



THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

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- Dist. Judges { L. B. Ison, James A. Fee. Dist. Attorney..... J. L. Rand.

Church Directory Rev. A. Eads holds divine service at the Winegar school house at 11 o'clock a. m. on the 1st Sabbath of each month, and at 7 o'clock in the evening at the M. E. church in Prairie City. Also at the Strawberry school house at 11 a. m. on the 3rd Sabbath of each month and at Prairie City in the evening of the same day. At John Day City at 11 a. m. on the 2nd and 4th Sundays, and at Canyon City at 7 in the evening of the same days.

DEPUTY STOCK INSPECTORS

- NOTICE is hereby given that I have appointed the following-named persons as my Deputies, viz: M. S. Keeney..... Long Creek. Warren Carsner..... Wagner. John Carey..... Hamilton. Geo. C. Luce..... John Day. John H. Brown..... Riley. Perry Rutherford..... Drewsey. V. B. Peterson..... Ritter. J. L. Barnhouse..... Caleb. T. H. CTRL. Stock Inspector for Grant County.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. ORR, M. D. Canyon City, Ogn.

D. R. G. W. BARBER Physician & Surgeon.

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THORNTON WILLIAMS Attorney-at-Law.

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F. C. HORSLEY, M. D. GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, April 8, 1848.

W. A. WILSON, Not. Public, Lakeview, Or.

John Day Milk Ranch

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Church & Soda

SODA OR SALERATUS

THE GHOST OF DIAMOND ISLAND.

A Weird Tale Borne Eastward by the Breezes From Illinois.

For some time past rumors have been circulated in Hardin to the effect that Diamond Island, in the river about two miles from this place, was the home of a ghost. The stories concerning the movements of the alleged spook were not given any credence at first, but later, when several reputable citizens of Hardin announced that they had positively seen an uncanny looking object moving about on the island at night, the rumors were more seriously considered. Now, after a thorough investigation, the mysterious something is no longer considered a myth. Along toward midnight a peculiar light is seen at the foot of the island. It has the appearance of a huge ball of fire, and is about the size and shape of an ordinary barrel.

A few nights ago a party of young men from this place determined to visit the island and fathom the mystery, if possible. Equipped with revolvers, knives, shotguns and clubs, the party secured a boat and were soon cutting through the water at a good speed for a point on the island near where the spectre usually made the appearance. Arriving at the landing place the skiff was hauled on the shore and the young men took up a position in a clump of trees close at hand to watch and wait. Suddenly the whole point of the island was illuminated as a bright red object rose apparently from the water and glided up into the air. Ascending probably to a height of forty yards the watchers saw the lurid ball fade away.

The investigating party had seen all they wanted. They made a mad rush for the boat, but just as they reached the place where it had been left they were horrified to see the little craft moving out on the water from the island. At first its only occupant seemed to be the red ball of fire, but the next moment the watchers saw the crimson object gradually take the form of a man, and they saw him, too, dip the oars at regular intervals and pull along steady stroke. The man's features were fully concealed by a wide-rimmed slouch hat, which was drawn over his face. A peculiar light illuminated the boat and the waters around it, making the craft and its mysterious occupant perfectly discernible to the party on shore, who stood paralyzed with fear, unable to speak or move, their eyes riveted by some mysterious influence they could not resist on the spectral object before them.

The boat was now about in midstream, and suddenly the group of watchers saw the skiff's occupant change again into the crimson ball. Then it slowly began to move upward, and when it was about parallel with the tops of the trees on the island it disappeared. Next instant the watchers, looking across the river, saw nothing but the flickering lights in Hardin. The cries of the crowd on the island awakened a sleeping fisherman on the opposite side of the river, and he kindly pulled across and rescued the ghost-seeking youths. It is said that some years ago a foul murder was committed on this island, and by the superstitions the crimson object is believed to be the restless spirit of the slain man.—Hardin special to the Globe Democrat.

Palpitation of the Heart. Persons who suffer from occasional palpitation of the heart are often unaware that they are the victims of heart disease, and are liable to die without warning. They should banish this alarming symptom, and cure the disease by using Dr. Flint's Remedy. Mack Drug Co., N. Y.

Red Front Billiard Hall! Hugh Smith, prop'r.

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BOWSER'S FAMILY.

Detroit Free Press.

A few weeks ago when Mr. Bowser found me crying with the hurt of my soft corn, he very gruffly observed: "Serves you just right! Go and get it cut off! How long do you suppose a man would put up with such nonsense?" "But it would nearly kill me to have it!" "Oh, well, do as you please, but I want you to understand one thing Mrs. Bowser, I don't propose that this house house shall be all upset just because you have a corn."

"Some husbands would feel sorry." "Would they? Well, when a wife goes at it deliberately and wilfully to cripple herself her husband is an idiot to pity her!" "Three or four days subsequently Mr. Bowser came home an hour earlier than usual. He looked pale and anxious, and I was seriously frightened for the moment.

"Is—is mother sick or dead?" "I asked, as I met him at the door. "I only wish it were nothing more serious." "What can it be?" "Look here!" He pulled down his collar and showed me a red spot on the back of his neck, and then plaintively added: "I went to the doctor and he said it's boils."

"Well, I've expected it. Mr. Bowser you are the most careless man in Michigan. What on earth were you thinking of?" "Careless! Thinking off" he roared. "Do you think I picked this infernal thing up on some vacant lot, or bought it at some corner grocery?" "Well, it's very strange that you should have it cut off at once. I wouldn't fool with it two minutes."

He looked at me as if he thought I had gone crazy, and then shut his teeth together as if determined to say no more about it. He stood it for two hours and was then compelled to say: "I suppose I'd better get this collar off and put on a poultice."

"I presume it would be a good plan." He waited half an hour more and then had to give in and ask: "Mrs. Bowser, can't you make me a poultice?" "I made him one, and the application so relieved the pain for a few minutes that he recovered his conceit. Walking to and fro, with his hands under his coat tails, he said: "Shall we go to the opera this evening or is that corn of yours too painful?" "Better! I always feel well. Mrs. Bowser, I couldn't have noticed this boil at all if the doctor hadn't happened into the office. I wish you were more of a philosopher on the subject of bearing pain. You women, folks are—"

He stopped there and gave a jump. The momentary benefit of the warm application had passed away, and the boil was at home again to old callers. Mr. Bowser stood it about two minutes and then groaned. "Anything wrong?" I asked. "Wrong? Jehwhittaker Jehwhitt! but I'm half dead!" Mrs. Bowser, I've got a boil! boil! boil! Do you hear me?" "Did you happen to notice it yourself?" I innocently asked.

He crossed over and plumped down into a rocking chair, and his chin began to quiver. When a man's chin begins to work that way it's time to let up on him. His grit is gone. I went over and smoothed his bald pate, and encouraged him to hope for the best, and in a little while had him tucked up on the lounge. He seemed on the point of going to sleep, when he suddenly roused up and asked: "People often die with boils on the neck, don't they?" "Very seldom."

"Do you think there is any danger in this case?" "Hardly."

He was quiet again for a few minutes and then groaned out: "Mrs. Bowser, can't you keep the young'un quiet?" "He's only talking to himself." "But he wants to understand that his father has a boil. And there goes that girl thrashing about the kitchen again. Go tell her you'll discharge her if she doesn't make less noise. It seems as if there was a conspiracy to kill me off!"

A Beautiful Longing.

George D. Prentice, probably one of the most gifted writers that ever added lustre to American journalism, once said: It cannot be that the earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why these high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass of to leave us to muse on their loveliness. Why is it that stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproaching glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We were born for a higher destiny than earth. There is a lemn where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that pass before us will stay forever in our presence.

Next morning the boil had doubled in size without making any further assessment on the stockholders, and Bowser was broken in two. When I got him down stairs and on the lounge in the sitting room, his lip hung down like a grocery awning and he feebly said: "Just bring me a little milk toast, Mrs. Bowser. It will probably be the last meal I shall ever eat."

After breakfast he took a notion to see the papers. Some of the reporters had caught on, and there was an item reading: "Bowser's got one on the neck. Hang on to it old chippie—it's good for the system."

"Stop that paper this very day, Mrs. Bowser!" he exclaimed as he flung it down. "But it's only a pleasant little joke."

"Little joke! Little joke on a prominent citizen who is on the brink of the grave, and whose loss will be a state calamity! Stop it, Mrs. Bowser—stop it!" A neighbor—one of Mr. Bowser's best friends—dropped in during the forenoon and finding him flat down eagerly inquired the cause.

"It's a—a boil, faintly replied Mr. Bowser. "A boil! Is that all? Why, that wouldn't keep even a boy in bed for even half an hour. Come old fellow—go with me to look at some boys."

When he had gone away Mr. Bowser cautioned me that it was his dying request that smith should be neither one of his pall bearers nor ride in one of the front hacks. "The idea of his coming in here to insult a helpless man. Don't speak to him after I'm gone. Don't let our child even throw stones at his cat."

Each day for the next four or five that boil seemed determined to give satisfaction if it didn't make a point. It not only continued business at the old stand but was compelled to enlarge its quarters to accommodate the rush. Bowser was as helpless as a leg of mutton, and kept us on the trot all day and most of the night. The doctor was up twice a day, looking very grave, and charging two dollars a look, and the house should not have been more upset with a case of cholera. At times I pitied Mr. Bowser. At other times I advised him to let me jab a butcher knife into the cause of the trouble, and told him that I should certainly marry again, if lucky enough to get the opportunity.

One morning the boil broke. I was asleep, being thoroughly worn out, when Mr. Bowser aroused me and observed: "Are we going to have any breakfast to-day?" "Why your—your boil!" I gasped as I saw he was up and dressed.

"My boil! Humph! Not worth minding. That is, while the suffering has been intense, and while no woman could have survived it, it was only a pleasant little vacation for me to stay in the house for a week. I can't be too thankful that it was given to me to endure instead of you. My! but how you would have carried on and upset things and make a body of yourself!"

A Pleasing Sense Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

Joannie: "Mamma, is God sitting on his throne up in heaven?" Mamma: "Yes, my child." Joannie: "And does he stay there all ways?" Mamma: "Always my son." Joannie (thoughtfully): "Mamma, God ain't a democrat, is he?" There is a man in New York who, it is said, can eat nine pounds of steak at a sitting. He is the greatest steak-holder we ever knew. All the confiscated liquor of Maine is poured into the rivers, so it is not surprising that the water of that State is very largely drunk.

Our Excuse

We have been severely criticised because we refused to attend the funeral of old Pete Shively, who died on the street of too much whisky one night last week. It is claimed that Old Pete was our creditor in the sum of \$12, and that it was shabby in us not to see him planted.

In the first place Old Pete owed us \$2 borrowed money instead of our owing him. In the next our Sandy pantaloons needed a patch about four feet square at the end opposite the bow, and we did not care to subject ourselves to ridicule for the sake of showing off. We can keep our back behind us in our own office until better times arrive, that's what we are trying to do. We have sent to San Francisco for a patch the color of our pantaloons, and when it arrives and is welded on the spot Richard will be himself again, and ready to rustle at funerals or address a public meeting on the topic of the day.—Arizona Kicker.

I have often beheld the deep waters of an inland lake lie in peaceful solitude beneath the shade of time-worn mountains, writes George Porter Boulden, reflecting their gorgeous verdure and the azure hue of heaven's dome above, in the freshness of a new-born day; I have seen the storm come, clouding the atmosphere and ruffling the bosom of my lake, but I knew that, far down in the unfathomed depths, there still was peace—a quiet, never changing peace. Then, as evening drew near, I have seen the clouds roll back and once more display to view the red rays of the summer sun as it sank with glorious beauty in the golden, fleecy mist; and I have thought that this lesson from nature should teach us all that our lives should be like the unmeasured depths of this mountain lake. When the sun of life first casts its rays upon our existence we are happy; when the storm comes and changes our summer dreams to fearful realities, we should be peaceful still, down in the depths of our souls, where trouble should never enter; and again, when our sun has nearly run its course, our life should ebb out still in peace, and as our warming orb sinks into eternal rest, our soul should reflect its golden grandeur and pass without a struggle from the reflecting bosom of this life to those which are unchangeable.