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J. OLLIVER, President of the John Day Milk Ranch. Fresh milk delivered daily to my customers in John Day and Canyon cities.

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 unless directions are strictly followed.

The Grant County News.

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AT J. H. ROMIG'S TONSORIAL PARLOR

Bath Rooms CANYON CITY, Oregon

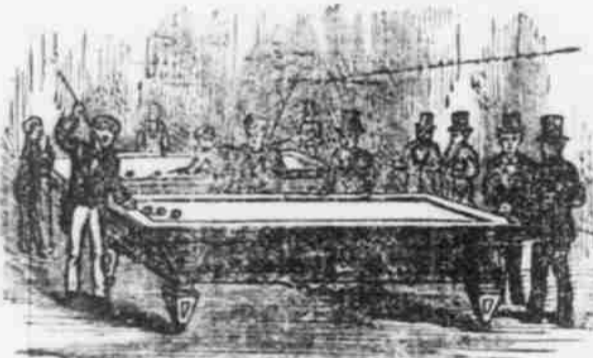
Patrons will find first-class accommodations. Hair cutting in the latest style. Particular attention paid to Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting.

Hot and Cold Baths at all Hours.

Bathing; Accommodations for Ladies Don't Forget

Your Shavers put in first class cutting order for 25 cents per pair, at the Barber Shop. J. H. ROMIG, Barber, Main Street, Canyon City, Grant Co., Oreg.

Red Front Billiard Hall!



G. D. RICKARD, Proprietor.

Dealer in fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

CANYON CITY OREGON

Henry Rust's Celebrated Beer Constantly on Tap

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.

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.

STRUCK BLIND.

The Dandy Poison That Blighted the Optic Nerve.

Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Our reporter was very much struck with a conversation between two well-known citizens, a short time ago. "I notice you wear very strong eyeglasses."

"Yes, yes, I am a perfect slave to my goggles. It is hard for me to understand why one's eyesight fails when all other faculties appear to be in good condition. Even the young appear to lose their eyesight."

"I question very much the theory and the old notion that poor light, fine print, etc., is responsible for it. It is well known that if you consult an oculist for eye treatment, you will find he is almost sure to analyze the fluids passed before he will commence treatment; one once told me that over half of the failing eyesight was attributable to disease of the kidneys, because of their inability to expel the uric acid from the system."

"How is that?" He claimed that failing eyesight was one of the most prominent symptoms of advanced kidney disease. Becoming more interested, our reporter thought he would carry investigations still further, and called upon an institution where several prominent physicians are employed, and asked the question:

"Why is it that uric acid or kidney poison affects the eyes?" One of them answered, "It does not affect the eyes any more than any other organ. It is one of the symptoms of kidney disease. The system becomes saturated with uric acid, and, as a result, the weakest organ is the first to suffer. It may be the lungs, heart, brain or any other organ; it generally affects many of the other organs, and the person afflicted may call it 'neral debility, or premature old age, when in reality it is but the effect of uric acid, continually poisoning the system, gradually consuming the patient. It is for this reason our remedy cures so many persons of what are ordinarily called diseases, which in fact are only symptoms. We cure the cause and the cause cures the effect."

"Then you cure blindness, do you?" "I will say yes, if you wish to put it as broad as that, and yet we are not entitled to the credit. When we restore the kidneys to health, they in turn restore the failing eyesight. Our remedy restores the kidneys to a healthy action, and they cause the cure, and so it is with many of the diseases that we cure, which in reality are but symptoms. For instance, N. S. Sparks of Rochester, says 'I had lost the use of one eye, and the other was rapidly failing, caused by impure blood. I took Warner's safe cure to purify my blood. Hardly expected it to restore my eyesight, but it has done so.'

"W. A. Barge, of this city, says 'My little daughter seven years old complained some two years since of inability to see, and we noticed that she stumbled over things while walking about the house. Looked at her eyes and found them almost white. This was already me that I consulted a physician, who said it would be necessary to have an operation performed upon them. To this I could not consent, but allowed him to give her several treatments. She grew worse and wasted to a mere skeleton, until a doctor more honest than the rest, advised Warner's safe cure, and we began its use. I noticed improvement at once, and gradually she regained her health.'

"Mrs. Emma A. Densmore, Washington, D. C., had her eyesight suddenly fail her, so she was unable, as she says, to read even the largest print, or recognize friends on the street. After a few bottles of Warner's safe cure, her eyesight began to return, and continuing its use, she was completely restored."

"Uric acid has a special liking for the optic nerve, and it is no uncommon thing for the eyesight to begin to fail as the kidney disorder advances, while the other organs remain in a permanent good health for a longer period, or until there is a general giving way of the system. Then physicians blandly pronounce the fatally general debility, or call it a symptom of disease, that the most prominent before death claimed its victim. They may call it apoplexy, paralysis, consumption, pneumonia, blood poisoning, impoverished blood, malaria, rheumatism, pleurisy—nevertheless it is kidney disease, all the same, under another name."

"Why all this deception?" "Because the so-called medical fraternity have no preparations that can cure kidney disease, especially when it has become advanced, and they are ashamed to acknowledge it, and many of them are too high-bred to their code to use a prescription and a specific for the kidneys, because it is advertised, and the proprietors refuse to expose their formula. That is exactly as it is, in as few words as I can give it."

"Thanks. You have no objections to my publishing this interview?" "None, whatever. We have no secrets here, except our formula."

YOU CONSUMPTIVE! WILSON'S GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE FOR BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all the above-named diseases, and is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine.

HINDERCORNS. A safe and effective remedy for the removal of hindercorns, corns, and other blemishes on the feet. It is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine.

PAINLESS CHLORIDE. A safe and effective remedy for the removal of chlorides from the system, and for the cure of all diseases caused by their presence. It is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine.

PERSIAN BLOOD. A safe and effective remedy for the cure of all diseases caused by impure blood, and for the restoration of the system to its natural state of health. It is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine.

WATER-BURY'S GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE FOR BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all the above-named diseases, and is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine.

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TRIP TO GRANT COUNTY.

One of Baker City's Merchants Turns Traveler and Gives us an Interesting Account of Our Neighbors Over the Range!

S. A. HEILNER IN BAKER CITY DEMOCRAT.

Eds. DEMOCRAT:—Started from here on Monday at 2 o'clock, per stage, arrived at Griffin's station at 11 o'clock at night. Took supper, changed sleighs and went on over powder river divide to Parker's station, where we arrived about four o'clock in the morning. Here, it was not long before we took to bed, when we slept until the China cook awoke us at 6:30 o'clock for breakfast, and at 7 we were off over Burnt river mountain, Middle Fork and Dixie hills, arriving at Prairie City at 3:30 Tuesday.

We enjoyed the sleigh ride over the mountains, and quite a novelty presented itself in hitching on a small tree behind the sleigh, descending steep grades, and in some places the drive down the hills were so rapid that it felt as if a person were shot out of a cannon—of course I have never experienced that sensation.

The drivers, on the whole line, I found accommodating and gentlemanly, and right here, I beg to differ with Mr. Asbury in his letter stating that he driver enjoy themselves by letting the lady passengers hold the lines while they—the drivers—are holding the ladies to keep them from dipping out. I think them—the drivers, I mean—entirely too bashful, especially so Mr. Wogley, to undertake a job of the kind, the more so as their wild steeds might run away.

Prairie City, John Day and Canyon City I found pleasant places in which to live; and the people a jolly, wholesome set. I was favored especially with being present at John Day and Prairie City, where they had a fall on the 22nd and 24th; and I must confess that much larger places might envy the benefits of the fair sex presented there. The young ladies' corner band at Prairie City do honor to a much more experienced band, and I heard them discourse several pieces, which impressed me very much with the idea that by practicing they may attain a proficiency by which they might play the most difficult pieces.

I found business rather quiet, and merchants complain in general of a scarcity of money. As the season advances, however, everything will pick up. The climate is just delightful and the season is at least several weeks ahead of ours here. Farmers are commencing to plow, and soon will sow grain and seeds. Schools all over the country, I am informed, are good, and the children are obtaining a pretty fair education, especially so at Prairie City where Mr. Donham and Mrs. Smith are teachers.

After remaining a day in each of the above named places, I faced homeward bound, where I arrived on Sunday morning, well pleased with my journey, the country and the people who made it so pleasant for me while in Grant county. H. Baker City, Or., Feb. 28, 1888.

A Rare Coin.

Some time during the year 1886 says the Jacksonville Times, E. Hendrick, of Applegate, cut a large pine tree near his house and found in its interior a rather ancient coin. The tree was a large one, and his ax was not the first that had been used to mar its symmetry and grace, for, encircled by forty-five rings of peary growth, were found evidences of a previous assault—clear-cut marks of an ax, a small cavity and a package of cloth or paper containing a cop-

per coin. No writing or other marks could be found on the covering to relieve the curious in respect to this event. The coin is about the size of a nickel, is composed of copper, is dated 1790, has on one side the lion and the unicorn struggling for the crown and on the other side a monogram composed of the letters V. O. C. The tree stood on the banks of Applegate river, near one of the trails from Oregon to California, was a large tree in 1841 and had held its secret forty-five years. Whose secret did it hold?

Georgia's Heroine.

Yoc's Companion. One of the most picturesque figures of Revolutionary days that has never been admitted to the pages of history Nancy Hart—known throughout the South as "The Giantess" and the "Heroine of Georgia." She lived in the wilderness of Elbert county, and supported herself and children by hunting and trapping. Nancy was over six feet in height, and with her mop of red hair and crossed eyes she assuredly was not prepossessing. But one of her contemporaries writes: "Her voice was quiet and soft, and if she had the courage of a man, she had beneath it the warm heart of a woman."

She espoused the Whig cause vehemently from the first outbreak of the Revolution. Six British soldiers, when pursuing deserters, came to her cabin and demanded food. She cooked them a good dinner, and while they were eating it hid their guns, drove away their horses, and locking the doors, sent word to her neighbors: "I have trapped six base Tories; come and hold them for me."

During the winter, in the disguise of a man, she frequently entered the British camp in Augusta and carried to Colonel Clarke the information she gained there. On one occasion when a freshet rendered the ford across the Savannah River impassable, she made a raft of logs, bound together by wild grapevines, and crossed triumphantly under fire of the enemy to the camp of the Georgia troops. Another day, meeting a puny little British soldier on the road, she took his gun from him and marched him before her into the Georgia camp.

So great was the confidence of the colonists in her discretion and valor that she was once left by Colonel Clarke in command of a fort filled with women and children. A company of British skirmishers attacked it, but Nancy, herself in uniform, forced the scared women to put on their husbands' clothes, and to show themselves on the walls, while she kept up so vigorous a fire from the old cannon that the enemy fled and reported the fort to be fully manned and equipped.

After the war Elbert county was invaded by two or three peaceable squatters. Nancy fell before them. She packed her goods on a pair of mules and emigrated to the wilderness of Kentucky, declaring that "so many neighbors left her no air to breathe." Among her descendants have been statesmen and soldiers. Much of their physical and mental vigor doubtless came from the old huntress, Nancy Hart.

When a blue-eyed maiden captures two New York burglars and turns them over to the police, what can be said against feminine policemen? Free the Police-stations from mice and there would be no braver conservators of the peace than blue-eyed maidens.

Why He was a Hardshell Baptist.

"One cold and rainy day, while returning from a new mill that had been started up about fifteen miles from my house, I stopped at an old cabin to get warm. An old man and a boy sat by the fire. "I would like to get warm," said I.

"Help yourself," said he. "I sat down and held my wet hands over the blaze." "Travelin'?" he asked. "Sorter," I replied. "What church do you run with?" he asked.

"Well," I replied, "my range is rather uncertain at present, but I have run with most of all of them." "Ever jog along with the Hard Shells?" "No."

"That's the church," said he. "Wish you could prove it," I replied. "I ken," said he. "Bill," addressing his son, "rotch back thar in that pile of shucks an' haul out the jug."

"Bill rattled the shucks and brought out the jug." "Pull," said the Hard-Shell, handing me the jug. "I pulled." "Pull agin."

"I pulled again, and then said, 'Mr. Hard-Shell, I reckon you are right.' "I beat any lickin' I ever tasted, and I have since found that if you want the best among 'em Hard-Shells, there is no quarreling among them; no quarreling; nothing but brown jean pants, hatter's lace, hickory shirts and lickin' that'll wreathle the sourest face with smiles. Yes, after years of cost and struggle, I had found the coat that fit me and I had been wearing it ever since, and that's why I am a Hard Shell!"—Arkansaw Traveller.

A curious local Chinese custom called wife-pawning is reported from Wenchow. A man having learned from astrologers that his own wife would not live long, took another man's wife over in pawn, ready for appropriation when required. It appears, however, that this woman had already been pawned to the third party who was too poor to support her comfortably, and she herself fraudulently procured her own pawning by representing that her mother wished it to be so. The pawning for the Wenchow authorities is to find the legal rights of the respective owners and pawners, the whole affair being illegal.

A newspaper man, in search of important information, entered the office of one our leading politicians the other morning and found that gentleman with both feet upon his desk and chair tilted back, taking it very easy. "How are you?" said the scribe. "When a gentleman comes into my office he generally takes off his hat," responded the politician. "And when a gentleman comes into my office I take my feet from my desk," retorted the scribe. Down came the feet and off came the hat, the information was given, and the politician and scribe went out to see a man.

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., 181 Pearl St., New York.

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