

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

THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

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

Volume XI.

CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1889.

Number 19.

Grant Co. News.

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

Subscription \$3 00 per month, \$1 50 per quarter, \$4 50 per year. Single copies 10 cents.

Transient advertisements \$2.50 per square for first, and \$1 per square for each subsequent insertion.

All Reading Notices in Local Columns 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:

County Judge N. R. Maxcy, Clerk Phil Metschan, Treasurer N. H. Boley, Commissioners J. H. McHaley, H. H. Davis, J. P. Gray, W. P. Gray, Chas. Timms, E. Hayes, T. H. Curl.

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

Church Directory

Rev. A. Eds holds divine service at the Winagar 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.

WE ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE

Fine Job Printing

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

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 Carson, Wagner Jas. Wallace, Long Creek, L. H. Johnson, Dayville, John H. Baker, Cathlamet.

CITY HOTEL

MAIN STREET, CANYON CITY, OREGON.

GROTH & THOMPSON

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

J. L. B. VIAL & SON.

WATCHMAKERS and JEWELERS, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, VIOLINS and GUITARS.

Money to Loan on Collaterals. 200 South Union Meat Market, Main Street.

Advertisement for Smith & Wesson's 'FREE' revolver, featuring an image of the gun and text describing its features.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

S. ORR, M. D., Canyon City, Ogn. Office on Main Street.

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

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

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

Office with M. D. Clifford, Land Sales and Collections promptly attended to.

E. A. Knight, Dentist, Canyon City, Oregon.

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.

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

F. C. HORSLEY, M. D., Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, April 8, 1848.

"BIT SALOOK!" Hugh Smith, prop'r.

Livery and Feed Stable, LEE MILLER, Prop'r.

Having bought these popular Stables I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage.

LEE MILLER, Prop'r., Canyon City, Grant Co., Oregon.

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LEE MILLER, Prop'r., Canyon City, Grant Co., Oregon.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. Includes an image of the product box.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness.

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.

BAKER and CANYON CITY

STAGE LINE, McCuen & Griffie, Prop'r.

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

Every attention given to the comfort of passengers. Charges Reasonable.

Heppner & Canyon City STAGE LINE

Via Long Creek and Monument, carrying mail, express and freight.

EVERY PROVISION MADE FOR THE COMFORT OF PASSENGERS.

There is a saving of 24 hours time and \$10 cash by taking this route to Portland.

Stage leaves Canyon City every day except Sunday, at 4 a. m.

W. H. CLARK, Agent.

THRILLING EPISODE.

A pale haggard looking man sat in a section of a sleeping car yesterday as the train pulled out from Atlanta for the north. Besides him sat a strong bearded individual who watched his slightest movements, and every few minutes administered some medicine from a bottle, which he kept ready on a seat in front of him.

The nurse refused to answer any questions for fear of exciting his patient, but he referred all questions to the conductor, who, he said was acquainted with the facts, and could set at rest any fears as to his charges, sanity.

The conductor was evidently a man with a keen eye for dramatic situations, and was willing to make the best of his opportunities. When he had gathered most of the men at the smoking end of the car, he told them the story of the fellow passenger.

"That gentleman there," he said, "is Mr. Rufus W. Gale, of New York. He is a man who has always been devoted to hunting, and he is lucky enough to have both the time and money to gratify his tastes.

He has been down in the everglades of Florida all the winter indulging in his favorite pastime. About a month ago he started North, but hearing there was good sport to be had in Liberty county, Georgia, he determined to have one more hunt before he closed the season.

Suddenly something struck him on the head. He felt himself borne down by an irresistible weight and lost consciousness. When he came to himself the storm was over; he could hear the distant mutterings of the thunder, but over his head the stars were shining. Besides him lay the bough of a tree which must have struck him as it fell.

ding and tearing its flesh, was a big panther lashing his side with his long tail; a little way off lay the other dog completely disembowled in the last agonies of death. Two bullets from Mr. Gale's rifle settled the panther, and then advanced into the little open space where the fight had taken place.

He looked about to see what direction he should take to get back to his horse. While he was busy with the panther heavy clouds had rolled up, and now the sun was hidden so that he felt some doubt as to the direction he should take; he thought however, that he knew the way he came, so he struck out bravely enough for home.

Before he had gone very far he found the ground getting softer and became convinced that he was going in the wrong direction. Several times he changed his course but all his efforts seemed only to lead him deeper and deeper into the swamp.

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Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil, featuring an image of a man with a cane and text describing its benefits for sprains and strains.

twine around his legs, and yet he had the nerve to keep perfectly still. One serpent even drew its folds around his neck and nestled its head under his coat. Hour after hour he lay there till the day dawned, and with the light the snakes began to leave him.

A HELL IN AFRICA.

Women Left to Die in Horrible Torture.

From late advices from the west coast of Africa it is learned that a most revolting sacrifice has just taken place in the interior. A few months ago the old King Oboe died, and as is customary the traders from New Calabar went up to pay their respects to the new monarch.

Each of the wives had had her ankles and wrists broken so that she could neither walk nor crawl. In this maimed condition, and suffering the most excruciating pain, the poor creatures were placed at the bottom of the grave, seven of them lying side by side.

There they were left without food or water to wait for their kind liberator, death, which however, did not come to their release until after four or five days of intense suffering.

The traders were also unwilling witnesses of another frightful sacrificial execution. Noticing a number of natives standing in a group, they went to the spot to see what was going on. To their horror, the white men saw a native tied by the feet and neck. The rope attached to the neck was thrown over the limb of a tree in one direction, while that fastened to the feet was tied to a tree in the opposite direction.

bly shocked at these fiendish practices, were powerless to stop them, as the natives would not brook the slightest interference with their "religious customs" and such interference would have been undertaken by the traders at the peril of their lives.

An undertaker in Madrid, who lived over the shop, one night gave a ball. At the height of the festivities a gentleman in full evening dress joined the company. He danced with the guests. He seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly.

A Great Scheme.

"What was that noise I heard here last night?" asked a man as he entered a saloon. "Snuff! Don't say a word." "But what was it? I heard a pistol shot."

"Well, if you don't give it away I'll let you into the secret. I fired off the gun. see?" "Yes." "And then about a thousand people rushed up to find out what the trouble was. See?" "Yes, I see." "And then I sold about five hundred beers. It's a great scheme."—Merchant Traveler.

Advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla, featuring an image of a bottle and text stating '100 Doses One Dollar'.

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in its article itself. It is most that wise, and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes what is claimed for it.

Merit Wins Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all Humors, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness, nervousness, First Frost Feeling, crickets on Appetite, strengthens the Nervous System, builds up the Whole System.

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

A HUPPRICH.

CANYON CITY - OREGON.

Boots or Shoes made to order, or neatly repaired. All Work Warranted First-Class.