

THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS

Volume X.

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Number 33

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.

An Absterge 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," rising her voice.

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

Still louder: "I tell you we've got no meat. I'll tell 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 skipped the fence as the dog turned the corner, saving his bacon."

A story told by Colonel Ingerson, 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 contented 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.

Climbing 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 exclaimed:

"There goes two of the biggest lines in Chicago."

Won't Always Do.

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

"Passionate 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' n'ow?'"

"I want you ter tote me er while," says de hawk.

"Oh, you oughter want me ter do dat, eaze you ken fly way up in de air, way up erbove de trees, while I kaint do nuthin' but hop on de ground."

"Yes, 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 dean do dat, Mr. Hawk."

"Den de hawk he stuck his claws down under de frang's skin, an' de frang he plained mightly, but, hah, he ain't keen er tall, fur de skin on de frang's back ain't got feelin' in it n'ow."

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

"Den de hawk he stuck his claws in furdur an' laughed. De frang he kep' er jumpin' erlong, wakin at hissef ever once in erwhile. But arter 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 kaint git 'em out. Oa, hol' on, Mr. Frang; oh, sweet Mr. Frang, hol' on!' But de frang winked at hissef, an' 'ehing,' he jumped in de water. He stayed under de water till de ole hawk wuz dun downed, an' den he come out, shuck him 'er winked at hissef, an' hepped off in de woods. Oh, no, the old negro added, 'it won't allus do ter pussycute er pesson, jes' eaze it pair like he ain't got no way o' tendin' hissef."

The Political Campaign.

Campaigns cost money, now, but it isn't the money 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 bibles all over Africa. Grover men clothe themselves in tin larders and oilcloth overalls, 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 lunkhead at that. He likes to feel the gentle exhilaration of martial music and rum firing his veins and to flatter himself that it is heroism and valor. Stirred by the lascivious pleatings 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 cutting as I may say. The campaign comes like a benison 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 subtle and poignant character. Last week he played a practical joke on his editor, Shason

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 beautiful? 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?

BEFORE IT IS BORN.

Some Startling Statements of General Interest.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, on being asked when the training of a child should begin, replied, "A hundred years before it is born."

Are we to infer from this that this generation is responsible for the condition of the race a hundred years from now?

Is this wonderful generation the natural result of the proper diet and medicines of a hundred years ago?

It is conceded in other lands that most of the wonderful discoveries of the world in this century have come from this country. Our ancestors were reared in log cabins, and suffered hardships and trials.

But they lived and enjoyed health to a ripe old age. The women of those days would endure hardships without apparent fatigue that would stultify those of the present age.

Why was it?

One of the proprietors of the popular remedy known as Warner's safe cure, has been faithfully investigating the cause, and has called to his aid scientists as well as medical men, impressing upon them the fact that there cannot be an effect without a cause. This investigation disclosed the fact that in the olden times simple remedies were administered, compounded of herbs and roots, which were gathered and stored in the lofts of the log cabins, and when sickness came on, these remedies from nature's laboratory were used with the best effects.

What were these remedies? What were they used for? After untiring and diligent search they have obtained the formulas so generally used for various disorders.

Now the question is, how will the olden time preparations affect the people of this age, who have been treated, under modern medical school and codes, with poisonous and injurious drugs. This test has been carefully pursued, until they are convinced that the preparations they now call Warner's Log Cabin remedies are what our much abused systems require.

Among them is what is known as Warner's Log Cabin sarsaparilla, and they frankly announce that they do not consider the sarsaparilla of so much value in itself as it is in the combination of the various ingredients which together work harmoniously upon the system. They also have preparations for other diseases, such as "Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hops and buckwheat remedy," "Warner's Log Cabin hair tonic." They have great confidence that they have a cure for the common disease of catarrh, which they give the name of "Log Cabin rose cream." Also a "Log Cabin plaster," which they are confident will supplant all others, and a liver pill, to be used separately or in connection with the other remedies.

We hope that the public will not be disappointed in these remedies, but will reap a benefit from the investigations, and that the proprietors will not be embarrassed in their introduction by dealers trying to substitute remedies that have been so familiar to the shelves of our druggists. This line of remedies will be used instead of others. Insist upon your druggist getting them for you if he hasn't them yet in stock, and we feel confident that these new remedies will receive approbation at our reader's hands, as the founders have used every care in their preparation.

Tutt's Pills

This popular remedy never fails to effectually cure

Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness

And all diseases arising from a Torpid Liver and Bad Digestion.

The natural result is good appetite and solid flesh. These small, elegantly sugar coated and easy to swallow. Sold everywhere.

Information for the Farm, Home, Hotel, Workshop and Store will be sent upon application.