

THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS

Is the best advertising medium through which to reach the people of Eastern Oregon.

Volume XI.

CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1889.

Number 3.

Grant Co. News.

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING, BY D. I. ASBURY Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription \$3.00 per year in advance. Single copies 10 cents.

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS \$2.50 per square for first insertion, and 15 cents for each subsequent insertion.

All Reading Notices in Local Column will be charged at the rate of 20 cents per line for first, and 10 cents each subsequent insertion.

Fine Job Printing

Posters, Dodgers, Billheads, Letterheads, Noteheads, Stationery, Invitations, Tickets, Cards, etc.

LAWYERS

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions...

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY: Co. Judge N. R. Moxey, Clerk Phil Metschan, Treasurer N. H. Boley...

Church Directory: Rev. A. Eads holds divine service at the Vinegar school house...

BAKER and CANYON CITY STAGE LINE, McEVEN & GRIFFIN, Props. Stage leaves Canyon City every morning except Sunday...

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

G. I. HAZELTINE. Photographic. CANYON CITY, OREGON.

S. S. DENNING. Attorney-at-Law. LONG CREEK, OREGON.

J. McCULLOUGH. Notary Public. CANYON CITY, ORE. Office with M. D. Cliff of U.S. Land Office...

E. A. Knight, DENTIST. From The Dalles, has permanently located at John Day City.

C. A. SWEET, Attorney-at-Law. Canyon City, Oregon.

PARRISH & COZAD. ATTORNEYS AT LAW. CANYON CITY, OREGON.

THORNTON WILLIAMS. Attorney-at-Law. CANYON CITY, OREGON. Office the court house.

CLAY TODD HUNTER. Constable. Sheriff. Canyon City, Ore. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention...

J. W. Mack, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public. PRAIRIE CITY, OREGON. Also Agent for the sale of School Lands.

J. OLLIVER, Proprietor of the John Day Milk Ranch. Fresh milk delivered daily to my customers in John Day and Canyon cities.

WILSHIRE & HUDSON Attorneys at Law. LAKEVIEW AND EUREKA, OREGON. Will practice in the Circuit Court at Canyon City...

F. C. HORSLEY, M. D. GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, April 8, 1818. Canyon City, Oregon.

LEE MILLER, Propri. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon. [PETER KUHLE'S OLD STAND]

Having bought these popular Stables I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage.

First-class Single and Double Teams to let. FINE BUGIES & ROAD CARTS.

DEPUTY STOCK INSPECTORS. NOTICE is hereby given that I have appointed the following named persons as my Deputies:

"BIT SALOON!"

CANYON CITY, Oregon Hugh Smith, prop'r. A Full Stock of the Forest of Wines and Liquors. The Best cigars in the Market.

CITY LIVERY STABLE!

W. R. GUNNINGTON, Proprietor. (Wool & Church's old Stand) Good heavy team and also Saddle Horses furnished at all hours of the day or night...

S. A. HEILNER, Forwarding and Commission House.

Copier's Sheep Dipping Powders For Sale at Wholesale. Will always endeavor to obtain the highest market prices on wool, etc., for parties consigning to my store...

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.

ONE WEEK'S CLUB SYSTEM while so convenient as to buy in any installment system... The operation of the club members sell...

LEE MILLER, Propri. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon. Having bought these popular Stables I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage.

"ROAD AGENTS."

An Adventure on the Old Mariposa Stage. There were five men of us in one of the old Mariposa stage coaches before the days of the railroad...

"The lieutenant ought to fight in case we were attacked, but he seems too nervous to be game. The tourist was ill and has no sand, but the ranchman and prospector could be depended on."

"At that time the coach which was not stopped twice out of five trips was considered very lucky. In some instances the robbers were driven off but in most cases the passengers submitted to being 'held up,' and were glad to get off with nothing worse than a few dollars and gold..."

"For God's sake, make no move, or we shall all be murdered! Let them take all we have!"

The lieutenant shelled out a watch and \$40, the tourist a watch and \$400, and they got from the other two of us the sums I have previously named. I had my bank bills in my boot legs, but as we were forced to strip to our shirts, they found every last dollar.

I have no doubt that the robbers meant to shoot every one of us after securing the plunder in order to avenge the death of their comrade, but the unusually large booty put them in good spirits and they underwent a change of heart.

"Bill won't have any more use for money, and we might as well take his dollars along."

Poor Bill!

We had but one way to attack. Luckily for us it was a straight descent. I could have dropped a coin fair upon the hat of the man beneath me. We were out upon a rocky shelf, but there were loose stones of all sizes about us. I selected one weighing about twenty-five pounds and the miner got one equally as large, and we crept back to the edge with them. The fall of the smallest pebble would entangle the men below, and we used as much caution as if our lives would pay the forfeit.

It was just sunset when the stage was ready to go on, but there were two of us who did not propose to go that way. We were unarmed, but determined, and while the stage lumbered on down the road we found a club apiece and set out on the trail of the robbers.

I was then resting until daylight, but the miner urged that we should push on. From the topography of the country he felt certain that a ravine or rift would be found not far away.

We went ahead very cautiously up this valley for about a mile, and of a sudden a rift opened to the left and the glare of a camp fire greeted our eyes. It was not over two hundred feet away, and after a minute we made out the forms of the two men as they seemed to be preparing supper.

We had found them but what of it? They had all the arms and we were defenseless. We crept back a few yards to hold a consultation, and the miner carefully studied the lay of the land. He was of the opinion that it was a short, dry rift, with a cave at the far end. Three sides were enclosed by walls of earth and rock, and our only way to attack the men from above, how high we would have to climb, or what the difficulties, we could not say.

We had been going up for half an hour before we bore oil to the right in the direction of the rift. We then had to move far more cautiously, and I presume it was a full hour from the time we left the valley before we lay our stomachs a hundred feet above the camp fire and looked over. The men were directly above us, seated close together, and were smoking as

A Hundred Tons of Money.

It hardly seems possible that the money paid in one month for a ten-cent article, could, if pennies were used in payment, weigh one hundred tons. Yet one of our bright school boys has figured that this is true of Diamond Dyes. To judge from the stock of our dealers in dye stuffs, Diamond Dyes own the field of package dyes, and are a complete success.

"Remember how they shot the ranchman, and remember that they took our every shilling." We poised the stones on the edge of the cliff, and at a whispered "Now" from him we dropped them. I heard them strike, and drew back. He peered over, and after a moment recovered his balance and said: "Now we can go down. Those chaps will never rob another coach."

It took us longer to go down than to come up, but we made the descent in safety, and walked around to and up the rift. The fire had nearly died out. We replenished it and then saw that both men were dead. It was a horrible and one that I do not care to describe.

As the tourist was out of ready cash we gave him \$200, but we would not even sell the lieutenant back his watch at any price. It was told all over the slope the slope that our haul amounted to \$25,000. If it did we earned every dollar of it, besides wiping out a bad gang and leaving the stage line clear for the next six months.—N. Y. Sun.

JACOBSON'S REMEDY FOR STRAINS AND SPRAINS. Evidence, Fresh, New, Strong. Suffered 8 years. Mt Pleasant, Texas, June 23, 1888. Suffered 8 years with strain of back, could not walk, could not sleep, could not eat, could not work. No pain in 15 minutes. J. E. WALLACE, M. D.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at La Grande, Or. March 22, 1889. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Grant Co., Or., at Canyon City, Or., on May 15, 1889, viz: G. G. SMITH, et al, No. 104 for the NW 1/4 Sec 22 T 15 S R 37 E.

When the collector calls around

When the collector calls around and the man who owes the bill says, 'I'll see my wife about it'—it's a standoff. When you hear a fellow say, 'I'll call around some day and talk to you about the little account I owe you'—it's a standoff. When the dentist tells the patient that the tooth must be pulled and the patient declares most emphatically that he will call again next day'—it's a standoff. When a candidate comes down in the interest of a friend with an eye upon the future—it's a standoff. When a citizen tells a reporter that the story isn't his; and not ready for the public—it's a standoff. When a prisoner in court and a prisoner by his side talks about an important witness that isn't there—it's a standoff. When the fellow at the bar, after emptying the glass, pay all expenses with a wink—it's a standoff. When a con science servant announces to the callers that her mistress is not at home—it's a standoff. When an angry fellow's wild and the fighting editor is out—it's a standoff. When a sweet young maid declares with her eyes brim full of tears that she can only be a friend—it's a standoff. When a prisoner on the court states that he never touched a drop and he was only sick, you know—it's a standoff. When a man who thins he's wise tells how he'll advertise when business is somewhat better—it's a standoff.

"He was a valuable dog," observed the lawyer in his reminiscences, "and his owner sued for five hundred dollars, but never got it. One link in the testimony as to who killed the animal was missing." "And was it never found?" asked the listener. "Yes, it was found," replied the barrister, without one sign of feigning, "it was found long afterward—in a butcher shop."

Thoughts are the first-born, the blo' some of the soul, the beginning of one strength, whether for good or evil, and they are the greatest evidence for or against a person that can be. "Thou understandest my thoughts," and lead me in the way everlasting.—Thomas Brooks.

Jones—Say, how much did Packer clear by that last speculation of his?" Smith—Cleared out all relatives and most of his friends. And now he has cleared the town.

Bangley (after a three years' absence from home)—Has Miss Lamont got that fellow Dacy on the string yet? Toole—Yes; she married him. He's on the apron string now.