



THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

Volume X.

CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1888.

Number 32

J. DURKHEIMER & CO.

PRAIRIE CITY & CANYON CITY, OREGON.

Price List for October, Subject to Market Changes:



Coal Oil, Best Quality, per case of 10 gallons	\$4.50
" " 2nd " ---Pearl---	4.00
Stock Salt per 100	2.25
Liverpool "	2.75
Fine Table "	3.50
Sugar per pound	09
Coffee---Good---per pound	20
Tea " per pound	30
Flour, 1st Quality, per 100	3.00
do Burr	2.50
Nails per hun pounds	6.00
Barbed Wire	6.75

We Carry the Largest Stock in Eastern Oregon!

**DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES
HATS & CAPS,
CARPETS,
WALL PAPER,
ETC., ETC.**

We wish to impress on your mind the fact that we are selling goods at retail prices, cheaper than other merchants can land them. Our mottoes are:

Square Dealing and One Price to All!

Prices in Canyon City 1 cent per pound additional to Prairie City prices on all heavy goods—all other goods same price at both stores. We respectfully solicit your trade.

Yours Truly:
J. DURKHEIMER & CO.



This powder varies. A mixed part, by strength and softness. Some reasons for this are the quality of the flour used in its preparation with the ingredients of low test wheat and the quality of the process. Sold only in cans. Royal Baking Powder Co., 109 Wall St., N. Y.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at La Grande, Oregon.
Sept. 24, 1888.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to claim and make final proof in support of his claim, to wit: JOHN W. WILSON, of Grant County, Or., at Canyon City, Or., on November 12, 1888, viz: WILLIAM LAMB, S. 1/4, Sec. 14, T. 12 N., R. 22 E.

FOR SALE.

Three Hundred and Sixty Acres of land in Silvie Valley. Good bottom land, and commanding fine range. A comfortable house, cellar and corral, and cold spring on premises. Will be sold cheap, as owner intends to leave the country. For particulars enquire at News Office, Canyon City. 27

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at La Grande, Oregon.
Sept. 13, 1888.
Notice is hereby given, and F. W. Walker who made D. S. No. 964, that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to claim and make final proof in support of his claim, to wit: JOHN W. WILSON, of Grant County, Or., at Canyon City, Or., on November 12, 1888, viz: JOHN W. WILSON, S. 1/4, Sec. 14, T. 12 N., R. 22 E.

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A Vassar young lady writes concerning Vale that "the pantheistic proclivities of our citizens perceptibly militates against that desirable freigions unity which she, optimistically inclined, would like to see our churches instead of such heterogeneous, conglomerated amalgams of disunited and agnostic cachiminations as usually betoken the unfaithful Yahoos in the boxes en arriere." Oh! Give us a rest and take down the money.

"What is George's last name, Etta?" asked the little sister one morning at the breakfast table.

"Simpson, dear," said Etta, with a becoming blush. "What makes you ask?"

"Oh, nothing," said the little sister, carelessly, "only I was listening outside the parlor door when he was here last night and I thought from what I heard you say to him all the time that it might be Doant."

"Nearly all the words that begin with s-l-i are unpleasant ones," explained a teacher to her class. "Can any one of you think of an example?" "I can," shouted a small urchin, holding up his hand, "slipper."

A CLAIM TO HUMAN GRATITUDE.

Charlotte Corday, the sad-faced, tender-hearted peasant girl of Normandy made great history by one desperate act.

Sicken by the saturnalia of the French revolution, and moved to desperation as Robespierre and Marat were leading the flower of France to the guillotine, she determined that she would put an end to Marat's bloody reign.

Marat had demanded two hundred thousand victims for the millstone! He proposed to kill off the enemies of the Revolution to make it perpetual!

Horrible thought! No wonder it fired the blood of this patriotic peasant maid!

Gaining access to his closely guarded quarters by a subterfuge, she entered in his bath, even then inexorable and giving written directions for further slaughter!

He asked her the names of the imperial deputies who had taken refuge in Caen. She told him, and he wrote them down. "That is well! Before a week is over they shall all be brought to the guillotine."

At these words, Charlotte drew from her bosom the knife, and plunged it with supernatural force up to the hilt in the heart of Marat.

"Come to me, my dear friend, come to me," cried Marat, and expired under the blow.

In the Corcoran gallery at Washington is a famous painting of Charlotte, represented as behind the prison bars the day before her execution.

It is a thrilling, sad picture, full of sorrow for her suffering country, and of unconquerable hate for her country's enemies.

What a lesson in this tragic story! Two hundred, nay, five hundred thousand people would Marat have sacrificed to his unholly passion of power!

Methods are quite as murderous and inexorable as men, and they number their victims by the millions. The rage of history is full of murders by authority and by mistaken ideas! In the practice of medicine alone how many hundreds of millions have been allowed to die and as many more killed by unjustifiable bigotry and by bungling!

But the age is bettering. Men and methods are improving. A few years ago it was worth one's professional life to advise or permit the use of a proprietary medicine. To-day there are not two physicians in any town in this country who do not regularly prescribe some form of proprietary remedy!

H. H. Warner, famed all over the world as the discoverer of Warner's safe cure, began hunting up the old remedies of the Log Cabin days; after long and patient research he succeeded in securing some of the most valuable, among family records, and called them Warner's Log Cabin remedies—the simple preparations of roots, leaves, balsams and herbs which were the successful standbys of our grandmothers. These simple, old-fashioned sarsaparilla, hops and bechu, cough and consumption and other remedies have struck a popular chord and are in extraordinary demand all over the land. They are not the untried and imaginary remedies of some dabbler-chemist intent on making money, but the long-remembered principles of the healing art which for generations kept our ancestors in perfect health, not forth for the good of humanity by one who is known all over the world as a philanthropist—a lover of his fellow man—whose name is a guarantee of the highest standard of excellence.

The preparations are of decided and known influence over disease, and as in the hands of our grandmothers they raised up the sick, cured the lame, and bound up the wounds of death, so in their new form but often power as Log Cabin remedies, they are sure to prove the "healing of the nations."

Corday did the world an incalculable service in ridding France of the bigoted and murderous Marat, just as this man is doing humanity a service by re-introducing to the world the simpler and better methods of our ancestors.

KNEW HIM WELL.

A Female Witness Convinces a Lawyer Almost Against His Will.

"You know the defendant in this case, do you?" asked a Kansas lawyer of a female native of the soil.

"Know which?" she asked.

"The defendant, Jake Lynch."

"Do I know Jake Lynch?"

"Yes."

"You want to know if I know Jake Lynch—well, if that ain't a good one. Why, mister, the Lynch family ain't—"

"Can't you say yes or no?"

"Why, Jake Lynch's mother an' my step-dad's father was once first cousins, an'—"

"Then you know him?"

"Who, Jake Lynch? Me know Jake Lynch. You're a stranger in these parts, ain't you?"

"That has nothing to do with the case. If you know Jake Lynch, say so."

"If I know him! Lemme tell you that Jake Lynch's birthday and my brother Hiram's is on the same day, an'—"

"You know him of course, then?"

"Who—Jake Lynch? Ask Jake if I know him? Ask him if he was ever introduced to Betty Skelton?"

"I don't care to ask him anything. I simply want to ask you if Jake Lynch is known to you personally."

"Pussonly! Well I don't know what you mean by 'pussonly,' but if you want to know if I know Jake an' if he knows me, I can tell you in mighty few words. Jake Lynch's father an' my father—"

"Now, I want you to say 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Thought you wanted me to say if I knew Jake Lynch."

"That's just what I do want."

"Well, then, lemme alone an' I'll tell you all about it. Jake Lynch was born in Injuncany an' I was born in the same county an'—"

"And of course you know him?"

"Who—Jake Lynch? Do I know Jake Lynch, when the very hoss he rid here on was one he traded my man a span of young steers for? Why, man, Jake's wife was Ann Elzy Skiff, an' her an' me is the same age to a day, an'—"

"That will do. I see that you do know him."

"Know him? Know Jake? Why, man—"

"That will do."

"Why, I was married on a Chewsday an' Jake was married the next day, an' his oldest boy an' my oldest girl is most the same age, an'—"

"That will do."

Missionary Work.

"That portrait," said the father, with moist eyes, "shows our Harry as he looked when we gave him up."

"Gave him up?" echoed the visitor.

"Yes. We educated him for a missionary and just as he reached a glorious young manhood he left us and entered upon his life work of devotion and self-sacrifice."

"How strange! I never heard before that you had a son preaching to the heathen. Is he in China or India?"

"Worse than either," replied the father, with a heavy sigh; "he publishes a republican paper in Missouri."

Which Was It? Bacon or Shakespeare.

The authorship of the dramatic productions attributed to the last of the above named is agitating literary circles to the very centre, but affecting the practical masses far less than the important question, how to reach or preserve health, that essential of bodily and mental activity, business success and the "happiness of happiness." We can throw for more light on this latter subject than the most profound Shakespearean critic on the question here propounded. If the system is depleted, the nerves shaky; if digestion or assimilation falters; if the blood is impure, or if the skin is yellow and tongue furred as in biliousness; if there are periodical twinges of coming rheumatism or neuralgia; if the kidneys are inactive—see Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the chief recipient of an age-proved, laudable and successful remedy. Remember, if malin threatens or afflicts, that it neutralizes the poison and fortifies the system.

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE?

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC without doubt a rare medicinal compound that gives when all else fails the most certain relief in cases of indigestion, nervous weakness, and all other ailments of the stomach and bowels. See our Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.
The most powerful and best cure for Corns, Bunions, and all other ailments of the feet. See our Druggists.