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THE NEWS

Goes into almost every home in Grant County, and is read by all, both old and young.

THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

Volume XI.

CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1889.

Number 9.

Grant Co. News.

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Special rates to regular advertisers.

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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.

BAKER and CANYON CITY



STAGE LINE, McCuen & Griffin, Proprs.

Stage leaves Canyon City every morning except Sunday, arriving at Baker the next day. Good teams, good conveyances and fast time.

Charges Reasonable.

THE Canyon City Barber Shop

Shear Grinding. ED WALTON, PROP. A Specialty.



IS THE PLACE TO GO WHEN YOU WISH A FIRST-CLASS Bath, Shave, or Hair-cut.

SALESMEN WANTED.

A Western Wholesale house has recently added to its regular business a special department which will require services of capable men in various localities.

Harney Stage line.

J. W. Traoy, Prop. route leads from Canyon City to Burns, in a heavy wagon, carrying U. S. Mail and Express.

Stage leaves Canyon Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m., and leaves Burns on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. R. G. W. BARBER, Physician & Surgeon. Canyon City, Oreg. Office and residence in the Dr. Hoxley residence, upper end of Main street.

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

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

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

J. J. McCULLOUGH, Notary Public. CANYON CITY, ORE.

Office with M. D. Clifford. Land filings and Collections promptly attended to. Bonds and Mortgages drawn, and charges reasonable.

E. A. Knight, Dentist. CANYON CITY, OREGON.

Office over John Schmidt's cabinet shop; office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. ALL WORK WARRANTED.

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

CLAY TODHUNTER, Constable and Collector. Canyon City, Ore.

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

J. W. Mack, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public. PRAIRIE CITY, OREGON.

Also Agent for the sale of School Lands. 5-30th

J. OLLIVER, Proprietor of the John Day Milk Ranch.

Fresh milk delivered daily to my customers in John Day and Canyon cities. Give me your orders. J. OLLIVER.

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

Office in his Drug Store, Main Street. Orders for Drugs promptly filled. No professional patronage solicited in any direction.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon.

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 that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Grant County, Ore., at Canyon City, Ore., on May 23rd, 1889, viz: DANIEL GILPIN, D. S. No 3022 for the NE 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec. 3 N 1/2 NW 1/4 and SE 1/4 NW 1/4 Sec. 9 T. 15 S. R. 21 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: James M. Hutchinson, Andrew J. Pierce, James V. Pierce, Charles Beyer, all of Blanton, Or.

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 witness of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

HENRY RINEHART, Register.

Livery and Feed Stable.

LEE MILLER, Prop. 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 BRIGGS & ROAD CARTS. Special attention given to the care of transient stock.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY. Only Genuine System of Memory Training. Four Weeks' Course. Will enable you to remember anything you wish to remember. Address: H. W. HARRINGTON, 211 Broadway, N. Y.

THE SENORITA'S PLOT, And How it Was Chhckmated.

Number of ladies and gentlemen were seated on the hurricane deck of a fine steamer running between New Orleans and Havana. The sun had disappeared beneath the deep blue waters, leaving a broad track of dancing reddish light that tinged the water with a beautiful effect. The light breeze swept gently over the water, and the passengers, judging from the many exclamations of delight, appeared to fully enjoy the scene.

The attention of some was directed towards a long, low object, that rested like a cloud on the distant horizon, and as the genial, gray-haired captain came bustling aft, with a pleasant smile illuminating his weather-beaten features, a young lady inquired of him what it was.

For an instant the sea dog glanced in the direction indicated by the fair hand, then, with an attempt to modulate his voice into sweetest tones, replied: "That cloud, as you call it, young lady, is perhaps better known as the Tortugas bank, and it was in this vicinity that I once had an exciting adventure, in fact, it was a fight for my life."

"Oh, do tell us all about it, Captain; we should so much like to hear one of your sailor stories," and a general chorus from the bevy of fair ones finally decided the skipper to surrender at discretion, and in his matter-of-fact way the seaman commenced his yarn without further preface:

"It was about the year 1825 that I had command of the old brig 'Maria.' She was one of a regular line of packets running from New Orleans to Havana, and as a general thing I used to be crowded with passengers.

"But navigation in those days was not so pleasant as at the present time, and the Gulf of Mexico, including the waters around Cuba, swarmed with piratical craft, whose blood-thirsty deeds terrified the whole merchant marine, and the United States were forced to keep a large squadron actively cruising that finally had the desired effect, and in time they cleared the waters of the freebooters.

"I left Havana with the hold full of merchandise; and in the cabin I had one passenger, a fine-looking young fellow belonging to Commodore Porter's fleet, then stationed in West India waters for the purpose of exterminating the black-hearted villains. He was a midshipman and had been wounded in a cutting-out expedition against the pirates. He was now bound to New Orleans, where he landed, having been granted sick leave for the purpose of recuperation.

"In the forward saloon—sort of intermediate passengers—were nine Spaniards, black-whiskered, swarthy-looking fellows, and one Spanish maiden, about twenty years old, completed the passenger list.

"The young lady occupied the best state room in the after cabin, and I must confess that her beautiful hair, black, luxuriant and glossy; her eyes, expressive soft and melting as a gazelle's; her pretty form, coquettish airs and sweet glances were sufficient to turn the hearts and heads of the whole ship's company. She did not appear to have anything to say to her countrymen in the forward cabin, and was disposed to treat them with silent contempt.

"I pitied the young lady, for neither the middy nor myself could speak a word Spanish; but it did not appear to have any effect on the officer, for he made love to the senorita in the most approved fashion, and whenever opportunity offered, while she, nothing loath, laughed and chatted in pure Castilian, and her soft, musical voice could be heard singing through the cabin whenever the middy

was by her side. She was evidently possessed of wealth; at least I judged so from the usual standpoint—appearances. She had a profusion of diamonds and rare gems, which, with a Cuban's love of display, she wore on every possible occasion. I came to the conclusion that the shrewd middy, despairing of promotion and having received more blows than dollars, was laying an anchor to windward, for which I could not blame him, and wished him success in capturing the prize—if he could. But what puzzled me was how they managed to get along so well when neither could understand a word the other said; but as the days rolled by the impatient middy pushed the siege, with but little doubt in my mind as to the ultimate result.

"I was stretching over for the Tortugas bank that you can all see looming up ahead, when one of the crew at work on the foretop-sail yard reported a sail in sight broad off the beam.

"Now, a sail in those days meant danger, and a reasonable expenditure of caution at least became necessary, as nine times out of ten the stranger would prove to be a pirate. I at once slung my glass over my shoulder, jumped into the fore rigging, and ran aloft for the purpose of examining the fellow. I was there some time looking at the sail that was glistening in the distance not much larger than a gull's wing.

"The wind was light and variable, the sun dazzled my eyes, and a little swell rather interfered with my observation, so that, all combined, I was aloft much longer than I ordinarily intended, finally returning to my post not much wiser for my trouble.

"Defending the after companionway I entered the cabin with the intention of enjoying my usual siesta, hoping meanwhile that a favorable breeze would spring up. I had nicely composed myself for the nap when a light, rapid footstep crossed the cabin, and the next instant the middy entered my room without knocking, somewhat to my surprise, as he was very punctilious in all matters pertaining to sea etiquette and customs. I was on the point of so expressing myself when I chanced to catch his eye, causing me to start up from the lounge in surprise and alarm. I knew at once that something out of the usual line had occurred.

"His voice dropped to a whisper as he seated himself by my side, while a thrill of nameless dread and apprehension shot through my heart as he said impressively: "Captain, we have pirates on board!"

"Pirates! I echoed. "What are you talking about. Has your spooking and cooing affected your brain?"

"On the contrary, it has done us both a good turn. I assure you, we have to confront life or death, and that shortly. I repeat, sir, we have pirates among us."

"Speak out, man; let's have it all. Who are they?"

"The nine Spaniards in the forward saloon and their faithful ally, the senorita."

"I looked at the naval officer sharply, for I could not credit what he was saying, but the steady gaze of his clear, gray eyes reflected back no fires of insanity, while his demeanor, cool and undemonstrative, was indicative of anything but a highly wrought or excited state of mind.

"How did you discover the fact and ascertain they were sailing under false colors?"

"Simply enough. I have had my ears and eyes open for some time, the entire passage, in fact, losing but little of their conversation, plans and intentions concerning us all."

"Why, confound it, what do you mean? What are you telling me, young man? Did you not inform me in person, that you could not speak a word of

Spanish, and have I not heard you jabbering away to the girl, trying in vain to make yourself understood?"

"I admit I told you all of that, but there was a motive in it all. My suspicions were aroused when I looked your passenger over, so I began to play a part. Thank heaven, my pretended ignorance of the language will not be without its good results. Why, my dear sir, do you suppose that I could be a native of New Orleans, and two years on the West India station, and not learn something of the language of the Don's? I can speak it like a native. But in this matter we must move at once; there is no time to lose."

"Let me hear the whole story. I can decide better then upon some plan of action. I presume the picaroons have designs upon the vessel?"

"Not only upon the vessel, but the lives of all hands. It is singular, but that prett-faced demon is at the bottom of the whole plot. Perhaps you wonder at the course I pursued in regard to her and my pretended ignorance of the Spanish language. I will explain my reason moae fully for telling the whooper. The day we sailed I was standing by the side of the sonorita, who tripped and would have fallen but for my assistance. I noticed on her hand a gem that glittered and sparkled to a wonderful degree, while the setting was both odd and very massive. Well, sir, that ring was once the property of my uncle. He owned a plantation in Jamaica, which he left two years ago to visit his people in New Orleans. Neither he nor the vessel in which he embarked had been heard from since. My suspicions were at once aroused; it was too late to back out or seek for a passage by some other craft, while to disclose bare suspicions without proofs would have placed me in an unenviable position. I held my peace waiting for what might turn up. While I have been flirting with her and she pretending to converse with me she was in reality perfecting plans with the Spaniards for the seizure of your ship and the murder of us all. They are all members of one gang, and a fine lot of jail birds they are. I have no doubt that they murdered my uncle, and in some way the senorita has been mixed up in it."

"What do you propose to do?"

"While you were up aloft they had a last grand confab. To-night they are to rise, take the ship, make all hands walk the plank, and then run into Galveston, which is their rendezvous. They have not the slightest suspicion that we understand a word of their language and imagine that the vessel will fall an easy prey to their rapacity, which very confidence on their part will be of immense advantage to us when the time is ripe for action. Their plan is as follows: They will all sleep on deck, with two of their number convenient to the cabin hatch, two in close proximity to the man at the wheel, while the remainder will attend to the watch on deck and men forward. The signal for the attack is to be three raps on the hatch, and the mate and man at the wheel will be instantly thrown overboard. We, that is, you and I, are to be attended to by the senorita, who, with her poiard, is to give us the coup de grace. There, sir, you have the whole of it, and now we must circumvent them at their own game."

"I scarcely knew what to do, for there were no arms on board the brig. The middy had a pair of pistols and his light dress sword, the only weapon we could depend upon; but I managed to communicate with all the men quietly, while the middy and myself settled upon a plan of action.

"The Spaniards only counted on having one watch on deck, but as I intended to have all hands on the alert, I resolved to lull suspicion by pretending that a gale was apprehended. As fortune would have it, the appearance of the weather was all in our favor, and with the disap-

pearance of the sun the sky looked wild and brassy. The cook had been instructed to keep his choppers full of boiling water, while the men deposited heavers and iron belaying pins about the deck, where they could be utilized at a moment's notice.

"The mate was stationed at the wheel, a hatchet ground as keen as a razor concealed in the bosom of his shirt, while the middy and myself waled the deck, each with a pistol in his pocket and the sword near at hand. Outwardly calm and with careless demeanor, we waited for the summons that was to decide both the fate of the vessel and all hands.

"Deeper grew the shades of night about us, while in the distance lightning played with an ominous glare from heavy threatening clouds that were rapidly spreading over the entire heavens.

"Occasionally the low warbling of the Spanish girl could be heard as she hummed some love song, while the strategic positions of the murderous Spaniards were easily discernible by the small glowing light that emanated from their ceaseless cigarettes.

"The night was calm, scarcely a breath of air ruffled the surface of the dark expanse of waters, and the canvas flapped idly to and fro, causing the reef points to dance and rattle almost continuously. I will confess to a feeling of nervousness, with every faculty braced to its utmost tension, my ear strained for the first sound that would announce the commencement of the deadly struggle. But my companion, the middy, took matters very differently, and laughed, nodded and joked as lively as though walking the quarter deck of his own bonny craft.

"Suddenly three distinct measured raps echoed through the ship, and in an instant the whole scene changed as if by magic. The signal had been given considerably earlier than any of us expected, but you may depend we were not caught napping. Far from it, as the conspirators found to their cost.

"I had no time nor opportunity to attend to anything but my own personal safety, for one of the larger Spaniards rushed at me from a dark corner, his two-edged dirk glittering on high, poised directly over my heart, but it never had an opportunity to descend. With a cool, steady aim I covered the fellow's head, and I doubt if he ever realized what was the cause that consigned him so suddenly to everlasting punishment. The middy had not used his pistol, but depending on his sword ran his antagonist through in the most approved manner. The mate had desperately wounded his assailant, leaving them writhing and moaning in agony on the deck, that was slippery with their blood.

"Forward the battle was raging fiercely, the loud yells of the opposing forces ringing through the air in discordant shouts, varied occasionally by shrieks as Sam the cook, dealt out his stock of scalding water with an unstedded hand.

"The Spaniards were capezing about like French dancing masters, with the enraged seamen following them up closely, using their hoovers and belaying pins against the dirks of the Spaniards. On came the seamen, flushed with victory, charging upon the now thoroughly cowed

and demoralized scoundrels, when suddenly from the depths of the cabin bounded forth the senorita, her hair streaming, her eyes blazing, and a torrent of Castilian pouring from her lips. Like a tigress at bay she glared about her, displaying at the same time a pair of superbly mounted pistols.

"At that instant, driven to close quarters by the men, a number of the pirates leaped overboard, leaving but one of number on deck. He was by far the handsomest one of the reckoning, and he was closely engaged with the middy, who was evidently making it very lively for his antagonist.

"We were all more or less exhausted from our exertions, and, having full faith in the officer's ability to defend himself, we crowded around to witness the combat. The senorita appeared on deck just in time to behold the last lever thrust of the light keen-edged rapier.

"The Spaniard had wound his cape around his left arm, leaving his right clear to wield the dirk as he advanced and retreated, watching for an opportunity to sheath it in the bosom of the young officer. I was about to brain the rascal myself and terminate the affair when I was saved the trouble. The pirate had retreated before an attack of the middy, when, tripping over a ring bolt, he was thrown off his guard, and like a flash of lightning the bright blade of the officer's sword passed through the Spaniard's body.

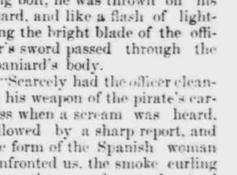
"Scarcely had the officer cleaned his weapon of the pirate's carcass when a scream was heard, followed by a sharp report, and the form of the Spanish woman confronted us, the smoke curling from the muzzle as she stood over the body of the prostrate Spaniard.

"The middy reeled and staggered forward, falling heavily on the deck, but the weapon, forced on by the impetuosity of the fall, was sheathed to the hilt in the woman's body. She fell, uttering a low moan, all hands of us standing aghast at the terrible termination of the melee.

"The officer was carried below unconscious, where I attended to his wound, which fortunately was neither deep nor serious, but exceedingly painful. He survived it, reaching his destination safely, and to-day ranks among the highest of his profession.

"The Spaniards who had been wounded were secured, but died ere the brig reached port, so that finally the entire crew found wayward graves. The senorita was despoiled of her jewels, ere she was consigned to the deep, I having the pleasure of turning over to the middy ere he bade me farewell, the ring formerly owned by his unfortunate uncle."—N. Y. Mercury.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the manufacture of low test, cheap weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cases. Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon. April 15, 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 that said proof will be made before Clerk of Grant County, at Canyon City, Oregon, on June 1, 1889, viz: WINFIELD R. ALLEN, D. S. No 7707 for the S 1/2 NW 1/4 and N 1/2 SW 1/4 Sec. 21 T. 15 S. R. 21 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: W. H. Johnson, Frank M. Pearson, David E. Helmick, P. Pearson all of Blanton, Or.

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 witness of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

HENRY RINEHART, Register.

ST. JACOBS OIL. TRADE MARK. THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN. For Strains and Sprains. Evidence, Fresh, New, Strong.

Suffered 9 Years. June 20, 1888. Endured 9 years with strab. back could not walk straight; used two bottles St. Jacobs Oil, cured. He pain in 18 months. M. J. WALLACE.

On Crutches. Cambridge, Ohio, June 24, '88. Two weeks on crutches from strained ankle and St. Jacobs Oil, cured, no return of pain in one year. W. E. DAF.

Used Cane. Houston, Texas, June 25, 1888. Sprained my back, had in two weeks, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil after 5 months suffering. H. B. SPOFFORD.

In Bed. Koshkonong, Mich., May 21, 1888. About March 7, I strained my ankle and was in bed one week; used one two weeks. Three applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured me and there has been no return of pain. GIL. B. BROWN.

Terrible Pain. Pleasant Hill, May 12, 1888. I sprained my thumb last Spring, and a terrible swelling and pain ensued. Four applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured me and there has been no return of pain. GIL. B. BROWN.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.