

THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.



Volume X.

CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1888.

Number 13.

Grant Co. News.

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,
—BY—
D. I. ASBURY
Editor and Proprietor.
COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

Subscription \$3 00
Six Months 1 70
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 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:

Co. Judge N. R. Maxcy.
Clerk J. T. Mael.
Treasurer E. Hall.
Commissioners T. A. McKinnon
..... T. H. McAdair
Surveyor J. H. Neal
Sheriff A. C. Dore
Assessor M. D. Cameron
School Supt. H. F. Dudson
Stock Inspector ... T. H. Curl

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 Iowa, 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.

E. A. 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. RINEARSON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon
PRAIRIE CITY Oregon.

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

All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention, and all money will be paid as fast as collected.

J. W. Mack,
Attorney-at-Law
AND
Notary Public.
PRAIRIE CITY Oregon.

Also Agent for the sale of School Lands.
5-301f

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.

THE BAR
In Connection with this Popular Hotel is at all times supplied with the Best Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

SAMPLE ROOMS FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

THORNTON WILLIAMS
Attorney-at-Law,
CANYON CITY OREGON

Office at the court house.

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

J. J. McCULLOUGH
Notary Public.
CANYON CITY OREGON

Office with M. D. Clifford

Land titles and Collections promptly attended to. Deeds and Mortgages drawn, and charges reasonable.

W. A. WILSHIRE, Not. Public.
Lakewood, Or.
WILSHIRE & HUDSON
Attorneys at Law
LAKEVIEW AND BURNS, OREGON.

Will practice in the Circuit Court at Canyon City, and before the U. S. Land Office at Lakeview.
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.

CITY HOTEL
MAIN STREET
CANYON CITY, OREGON,

GROTH & THOMPSON
Proprietors.

Traveling men will find this a pleasant and desirable place at which to stop.

BAKER'S VITAL REGENERATOR
NEURINE Tonic removes all consequences of nervousness, restores vitality, cures weakness of mind and body, Nervousness, Mental Exhaustion, Loss of Memory, General Debility, and all other ailments connected with the nervous system. For sale by L. L. MARY & CO., 202 N. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

Ingersoll's Tribute.

Thirty-five hundred people in the Academy of Music in the city of Albany, N. Y., May 9th, listened to an oration by Col. Robert Ingersoll to the memory of Roscoe Conkling, and one-fourth as many more besieged the barred doors, while many climbed to the roof and peered through the sky-lights. The ceremonies were under the auspices of the senate and assembly.

Col. Ingersoll said, in substance: Roscoe Conkling—great man, orator, statesman, lawyer, distinguished citizen of the public—in the zenith of his fame and power, has reached his journey's end, and we are met here in the city of his birth to pay our tribute to his worth and work. He earned and held a proud position in public thought. He stood for independence, for courage, and above all for absolute integrity, and his name was known and honored by many millions of fellowmen. In the presence of death, a good man judges as he would be judged. He knows that men are only fragments; that the greatest walk in shadow, and that faults and failures mingle with the lives of all. In the grave should be buried prejudices and passions born of conflict. Charity should hold the scales in which are weighed the deeds of men. Peculiarities, traits born of locality and surroundings, these are but the dust of the race; these are incidents, drapery, clothes, fashions, that have nothing to do with the man, except to hide his character. They are clouds that cling to the mountains. Time gives us clearer vision; that which was merely local fades away. Words of envy are forgotten, and all there is of sterling worth remains. He who was called partisan is called patriot. Fortunate is that nation great enough to know the great.

How poor this world would be without its graves, without the memories of its mighty dead. Only the voiceless speak forever. Intelligence, integrity, and courage are the great pillars that support the state. Above all, the citizens of a free nation should honor a brave and independent man, a man of stainless integrity, of will and intellectual force. Such men are Atlases on whose shoulders rest the great fabric of the republic.

Flatterers, cringers, crawlers and time-servers are dangerous citizens of a republic. They who gain applause and power by pandering to the mistakes, prejudices and passions of the multitude are the enemies of liberty.

Most people are slaves of habit, followers of custom, believers in the wisdom of the past, and were it not for the brave and splendid souls, the dust of the antique time would lie unwept, and mountainous error be too highly heaped for truth to overawe. Custom is a prison, locked and barred by those who long ago were dust, the keys of which are in the keeping of the dead. Nothing is grander than when a strong, intertidal man breaks the chains, levels the walls, and breasts the many-headed mob, like some great cliff that mocks the innumerable billows of the sea.

The politician hastens to agree with the majority, insists that their prejudices is patriotism,

and their ignorance wisdom. Not that he loves them, but because he loves himself. The statesman, the real reformer, points out the mistakes of the multitudes, attacks the prejudices of his countrymen, laughs at their follies, denounces their cruelties, enlightens and enlarges their minds and consciences. Not because he loves himself, but because he loves and serves right, and wishes to make his country great and free. He who refuses to stoop, who cannot be bribed by the promises of success, of fear of failure, who walks in the highway of right and disaster, and stands erect, is the only victor. When real history shall be written by the truthful and the wise, those who have borne the burden of defeat, who earned and kept their self-respect, who would not bow to man or men, for place or powers, will bear upon their brows the laurel mingled with the oak.

Roscoe Conkling was a man of superb courage. He not only acted without fear, but he had that fortitude of soul that bears the consequences of a course pursued without complaint. He was charged with being proud. The charge was true. He was proud. His knees were as inflexible as the "unwedgable and gnarled oak." But he was not vain. Vanity is the vine that twines the willow; that bends with every breeze. Pride is the oak that defies every storm. One is weakness; the other is strength.

This imperious man entered public life in the dawn of reformation, at a time when the country needed men of pride, of principle and courage. The institution of slavery had poisoned all the springs of power. Before this, ambition fell upon its knees; politicians, judges, clergymen and merchant princes bowed low and humbly with their heads. Slavery was the bond and pledge of peace, of the Union and of national greatness. The temple of American liberty was finished, and the auction block was the corner stone. It is hard to conceive of the utter demoralization of the political blindness and immorality, of the patriotic dishonesty, of the cruelty and degradation of a people, who supplemented the incomparable Declaration of Independence with the fugitive slave law. Think of the honored statesmen of that ignoble time who wallowed in this mire, and decorated with dripping filth, received the plaudits of their fellow men. The noble, really patriotic men were victims of mobs, and the shameless were clad in robes of office.

At last the conflict came. The hosts of light and darkness prepared to meet upon the fields of war. The question was presented: "Shall the republic be slave or free?" The Republican party, which had triumphed at the polls, retreated in the presence of rebellion. Hoping to avoid war, they were willing that slavery should become immortal. An amendment to the constitution was proposed, to the effect, that no subsequent amendment should ever be made that in any way should interfere with the right of man to steal his fellow men. This, the most marvelous proposition ever submitted to a congress of civilized men, received in the house an overwhelming majority, and the necessary two-thirds in the senate. The Republican party, in the moment of his triumph, deserted every principle for which it had so gallantly contended, and with trembling hands of fear, laid its convictions upon the altar of compromise. The old guard, numbering but sixty-five in the house, stood firm as the 300 at Thermopylae. Thaddeus Stevens refused to kneel. Owen Lovejoy refused to

surrender; and on the edge of disunion, in the shadow of civil war, with the air filled with sounds of dreadful preparation, while the Republican party was retracing its steps, Roscoe Conkling, voted no.

This puts a wreath of glory on his tomb. From that vote to the last moment of his life he was the champion of right. Staunch and stalwart from that moment he stood in the front rank. He never wavered and he never swerved. He battled for him, for the rights of slaves, the dignity of labor, and the liberty of all. He guarded with a father's care the rights of the hunted, hated and despised. He attacked the savage statutes of the reconstructed states with a torrent of invective, scorn and execration. He was not satisfied until the freedman was an American citizen, clothed with every civil right; until the constitution was his shield; until the ballot was his sword. Others wavered, but he stood firm. Some were false, but he was proudly true, and fearlessly faithful unto death.

Nothing can be grander than to sow seeds of noble thoughts and virtuous deeds, to liberate the bodies and souls of men, to earn the grateful homage of a race, and then, in life's last shadowy hour, to know and feel that the historian of liberty will be compelled to write your name. The history of that great party that let the oppressed go free, that lifted our nation from the depths of savagery to freedom's cloudless heights, and tore with holy hands from every law, words that sanctified the crucifix of man, is the most glorious in the annals of our race.

Roscoe Conkling was an absolute honest man. He uttered the splendid truth that "the higher obligations among men are not set down in writing, signed and sealed, but reside in honor." He was the ideal representative, faithful and incorruptible. He believed his constituents and his country were entitled to the fruits of his experience; to his best and highest thoughts. No man ever held the standard of responsibility higher than he. He voted according to his judgment—his conscience. He made no bargains; he neither bought nor sold. To correct evils, abolish abuses and inaugurate reforms, he believed to be not only the duty but the privilege of the legislator. He neither sold nor mortgaged himself. He was in congress during the years of vast expenditure—of war and waste. When the credit of the nation was loaned to individuals; when claims were as thick as leaves in June; when the amendment of a statute, the change of a single word meant millions, and when empires were given to corporations, he stood at the summit of his power, the peer of the greatest, a leader tried and trusted. He had the taste of a prince, and the fortunes of a peasant; and yet he never swerved. No corporation was great enough or rich enough to purchase him. His vote could not be bought, "for all the sun seas or the profound sea hides." His hand was never touched by any bribe, and his soul was never a sordid stain.

Poverty was his priceless crown. Above his marvelous intellectual gifts, above all the places he ever reached, above the ermine he refused, rises his integrity, like some great mountain peak; and there it stands, firm as the earth beneath, pure as the stars above.

He was a great lawyer. He understood the frame work, anatomy and foundation of law; was familiar with the great streams, currents, and tides of authority. He knew the history of legislation and the principles that have

been settled upon the fields of war. He knew those crystallizations of common sense, those hand grenades of argument. He was not a case lawyer, a decision index, or an echo. He was original, thoughtful and profound. He had breadth and scope, resource, learning and logic, and above all, sense of justice. He was painstaking and conscientious; anxious to know facts; prepared for every attack, ready for every defense. He rested only when the end was reached. During a contest he neither sent nor raised a flag of truce. He was true to his clients, making their case his feeling responsibility. He listened patiently to details, and to his industry there were only limits of time and strength.

He was a student of the constitution. He knew the boundaries of federal jurisdiction, and no man was more familiar with these decisions that are the peaks and promontories, headlands and beacons of the law.

He was an orator—earnest, logical, intense and picturesque. He laid the foundation with care, with accuracy and skill, and rose by "cold gradation and well-balanced form," from the cornerstone of statement to the dome of conclusion. He filled the stage; he saddened the eye; the audience was his.

He had that indefinable thing called presence. Tall, commanding, erect, ample in speech, graceful in compliment, Titanic in denunciation, rich in illustration, prodigal of comparison and metaphor; and his sentences measured and rhythmic, fell like music on the enraptured throng.

He abhorred the Pharisee and loathed all conscientious frauds. He had a profound aversion for those who insist on putting a base motive back of good deeds of others. He wore no mask. He knew his friends, his enemies knew him. He had no patience with pretense, with patriotic reasons for unmanly acts. He did his work well and bravely spoke his own thought.

Sensitive to the last degree, he keenly felt the blows and stabs of the envious and obscure, the small blow of the weakest; but the greatest could not drive him from conviction's field. He would not stop to ask or give explanation. He left his words and deeds to justify themselves. He held in light esteem a friend who heard with half-believing ear the slander of a foe. He walked the highway of his own, and kept the company of his self-respect. He would not turn aside to avoid a foe, to greet or gain a friend. In his nature there was no compromise. To him there were but two paths—right and wrong. He was maligned, misrepresented and misunderstood, but he would not answer. He knew that character spoke louder far than any words. He was as silent then as now, and his silence, better than any form of speech, refuted every charge.

He was an American, proud of his country, that was and ever will be proud of him. He did not find perfection in other lands; he did not grow small and shrunken, withered and apologetic in the presence of those upon whom greatness had been thrust by chance. He could not be overawed by dukes or lords, or flattered into vertebraless subservience by the patronizing smiles of kings. In the midst of conventionalities he had a feeling of suffocation. He believed in the royalty of man, in the sovereignty of the citizen, and the matchless greatness of this republic.

He was of classic mould, a figure from the antique world. He had the pose of great statues, the pride and bearing of the in-

[see 4th page]

E. HALL,
Co. Treas. Office.
—AT THE—
Old Post Office Building.
—DEALER IN—
Rogers Smith's Plated Ware,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, CUTLERY
Optical Goods and Stationery.

Subscriptions received at Publisher's rates for all the leading Papers and Magazines published in the U. S. & Canada.

BAKER CITY FULL ROLLER
Flouring Mill.
Littleton & Palmer Bros.
Proprietors.

Try our Flour and become convinced that it is first-class in every particular.

Orders from a Distance Promptly Attended to.

A. HUPPRICH,
CANYON CITY OREGON.

Boots or Shoes made to order, or neatly repaired.
All Work Warranted First-class.

"BIT SALOON!"
Hugh Smith, prop'r.
CANYON CITY Oregon

A Full Stock of the Finest of Wines and Liquors.

The Best Cigars in the Market.
A strictly orderly house conducted.

Most Friendly, Drink Moderately, Pay Promptly, Part Gladly.
—Call Again—
AT—

TUCKER & CARSON'S,
Prairie City Oregon

Where you can get a drink of the purest Wines and Liquors, or smoke a good Cigar.

NORTHERN GROWN PLANTS AND SEEDS
Are acknowledged the best, being hardier, more productive and yield better crops. FINE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE containing only the best varieties, mailed free on application. WRITE FOR IT.
L. L. MAY & CO.,
FLORENCE and DENVER, St. Paul, Minn.