

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, JUNE 6, 1889.

Number 11.

Grant Co. News.

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,

—BY—

D. I. ASBURY

Editor and Proprietor.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

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Regular advertising rates made known on application.

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Church Directory

Rev. A. Evans 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.

BAKER and CANYON CITY



STAGE LINE.

McGUEN & GRIFFIN, Props.

Stage leaves Canyon City every morning except Sunday, arriving at Baker the next day.

Good teams, good conveyances and fast time.

Every attention given to the comfort of passengers.

Charges Reasonable.

Canyon City Barber Shop

Shear Grinding



A Specialty.

—THE—

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. This firm makes no misleading promises of exorbitant salaries, but pushing and reliable applicants who can furnish satisfactory references as to their worthiness will be liberally paid in proportion to the ability they demonstrate. Our requirements will not of necessity interfere with business in which applicant may now be engaged. Address, with references, to A. HARRINGTON & CO., 30 State St., Chicago, Ill.

Harney Stage Line.



J. W. Tracy, Prop.

Route leads from Canyon City to Burns, in company with, carrying U. S. Mail and Express, Fargo & Co. Express.

Stage leaves Canyon Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 a. m., and leaves Burns on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passenger and Freight at reasonable rates.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. G. W. BARBER,
Physician & Surgeon.
Canyon City, Oregon.
Office and residence in the Dr. Horsley residence, upper end of Main street.
Professional calls made day or night.

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. Deeds 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, Oreg

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 Land.

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.
Canyon City, Oregon.
Office in his Drug Store, Main Street.
Orders for Drugs promptly filled.
No professional patronage solicited unless directions are strictly followed.

"BIT SALOON!"
CANYON CITY Oregon
Hugh Smith, prop'r.

A Full Stock of the Purest of Wines and Liquors.

The Best cigars in the Market.

Strictly orderly house conducted

Livery and Feed Stable.

LEE MILLER, Prop'r.
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 BUGGIES & ROAD CARTS.

Special attention given to the care of transient stock.

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

John C. Lince John Day
Warren Carners Wagner
Jas. Wallace Long Creek
L. H. Johnson Dayville
John H. Baker Caleb

T. H. Curl,
Stock Inspector for Grant County.
Postoffice Mt. Vernon, Or.



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 multitude of low cost, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. Royal Baking Powder Co., 100 Wall St., N. Y.

PAT CAMPBELL
Wholesale & Retail
DEALER IN
GROCERIES
PROVISIONS
Flour and Feed.
NEAR THE DEPOT,
BAKER CITY, Or.

Goods found to be not first-class may be returned.

Overholt & Muldrick,
DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
CANYON CITY, Or.

AMERICAN HOTEL.
E. P. LOVEJOY, Proprietor.

John Day - Oregon

No Chinese employed about the premises. Every effort will be made to please guests and make them feel welcome.

Stop at the "American."

CITY LIVERY STABLE!
—AND—
CORRAL, and FEED STABLE

W. R. CUNNINGTON,
Proprietor.

(Wood & Church's old Stand)

Good buggy teams and nice Saddle Horses furnished at all hours of the day or night at reasonable prices. Particular attention paid to boarding and grooming transient stock.

CITY HOTEL
MAIN STREET
CANYON CITY, OREGON,

GROTH & THOMPSON
Proprietors.

Traveling men will find this a pleasant and desirable place at which to stop.

GIVE US A CALL

MOONSHINERS.

Ingenious Tricks by Which They Hide Their Illicit Stills.

A United States marshal of much experience has been talking with a Detroit Free Press representative about the tricks and devices of moonshiners. These men display considerable ingenuity in the selection of hiding places for stills. One fellow in Carter county, Tenn., set up business in a small cave, and the smoke from his fire was carried into the waters of a creek by an underground pipe. This creek was a famous lurking place for trout. One lazy summer day a deputy marshal took his rod and started down to the stream. He was walking along the bank when he noticed that the surface of the water looked smoky. An examination disclosed the pipe leading from the still fire and the wily distiller was discovered. "A noted character in Rowan county, Ky.," said the marshal, "was Squire Obadiah Sexton. He was, if we believe his own words, terribly opposed to moonshining, and whenever we passed his house he would come out and orate on his favorite subject. He was very comfortably fixed and his wife always treated me to buttermilk, of which I am very fond. His farm ran back to a rocky ridge, on the other side of which was Mud Run, a noted place of resort for moonshiners. We arrested a great many of the Mud Runners. I really did not intend that as a pun, for they were 'runners,' and those that we failed to catch took to the brush. In working up evidence against our prisoners we secured nearly enough proof of our friend the Squire's complicity in illicit distilling for the issuance of a warrant of arrest, and thereafter we watched him warily. One hot mid-summer day I took three of my men and climbed the ridge back of Squire Obadiah's house without attracting attention. We had a powerful fieldglass, and this was focused upon the little settlement along Mud Run in the hope of sighting some of the fugitives for whom we had warrants. As noon approached the heat became almost intolerable and we nearly died with thirst, for, presuming, of course, that there was plenty of water on the ridge, we had neglected to fill our canteens. Every spring and water hole was dried up, and when it seemed to me as though my tongue was baked to the roof of my mouth I snatched up a couple of canteens and started down the ridge to Squire Sexton's. A brush fence ran down the hill as far as the corner of his house, and being on the opposite side of it, none of the inmates could see me. More from habit than anything else I pulled out my sixshooter as I turned the corner. The front door was open and as I stepped across the threshold a section of the kitchen floor uprose and Obidiah with a quart measure of moonshine whisky in each hand stood before me. There was a sixshooter in his belt, but I covered him and made him step

out into the room. After disarming him I fired my revolver several times to attract the attention of my bailiffs. When they arrived in response to the signal, we searched the house cellar. Set up there were four eighty gallon stills, and ranged against the walls where about twenty barrels of prime moonshine, besides several hundred gallons of singlings and three hogheads of beer. The smoke of the still fires went up the house chimney and the slop was drained off through underground pipes to a natural basin about 200 yards from the house where it was caught in a tank and afterwards carted away and fed to the 'Squire's' hogs." It will be remembered that ten or twelve years ago Bald mountain in North Carolina was thought to be in a state of actual volcanic eruption. It rumbled and roared, heaved and reeled, big seams opened in its sides and thick clouds of smoke issued therefrom. The ignorant mountain-ers living in the vicinity thought that the end of the world was at hand. A local revival preacher took advantage of the strange phenomena, and by vigorously appealing to the superstitions fears of his hearers, made hundreds of converts. Scientific men investigated the alleged "eruption," and a great New York newspaper sent down a special commissioner to write it up. The matter was never satisfactorily explained, but my friend, the deputy marshal, throws some light on the subject. "I was operating in that vicinity at the time," said he, "and my men no doubt caused the 'eruption.' Bald mountain is honeycombed with caves, and there are numerous veins of coal running through it. The caves were full of moonshine stills. Being naturally fortified they were desperately defended by their owners. We could not afford to risk our precious lives in contest so unequal and we built big fires in the caves to smoke out the moonshiners. The fires ignited the coal seams and that's the true history of the eruption."

He "Wanted to Jine" and She "Jined" Him.

While Waiting at a station in South Carolina one day, I was joined by a man who carried an old-fashioned satchel on his shoulder, and who had evidently walked many miles through the mud. He was fully 60 years of age, scrawny and homely, and he simply nodded to me and sat down on a bale of cotton. In about ten minutes along came a woman in homespun, fully his age about as homely. She had also had a long walk. She nodded to me and sat down on another cotton bale. Not a word was said between us for ten minutes. Then as the whistle of the train was heard in the distance she said to the man:

"Then, Jim, you ar' gwine off ter jine the Mormons?"

"I am, Hannah," he replied. "An' you won't take me?"

"No."

"And I'm to be left?"

"Yes."

"And it won't do no good to argify?"

"Not a bit."

"Wall, then, good-ye to you."

She started forward with extended arm, but passed his hand and seized the satchel and flung it thirty feet away. Then she grabbed him by the hair and they went off the platform into a mudhole together, and as the train moved away she was on top and jamming his head into the old gold soil and saying between the jams:

"Want to jine the Mormons, do you! Want to leave the old wife who's dun lived with you forty years! Want to jine—jine—jine, you old rabbit, you!"

And fifty passengers gave her three cheers and a tiger as she got a new hold on his whiskers. —Detroit Free Press.

JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
REMEDY FOR PAIN
For Bruises and Burns.

Fresh, Strong, Convincing Facts.

Best Results. East Providence, R. I. June 25. While in the employ of the Standard Oil Co. applied for St. Jacobs Oil to many had been of the members, and always with best results. GEO. W. HORTON.

Ladder Fall. Galveston, Texas, June 25, 1889. Fall from ladder; bruised and sprained my foot and wrist; suffered five days; was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. JOSEPH WITTEN.

Knee-Cap Hurt. Hall, Ind., Aug. 10, 1889. Knocking was hurt and I suffered 3 months; 3 bottles of St. Jacobs Oil permanently restored me. C. C. MCKENZIE.

Dislocation. Joliet, Ill., May 24, 1889. Dislocated shoulder; 3 years ago; caused 3 weeks to leave; the pain was cured by St. Jacobs Oil and have had no return of it. J. D. BROWN.

Horse-Kick. Oak, O., June 25, 1889. Suffered 4 weeks from the kick of a horse; had to leave; two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured me. F. C. REESE.

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

A FAMOUS BATTLE-GROUND.

On the banks of the Tippecanoe, a small stream which enters the Wabash River in Indiana, was fought the terrible battle of Tippecanoe.

In this great struggle of frontier times, the allied western Indians under the chieftainship of Elskwatawa, the "Prophet," were defeated in November, 1811, by the Americans under the command of Gen. Wm. H. Harrison.

It was a desperate, hard-fought battle, and much depended upon the result.

Had the Indians been successful, all barriers of defence for the early settlers would have been overthrown and the deadly tomahawk would have been active in the rapid extermination of the remaining pioneers. On the other hand the fortunate termination of the contest put an end to further attempts at open warfare by the Indians. The rich territory, so long overrun by hostile savages, was thrown open for settlement, which rapidly occurred as soon as the news of the great victory became widespread.

Naturally great praise was rendered to the success and intrepid bravery of Gen. Harrison and he was honored in many ways. He afterwards served as Commander of the Army of the Northwest, and when Indiana was admitted to statehood, he was selected to represent the State in the United States Senate. In 1840 he was elected President and his unfortunate demise occurred shortly after being inaugurated.

The forty-second anniversary of the Battle of Tippecanoe found the gallant grand-son of "Old Tip" leading his forces to a great political victory which resulted in the selection of Gen. Ben. Harrison as President of the United States.

The Harrisons have been a hardy race of men, sprung from old log cabin stock, which is a sufficient guarantee of its genuineness wherever found. Realizing the truth of this, the great effort has been made to rediscover some of the secrets contained in the old log cabin stock of useful articles, and as the result, the famous Old Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, universally regarded as the best Spring tonic and blood cleanser has been found. Not satisfied with the world-wide esteem which is held for Warner's Safe Cure, the only cure for kidney diseases, the proprietor is willing to do all that is possible to establish Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla as foremost among household articles on account of its purity and effectiveness.

After all, each individual has, at all times, the great battle of life or death to fight, and for security attention must necessarily be given to the weapons which remain can offer him manly in the great contest.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

True friendship, beginning here, ends not through all eternity. All is not true that lay claim to friendship. 'Tis only the hearts cemented by true shared and sympathies strong, that has right to claim this time-honored name for good fellowship. Many times we meet those who seemingly are true, but when put to test they fail to stand the crucial fires. 'Tis the mind alone, the soul-principle, that can rely upon mind for stability. Men find men with minds congenial; women meet women with interest and sympathies alike, but the strongest, truest friendships are most often seen between man and woman, whose minds find eager pleasure in the same book, the same beauties of nature, and the same cravings for home ties. Where soul speaks unto soul through the words of another, through nature, through song, through painting and through sculptured art, there you find true friendship. Alone such likes attract us truly, and make it our truest, tenderest wish to share each other's joys and griefs.

The evil-minded sneer and condemn, but those of lofty intellect see only the good principle of purity enshrined in true friendship; be it established between man and man, woman and woman, or man and woman. The last may be wedded lovers, or they may be separated far asunder by legal ties, and have no thought of marriage, and all their meetings be as guarded and free from impure thoughts as the mingling of pure angels. To the pure in spirit evil has no charms. In the after life of the soul; where thoughts are as lettered pages, it will be seen that such has been the true basis of friendship.

Platonic love is only another name for such friendship between man and woman. Naught can be so beneficial to man as the society of pure women. Naught be so instructive and cheering as the society of a worthy man to a woman of refinement. When life's sorrow drows together no sympathy is so aidful and so praised. The business life is perplexed or whoe home is cheerless, can pass hours of calm in company with a mind whose literary tastes are in harmony, and wrong no one by the companion-

ship. He is only better prepared to return unto his daily routine and unmurmuring tread the wine press of his financial embarrassment, or his home incongruities.

Life here has so many would that need healing with tenderness and love. Must we see another suffer and not lend the aid of our sympathy because we happen to be of opposite sex? Is the spirit of love we are told to cultivate? Is this being humane?—EX.

A man without a character is always making a fuss about having it vindicated.

Miss Maddox, of Brewton, Ala., dressed up as a tramp to lighten her mother, and the latter, seizing a shotgun, emptied its contents into her daughter's body, inflicting a dangerous wound. The shotgun in the hands of a woman plays one queer prank. If the laughter had been a genuine tramp, Mrs. Maddox's shot would have wounded a cow in a field fifty yards distant.

Citizen (to Uncle Rastus)—"So that is the woman you're going to marry, is it, Uncle Rastus?"

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, dat me de lady. She ain't much to look at.

Citizen—Well, no, not very much, Uncle Rastus.

Uncle Rastus—But she hab 'ot forty-seven dollars in the bank, boss, an' she hab promised ter gib me de power ob attorney-generalship.—Harper's Weekly.

Johnny Quinlan, of Evanson, has the most wonderful confidence in the efficacy of prayer, but he thinks that prayer does not succeed unless it is accompanied with considerable physical strength. He believes that all prayer is a good thing, and he doubts the efficacy of juvenile prayer.

He has wanted a Jersey cow for a good while, and tried prayer, but it didn't seem to go to the central office. Last week he went to a neighbor, who is a deacon and a believer in the efficacy of prayer, and the owner of a Jersey cow.

"Do you believe that prayer will bring me a yaller Jersey cow?" said Johnny.

"Why, yes, of course, prayer will remove mountains. It will to anything."

"Well, then, suppose you give me the cow you've got, and pray for another one."

WHAT IS SCROFULA

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors," which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can It Be CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. Some of these cures are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula, be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My daughter Mary was afflicted with scrofula sore neck from the time she was 22 months old till she became six years of age. Lumps formed in her neck, and one of them after growing to the size of a pigeon's egg, became a running sore for over three years. We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, when the lump and all indications of scrofula entirely disappeared, and now she seems to be a healthy child." J. S. CARRIE, Naughton, N. J.

M. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. 21c; six for \$1. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

MEMORY
MARVELOUS
DISCOVERY.

Only those who have tried it can read it.

Every mind wanting cured.

Great testimonials to its efficacy.

It is the only memory cure.

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