mill is stopped, by shutting down the gate, will immediately run down behind the mill and get on a log just over the sheeting over which the water is flowing. She will then look very intently into the water, which is from eighteen inches to two feet deep, until she spies a fish; she then plunges into the water, frequently burying herself under it, but almost always coming out with a fish. She then quietly sits down on a rock near by and enjoys her meal.—Story of Pat's Relations.

Delacroix painted his famous lion-lion-king in two days. He received for either of them 1,600 francs and 2,000 francs—that is, for one $81 and for the copy $72; that first copy was sold to a banker in Paris for $140, the second copy went to Algiers. The name of the painter getting more known, as much as $600 was given for the original work by an intimate friend of mine, at whose house the very lion lover who first had it saw it, and wanted to buy it back. The next day a telegram came from Algiers that he copy had been burned. Immediately the price of the now only existing one rose, and I saw it sold two years after for 36,000 francs ($4,410). Of course, Delacroix might in the same way complain that he originally received only $80.

A DOCTOR'S VISION.

When Dr. More was a student at Cambridge, in Queens College, he was standing at the door of the dining room one day when he saw a Mr. Bonnell come out of the hall, looking as he always did in life. A friend near was struck by the appearance of the man, and asked who it was, when More told him, mentioning some particulars of Bonnell's history, where he was from, and commenting upon his personal appearance. That evening the prayers of the college were desired for one who was in a sick and dangerous condition. More asked who was sick, and was told it was Bonnell, when he at once declared he had seen Bonnell that day, and was assured that it was impossible, for the man had not left his bed for a considerable time. But More insisted that he had seen the man, and brought his friend to witness to the truth of his statement. The same day Bonnell died, and the stranger who was with More, and had seen the figure, identified the body of Bonnell as that of the man he had noticed coming out of the hall at noon, and at a time when it was positively known Bonnell was lying unconscious in his room.

His Visiting Card.

During the war when Colonel Bob Crockett was stationed at Camden, he had a small sign, "Colonel Crockett's Headquarters," posted above his door. One night a number of the boys, having taken down the sign, went out to a farmer's hen house and after taking every chicken they could find, left the sign. The next morning an old fellow entered Crockett's quarters and asked:

"Is this Colonel Crockett?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is this here your visitin' keyard?" taking the sign from under his coat.

"Where did you get that?"

"Found it this morning in my hen house."

"What were your chickens worth?"

"Fifteen dollars in gold."

"Well, old fellow, you break me, but here's your money. Don't say anything about it."

Crockett afterwards learned that a creaky old rooster and a sick hen were the only fowls that were taken by the boys.

The inhabitants of India are not any wickeder than the rest of mankind, and yet they are raising cayenne all the time.

How to Reduce Weight.

Do not try it. The London *Field* is anxious to induce hunting men to adopt measures to reduce their weight for the saddle. This is our advice on the subject. Rest assured no measure will suffice which is not injurious to health. One man will put on weight with very little food, while another will undermine his stability by a reduction which appears to be moderate. The simple but golden rule is to eat slowly and masticate the food taken thoroughly, so that there may be time for the organism to make known its satisfaction with the supply placed at its disposal before the stomach is overloaded. The mistake made by hunting men and others who, to use a common expression, "are as hungry as hunters," is that of coming home exhausted and eating ravenously. By this haste no time is allowed for the organic needs of the eater to cry: "Hold—enough!" It is like emptying a whole scuttleful of coal on the fire when it is only in need of a few dexterously placed lumps. The digestive organs being in fairly good working order, the repletion is not resented as it would be by a weakly "dyspeptic," and muscle and fat are laid on in excess. If we only ate more deliberately, we should find half our accustomed quantity of food sufficient to satisfy the most eager cravings of hunger. What we call "appetite" is a most misleading sensation. It is only remotely related to the actual demands of the organism. Let hunting men, and men of all classes who lead healthy, active lives, resolve to eat and drink slowly. With this single precaution they will soon find that their tendency to "weigh" diminishes, while the appetite being disciplined unconsciously by the formation of the habit, it will be needless, as it is useless, to live by rule as regards the nature or the quality of the food taken.

Power of Dynamite Shells.

Some very interesting experiments with dynamite projectiles were made near Washington recently, under the auspices of the Senate Military committee. Four shots were fired with six inch shells with a range of 1,000 yards. The target was a perpendicular ledge of solid trap rock on the south bank of the river. The first shell struck near the eastern margin of the ledge, and exploded by concussion, shattering the face of the rock for a radius of about 30 feet, and carrying away several tons of debris, which were hurled for hundreds of yards up and down stream. The second shell struck nearly in the center of the ledge, exploding as before. It opened a cavity in the face of the ledge about 25 feet in diameter; excavated a pit six feet deep. Some of the fragments of rocks from this explosion were hurled half a mile, one piece weighing nearly twelve pounds being thrown clear across the canal and lodging near a farm house adjoining the Georgetown reservoir. The other shots were similar in their effects. The trial is regarded as successful in every particular, and the safety of the system of firing seems to be assured, since the shell leaves the gun as safely as an ordinary powder charged shell would do. It is not impossible that this destructive agent of dynamite is destined to revolutionize naval warfare, and it is noteworthy that the representatives of the foreign governments have manifested the greatest interest in the experiments.

Food, Exercise and Breath.

"After a meal," says a Brooklyn physician, "if you feel drowsy and sleepy, you may be sure you have eaten too much. Of course, if a man has been performing excessive bodily labor, he will have the same feeling. But, as a general thing, the rule of drowsiness is a good one to follow. Before and after a meal there should be an hour's rest before any severe bodily exercise is performed. We need from six to eight hours sleep a night with two or three hours extra one night a week. The relief for mental strain is bodily exercise. You have no doubt noticed how much inclined people are to go to sleep in church, no matter how good the sermon. It is all owing to the bad ventilation. Cooper Institute, in New York, is the only large hall that I know of that is properly ventilated. There is a little auger-hole under each seat, and through this, by means of diminutive pipes, the cool air is brought into the hall. It comes like fine spray, furnishing oxygen, but not causing any cold drafts. It is imperatively important to have well ventilated sleeping rooms. If you awake in the morning and find you have a headache and a bad taste in your mouth, be assured the room is badly ventilated. You need three thousand cubic feet of air an hour. It is a fault with Americans to have their sleeping rooms too hot. It is as absurd to have them like ice, but it would be well if we could have them warm when we go to bed, cool during the night, and warm again in the morning.

One hundred and forty thousand eucalyptus trees are being planted near Los Angeles, Cal., for fuel. It is said that an acre of them, after a lapse of four or five years, will yield as much income as an acre of grapes.

According to the *Medical Record* five per cent. of all cancers are situated upon the tongue. The average duration of life in cancers of the tongue is, without operation, stated to be ten and a half months; with operation, sixteen months. In some cases, after operations, patients have lived from two to five, and even ten years.

Fond mother—"What a dear, sweet little fellow Bobby is! He asked me last night if he were to die and go to Heaven if I thought that God would let him play with the stars."

Father (turning his boot upside down and shaking it violently)—"Now, who put that toothbrush and powder in there?"

Fond mother (resignedly)—"Oh, I suppose it was Bobby!"

Epitaphs.

When with characteristic cynicism, Byron derided the credulity of him who would "believe a woman or an epitaph," he may have had in mind Ben Jonson's famous lines on the Countess of Pembroke's:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister—Pembroke's mother!
Death 'ere thou hast slain another
Fair, and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!"

Could the memory of Shakespeare demand loftier strains? Compare the above with the quaintness and simplicity of the lines:

"Blest be the man who spares these stones,
And curst be he who moves my bones."

Inscribed on the tomb of the Bard of Avon!

Strict adherence to mere matter of fact has scarcely been considered the special attribute of an epitaph—though the three following are well authenticated examples of unvarnished detail:

"Sarah Yorke this life did resign,
Sixteen hundred and seventy-nine."
—[Norwich.

"Here lies the body of William Wix,
One thousand seven hundred and sixty-six."
—[Richmond, Yorkshire.

"Here lies the body of honest Tom Page,
Who died in the thirty-third year of his age."
—[Norwich Cathedral.

And in the same connection may be instanced the inscription on the tomb of the inn-keeper, buried in the churchyard opposite his hostelry:

"Here lies Tommy Day,
Removed from over the way."

Latin was long considered the only appropriate language for an epitaph. It is well known that Dr. Johnson refused "to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey" with an English inscription to the memory of Oliver Goldsmith. This is the more to be deplored, since the doctor could (and did) write English epitaphs of merit—witness that upon Phillips, the musician—

"Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine."

Brevity, "the soul of wit," has been little considered in this class of composition, and ("O, Rare Ben Jonson" excepted) there occur to the writer but three as remarkable in this particular—that upon Dr. Fuller—

"Fuller's Earth."

Upon Burbage, the actor, a simple stage direction:

"Exit Burbage."

And the happy combination of eulogium and farewell to the memory of Knight, the publisher—

"Good Knight."

Successive generations have pressed into this service such time honored effusions as "Afflictions sore long time I bore," etc.

And the really beautiful lines by Dr. Donne upon a deceased infant—

"Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed
And bade it blossom there."

Have appeared upon hundreds of tombs. The touching subject of infant mortality finds also fitting expression in the two following:

"Just with her lips the cup of life she pressed,
Found the taste bitter—and declined to rest."

"This babe entombed on the world did peep,
Did kiss it—closed its eyes—and fell asleep."

To form, while yet living, the subject of an epitaph, is one of the penalties of greatness. Some kings, and many prominent politicians, have had this experience. Rochester's epitaph upon the merry monarch "who never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one," is too well known for repetition; while students of English literature are all familiar with Goldsmith's lines in memory of the still living Burke, Garrick, and Reynolds in "The Retaliation." An ex-Chancelor of the Exchequer, Robert Lowe (Viscount Sherbrooke), had appropriated to him one of exemplary venom and profanity, actually written in memory of an obscure Robert Lowe of by-gone days. The statesman himself is said to have discovered it and rendered it into Latin hexameter. A good example of this kind of ante-mortem literature is the epitaph written during the lifetime of Benjamin D'Israeli—need it be said by a "Liberal" pen:

"There lies Lord Beaconsfield
(It was a way he had.)

Presence of mind has always been held in just estimation, though it has been shrewdly remarked that in moments of peril, absence of body is even more desirable. It is certainly *absence of body* which forms the chief characteristic of the three following:

"Here lie the remains of Thomas Nicols
Who died in Philadelphia, 1713. Had he
Lived he would have been buried here."
—[Kir-Kiel.

"Here lies the body of Jonathan Ground
Who was lost at sea and never found."
—[Ulster.

"Here lies the body of John Eldred—
At least he will be here when he's dead,
But at this time he is alive,
Fourteenth of August, sixty-five."
—[Oxford.

—[Detroit Free Press.

Growing Gold Mines.

The famous Comstock lode is still growing; that is, the causes which produced the great vein are yet in operation, though with diminished activity. The lode was probably millions of years in reaching the condition which it had attained when it was first discovered, and in millions more, if left undisturbed, all the great chambers that have been robbed of their ore might again be filled. In all the softer ground where a drift is run, a movement is seen toward the closing of it. This movement is called by the miners the "swelling" of the ground. In many places it amounts to more than a mere swelling—amounts to a degree of motion that is almost startling in its energy. Belts of a peculiar kind of clay that have been cut by drifts have been known to rise from the floor until more than thirty feet have been cut away.

Nothing humiliates a poet quicker than printing his words exactly as he writes them.—[New Orleans Picayune.