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THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

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Grant Co. News.

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,

—BY—

D. I. ASBURY

Editor and Proprietor.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

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Three Months	75

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Treasurer	N. H. Boley.
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Surveyor	J. H. Neal
Sheriff	W. P Gray
Assessor	Chas. Timms.
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Stock Inspector	T. H. Curl
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:

Joseph Keerins	Stewart
P Thompson	Burns
M. Riley	Harney
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Warren Carsner	Wagner
John Carey	Hamilton
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Postoffice Mt. Vernon, Or.

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Canyon City, Ogn.
Office on Main Street in Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Howard.

DR. G. W. BARBER
Physician & Surgeon.
Canyon City - - - - Oregon.
Formerly of Iowa, has located here, and will attend Professional calls day or night.
☞ Office opposite News Office.

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Dentist
Canyon City - - - Oregon
Office in City Hotel.

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Land filings and Collections promptly attended to. Deeds and Mortgages drawn, and charges reasonable.

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All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention, and all money will be paid as fast as collected.

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DELICIOUS BISCUITS OR WHOLESOME BREAD
USE
DWIGHT'S COW-BRAND SODA OR SALERATUS.
ABSOLUTELY PURE.
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—THE—
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IS THE PLACE TO GO WHEN YOU WISH A FIRST-CLASS
Bath, Shave or Hair-cut!

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To Housekeepers and Farmers.—It is important that the Soda or Saleratus you use should be White and Pure same as all similar substances used for food. To insure obtaining only the "Arm & Hammer" brand Soda or Saleratus, buy it in "pound or half pound" cartoons which bear our name and trade-mark, as inferior goods are sometimes substituted for the "Arm & Hammer" brand when bought in bulk. Parties using Baking Powder should remember that its sole rising property consists of bicarbonate of soda. One teaspoonful of the "Arm & Hammer" brand of Soda or Saleratus mixed with sour milk equals four teaspoonfuls of the best Baking Powder, saving twenty times its cost, besides being much healthier, because it does not contain any injurious substances, such as alum, terra alba, etc., of which many Baking Powders are made. Dairymen and Farmers should use only the "Arm & Hammer" brand for cleaning and keeping Milk Pans Sweet and Clean.
CAUTION. See that every pound package of "Arm and Hammer Brand" contains full 16 ounces net, and the ½ pound packages full 12 ounces net, Soda or Saleratus same as specified on each package.
ON EVERY PACKAGE.
Packed in Card Board Boxes. Always keeps Soft.
SODA or SALERATUS

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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of
FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,
A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION
I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. DOWELL, Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.
PISO
The BEST Cough Medicine is Piso's CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c.
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Paine's CELERY COMPOUND

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Neuralgia	"Paine's Celery Compound cured my nervous sick headaches." MRS. L. A. BRENTNER, San Jacinto, Cal.
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ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY FEVER COLD IN HEAD DEAFNESS HEADACHE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BRO'S OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.
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Ely's Cream Balm
Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste, Smell and Hearing.
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

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OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
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Almost as Palatable as Milk.
So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is much more efficacious.
Remarkable as a flesh producer.
Persons gain rapidly while taking it.
SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best preparation in the world for the relief and cure of
CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS and CHRONIC COUGHS.
The great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists

WOES OF THE CONDUCTOR.

One of the Craft Tells a Story of his Experience.

"You have no idea of the annoyances we have to suffer from the traveling public, and especially from the traveling salesmen. Let me give you an instance of it." Thus spoke a tall, full-bearded conductor, whose heart I had won by the gift of a two-for-five-cent Flora de Cabanas.

"As my train stopped one day between Eldtkuhnen and Tosen two traveling salesmen entered a second-class compartment. They sat opposite each other and one of the two placed a pretty heavy trunk upon the seat next to him.

"'Look here,' says I 'you'll have to take that trunk off the seat.'

"'No,' says he, 'I will not take it down.'

"'Well,' says I, 'we will see. Will you take that trunk down, yes or no?'

"'Ha! Ha!' laughed he, 'you are jesting my good man.'

"'None of your familiarity,' says I, angrily. 'I shall inform the baggage master.'

"'As at this very moment the train began to move I had to defer informing against the offender until the next station. As soon as it was reached I rushed into the compartment full of rage and asked: 'Now, will you take that trunk down?'

"'Please do not bother me with that trunk, or I shall complain of you at head quarters!' roared the passenger in a voice of thunder. I never met with such impudence before, but as the train stopped for a couple of minutes only I had again to wait till the coming station. There I informed the station master of the case. He entered the compartment, saying:

"'Sir, the conductor is in the right, and I have to demand of you to remove the trunk or leave the train.'

"'I shall neither take it down nor leave the train,' answered the passenger, and as we were already five minutes late I had just time to wire the master to the next station.

"I enjoyed in advance the scene at at the next station. Upon our arrival the chief at that station said to the passenger:

"'I have to ask you to leave this train at once.'

"'Sir,' rejoined the now thoroughly infuriated passenger, 'what do you want of me? I have paid for my ticket, and have done nothing reprehensible whatever, and yet this miserable hireling has not ceased to bother and insult me.'

"Owing to this quarrel the train was now ten midutes late, and the fast express close behind us.

"You'll have to leave the train if you do not at once take the trunk down,' shouted the enraged chief.

"'I shall do that under no circumstance whatever,' screamed the passenger, whose frontal veins stood out like whip-cord from his dark forehead.

"At this junction the head baggage master entered the car and, trying to conciliate the warring elements, said in a soothing manner, to the passenger:

"But why did you not take the trunk off the seat? Don't you see that owing to your stubbornness the train is now ten minutes late?'

"But why on earth should I take this trunk down? There's no power that can compel me to!"

"All three of the railroad officials now approached the passenger to eject him, when the other passenger, who had been an amused eye-witness to the quarrel, said quietly: "But why should he, indeed, be compelled to take it down? It is my trunk and not his."

Tableau—Boston Courier.

The more you practice what you know, the more you shall know what to practice.

THE WISDOM OF THE MULE.

He Knows When it is Noon and He Knows When it is Sunday.

Scientific American.

Working adimals, such as horses and mules, are generally kept on a cotton plantation in a large open pen. In the center there is a feed shed, containing a trough for corn and a rafter for fodder overhead. Stock is fed only twice a day—noon and night. By sun-up on workdays the plow hands appear, each to catch his "critter," and the forty or fifty mules at their sight move in utter confusion around the shed, hiding behind one another. But how is it on Sundays? There reigns then an Arcadian peace in the pen. Each mule is paired off with his "chum," (a selective affinity no doubt) in an angle of the rail fence, head and tail together. The object is a practical exemplification of the golden rule. To enjoy an untroubled siesta, each head secures immunity from the fly pest by a close proximity to his friend's "perpetuum mobile." Farm hands may go in and out without producing the least sign of alarm. But, should bridles appear, that disturbs only masters saddle or saddle or carriage horses. As to the mules, no extra twitch in the tail or ear shows the least suspicion that their owner could possibly be the victim of a mistake. With eyes dropping and head on a level with that of his neighbor's tail, his somnolent torpor is a picture of trust and safety. He knows it is Sunday. I remember well the amused look of my foreman, Essex, when asking him for his opinion on the subject: "Why, in course,' said he, "dey knows it's Sunday."

Pertinent to the above query is the other: Do animals know noontime? For the sake of a lively scene let us some forenoon go into a large field. Presently we are startled from our reverie by unearthly "Ee-hung, ee-hung, ee-ee-huug, hung, hung." It is the Nestor of the four-footers that calls thus: "Time for refreshments"—a signal similarly seconded and approved in succession by forty others. We look at our timepiece, and, sure enough, the large hand is about covering the smaller. It is noon. The mule, however, is some minutes ahead of time, and there ensues a fearful contest for the mastery between him and the driver, which the distant dinner-horn only ends.

Now, how is it the mule knows noontime? Does he rely on the infallibility of his timepiece, that warns him that it needs winding? Or has he noticed his equally hungry partner, Sambo, who, when reaching the end of a row, halts a moment, and, turning face northward, anxiously scans the shadow at his feet? Or is the sensitiveness of his back so delicate that he can discriminate between oblique and vertical rays?

We are prone to mystify, and, because are unwilling to grant brute creation the power of reasoning, we call their actions that surprise us "instinct." In the barnyard, stable and field we never observe this quality of instinct in the young. It is only the old that become wise by experience.

She Would Run No More Risks.

"I am a lawyer's daughter, you know, George, dear," she said, after George had proposed and been accepted, "and you wouldn't think it strange if I were to ask you to sign a little paper to the effect that we were engaged, would you?"

George was too happy to think anything strange just then, and he signed the paper with a trembling hand and a bursting heart. Then she laid her ear against his middle vest button, and they were very, very happy.

"Tell me, darling," said George after a long delicious silence, "why did you want me to sign that paper? Do you not repose implicit confidence in my love for you?"

"Ah, yes," she sighed, with infinite content, "indeed I do! But, George, dear, I have been fooled so many times!"

Sheriff (to doomed man)—"I must now conduct you to the scaffold. Will you have a drink of whisky to stimulate you?" "No, thank you; when I drink whisky I always have a terrible headache next morning."

She Got the Watch.

Mr. Montgomery has been going wrong of late. He has got into the habit of staying out very late at night.

"Fergy, dear," began his wife when he came home to dinner, the other evening, "Christmas will soon be here."

"Remarkable!" ejaculated Ferguson.

"Do you know what I want?" she continued without heeding the scornful remark.

"The earth with a shawl strap to carry it, probably."

"No, Fergy, all I want is one of those beautiful litte watches."

"A watch! What in thunder do you want a watch for?"

"So that I won't become angry with you, Fergy," said Mrs. Montgomery as she wound her arm tenderly about his neck. "Every night for a week I've heard the clock strike two before you came home. I know the clock can't be right, and I want the gong removed. If I have a watch we won't need the gong."

Mr. Montgomery did not wait for Christmas. He bought the watch next day.—Minneapolis Journal.

An awkward young countryman leaned over the counter at the county clerks office yesterday and in a stammering manner answered the questions necessary to procure a marriage license. Evidently this was his first investment in the matrimonial market. When queries regarding the prospective bride were reached his embarrassment became more painful. Her name and age were given after some hesitation.

"White or black?" asked the clerk writing the word "white" without waiting for the answer.

"Black," was the unexpected reply, after a momentary pause.

"Then you cannot have a license," said the clerk, dropping his pen.

"Why not?"

"Because it is against the law for a white person to marry one of the colored race."

"Oh, she's not colored," answered the swain, as a new light dawned on his befuddled mind, "I mean that she is dark-complexioned."—Detroit Tribune.

A poor fisherman who plied his trade in a canoe on the Chalapolake, La., caught a big snake on his line, and on hauling it on board the reptile would itself around the man's neck and strangled him to death. The canoe containing the corpse, with the snake still wound about the man's neck, was found the next day.

Democratic office holders can look for a backward spring. It will be a cold day for them when Gen. Harrison walks into the White House the 4th of March and hangs up his hat and pulls down his vest.

The Persian name for Americans is Yange Doon-ya, which means a dweller of the new world.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
FOR ACHES AND PAINS.
Sure Cures of Recent Date.
Toothache. 417 W. Lombard St., Balto., Md., June 9, 1888. Robbed of sleep by toothache; swelling great in face; rubbed with St. Jacobs Oil; first application relieved; went to sleep; morning: pain all gone. JOHN HOSENBERGER.
Pains in Chest. New Richmond, O., June, '88. Had pains in chest over lungs; suffered 3 years; cured by 2 applications of St. Jacobs Oil; cure permanent. J. MADISON.
Gout. Kilgore, Texas, June 21, 1888. Had bad case of gout; suffered one year; for 6 weeks could not walk. St. Jacobs Oil cured me. W. P. MARTIN, JR.
Dislocation. Joliet, Ill., May 24, 1888. About three years ago dislocated my shoulder; confined to house 3 weeks. I was cured by St. Jacobs Oil; no return of pain to this day. J. D. BROWN, Druggist.
Pains and Aches. Marshall, Mich., May 29, '88. Last December; was taken with pains and aches in the legs. A friend advised St. Jacobs Oil; tried it and was cured by contents of one bottle. No return of pain since. G. E. BENNETT.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.