THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

Volume XI. *CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY. OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1889.* *Number 10.*

Grant Co. News.

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,

—BY—

D. I. ASBURY

Editor and Proprietor.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

Subscription $3 00
Si Months.....1 50
Three Months..... 75

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS $2.50 per square for first, and $1 per square for each subsequent insertion

Regular advertising rates made known on application.

No certificate given until all charges are paid

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

☞ Special rates to regular advertisers.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY:

Co. Judge..... N. R. Maxcy.
Clerk .... Phil Metschan
Treasurer .....N. H. Boley.
Commissioners { J. H. McHaley. H. H. Davis.
Surveyor.... ..... J. H. Neal
Sheriff..... .....W. P Gray
Assessor .... Chas. Timms.
School Supt.... ..... E. Hayes.
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 d ys.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at La Grande, Oregon. April 18, 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 3, 1889, viz: WINFIELD R ALLEN, D S No 7707 for the S half NW quar N half SW quar Sec 21 Tp 16 S R 30 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 reasons, 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 witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

5-10 HENRY RINEHART, Register.

SEVEN ON THE SCAFFOLD.

It was a summer day in the early 'sixties.

Atlanta lay basking in the sunshine, and hardly a movement or a sound to disturb the peace that brooded over her.

Here and there might have been seen the flash of shining steel, and groops of armed men, but there was nothing beyond this that savored of war.

In a large room in the old jail perhaps a score or so of prisoners were assembld. Some were chatting over old times; others were looking through the grated windows at the bright outside world, and several were playing cards. They were a set of stalwart fellows, shapely and muscular, with keen eyes and bronzed, bearded faces.

Unlike ordinary jail birds, there was nothing particularly vicious in the appearance of these men. They looked like soldiers, and in fact belonged to the federal army. Outside of the jail walls they were spoken of as "the engine thieves," but within the union lines they were regarded as detailed soldiers selected fos a special mission requiring great caution and courage. In a word, they belonged to the party which under the leadership of Captain Andrews had almost succeeded in carrying the engine and cars stolen at Big Shanty into the enemy's camp, after burning behind them all the bridges on the state road.

The men, idly passing away tue tedious hours of the long summer day in the gloomy jail, were reckless and daring adventurers and they looked like a dangerous crowd.

The card-playing went on and the loungers about the windows talked and laughed. As yet they did not know their fate—they might be treated as prisoners of war or they might be put to death as spies. They did not know, and they took no thought of the morrow.

A clatter of hoofs and the clash of sabers arrested their attention for a moment and the players looked up.

"Cavalry," said a man at the window.

The game went on. Atlanta was full of cavalry and infantry, too,—the matter was of no interest to the prisoners.

The cavalrymen haulted in front of the jail and several officers went into the building.

When the door of the room opened and the jailer made his appearance accompanied by the officers, the prisoners showed signs of interest.

This visit meant something they thought, and they were not mistaken.

One of the officers produced a paper and called out the names of seven prisoners. The men all answered.

What did it mean? Was it an exchange, a transfer, or what?

Like a thunderbolt the appalling intelligence burst upon them. They had been tried as spies, condemned as spies, and they were to be hanged as spies!

The death warrant was read in silence so intense that the falling of a pin could have been heard. It stated that the sentence was to be executed as soon as it was made public.

Every man was struck with the idea the moment the reading was finished that it had been made public!

When would the hanging take place? They were not suffered to remain long in doubt. The Rev. W. J. Scott and the Rev. Mr. McDonald were permitted to enter and offer the doomed men such spiritual consolation as was in their power.

An appeal was made for a respite, but it was of no avail. The officers had their orders. Then the men left their last messages for theia families, and the promise was given that they should be sent, if possible. It turned out later that the war department at Richmond would not send them through the lines.

The seven men were stoutly pinioned, marched out of jail and placed in a wagon. The cavalry escort closed around it, and the procession started off. Eastward of Oakland cemetery at that time was a little grove, and in this secluded spot arrangements had been made for the execution.

As no publication had been made of the affair, and as precaution had been taken to keep the matter from the public, there was not a very large crowd present. But, besides the soldiers, there were citizens, boys and a few negroes waiting in breathless horrow for the last scene of all.

The gallows was a very simple machine. Several nooses dangled from a long beam stretched between two trees just over a narrow platform supported by props.

With pale faces, ond yet with wonderful composure, the seven men took their places on the platform, and the nooses were adjusted.

Wilson, one of the victims, a handsome, manly fellow, asked permission to speak. His request was granted, and in a loud, clear voice he entered his protest against the sentence passed upon him and his comrades. He said that they were not spies—they were detailed soldiers acting under orders. Then he told his hearers that they had been misled, that they were fighting for a hopeless cause, and that the union was bound to be restored. He told them that the people of the north felt no hatred for the south, but they would carry on the war until victory was theirs, and the stars and stripes waved over the conquered confederacy.

It was a mild and yet a bitter speech. Nobody wanted to hear it, but the spectators listined with painful interest. When brave men are about to die there is always sympathy for them, and the confederates and the citizens around the scaffold looked on with hearts full of pity.

There was no help for it. The stern decree had to be carried out, and after Wilson's speech the props were knocked away, and the seven bodies hung suspended in the air.

Few more horrible executions have ever been seen in this civilized land. Two of the prisoners were very heavy men. Their ropes broke and they fell to the ground.

When they were picked up the blood was streaming from their mouth and nostrele, and they begged pitiously for an hour's respite to enable them to gain their strength.

In mercy to the sufferers, their request was refused. It would have been cruel to prolong their ogony.

So the two half-hanged men were made to again thrust their heads through the nooses, and in a few moments their corpses were swinging in the ghastly line with the other five.

It did not take long to fill up the narrow trench in which the coffinless dead were buried.

The cavalry clattered back to town; the citizens scattered off to their homes.

Only a few engine thieves—spies—had met their just deserts, the pepole said, but for all that Atlanta felt that she was in the shadow of a great tragedy.

The bright summer day faded away in sadness and darkness, and timid women shuddered, while the old graybeards shook their wise heads and predicted disaster.

After all, it was only a chapter in the history of a war, and all wars are full of sorrowful chapters.

WALLACE P. REED.

President Harrison has shaken 42,000 hands and 7,143 office-seekers.

Gold has been discovered at Tilden, Minn., and there is a wild rush of prospectors to the new field.

You can alwrys guess when an Arctic explorer has found the North Pole. If he comes back he has not found it.

Oscar Swiney, while plowing near Atlanta, Ga., unearthed about seventy-five human skulls. No one has been able to account for them.

It is announced from Washington that the president will assemble Congress in extra session early in October, for the purpose of considering the leading issue, revenue legislation.

Several Irishmen were disputing one day about the invincibility of their respective powers when one of them remarked: "Faith, I'm a brick." "And I'm a bricklpyer," said another, giving the first speaker a blow that brought him to the ground.

Bobby had been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth. "Indeed, Bobby," replied the minister indulgently. "And what will he do with his old set?" "Oh, I s'pose," replied Bobby, "they will cut 'em down an' make me wear 'em."

In Wellington, New Zealand, a diver who had gone down some thirty feet to place some blocks for a pier foundation, was attacked by a devil fish that succeeded in fastening on him, and in spite of all his struggles, pinned him to one of the piles of a retaining wall. The diver, however, had the good sense to remain quiet, and the devil fish, whose arms measured quite nine feet, quitting his hold of the pile, was brought to the surface on the back of the diver and killed. These monsters are reported to be very numerous in Wellington Harbor.

An enterprising real estate firm at Santa Clara county, Cal., advertising an follows: "Mothers, fathers, husbands who intend to become fathers! Look at this offer and weep for joy. The owner and proprietors of the town of Bethlehem, will give to the first child born in Bethlehem the garden spot of Santa Clara county, one lot on the principal street of said town, just as soon as we can ascertain the name of said child, and we don t care whether it is born in a manger or the open air. We do know the offer is free for all, and open to any competitor. Those of you who are thinking seriously of having one will do well to grasp at this offer for every child is not born with a silver spoon in its mouth."—Ex.

"I—that is, I have called to ask you to do me a favor," he said to the bar tender of a saloon on Hastings street.

"Vhell, what vhas it?"

"A party of friends are to come in on me suddenly this evening, you know. I have a few crackers and a bottle of horseradish in the house, but it struck me that some beer would come in handy. If you could trust me for a keg I would—"

"To trust," replied the man behind the bar.

"You might lend me gallon or so. If you could I am sure—"

"No lend."

"Suoppose I let the company go? Suppase I drink a glass of beer here now and let my visitors get along on the crackers and horseradish. I have no money myself if you could—"

"But I can't."

"Um. Have you any water handy?"

"Vhell, I gif you some water."

"Thanks. I consider it a great favor. There isn't much substance to it, but I can't expect substance for nothing. If you could now see your way clear to wash the taste out of my mouth I should never forget your—"

"Say! What sort of a man you vhas? Do you want some earth?"

"Just a small glass, you know. I shan' kick if there is no head on it."

"Well, hase it vhas, but you don't nefer come in my house again!"

"Never, my friend—never!" said the man as he drained the "pony." "There's 1,398 other saloons in this town, and by the time I get around to you again my tase will probably run to buttermilk or ginger ale. Peace be with you.—Detroit Free Press.

A Qualification Sure to Inspire Love

"Yes, James I admire your frankness in thus telling me of all your bad habits before proposing for my hand, but ere I accept you must say something in your favor."

For a moment the poor man paused; he wasn't very good at best, and now he was asked by she whom he loved dearer than life to name some of his good qualities. Finally, with an effort, he chokingly said:

"May, I ain't got any good qualities to speak of; but there is one thing that I do pride myself on, and that is the fact that I never yet owned an overcoat with fur collar and cuffs."

With a low cry of joy the girl flung herself into his arms, and she was his'n.—Peck's Sun.

How it Worked

At the weekly prayer meeting—The Rev. Mr. Wilgus—And now I would be pleased to know if any of the brethren or sisters have tried the plan of infusing a little more affection into their daily home life, as I so earnestly recommended last Sabbath?"

Brother Marks—I did, but it wat hardly a success. I followed your directions, Brother Wilgus, and kissed my wife as soon as I got home, and as quick as she got her breath she wanted to know what mischief I had been up to."

Sister Sampson—And when I greeted mp lord and master with a loving salute—I believe that is the way you recommended, Brother Wilgus—he wanted to know whether it was a pair of shoes or r new bonnet I was after.—Terre Haute Express.