



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

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, JULY 4, 1889.

Number 15

Grant Co. News.

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,

BY D. I. ASBURY

Editor and Proprietor.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

Subscription \$3 00 per month, \$1 50 for three months.

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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 J. 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.

BAKER and CANYON CITY



STAGE LINE,

McCuen & 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.

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.

First-class Single and Double Teams to let.

THE Harney Stage line.

J. W. Tracy, Prop.

Route leads from Canyon City to Burns, in arroyo valley, carrying U. S. Mail and U. S. Express.

Stages leave Canyon City on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 a. m., and leave Burns on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers and Freight at reasonable rates.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. R. G. W. BARBER, Physician & Surgeon. Canyon City, Oregon. Office and residence in the Dr. Harley 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. DENNING, Attorney-at-Law. LONG CREEK, OREGON.

J. McCULLOUGH, Notary Public. CANYON CITY, ORE. Office with M. D. Clifford.

E. A. Knight, Dentist. CANYON CITY, OREGON. Office over John Schmidt's cabinet shop; office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

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

CLAY TODD HUNTER, Constable and Collector. Canyon City, Ore.

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. Give me your orders.

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 strictly followed.

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

A Full Stock of the Purist of Wines and Liquors. The Best cigars in the Market.

Livery and Feed Stable. LEE MILLER, Prop'r. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon. (PETER KUH'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.

DEPUTY STOCK INSPECTORS NOTICE is hereby given that I have appointed the following-named persons as my Deputies, viz: John C. Luce, John Day, Warren Carsner, Wagner, Jas. Wallace, Long Creek, L. H. Johnson, Dayville, John H. Baker, Caleb.

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



ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

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!

CORRAL, and FEED STABLE. W. R. CUNNINGTON, Proprietor. (Wood & Church's old Stand)

Good buggy to be used 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.

ENTRANCE Main and Washington streets.

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

THE OLD HUNTER'S STORY.

Why the Gray Bearded Stranger Hated the Sight of a Wolf Skin.

He was along in years, as I saw by his iron gray beard, and I saw upon his goods that his name was Cross. He was a tall man, and his build showed that he was a man of great muscular power. He examined the wolf skin for a moment then threw it from him, muttering a deep curse, the meaning of which I did not understand. I privately asked my friend what it meant.

"Ah," said he, "he has a sad story to tell."

"My neighbor, who had come as my guide, went home in the afternoon, and as Mr. Cross was somewhat fatigued by the journey from the settlement, we did not leave the camp that day. I was very anxious to hear Mr. Cross's story, and after supper we sat around the fire for some time, telling about the moose and the various things that had happened during the few days stay at the head of Bog river, which was the name of the locality where we were stopping. After my friend and I had exhausted all our tales, not forgetting the awful night's watching at the camp door, we asked Mr. Cross to tell us something of his hunting exploits.

"I have but one story," he replied, "that will much interest you, but I do not often tell it, and I saw a tear glistening in his eye. I told him we would be pleased to hear his story, but did not wish for him to call anything to remembrance that would cause him grief. He replied: 'The wounds have been healed these many years, though often now it seems to bleed afresh; but my story now I will tell.'

"I was born in northern Vermont. My father was a farmer and as I was the only child, my father gave me the homestead. He died quite young, and the care of the farm devolved on me. My mother soon became lame and could not do the work, and I resolved to marry Dear Louisa, a farmer's daughter who lived but a few miles away, was the one to whom I gave my heart and hand, and she was worthy of the love of any man. My mother soon after died, and we laid her beside her husband in the church yard.

"Two children were born to us, Tommy and Louisa. We watched over them in their infancy and loved them dearly. Tommy was seven, and Louisa, as we called her, five. School to commence the next Monday, and as they had never been to school we made arrangements to send them. The school house was about one-half a mile

off, beyond a piece of woods. I went with them the first and second day, and met them at night, as they were afraid to go through the woods alone, but the third day Tommy said: 'Papa, need not go with us any more, we can go alone.' I granted their wish, and soon saw them disappear, going toward the school house, swinging their little dinner pails.

"They had been gone but a few minutes. I had taken up my ax and was about commencing to cut some wood. I heard little Tommy stream, 'O dear, papa, O dear papa!' burst upon my ears, and at the same moment I heard little Louisa call 'mama, mama.' It is needless to say that I rushed to their rescue, tightly grasping my ax. In one minute I saw two wolves tearing my dear children to pieces. With an unearthly yell I rushed upon them. One left my child and sprang upon me; he lay dead the next instant. I sprang upon the other that was tearing the flesh from the cheek of my little girl, but he ran swiftly away. Poor little Louie was dead; little Tommy raised his torn and bloody hand, and faintly said: 'O, papa, I wish you come fore.' They were his last words; in a few moments he died. I took my dear ones in my arms and carried them to my house. My wife was at the barn. I lay them on the bed; my wife soon came in. She looked upon her children, uttered a fearful wail of sorrow, and fell almost lifeless upon the floor. The shock was too much for her, and within one month she died a raving maniac. She sleeps in Vermont beside her dear babes she loved so well. When he had finished his story there was not a dry eye in the camp, and for some time not a word was spoken. But the evening was far spent, and we soon retired to our beds to dream over the events of the day.—Lewis-ton Journal.

Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty—please stop my whisky! "Oh, no, times are not hard enough for that. But there is something else that costs me a large amount every year, which I wish to save. Please stop my ribbons, jewelry, ornaments and trinkets! "No, no; not those, but I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my tobacco, cigars and snuff! "Not these, at all, but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction. Please stop my tea, coffee and unhealthy luxuries! "No, no, not those. I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs \$3,000 a year. Please stop my paper. That will carry me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially in brain."

A young Polish lady who is desirous of cultivating her musical talent, begs the assistance of kind friends—to enable her to procure a piano, which her parents cannot afford to purchase. This is her address, as given in a London paper: Jadwiga Janina Bogus-Tawska, Piotrkow Trybunalski, Ulica Moskiewska dem Dolinskiego, Poland.

A suggestion has been made in New York to erect large lodging houses in different parts of the city for tramps, and let them work in return for a couple of hours each morning in cleaning the streets in payment for their lodging.

A young woman at Elberton, Georgia, is a snake charmer. She will capture with her hands any snake she finds in the woods and has trained several of them for pets. She would make a good wife for a man with the jim-jams.

A man was convicted in the Police court of Buffalo last week, of stealing one cent from a merchant's money drawer. He was fined \$5.

A LUCKY CONSTABLE.

While waiting at Decatur for the train to Hannsville a constable came in from the country with a negro. It was late at night and they had a long walk. The officer wanted something to eat before walking his prisoner over to the walkup, and he handcuffed the man to the baggage truck. He then went over to the hotel, seeming to feel that all was safe and secure. The negro was asked what he had been arrested for, and he explained that he had driven home and killed the wrong hog. It was a mistake which any colored man was liable to make in a country where hogs looked so much alike, and he asserted that his conscience was resting perfectly quiet under the legal ascension. He was homesick, however, and sighed for the bosom of his family.

"Then why don't you go home?" asked the constable. "Can't get away from dis yare truck," was the reply. "Can't you carry the truck on your shoulder?" "Say, boss," said the man as he leaned forward, "doan talk to me about de black man gitting ahead! I'd hev sot yere a hull week an' nebber thought of that trick! Wid yer kind permission I will now take a walk."

He shouldered the truck and disappeared in the darkness, and half an hour later when the constable came around and discovered what had occurred all he could say was: "Dog-gone it, but I'm in luck! If I'd fastened him to that freight car he'd hav gone off with it just the same, and the railroad would hev come on to me for \$5,000!"—Detroit Free Press.

At a Kansas wedding the minister charged the guests each 50 cents for supper, and sold them popcorn at 5 cents a package.

South Carolina shows gratifying signs of industrial progress. The value of the principal agricultural products of that State in 1877 amounted to \$28,186,080, and in 1888 the aggregate was increased to \$44,135,000.

The bonded debt of the United States is, in round numbers, only \$960,000,000. At the present rate of redemption it will be all paid in nine years, or nine years before the 4 per cents become due.

Some of the Presbyterians in the Assembly of that Church protest against the use of organs in churches; but the majority concluded that the organ might stay. The people who think music is inconsistent with religion are almost too good for Heaven.

"Now, Sal, I love you, and you can't help it, and ef you don't let me stay and court you my daddy will sue youn for that cow he sold him 'toder day. By jingo, he said he'd do it."

"Well, look here Jake, if you want to court me, you'd better do it as a white man does that thing, not set off there as if you thort I was pizen."

"Why earth is that, Sal?" "How side right up here and hug and kiss me as if you really had some the bone and sinner of a man about you. Do you s'pose a woman's only made to look at, you fool you? No, they're made for practical results, to hug, and kiss, and seh like."

"Well," said Jake, drawing a long breath, "if I must I must, for I do love you, Sal," and so Jake commenced sliding up to her like a maple piker going to battle. Laying his arm gently on Sal's shoulders, we thought we heard Sal say:

"Now you begin to please me, old hoss; that's acting like a Connecticut man orter."

"Oh, Jerusalem and pan-cakes!" exclaimed Jake, "if this aint better than apple sass ever marn made, a darn sight. Crackee! buckwheat cakes, slap-jacks and lasses aint nowhere 'longside of you, Sal. Oh how I love you!"

Here their lips came together, and the report that followed was like pulling a horse's foot out of the mire.

What's in a Name?

There seems to be a fatality about certain given names for presidents of the United States. It is a matter of fact that there has never, up to the presidential election, been a man elected bearing the name of Charles, Samuel, Edward, Henry, Fredrick, Oliver, Louis, Alfred, Richard, Walter, Robert or Ralph. There has never been a George since the first and great one—George Washington. Well may the poet say: "What's in a name." Yet men bearing these names, or at least some of them, have been up for office. James and John seem to have been the most lucky names, as we have had five of the first and three of the latter. The majority of the names, however, have been unusual ones, such as Grover, Chester, Rutherford, Ulysses, Abraham, Franklin, Millard, Zachary and Martin, which is one-half of the entire number.

There is a strange coincidence connected with these names of presidents, and that is that the full name of both the first and present president require the same number of letters, which are sixteen, and both end with "on"—George Washington and Benjamin Harrison. According to this we should look on sixteen as a lucky number.

An Iowa clergyman recently married 2 couples and conducted 2 funerals in one day, and to do it drove 50 miles. Total receipts \$5.

The organization known as the Knights of Labor is waning. The membership, which numbered one million three years ago, has dwindled down to 250,000.

A young man recently admitted that in three years he had squandered \$350,000 and it is figured that this youth lived at \$28.33 an hour, which may be called fast time.

By a new law in Arizona it is made the duty of each county board of supervisors to offer \$3,000 reward to the person who first obtains 24,000 gallons of water per day for ten days from an artesian well.

A Columbus (O.) wife wanted a divorce because her husband had a habit of yawning before company. The judge informed her that the company would have to stand it or keep away, and that he often caught himself doing the same thing.

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the article itself. It is merit that wins, and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes what is claimed for it, is what has given to this medicine a popularity and sale greater than that of any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier before the public.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum and all Humors, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness, overcomes that Evil Feeling, creates an Appetite, strengthens the Nerves, builds up the Whole System.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1.00 for 50. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

MEMORIOUS DISCOVERY.

Dr. J. C. Ayer's Memory Discovery. It is a powerful and reliable remedy for all cases of mental weakness, forgetfulness, and general debility. It is sold by all druggists.

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