

THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

THE NEWS

Is a newspaper for the people, laboring for the people and voicing the sentiments of the people of its own Grant County.

CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1890.

Number 51.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

G. W. BARBER, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon.
CANYON CITY, Oregon.

Office next door to Co. Treasurer's office, Main Street.

N. H. YOUNG, M. D.
Homeopathist
Physician and Surgeon.
John Day City, Or.

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.

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.

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.

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.

N. H. BOLEY.
DENTIST.



(Office opposite Masonic Hall)
Canyon City, Oregon.
All Work Warranted.

Livery and Feed Stable.



LEE MILLER, Propr.
Canyon City, Grant Co. Oregon.

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First-class Single and Double Teams to let.
FINE BUGGIES & ROAD CARTS.
Special attention given to the care of transient stock.



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See what you can do for your horse and buggy. The agency—the sample will show you.

W. S. SOUTHWORTH,

—PROPRIETOR OF—

Steam Sash & Door Factory

Canyon City, Or.

Sash, Doors, Windows, Glass, Putty, Moulding, and Dressed Lumber Etc., Constantly on Hand.

Furniture Made to Order.

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—AND—

CORRAL, and FEED STABLE

W. R. CUNNINGTON,

Proprietor.

(Wood & Church's old Stand)

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

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Repairing done on short notice.

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Please give me a call.

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DISCOVERIES

MEMORY

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No appetite, indigestion, flatulences, Sick Headache, cold run down, loss of flesh, you will find

Tutt's Pills

the remedy you need. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies. Sufferers from mental or physical overwork will find relief from them. Nicely sugar coated.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HISTORY of HAYSTACK VALLEY

WRITTEN BY XENOPHON.

To Honest John the Leading Actor in the History of Haystack.

A FRIEND TO ALL ALIKE.

(This Volume is Dedicated.)

PREFACE.

For many years Haystack valley has been known to exist to but few of the Grant county people, and of late we have been treated to an occasional visit from the sheriff and delinquent tax collector and hereby recognized as part of the county. Of the valley's history, either classic, middleaged or modern, but little is known to the outside world, and to supply this want in my contemporary's, Mr. Bankroft's history of Oregon, I will hereby attempt to give a correct history of this settlement, backed by the traditions of the noble Siwash, as well as reminiscences of the oldest settler including researches in the archaeological inscription on the balm trees near deserted sheep camps. The book will be described in six chapters.

I. The supposed discovery and first settlement by the whites.
II. The early settlers.
III. Admission to Grant Co.
IV. Haystack valley in its stock raising era.
V. Haystack society on the pinnacle of its height.
VI. The Millennium, or Haystack as a Paradise.

CHAPTER I.

DISCOVERY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT.

The first account history gives of our valley was in the fall of 1865, when a command of soldiers, groaning under the burden of glory and greybacks, accumulated in the bloody war against the Cayuse Indians, on their way back to the Vancouver barracks and only a few miles in advance of the supposed to be conquered enemy—the latter on the road to Uncle Sam's commissary store to make peace before the winter set in—camped near the mouth of the roaring and turbulent creek, which drains our valley during a spring freshet and beyond that time hardly furnishes water enough to support a tadpole. In the morning orders were given for a squad of men to go up the valley to discover if there might not be some enemies in hiding or some gimball stuck away farther up the valley, as the officers as well as the men had underwent a spell of drought which "only a wooden God of the prohibitionists" could survive. About two miles up the valley they discovered what at a distance appeared to be a haystack, but on closer investigation proved to be a mound covered with a thick growth of bunchgrass and this gave our valley its name. But not until last summer did our valley receive the recognition due a place of such importance in the destiny of Grant county. A delegation of professors of the Princeton college, were sent out here and the report goes, for the purpose of finding out whether this supposed to be haystack was put up with derelict forks or manual labor. The result has not been published yet, but I can assure the reader that in case of a hard winter, a cow will have a mighty slim show of keeping soul and body together around this haystack.

To John Whitaker belongs the honor of erecting the first dwelling—well named, "the connecting link between a wood pile and a wigwam"—in our valley, and so was laid the foundation for what may yet become the metropolis of the Blue mountains.

Dispatches were sent out at once to the outside world that the lost paradise had been found. Immigration bureaus established in different places, and soon immigration turned this way.

CHAPTER II.

THE EARLY SETTLERS.

The first cargo of settlers, consisting of old man Ives, his family and the string bean team—three

horses in single file hitched to a cart—landed here in '69. The next pioneer was W. A. Fisher, who in search of a climate suitable for raising hogs and watermelons, found what he wanted, pitched his tent and was at once ready to accommodate his neighbors with anything and everything at his command. His generosity was soon put to a test most too severe for our cousin Fisher by Whitaker trying to borrow the cousin's only window while the latter was away from home. The annals of history recount the outcome of this neighborly scrape as one of the bloodiest battles ever fought in this valley, and our cousin returned home the glorious victor, surrounded with the hallow of a window frame and his head bestrewn with fragments of window lights. About the next arrival consisted of Soda Pop and Pussy, mounted one on an old black horse called the 15th Amendment, the other astride a mule, that during his worldly career of not less than 25 years duration had met with enough mishaps to look somewhat solemn and serious and therefore when he joined the Haystack pioneers, looking like a great many other asses he was named the Parson. The two brothers saw at once that a fortune was to be made here in dairying. No trouble was had in getting dairy stock. The Webfoot farmers, tired of raising hay for their cattle, were willing to part with them and deliver them up here at from \$40 to \$50 per head, and a chattel mortgage with 12 per cent interest was all the security they wanted, and by the time the money was due the price of cattle had fallen to about \$10 per head and the lender can figure for himself who got the cattle.

Nevertheless dairying had paid well, and there being only the Parson and Old 15 in the Haystack cavarongo, quite a number of slickers had been left on the range, enough in fact to justify a good rustler to start into the cattle business with only capital enough to buy a good cowhorse and saddle. Soon the festive cowboy attired in a pair of chaps and a pair of elaps and a pair of silver mounted spurs and surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat, made his appearance in the valley in search of slicks and pretty girls, and our valley assumed the airs of a would-be metropolis. Railroads and depots were spoken of; county roads laid out; corrals built; lassoes manufactured and the Grant County News subscribed for by all that could get it on time or promises. In the course of time Snapping Andy and Kill Posey, the poetical brothers from 15 Mile made a drive of cattle into this settlement and accompanied by Sleepy Bean Belly, another shining light, and Paddy the Blonde, they roamed the wilds of the range in search of pet calves and shady nooks, where they could rest undisturbed from the cares and troubles of this world and let their minds run on the romantic, while Pop and Pussy had "Johnny the Rustler," looking after longears and mark them for future reference at \$1 per head. The outcome of this was easy to foretell—Pop and Pussy got the cattle and Johnny got a finished education in the swiping business. While the poets and scholars got down to herding sheep and selling patent medicine for a living. The country not being surveyed, each settler claimed the land as far as his eye could reach, thinking perhaps that a quarter section in this country would stretch with his imagination. All went well until Uncle Jo, a scholar in geometry and klabber milk, and accustomed to measuring parts of this earth inside as well as outside of his hovel, landed here in search of past-

ures raw. He brought with him a band of cattle, surveying outfit, and a thriving family, and being of strictly honest, and tired disposition, he wound up his career a poorer but very little wiser man, and returned to his old home in Webfoot to again take up the noble pursuit of peddling apples and klabbermilk. It was about this time that Haystack had the pleasure of being treated to the first lawsuit. Brother Ives being in need of bacon and not caring to fatten the cousin's hogs any longer appointed himself judge and executor and started out one fine morning—while the cousin was still in bed, figuring how he could best dispose of his bacon in New Orleans or agitate a war between some European nations, so as to raise the price of bacon—loaded his trusty musket, and put a stop to all our cousin's dreams, and knocking the props from under the cousin's air castles by shooting all of his hogs. When our cousin arose from his virtuous couch and gone out to see which way the wind was blowing he gave vent to his customary call of soul! soul! but instead of the familiar grant of his pet pigs, he heard nothing but the echo of his own voice, and with a By G-d Sir! where is them d—m hogs he started out in search of them.

During the day he got evidence enough to establish the crime on Brother Ives, and he forthwith started for Canyon City to get satisfaction through the law. The outcome of this scrape was that our cousin lost his hogs and about \$400 while Ives got away with the bacon. Shortly after this, Bro. Ives being of a jovial turn of mind paid the cousin another visit, but found the latter in a rather bad humor, and to cheer him up he started to borrow a monkeywrench of the cousin for which the latter promptly knocked him down with a stove poker, and only for the interference of Soda Pop Ives funeral would have been appointed for the next day as the cousin swore he would have the corpse ready. All of the above named settlers came here to make their fortunes in raising stock, and only one, old uncle Ralph, known as "Farmer Thrifty," turned his attention to farming and fiddling, in which he excelled all others. His services as fiddler were in demand far and near, and many a time had he to strike out on his stargazer and bunchgrass destroyer, Seonchence, to attend to the musical demands of dancers. At one time being called out on short notice to play at Lone Rock, the report goes that he got a fiddlebow at Snapping Andy's, pair of socks at Kill Posey, a pair of pants at Timmy's, and coat and vest at Pussy Flina's, while he borrowed the fiddle at Paddy's. Equipped thus, he meandered his way across the mountain on his stargazer and at his return showed an empty bottle in proof that he had been there. Being generally very busy at planning what to do to-morrow and always having so many jobs on his hands that he don't know which one to commence on first, he has not succeeded so far in getting his ranche improved, but will do so next spring.

Uncle Ralph's contemporary, "Billy Penell," another old settler of sterling qualities and renown as a rustler, on account of his large family and devoting much time to the cultivation of his magnificent whiskers, has abandoned stock raising and undertaken the grave responsibility of superintending a band of sheep, and being of a rather handsome phisigue, his better proportioned neighbors advance the idea that Billy would make a noble corral gate, and therefore ought to wear a petticoat or an apron to keep the sheep from running between his legs at a round up.

CHAPTER III.

ADMISSION TO GRANT COUNTY.

Up to this time Haystack had been an independent republic, ruled by none; no taxes were paid and no census had been taken, and it appears that the settlers were getting along very well. But some of them had higher aspirations, their idea was, that Grant county could not get along without them, and that the candidates for county offices could not get there without their votes. Accordingly Peter Rudio of

the North Fork was sent for by the twin brothers, Uncle Jo and Paddy along with Sleepy Bean Belly. Pete responded on the impulse of a \$20 bill which he received from a candidate wherein to buy a barrel of sugar and some flour. On his arrival in the valley he was called out to make a roaring speech, which would bring the lost sheep back to the fold. And a roaring speech he made; the boys actually got tired of his roaring, and rather than be roared at any longer they submitted to their martyrdom, marched up to North Fork and deposited their votes. \$10 were paid to Timm to reimburse the boys for time lost, but Tim, valuing his time about that much, kept it all, and now these old settlers still hold an account against that candidate and Grant county in general.

Since then we have succeeded admirably in being assessed, paying taxes and giving our votes to the Canyon City candidates, and last but not least have succeeded in getting Canyon City to board free of charge, for a time at least, one of our noble young men of high pursuit in life and aristocratic birth, and although Canyon City went so far as to honor him by sending him on a visit to the capitol. His love for this beautiful valley and its lovely sceneries and his strong habit of borrowing things when the owner is out of sight, are such that he was allowed to come back and once more impress it upon the people's mind that there is more than one way of making a living.

We have also at different times furnished Grant county with candidates for office, Uncle Jo for surveyor, and all he lacked of getting there, was the majority of votes, while Uncle Mack ran for commissioner, but being well along in years he didn't run fast enough and so got left. Our next move in a public line will be to have the county seat removed to our valley, as times are getting hard and some of the hills need leveling down for a court house site, while we could find room for residences and business houses along the hill sides. In support of our demand we can offer a well established liberal society, a butcher shop on Mutton Flat under the supervision of Honest John; a henry at the Bellevue; three blacksmith shops where a fellow can do his own work if he wants any done; tobacco and candy store at certain seasons of the year; some 15 or more fiddlers, any quantity of bunnies; a notary public, that in case of necessity and for a \$5 bill will marry any couple that may apply; several renowned artists in oil paints; two or more poets and 6 or more carpenters, that for speed in their work can be excelled by the second coming of their redeemer only.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

The German song birds imported into Oregon are thriving and the scheme is pronounced a success.

It is now reported that the Canadian Pacific is going to run a branch line into the Cœur d'Alene mining district.

A Texas debating society is struggling with the question: "Is there a future life for giraffes?" They seem to be constructed with reference to the necks world.

Drinker—"Oh! let up a little. There are some things to be said in favor of drinking."

Abstainer—"What are they?"

"Drunkard's luck, for instance. I fell down stairs once when I was under the influence, and wasn't hurt a bit. If I had been sober I would have been killed."

"You are mistaken, my friend. If you had been sober, you wouldn't have fallen down stairs."



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