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THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

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Proprietor of the
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Fresh milk delivered daily to my customers in John Day and Canyon cities. Give me your orders. J. OLIVER.

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Stage leaves Canyon City with the U. S. Mail at 4 A. M. on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

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

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Hugh Smith, prop'r.
A Full Stock of the Purest of Wines and liquors.
The Best cigars in the Market.
☞ A strictly orderly House conducted

Meet Friendly, Pay Promptly, Drink Moderately & Part Kindly,
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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.,
FLORISTS AND SEEDSMEN, ST. PAUL, MINN.

THE RATIFICATION MEETING.

The election of a President is into everybody's mouth, jest now, along with their terbaccer, and if you want to spile a man,s character, jest git him put up as a candydate for President. That'll fix him so he never'll be worth a sixpence afterwards.

It would ruin Saint Peter, and Abram, and [illegible], and Jacob, and all them nice fellers, if they could be here now, and be run for office onto somebody's ticket. Their own marms would'nt have mistrusted they was one half so mean as they'd be made out to be.

It's acterly astonishing to see what lots of stories tother side—yes, both tother sides—will manage to git up aginst the man what haint their man. They know jest eggsactly how his great granther ate his pudding and milk; and if his grandmarm ever went barefooted, and tied her hair up with a cod line, they know that, too, and It'll be told of at every mass meeting they hold all over the States. And if any of his relations ever stole a watermelon, or cheated anybody in swapping hosses, or courted a gal, and got

"Courted a Gal and got the Mitten."

the mitten, two to one but that are will be printed out and stuck onto a pole, and carried for a mottoe, at the head or tail of some shooting percession of perlitical crazyites.

A man might about as well be put into the State prison, and done with it, as to have his name put up for office.

Ever sense the matter of electing a new President has been cogitated, I've had a mind to have a finger into the pie. True, I don't approve of women's meddling with pollyticks, unless the men folks git oncapable of managing, and then I think it's the duty of the softer sect to take hold and purvent things from going to wrack.

A large part of the best men has gone to the army, and them that is left is so afeard that they shall be drafted, or have to pay a tax on their gold watches, that they haint of much count, anyhow.

Last week Jeems Sykes he brung over the Deerwood Advertiser for me to read a story that was into it. His marm sent it over.

After I'd read the story, I began to look over the rest of the paper, and my eyes lit onto the following notis, in the biggest kind of type:

GRAND RATIFICATION MEETING.

AT THE TOWN HALL, DEERFIELD CORNER.

All Lovers of their Country Earnestly Invited to Attend!

"Ratification," sez I, "ratification? seems as if I'd heard that word afore—what does it mean, Jeems?"

"It's a meeting of rats," sez he sollum as an empty cheese press

"Jeems," sez I, you're a joaking. It's sunthin' or nuther about the election, I'll bet a cent."

"No," sez he, "It's a meeting where all the women go that wear rats in their hair."

"You git out!" sez I, "you are trying to raise a mustash on your upper lip, and I can count jest six hairs, and anuther one kinder breaking through. You'd better keep still."

Jeems he began to whistle "When this Cruel War is Over," and sot sail for home, and went to thinking about the Ratification Meeting.

It was apinted for the day after the next day, which would give me but dreadful little time to purpair a speech, but I'm so much in the habit of speaking contemperaneously that it don't make much difference.

I went to work and fried up a bushel basket full of doughnuts, and better luck I never had! They was as light as Tim Spike's head when he's been drinking.

When the day arriv, I dressed myself in my Bridggydeer Gin-

"My Briggydear Ginerall's Uniform."

ral's uniform, mounted the old mare, and with my ambrill in my hand, a couple of kian in my pocket, and the doughnuts in a bag tied by my saddle, I rid off.

I had three bottles of grand old sider in the bag with the doughnuts, for I didn't know but there might be a row of some kind where it would work in handy. There's nothing like a soft answer when folks is mad, you know.

I arriv at Deerwood jest as the Hall had got full. It was crammed as badly as ever you seed a meeting house when somebody was a gwine to be turned out of the church.

When folks seed me, therefore, they stood round, and I rid rite into the Hall, and tied my hoss to the stove funnel.

"Three cheers for Aunt Keziah! three for the old mare! and three times three for the ambrill!" yelled the boys, and some of the men folks.

One man said he didn't see the pint.

I took the ambrill and held the pint of it towards him, and told him to take a good look. It shouldn't cost him nothing.

The Meeting opened rite off. There were severil men on the stand waiting for a chance to illuminate us with their ideas.

Hon. Mr. Slimshanks was the fust man to speak.

He got up with a groan, as if was kinder rumatick in the jints, and sed he was in favor of the Constitution. It ort to be sup-

"He got up with a Groan, etc."

ported. It ort to be reverentiated. It ort to be the fust in war, fust in peace, and fust in the hearts of its countrymen. The country was wuss than nothing without the Constitution. What was life, liberty, and everlasting happiness of all creation compared to the Constitution? 'Twas a sacred thing! Why, even the name of George Washington hadn't ort to be mentioned in the same breath with it! "In fact, my friends," sez he, "what is it to be a Christian but to keep the Constitution (cheers). This is an unholy and unsanctified war. There's nobody in it but the very scum of the world! Every man engaged in it is a fool, and a deadly enemy to the Constitution."

"That's a lie, by jingo!" sez I, hitting Napoleon a lick with my ambrill, which made her start suddintly, and down come about four miles of stove funnel, and the fire and sut flew in every direction. Every third man was a regular nigger for the rest of the day—especially them that had got sweaty, so that the black would stick.

Mr. Slimshankes begun agin as soon as things was got in order. He had been to work on the stove funnel, and had rubbed his hands over his face so much that he was blacker than any contraryband that ever I seed.

"My friends," sez he, "I'll cast my vote for the man—"

"It haint constitutional for niggers to vote," sez I.

"Niggers!" sez he, showing red through the smut, till he looked like a black and red stained cloth—"who dares to call me a nigger?"

"I dunno, I'm sure," sez I, "but if I judged by color, and these was times when niggers worked for a living, I should say you'd ort to be a picking cotton this very minnit!"

"Will some one please to take that old woman out?" sez Slimshanks, "she annoys me exceedingly. She's probably insane, and she's too old too—"

That was as far as he got, for I hit him a wipe with my ambrill that sent him flying backwards down the nostrum, rite into the laps of some winmin that had been waving their handkerchers to everything he sed. They screeched and dropped him onto the floor, and the crowd began to

"Who Dares call Me a Nigger."

cheer for Little Mac, Old Abe, and Aunt Keziah, about as much for one as for tother, or which.

"Grab her! she's bound to break up the meeting!" yelled Slimshanks, crawling out from among the crinerlines.

Two fellers did grab me, but I finished one of um, at once, with my ambrill; and tother one held on like the toothache. He was smart, but he had the biggist turned up nose that ever I seed. And that nose was the ruination of him! It fit him fairly, constitutionally, but he tried every way to git the advantage of me. At last he began to jam in my hat. I couldn't stand that, so I jest took and turned his head back, and let him have the contents of one of them peper bottles rite into that great open nose—and my soul and body! It was worth a little farm to see the affects! It was tremenjuous!

He began to turn over and over, and sneeze and sneeze, and ring his nose just as I would ring a wet stocking foot. All the dogs in the hall fell to barking, and Mr. Slimshanks he began to swear the awfullest at me, but I jest shook tother bottle of pepper at him, and took a few steps in his direction, and law! he jumped out of a winder and was seed no more in that vereinity.

"Aunt Keziah has the floor," yelled the crowd. "A speech, a speech."

I mounted the stand, shouldered my ambrill, and addressed the ordinance.

"My friends," sez I, "we're all one mind. We're all in favor of an honest, respectable person for President (cries of 'yes, we're there.') We're in favor of one that'll do jest the right thing in the right place. Old Abe's a nice man, McClellan is a nice man, they're all nice men. Tip top. I haint a word to say against um. All of um reads the paper, and pays for it; and all of um allus puts a few scrip into the retrebution box when they take up a collaction on Sunday.

"Yes, my friends," sez I, "they're the best of people but I don't go for none of um. We've got as good folks neigher home (cries of 'that's so, yes, we have.') and, my feller citizens, I'm bound to go for myself, rite straight through, yes, rite through, for President, Vice President, Cabinet, Congress, and Constitution."

"Hooray for Small," yelled the congregation, throwing up their caps.

"Thank you," sez I, "and now all that's in favor of K. Small for them offices, come forrud and git a doughnut and a drink of sider."

And whether you believe it or not, every single one of um come forrud, or tried to, and my doughnuts and sider vanished in a twinkling.

The men folks got awful enthusiastic, and would haul me home in a two-wheeled shay.

"The two-wheeled shay."

The shay broke down when we'd got about half way, and I had to walk the remainder of the distance, but on the whole, it was a good time.

If I get elected, you'll hear of it, and if you haint too busy, you must call at the White House, and see me.

And now good-bye; I shan't have time to write to you again very soon. Love to all your folks.

Trewly yourn,

KEZIAH SMALL.

She put Him to the Test.

"Yes, darling," he said in tones of deep tenderness, "I would do anything to show my love for you."

"Ah!" sighed the gentle maiden, "that's what all men say when they are striving to win a woman's heart."

"Put me to the proof," he exclaimed in wild, passionate tones; "put me to the proof, test me, and see if I fail. Set me any task within the bounds of possibility and it shall be performed."

"Ah," she murmured, "if I could only believe you."

"Put me to the test. Say to me this or that, and it shall be done."

"Then I will put you to the test."

"Ah!" he exclaimed exultingly, "you shall behold the height, the depth, the length, the bredth, the circumference of my love. What is the test?"

The maiden dropped her snowy lids until the silken lashes rested on the peach bloom of her cheek, a slight smile dimpled the corners of her mouth, and bending over the youth who knelt at her feet, she whispered:

"Marry some other girl."—Boston Courier.

A Misunderstanding.

"Why, John," said his wife impatiently, as she opened the door and found him still in bed, "you promised faithfully last night that you would get up in time to go to church with me!"

"I meant in time for the evening service," explained John, turning over luxuriously.

A married man on K street refers to his bachelorhood as 'befo, the wah.'