

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

THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

ADVERTISING AGENCY THE NEWS SAN FRANCISCO Is the best advertising medium through which to reach the people of Eastern Oregon.

Volume XI.

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

Number 16.

Grant Co. News.

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

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

Subscription... \$3 00 Six Months... 1 50 Three Months... 75

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS \$2.50 per square for first, and 25 per square 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 cts each subsequent insertion.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY:

- Co. Judge... N. R. Maxcy. Clerk... Phil Metsehan. Treasurer... N. H. Boley. Commissioners... J. H. Davis, J. H. Neal, W. P. Gray, Chas. Timms, E. Hayes, T. H. Curli.

Dist. Judges... L. B. Ison, James A. Fee. Dist. Attorney... J. L. Rand.

Church Directory. Rev. A. Eads holds divine service 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.

Fine Job Printing

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, CHEAPLY. Posters, Dodgers, Billheads, Letterheads, Noteheads, Statements, Invitations, Tickets, Cards, Etc., etc. PRINTED TO ORDER.

Canyon City Barber Shop

Shear Grinding. ED WALTON PROP. A Specialty.

CITY HOTEL

MAIN STREET CANYON CITY, OREGON. GROTH & THOMPSON Proprietors.

Give us a Call. Special Gold Watch. \$10.00. \$5.00. \$3.00.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. G. W. BARBER. Physician & Surgeon. Canyon City, Oregon.

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 OREGON.

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 TODD HUNTER. 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 Lands. 5-30tf

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

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 in any direction 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. Specially ordered house conducted.

Livery and Feed Stable. LEE MILLER, Propr. Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon. [PETER KUEHL'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. Luce... John Day Warren Carsner... Wagner Jas. Wallace... Long Creek L. H. Johnson... Dayville John H. Baker... Caleb T. H. CUEL, Stock Inspector for Grant County. Postoffice Mt. Vernon, Or.

Cotton seed, which used to be thrown away, now makes 28,000,000 gallons of oil yearly.

Mormon elders are still proselyting with more or less success in Europe. They ship their converts to Salt Lake City.

A Quebec paper says that the volume of emigration from that province to the United States this year will reach over one hundred thousand, and it wants to know if something can't be done to prevent it.

Under the terms of a will left by an Iowa man the same gold watch was left to thirteen different persons. He was not friendly with any of them, and he probably did it hoping they would fight each other, which they are doing in a lively manner.

A distinguished lawyer of Brooklyn said: "Not long ago I was talking with Mr. Blaine about Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, whom we both very greatly admire for his wonderful talents. I made the remark that it was my belief that Colonel Ingersoll would ultimately renounce his agnosticism. Mr. Blaine said: 'I think so, too, and I shouldn't be surprised to see him some day in the pulpit.'"

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."

His Own Vote.

It was a state election in Alabama, and among the the crowd filling the little town where I happened to be stopping, were some queer characters. Among the queerest was an old man and his son—the father about 60 years old, the son about to cast his first vote. The boy had primed up pretty well and by 10 o'clock in the forenoon he was saying: "Father, give ten men to hold me, for if I am loose this town won't be powder!"

"Be calm, Jonas, be calm," advised the old man as he patted him on the shoulder. "Whoop! yi! yi! Whar's the critter as says he will challenge my first vote?"

"Thar's no critter sayin' anything of the sort, Jonas. Jist be quiet. Don't be raisin' your voice too much." Jonas circulated around for a while, took another drink and then came back to the tavern steps and said: "Father, I've got to turn loose."

"Shoo! Jonas!" "But I hev. I'm a goin' to cut loose and go for the hull crowd, fur I can't hold myself no longer."

At that moment a Turk or Bohemian or foreigner of some sort came up with a hand organ and a dancing bear, and I saw a new idea strike Jonas like a land slide. The father saw it, too, and he protested: "Now, Jonas, don't make no critter of yo'self. You jist let thar bear alone."

"Pop, I'm gwine ter elinch him. He's altogether too funny for this yere locality."

"You'll git busted, Jonas. Bar's is ovary varmint."

"Got to do it, pop. I'm bubblin' up like bilin soap suds and sumphin has got ter be done or the biler will give way. Stand back! Whoop!"

Every citizen of the town heard his yell. The bear was about five rods away, going through a walk, and he stopped his movements to see what was going to happen. Jonas made a bee line for him, and as he came within six feet he rose in the air and came down astride of Bruin and grabbed him by the ears and yelled: "America agin the hull airth! Whoop!"

It was in the middle of the street and the street was dusty. Therefore I can't swear as to what took place during the next two minutes. When the foreigner pulled his bear off there was a bundle of something lying in the dust. It looked like old clothes, but it turned out to be Jonas. He wasn't saying a word. He didn't know it when the father and two others lifted him over against the fence and got water from the town well to pour over him. It was a full quarter of an hour before he opened his eyes and faintly asked: "Father, did I clean out the hull crowd?"

"No, Jonas. You tackled the bear agin my advice." "And kerwolloped him?" "Skeerely. You've dun got the wust maunlin ever heard of." "Licked?" "I should observe. You's bit, clawed, knocked, rolled, paralyzed and broke, and you won't be fitten to work for a month. Jonas, you's a critter, a pore fule of a critter, and if this doan take the swellin' out yer head I'm gwine ter hire a wigger and a man to knock it out. Say, Baker, kin you load this critter into yer cart and tote him out home?"—Detroit Free Press.

Consumption Surely Cured. TO THE EDITOR.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and postoffice address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

JOSEPH RIMFORD, Esq., Sec. Pacific Coast Blood-Horse Association, says: "Being familiar with the remarkable efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil, I cheerfully and heartily indorse this valuable specific for painful ailments."

Hon. OWEN BOWIE, Ex-Governor of Maryland, Jersey City, Free City Park, Railway Co. says: "In my family and my stables I have used St. Jacobs Oil with satisfactory results, and believe it to be the best remedy for the painful ailments of man and beast."

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

Rather Mixed.

When the conductor of the Lansing train was making his rounds the other morning, after leaving Detroit, he came to a man who was not ready with his ticket. He felt in all his pockets, searched the lining of his hat, and finally remarked: "I thought I bought a ticket, but I can't find it."

"I must have your ticket or your fare," said the conductor. "Of course. Nobody can ride free on railroads. Guess I've lost my ticket, and I haven't got a cent to pay fare with."

"Then I'll have to put you off."

"I suppose so." He was allowed time to make another search, but not finding a ticket, he was told to get off at the next station. He was ready to step off when the train stopped, but he had scarcely left the car before a passenger found his ticket on the floor and called him back.

"So you had a ticket after all?" said the conductor. "Yes, it seems so."

Very odd that you should have forgotten that you bought it."

"Yes, it is, but I was kinder mixed, you see. I was drunk for two days, got pulled in and turned out by the police, two fights, met my divorced wife, got ran over by a hack, and some one stole my watch in the depot. I couldn't remember whether I bought a ticket for Brighton or signed a contract to split 10,000 rails. Please keep an eye on me and see that I get off at the right station, for this car seems to be running bottom side up."

"Detroit Free Press."

"Hannah," she began, as she called the girl into the sitting room, "haven't I always used you well?"

"Yes'm."

"Paid you the highest wages and given you many afternoons out?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, then, I want to ask you a question, and receive an honest answer from you."

"Oh, ma'am, I'm going to quit! Yes, I'll go right off!"

"Going to quit! Why?"

"Because I feel that you are going to ask me if your husband and me were riding on the ferryboat together the other day and I couldn't tell you. I promised him on my sacred word I wouldn't."

A short time ago a fellow named Crandall, escaped from the Allagany county jail, and wrote back the following note to his former custodian: "I suppose it is a mystery to some how I got away, and consequently I will give you a brief history of my departure. The nodus operandi was this: I got out of my cell by ingenuity, ran up stairs with agility, crawled out of the back window in secrecy, slid down the lightning rod with rapidity, walked out of the Angelica town with dignity, and now am basking in the sunshine of pleasure and liberty."

HORSE AILMENTS. Newport, Ill., May 20, 1888. My mare caught a cold; result: swollen flukes; lump between fore-legs and inflammation. Cured her with St. Jacobs Oil. L. O. GARDNER.

Wineboro, Tex., June 6, 1888. My horse was hurt on blind leg; suffered 30 minutes; was cured by St. Jacobs Oil; cure has remained permanent. W. J. CLINE.

JOSEPH RIMFORD, Esq., Sec. Pacific Coast Blood-Horse Association, says: "Being familiar with the remarkable efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil, I cheerfully and heartily indorse this valuable specific for painful ailments."

Hon. OWEN BOWIE, Ex-Governor of Maryland, Jersey City, Free City Park, Railway Co. says: "In my family and my stables I have used St. Jacobs Oil with satisfactory results, and believe it to be the best remedy for the painful ailments of man and beast."

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

A "Pizenous" Man.

One day an old fellow from the Cedar Bluff neighborhood came into the office of the Franklin, Kentucky Patriot and said that he wanted to see the editor on mighty important business.

"I am the editor," said a man stepping forward.

"My name is Allbright," the visitor remarked, "Luke P. Allbright."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Allbright. What can I do for you?"

"Wall, I sent here the other day and had some funeral tickets struck off fur my wife."

"I hope the job suited you, sir."

"Wall, yes, the job was all right, but it turned out that my wife wasn't dead."

"Ah!"

"Yes, ah. I had dun paid for the tickets and was about to send them out when the old lady come to. So you see I ain't got no use for the tickets."

"Of course not."

"And I loved that I mout get you to take 'em back."

"Why, my dear sir, I can't do that."

"Wall, but you see they ain't no use to me. Wouldn't like to send out a lot of funeral tickets for my wife when she's in fair health with an average appetite. It wouldn't look exactly right, you know."

"That's all very well, but I don't want them."

"Wall, send me yo, paper one year fur them, anyway."

"No, sir, I won't do that."

"Wall, then say six months."

"No, I won't—won't send it to you ten minutes."

"Now, here, mister, I'm out a dollar and forty cents on you. I tell you what, take me to dinner with you and we'll call it square."

"It's square already so far as I am concerned."

"I have seed a good many men, Mister Editor, but you air the most pizenous fellow I ever struck. Good day. Ef I ever ketch you out in my neighborhood I'll waller you."

Two men from the marshy districts of Tennessee, stood looking in at the window of a Chicago restaurant. One of them, with a movement of surprise, pointed at a lobster and exclaimed: "Great Caesar, Lige, look thar! You may talk about tall buildings an' all that, but I'll be blamed if that ain't the biggest crawfish I ever saw. Jes' look at him. Bet a hoes he could pinch a sows year off with them things uv hiz'n."

Smith—Robinson told me that his wife had been run over by a coach and seriously injured. Jones—You can't believe what Robinson says, he is such a braggart. I'll bet it was only a delivery wagon."

The Mail Service in 1775.

When Benjamin Franklin was appointed Postmaster General of the Colonies in 1775 he went down to the office in Philadelphia, hung his coat on a peg behind the only door of the one room which constituted the department, and went to work. He procured a small book of fifty-three pages, in which he opened an account with each postmaster for the thirty odd postoffices in the thirteen colonies, and kept it himself. Unlike the present Postmaster-General, the old Pennsylvanian was not bothered to appoint assistants, and as for clerks, he did not have any. At odd times, and when he was feeling lonesome because some of the neighbors did not come in to bore him to appoint John Smith postmaster at Juniperville, Franklin would go down to the city post-office and assist to make up the mail, which left by stage coach every week.

A Queer Puzzle.

The following is a very curious puzzle. Try it all of you: Open a book at random and select a word within the first ten lines and within the tenth word from the end of the line. Mark the word. Now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by five.

Then add twenty. Then add the number of the line you have selected. Then add five. Multiply the sum by ten. Add the number of the word in the line. From this sum subtract 250, and the remainder will indicate in the unit column the number of the word; in the ten column the number of the line, and the remaining figures the number of the page.

One of the great charms of gold mining as an investment, says the Scientific American, is that the market value of the product is constant, there are no fluctuations in the price of gold as there are in the price of other metals; hence a soundly established undertaking can never fall through depressed markets. Only get your gold and it will sell itself.

Benjamin Huick had to find a detective to help him to get what became of a peach and apple orchard he set out lately near Farmingdale, N. J. Every tree had been transplanted to a farm some miles away. It is getting dangerous to leave even an orchard out doors some places.

Cholera is reported to have broken out with much virulence in India. Of late years cholera has left its oriental bed for a western jaunt no less than three times, failing in each instance to cross the Atlantic, as formerly.

"When the first piano was brought into Rockland, Maine," says the Lewiston Journal, "it was such a startling novelty that the street on which it was played was called Piano street."

Indianapolis has what no other city in the United States can boast of—a member of her city council in the state penitentiary regularly drawing his pay.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

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 for before the public. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum and all Humors, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness, overcomes that Tired Feeling, creates an Appetite, strengthens the Nerves, builds up the Whole System. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared by C. I. Hood 670, Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.