



# THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

Volume X.

CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1888.

Number 8.

Grant Co. News.

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,  
BY  
**D. I. ASBURY**  
Editor and Proprietor.  
COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER  
Subscription ..... \$3 00  
Six Months ..... 1 50  
Three Months ..... 75

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS \$2.50 per square for first, and \$1 per square for each subsequent insertion  
Regular advertising made known on application.  
No certificate given until all charges are paid.

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.

WE ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE

**Fine Job Printing**

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, CHEAPLY  
Posters, Dodgers, Billheads, Letterheads, Noteheads, Statements, Invitations, Tickets, Cards, Etc., etc.  
PRINTED TO ORDER.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY:

Clerk of Court ..... N. R. Maxcy  
Sheriff ..... J. T. Mael  
Treasurer ..... E. Hall  
Commissioners ..... T. A. McKinnon  
T. H. Meador  
Surveyor ..... J. H. Neal  
School Supt. .... H. F. Dodson  
Stock Inspector .. J. C. Luce

Dist. Judges ..... I. B. Ison  
G. W. Walker  
Dist. Attorney .. M. D. Clifford

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**S. ORR, M. D.**  
Canyon City, Ogn.  
Office on Main Street in Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Howard.

**D. G. W. BARBER**  
Physician & Surgeon.  
Canyon City, Oregon.  
Formerly of Jones, has located here, and will attend professional calls day or night.  
Office opposite News Office.

**N. H. BOLEY**  
Dentist  
Canyon City, Oregon  
Office in City Hotel.

**G. I. HAZELTINE**  
Photographer  
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

**A. E. Knight, DENTIST.**  
From The Dalles, has permanently located at John Day City.  
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

**C. A. SWEET,**  
Attorney-at-Law  
Canyon City, Oregon.

**PARRISH & COZAD,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.  
CANYON CITY, OREGON.

**F. B. BINEARSON, M. D.,**  
Physician and Surgeon  
PRAIRIE CITY, Oregon.

**CLAY TODD HUNTER,**  
Collector of Bills, Notes, and Accounts.  
Canyon City, Ore.

**J. W. Mack,**  
Attorney-at-Law  
AND  
Notary Public.  
PRAIRIE CITY, OREGON.  
Also Agent for the sale of School Lands.  
5-30f

**Ward & Johnson.**  
Saddlery and Harness Ware.  
(Next door to Wood's Stable)  
Front Street, Canyon City Oregon  
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

**Overholt & Muldrick,**  
DEALERS IN  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,  
CANYON CITY, Or.

**CITY HOTEL!**  
PRAIRIE CITY, OR.  
J. W. BATES, Proprietor.

The Culinary Department is in charge of Competent and Experienced Cooks, who spare no labor to do honor to the palates of the Public.  
In Connection with this Popular Hotel is at all times supplied with the Best Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.  
SPECIAL ROOMS FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

**S. S. DENNING,**  
Attorney-at-Law.  
LONG CREEK, OREGON.

**J. J. McCULLOUGH**  
Notary Public.  
CANYON CITY, OREGON.  
Office with M. D. Clifford.

**W. A. WILSHIRE, Not. Public.**  
LAKESIDE, OREGON.  
WILSHIRE & HUDSON  
Attorneys at Law  
LAKEVIEW AND BUSS, OREGON.  
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.

**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.

**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.

**Canyon-Mitchell**  
STAGE LINE!  
Jewett & Tracy - Proprietors.  
Stage leaves Canyon City with the U. S. Mail at 4 A. M. on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

**Notice**  
**Lumber for Sale,**  
AT THE  
**BEAR CREEK MILL**  
Rough Lumber can be had at the above mill during 1888 at \$12.00 per M. for Cash.  
Parties wishing to buy on credit can purchase at \$14.00 per M. by giving approved notes therefor.  
H. D. WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

### TALE OF THE BORDER.

Tombstone, a mining center in southeastern Arizona, is the grave of more romance and adventure, hair breadth escapes and deeds of daring than any other region in America, perhaps. Tombstone is about sixteen miles from the Mexican boundary line, and for four or five years was the headquarters of all the leading desperadoes of the West. The four Earp brothers, toughs all; Doc Halliday, Frank and Jack Stillwell, Ike Clanton and his brother Billy, Jack McLowry and his brother Bob, Jack Ringo, Bill Dodge and several gentlemen known as Curly, Slim, Shorty, Texas, Buffalo and similar cognomens were frequently seen on the streets together. All had a reputation to sustain, and some were so eager to do themselves justice that they would not rely upon the ordinary .44 caliber revolver, but had the barrels of a shotgun cut out to about a foot in length, and, thus abbreviated, that terrible engine of destruction, when properly loaded, became a part of their personal adornment. There were two factions in Southeastern Arizona in 1879, one being known as the stage robbers and the others as the rustlers. The Earps and Doc Halliday were recognized chiefs of the stage robber faction, and Ike Clanton and Jack Ringo were the acknowledged bosses of the rustlers. The factions came into frequent conflict. One day the McLowrys and Frank Stillwell rode into town and put their horses up at a corral on Fremont street. Just as they emerged from the corral the Earps and Halliday confronted them and in a minute the two McLowrys, Bill Clanton and Stillwell were dead. Word was sent to their friends, who were camped in the Huachuca mountains, and they prepared to march to Tombstone in force to clean out the Earps. The Earps recruited and fortified in an adobe building in the West end of the town. The rustlers, thirty strong, under command of Ike Clanton and Jack Ringo, marched to town and took up headquarters in a corral at the extreme end of the town.

The writer of this was the city editor of a Tombstone paper at the time, and he visited both the camps daily, and was made the medium of communication between the leaders. The rustlers circulated through the town, and the Earp, or stage robber faction, confined themselves to their camp. Ike Clanton, the rustler leader, sent several messages to Wyatt Earp, the leader of that faction, daring him to come out and show his nose. Earp sent back invitations to Clanton to come and visit him. This thing continued for three days, and at last the Earps began to get tired—in fact their liquor was exhausted and they were on the verge of a thirst famine. Warren Earp, one of the brothers heeled himself properly with two revolvers and a shotgun, and walked up town one evening about eight o'clock. He went into a saloon, took a drink at the bar and walked back to the faro department in the rear. He hadn't lucked the tiger in five days and his appetite was whetted. He sat down in front of the dealer, pulled out a handful of \$20 gold pieces and copped the queen. Just as he did so a report was heard, and Warren fell off his stool dead. A bullet had penetrated his brain. When the report of his death reached his friends they rallied out in force. They were met by the Clanton party on Allen street, and an exchange of shots took place. The casualties were meager, only three killed and two wounded. The Earps retreated and skipped the town. When they had left,

and there was no hope of catching them, the sheriff of Cochise county became energetic. He organized a posse to give pursuit that subsequently cost the taxpayers of the county \$7,000. The Earps being absent, sympathy, of course, was against them, and they went to Colorado, where they remained for some time and then went to California. The rustlers then had supreme command of the tough element of Tombstone, and he held it until the leaders quarreled and gradually killed each other.

The hates of the factions in those days were something appalling. All the tough element had to take sides, but the respectable portion of the community was never bothered. The rustlers were cattle thieves. They stole them in New Mexico and sold them in Texas; they stole in Texas and sold in Arizona; they stole in Arizona and sold in Mexico, and stole in Mexico and sold in California. They spent the proceeds of their forays in Tombstone. They were a royal set of thieves. When they were flush they scorned to drink anything but Roder and Pommer sec, and the markets were gutted to provide them with luxuries. The leader of the gang, Ike Clanton, was a handsome fellow, six feet high, with yellow curling locks, had a complexion, in spite of the Arizona sun and regular exposure, that a belle would envy. He was a ready and straight shooter. He faced death a hundred times and met it at last. He hated the Earp brothers with all the intensity of an unbridled passion, and loved their sister with equal force. Jessie Earp was a beautiful girl of 19 at the time. She had the courage and grace of her brothers, and was, of course, a partisan of theirs in the factional fight, without being in sympathy with their habits of life and career of rapine and murder. Ike Clanton and Jessie Earp met at a dance at Tombstone. Ike and the Earp boys were then at war and carried guns cocked and primed for each other. Between Ike and Jessie it was a case of love at first sight. Her brothers became furious when they heard of it, and Virgil, the oldest of the family and the keeper of the family headquarters, wanted to turn her out of the house and disown her. But Wyatt, the brains of the family, said this would be playing into the hands of the arch-enemy, Clanton. He would immediately marry her and both would be happy. This would not suit the Earps, and they resolved to keep the girl away from Clanton and prevent meeting or communication between them if possible.

The girl was a real heroine. She was educated in a California convent; and while as full of romance as an egg is of meat, she had a sense of honor that made her sustain her family in the quarrel with the faction of which her lover was the chief. It was a marvel to many people why the Clanton gang did not attack the Earp headquarters immediately after reaching Tombstone to avenge the death of the McLowry boys and Billy Clanton. The reason was that Jessie was confined in her brothers' headquarters, and Clanton would not run the risk of killing her. When the Earps retreated from Tombstone they took their sister with them. This was the reason, perhaps, why Clanton refused to become a member of the sheriff's posse and join in the pursuit of his enemy. Three months later, however, when the Earps were living at Gunnison, Colo., and of course, were running the town, their sister mysteriously disappeared one night. The result of inquiry convinced them that she had fled in company with Ike Clanton. This was pouring salt

and vinegar into their festering wounds. The whole band, comprising Virgil, Wyatt and Julian Earp, Doc Halliday, Curley Bill, Sam Saunders, Texas Ike, and Monroe Tucker, armed, mounted and pursued. The lovers had about four hours the start, but they were easily trailed. They headed for Arizona. They expected pursuit and lost no time. They reached Lake City, eighty miles from Gunnison, in twelve hours. Both were on horseback. From Lake City they started to Ouray, 100 miles by regular road, but, getting afraid of pursuit, they left the road and crossed over the trackless mountain, going 13,000 feet above sea level, and finally reached San Miguel—thirty hours without food.

Here they rested for two days, being convinced that the pursuit they expected was off their trail. They were to a certain extent right and to certain extent mistaken. The Earp party went to Ouray, and finding no trace of the fugitives, became convinced that they had made a short cut to San Miguel. From Ouray to San Miguel is less than thirty miles, but the way is over a pathless, precipitous mountain, yawning gulches and impassable canyons. The Earps, however, tackled the journey, and made it within twenty-four hours. They reached San Miguel about ten o'clock in the morning, and as they rode down the winding trail the fugitives saw them. Clanton and the sister of his arch enemy had been man and wife about twenty minutes. They were married by Dr. Hoge an Episcopal clergyman, whose name is held in grateful remembrance by every person familiar with the early days of Colorado. When the newly wedded pair saw the horsemen approach, they recognized the situation at a glance. Clanton, though as brave as any man, knew that it was hopeless to join in combat with seven or eight men practiced in the use of firearms. But, being accustomed to danger he knew how to act. He grasped his trembling bride, rushed from the cabin where they were resting and made his way to the nearest mine tunnel.

The miners were just changing shift, and were surprised at the haste of the visitors. Clanton told the miners his story as sincerely and eloquently as he could. The miners were all Irishmen, and Irishmen love lovers. They became partisans of the fugitives without thought or consideration. Clanton intrusted his bride to one of the miners, who took her into the bowels of the earth, away from all danger. Soon the Earps arrived and demanded the fugitives. The miners answered with more spirit than politeness, the Earps invited a parley, which the miners granted. The Earps said that Clanton sought to dishonor their sister because of hatred for them. Clanton, who stood in the tunnel, within easy communication, sent back word that the lady they sought to dishonor and reproach was his wife. The Earps tried diplomacy, which failed, and finally they announced their determination to storm the mine if the fugitives were not surrendered. In those days an armory was a necessary department in every well regulated mine, and the mine in which Clanton and his bride sought refuge was no exception. The miners presented arms and announced their readiness to receive an attack. The Earps taunted them with sheltering a coward, who had to seek the bowels of earth like a squirrel to invade just punishment. Clanton sent back word that he was ready to meet any of the Earp party in single combat. The Earps held a conference, and Julian, the youngest and bravest of the tribe, volun-

teered to fight Clanton. It did not take long to arrange the preliminaries. The Earp party were required by the miners to move off about a quarter of a mile and the miners in turn obligated themselves to remain in the tool house, from which the tunnel cut into the hill. When all was ready Clanton emerged from the tunnel, pistol in hand. Julian Earp was awaiting behind an ore pile one hundred yards away. The two men approached each other, with pistols elevated. When they were within twenty paces Earp fired and missed. Before the report of his shot had ceased echoing Clanton fired and lodged his bullet in the heart of his enemy. Julian Earp fell dead. Clanton retired to the tunnel, and forty minutes fully armed turned out and served notice on the Earp party that Clanton had proved his bravery and sincerity and they were ready to defend him. The Earps buried their dead, the good Dr. Hoge officiating at the funeral. Then the miners held a meeting—nothing can be formally done in a mining camp without a meeting—passed resolutions sustaining Clanton and ordering the Earp party to move out of town. The Earps, understanding the miners and the characteristics of the people they were dealing with, retired. When they were out of sight Clanton and his wife came out of the mine and took their departure in the direction of Rico.

The Earps, though making a promise that they should return, merely made a circuit, and rode round San Miguel, striking the Rico road about ten miles from the former place. They found fresh horse tracks in the road and concluded that those they were in pursuit of were in front of them. They followed on with haste and overtook Clanton and his wife at Rico. The Earps reached town while Clanton and his wife were at supper. When they discovered them they fired a volley through the window of the hotel. One bullet struck the bride and the husband escaped. He grasped his wife in his arms, rushed to the back yard and from there to the corral where his horses were quartered. He mounted the first saddled horse he met, and with his wife bleeding and insensible in his arms, he rode into the night. It was in October, and already cold in that latitude and altitude. He rode all night, caring for the precious burden in his arms, and at sunrise next morning she died.

Two years later Ike Clanton and Curley Bill, a cousin of the Earps, met accidentally in a gambling room at Socorro, N. M. Two shots were fired simultaneously, and ten minutes afterward Curley Bill was a corpse, Clanton was injured. About a year and a half ago Clanton went to Phoenix, A. T. There he met Virgil and Wyatt Earp. The moment the old enemies saw each other they began to shoot. Clanton was killed, and Wyatt Earp was so badly wounded that he is no longer numbered among the desperadoes of the west.—St. Louis Republican.

Pennsylvania farmers manufacture over 2,000,000 pounds of maple sugar every spring. The bulk of this maple in the counties on and west of the Allegheny mountains.

**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.

