THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

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An Absent Vagabond.

A tramp walked back and knocked on the kitchen door of a North Sidney house, with the confidence of a family doctor whose coming was expected. The lady opened the door, and he said:

"Madam, I have not had a bite of bread since yesterday, could you give me a hunk of cold meat?"

"We haven't got a bit in the house."

"How do you manage to keep so much this warm weather?"

"I say that we are clear out of meat."

"Is it roasted or boiled?"

"I mean that we ate it all up at dinner," raising her voice.

"It don't matter, veal or beef."

Still louder: "I tell you we've got no meat. I'll call the dog."

"You going to give the dog a chunk of it?"

"Chunk of what?"

"Why, a chunk of no meat that you say you have got."

"Here, Tiger! Tiger!"

"Good day, madam. I have been plentifully supplied with no meat to-day, and have none to lose," and he skippid the fence as the dog turned the corner, saving his bacon.

A story told by Colonel Ingersoll was of a little boy in Chicago who wanted to go out riding with his parents. They told him that they thought it was too warm for driving, and they did not think they would go. Accepting their statements for the truth, the little fellow gave up the idea of a ride and concluded to take a nap, from which he was soon awakened by the closing of the front door and the sound of wheels at the gate. Creeping out of bed, he ran in his night dress to the front window just in time to see his mother and father driving away. With tears of disappointment he pointed to the rapidly disappearing carriage, and remarked: "There goes two of the biggest liars in Chicago."

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land office at La Grande, Oregon, Sep. 26, 1888.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to commute, and make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of Grant Co., Or., at Canyon City, on November 24th, 1888, viz: WILLIAM B. SCOTT, H.E. No. 7776, for the S ½ S ½ Sec. 7, T. 13, S. R. 27, E. W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: George Lafferance, L. V. Butler, William Scott, of Stewart, Grant County, and James Pogue, of Mt Vernon, Oregon.

Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

29-34 HENRY EINEHART, Register.

Won't Always Do.

A conversation at the ginhouse had turned upon the disposition of some men to persecute people who happened to fall under their advantage, when Jasper Nickelson, an negro remarked:

"Pussyeution is sometimes sorter dangus. One time dar wuz er ole bullfrang hoppin' 'long through de woods. He wuz er happy frang, an' tuck de worl' putty much ez he found it. All at once a sparrow-hawk flew down an' lit on de frang's back. 'Look yere,' says de frang, 'what you doin,' nohow?"

"'I want you ter tote me erwhile,' says de hawk.

"'Oh, you oughtenter want me ter do dat, caze you ken fly' way up in de a'r, 'way up erbove de trees, while I kain't do nuthin' but hop on de ground.'

"'Yas, I knows all dat, Mr. Frang, but you has to tote me erwhile, jest de same. The question ain't what you air able ter do. De question is what I wants you ter do. Hop on, now, ur I'll bury my claws in you.'

"'Oh, please doan do dat, Mr. Hawk.'

"Den de hawk he stuck his claws down under de frang's skin, an' de frang he 'plained might'ly, but, huh, he ain't keern er tall, fur de skin on de frang's back ain't got feelin' in it nohow.

"'Oh, please, good Mr. Hawk, doan stick yo' claws no furder!' cried de frang.

"Den de hawk he stuck his claws in furder an' laughed. De frang he hop' er jumpin' erlong, wickin at hisse'f ever once in erwhile. But airter while he come ter er big pond. 'Hol' on!' say de hawk. 'Hol' on, I tell you! I's stuck my crooked claws so fur down under yo' tough skin dat I kain't git 'em out. Oh, hol' on, Mr. Frang; oh, sweet Mr. Frang, hol' on!' But de frang winked at hisse's, an' 'chug,' he jumped in de water. He stayed under de water till de ole hawk wuz dun drowned, an' den he come out, shuck him off, winked at hisse'f, an' hopped off in de woods. 'Oh, no,' the old negro added, 'it won' allus do ter pussyeute er passon jes' caze it 'pear like he ain't got no way o' 'fenden' hisse'f.

The Political Campaign.

Campaigns cost money now, but it isn't the oratory that costs. We pay more for campaign bands now every year than congress gets, and the campaign expenses of both parties would send Bibles and bustles all over Africa. Grown up men clothe themselves in tin healet and oilcloth overcoats, holler all night and go home at breakfast time with their pockets full of clam chowder and two or three torchlight wicks in their hats. We have found out that the average man is only a big boy and frequently a bunkhead at that. He likes to feel the gentle exhiliration of martial music and ram firing his veins and to flatter himself that it is heroism and valor. Stirred by the lascivious pleasings of the bass drum he walks thirteen miles in the rain and smokes cigars which would make the Chicago river turn around and run the other way. We have learned that we do not need much money for folks who read the papers and think thoughts. The money goes mostly to give the thirsty and ignorant a general outing as I may say. The campaign comes like a benizon to those who, aside from the Fourth of July, a public baptism, or the funeral of a distant relative, see very little to enjoy.—Bill Nye.

Didn,t Know His Own.

Hobart Taylor, the proprietor of Chicago's most valued weekly paper, America, is still a very young man, yet he has already developed humorous traits of a subtile and pungent character. Last week he played a practical joke on his editor, Slason Thompson—a joke which will probably rankle and fester in Mr. Thompson's bosom for many a day. Mr. Taylor drummed a small boy into his service and got him to copy one of Keats' prettiest poems. The copy of the poem he sent to "The Editor of America," with a note saying that the author was a lad only 13 years old, who would like to see his work in America. In about two days back came a real kind note from Editor Thompson. It was pleasantly worded, but it returned the poem. "My dear little friend," wrote Mr. Thompson, "your poem is very nice for a little boy only 13 years old, but it is hardly good enough for America. You must not be discouraged, however, for success in life can be accomplished only by patience and toil. You would do well to keep on writing poetry, and I don't not that by and by you will do so well that America will print what you write. Sincerely your friend," etc.—Chicago News.

Walter has been put in the corner for being naughty.

Mother—Unless little boys are very good and do what they are told, they will never go to heaven and have beautiful little angel boys to play with.

Walter (after long consideration)—Is heaven very, very bootful? and are there lots of little angel boys?

Mother—Oh, yes, yes, very beautiful and full of little angels.

Walter—Ma, suppose I am a very, good boy, will they let a little devil play with me sometimes?