THE NEWS

Is the oldest newspaper between The Dalles and Winnemucca; the largest circulation, therefore is the best for advertising.

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.

Volume XII. *CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1890.* *Number 3.*

THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

—BY—

D. I. ASBURY

Editor and Proprietor.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

Subscription 1 year in advance $2 50
If not paid within 3 months . . $3 00
Six Months 1 50
Three Months 75

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 inch	3 mo	$4.50	1 year	$15.00
3 inch	3 mo	$9.00	1 year	$32.00
¼ col	3 mo	12.00	1 year	$44.00
½ col	3 mo	24.00	1 year	$88.00
1 col	3 mo	40.00	1 year	140.00

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Specialrates to regular advertisers.

—WE ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE—

Fine Job Printing

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, CHEAPLY

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

PRINTED TO ORDER.

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Clerk . . . . . Phil Metschan
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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.
Dist. Judges { . . . . . M. D. Clifford . . . . James A. Fee
Dist. Attorney . . . . . J. L. Rand

SECRET SOCIETIES.

AF & AM—Canyon City Lodge No. 34 meets Saturday on or before each new moon.

IOOF—Hobah Lodge No. 22, Canyon City, regular meeting Thursday evening of each week.

Mountain View Lodge No. 33, Prairie City, Saturday evenings.

AOUW—Homer Lodge No. 78, Canyon City, Monday evenings.

IOGT—John Day Lodge No. 80, Canyon City, Saturday evening.

GAR—Gen. Hancock Post No. 34, John Day, Tuesday evening on or before each full moon.

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.

A. HUPPRICH,

CANYON CITY - - - OREGON.

Shoes made to order, or neatly repaired. Work Warranted First-class.

B. VIAL & SON.

MAKERS

JEWELERS,

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.
Homœopathist
Physician and Surgeon.
John Day Citv, 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

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

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 are strictly followed.

J. W. Mack,
Attorney-at-Law
AND
Notary Public.
PRAIRIE CITY - - - OREGON.
Also Agent for the sale of School Lands.

N. H. BOLEY,
DENTIST.

(Office opposite Masonic Hall)
Canyon City - - - - Oregon.
☞ *All Work Warranted.*

JOHN DAY HOTEL
Chas. COBB. Prop.
John Day, Grant Co., Oreg.
To stop at this popular house once is a sign that you will come again. The best of accommodations for guests, and rates of board and lodging reasonable.

Saddle & Harness Shop.
CANYON CITY, OREGON.
ROBT. WARD. Prop.
HARNESS, WHIPS, SPURS,
And general supplies constantly kept on hand.
Saddles ordered at a small discount.
Repairing done short notice.

Kansas has eighty-one female school superintendents.

Numbers of the song birds imported at Portland, Or., last summer are returning from their winter migration. Song thrushes, starlings and chaffinches have been seen in many places around Portland, and skylarks have been heard singing far up in the air.

The rabbit-proof fences erected by New South Wales and Queensland will, when the one at present being erected on the South Australian boundary line has been completed, be 887 miles in length. It is estimated that the one in course of erection will cost about £30,000.

The land grants to railroads which have never been earned by the construction of the roads at any time amount to about seventy-nine million acres. It is proposed by the house committee on railways to declare these lands forfeited and leave the lands "earned" after the time limit in possession of the holders or deal with them in another bill.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the more common symptoms. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the sympathetic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind.

Distress After Eating

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Sick Headache

Heart-burn

Sour Stomach

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

NELSON JONES, PREST. E. R. BISHOP, TREAS.

MORROW COUNTY LAND & TRUST CO.
(Incorporated uder the laws of the State of Oregon).
Capital Stock $100,000.00 Paid up $25,000.00
General Warehouse & Forwarding Agts.
HEPPNER, OGN.

The warehouse has two floors, 80 x 100 feet, and is well lighted, affording favorable diiplay of wools on sale. It is situated near no other buildings and bears a low rate of insurance.

Last season, this company handled over 2,000,000 pounds of wool, and in anticipation of an increased amount for the coming season, they will build an addition to the warehouse.

During the season, an experienced wool grader is employed. The warehouse being furnished with a wool compress, buyers are enabled to have their purchases put in condition for direct shipment to eastern wills at a cost much below that which the wool must bear via Portland or San Francisco.

Cash advanced on consignments for 1890.

THERON E. FELL, Manager.
Heppner Oregon.

George Gundlach & Bro.
.....DEALERS IN.....
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
CANYON CITY - - - - OREGON
☞ PRICES GREATLY REDUCED. ☜

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

Laurance & Howell.
—Dealers in—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Prairie City, Oregon.
——ALSO AGENTS FOR THE——
Frank Bro's Implement Co's Machinery, Consisting of Mowers, Reapers, Self Binding Harvesters, Rakes and wagons. A full line of Agricultural Impliments and extras for all Machines used in this country, Which we will sell cheap for Cash or on time with approved security.

A. HACHENEY.
——DEALER IN——
General Merchandise.
JOHN DAY CITY.

IN AVALANCHE GULCH.

Jealous Gold Diggers Spoil a Romance and Practice a Mean Joke---An Incident of the Early Days In Montana.

The Liars' Club met in their palatial rooms, says the Helena Independent, and after the usual preliminaries, selected the liar to tell the next story. He braced himself up with a few jiggers of fine old Bourbon, and reclining upon an elegant divan, spun out the following tale:

"Years ago I was mining in a gulch beyond the Missouri river. I had a hard time of it getting my mine opened and lived for a week at a time on beans straight, without salt. But I did finally succeed. After months and months of hard and continuous labor I struck bedrock and set my sluices. The first day's run I took out $1,750 in bright, clean golddust, and after that everything was smooth sailing. Poverty and hard work were relegated to the past. I reveled in wealth and enjoyed myself as only the old placer miners know how. There was not a dance nor horse race of any kind for miles around that I did not attend. I thought of getting married, but girls were so scarce I could not catch on. Money seemed to be the least consideration with them. Any young man with a handsome face and red bandana around his neck could hold his own with the wealthiest old bach. to be found anywhere. But I got stuck on a girl who lived down the gulch about a mile below me. She was just too sweet for any use. Talk about your red wagons and pumpkin blossoms! Well I was terribly gone. I used to meet her in the evening and walk about the hillsides and gather bluebells and snowflowers and sprigs of cedar and spruce for bequets, which she would carry home and take as much care of as—anything.

"It was in the evening and about the time we usually meet in the road, between my claim and her father's. The sun had sunk down behind the hills and the gulch was in shadow, but it was at least an hour till dark. I'll never forget how gay I felt that evening as I walked briskly along, with head erect and confident mien. The odor of the pines I can smell at this moment and see the picture of Avalanche gulch as plainly as I can see this company.

"The girl's name was Sarah. She usually wore a red sash about her waist, and I could often recognize her quite a distance away as she would in and out along the crooked trail. On this evening for some perverse reason, I determined to wait and let her come further up the gulch than usual. From a slight eminence I watched the trail till I saw her pass a point of view 300 yards away, and then hastened to meet her. Between us was a patch of willows and pines, through which the trail ran. A pleasant breeze was blowing up the gulch and a more deleghtful evening I never saw. A few more steps and I would meet Sarah, the apple of my eye and the delight of my existence. A sudden turn in the trail and we were face to face. She had stopped and was standing perfectly still, her eyes riveted on an object about midway between us. I took in the situation at a glance at a glance. Sarah's face was as pale as a bucket of milk in shadow. Her hands were clasped upon her breast and I thought I could see her tremble. The object that had stricken terror to the heart of this sweet young girl was crouched in the path. Its tail was gently sweeping from side to side like a cat watching its prey. I recognized the animal at once. It was a mountain lion, one of the largest I ever saw. What could I do? The girl's life was in imminent danger, for I was certain from the action of the animal and the nature of the feline tribe that upon the first movement to escape the lion would spring upon Sarah, and perhaps tear her to pieces before I could render any assistance. I had no weapon, not even a jackknife. The lion had been so intensely absorbed in watching the young girl that it had not noticed my approach, and Sarah did not appear to see me. I consider myself as brave as any man in actual danger, but that sight simply paralyzed me. I did the first thing that entered my mind. I turned naiselessly adout and ran with the swiftness of a deer to my cabin up the gulch after my rifle. Reaching the cabin I rushed in like a madmad. The miners, who were just sitting down to supper, thought I was crazy, and my appearance must have been very startling, to say the least. I seized the weapon from its rack upon the rafter and ran back as fast as I had gone.

I couldn't have been more than three minutes in making the trip, yet it seemed like an hour. But in that three minutes events occurred that settled me into the cynical old bachelor you see before you.

The lion was still crouched in the same position in which I left it. The girl was nowhere to be seen. I raised myself and with nervous haste fired at the brute's head. I was in no condition to hit a barn door at twenty paces at that moment. But my anxiety for Sarah was great. The lion never moved. I had one of the 50-caliber needle guns that would tear a hole through a buffalo as big as your fist. I threw out the empty shell and put in a fresh cartridge. This time I made sure of my aim by resting my gun against the tree. I took deliberate aim and held low, for fear of overshooting, and had the satisfaction of blowing the top of the animals head off. Imagine my surprise at that moment to hear a rippling peal of laughter and a loud guffaw from a clump of trees not twenty feet away. I realized in a moment that I had been made the victim of a practical joke. The girl, my girl, my Sarah, had deliberately planned with some of the boys in the gulch to make me ridiculous and wound my pride and sensibilities, which were very great. My heart was sorely wounded and I turned majestically about, pale with anger, and stalked off to my cabin.

It was some time before I learned exactly how the trick had been played. One Sunday morning I lay apparently dozing in my bunk and overheard the men relate the circumstances connected with the only tragedy of my life. It seems that some of the boys down the gulch had become jealous of my attentions to Sarah and resolved in some manner to give me a set back. A mountain lion had been prowling around the camp the winter before and was shot one morning while in the act of taking a quarter of beef from the corner of a cabin where it was hanging. It had been carefully skinned and stuffed in a manner to make it appear very lifelike, they placed it on the trail in position where I shot it, and by means of thread attached to its tail, with men concealed in the willows on either side of the trail to pull the threads they had no difficulty in whisking its tail from side to side. I wouldn't have cared if Sarah hadn't been in the plot. But that thought made me furious. To think that she——, Well to make a long story as short as possible, I sulked awhile and rejected every effort at reconciliation, finally sold out and took a trip to the East and was gone a year. But I never forgot Sarah. She was in my mind continually, and I resolved to return and make it all up. I came back to Helena and hurried across to Avalanche as fast as a good horse could carry me. I went to the cabin full of hope and pleasant anticipation. A great deal of clothing was hanging out to dry, and as I got near enough I saw that the place had been turned into a Chinese wash-house. I asked the Chinamen if they knew where the people had gone who were there before them. "No sabe!" was the only reply I could get. Further inquiry revealed the fact that Sarah and her parents had left the gulch six months before, and nobody knew where they had gone. I searched everywhere and spent thousands of dollars trying to find them, but Sarah has been as completely lost to me as if she had been swallowed up in the sea. I don't think I shall ever find her," and the speaker heaved a deep sigh and lit a fresh cigar.

The Oregon Pacific.

Boise Statesman.

Among the certainties of the early future may be safely set down the completion of the Oregon Pacific railroad to this city. This is no myth, no dream or idle boast. Of course there may be some doubts entertained as to what corporation will continue the construction of the road and control it after it is completed; but if the Oregon Pacific has any real cause of being or any rational future these can only be made manifest and realize by following out the original plan, which has never been lost sight of or modified, of building to Boise City.

While the Oregon Pacific is building eastward, Boise City can be building westward, and when the junction is effected at whatever point on the Oregon line, the adjustment of mutual interests will be easy and natural.

The waters of the Ochtahatchee lake in Florida ran off through its underground channel a few days ago and an immense number of the finest kinds of fish were secured by the citizens of the vicinity.

Leo XIII is said to have taken a bold stand. He holds that the existence of immense armies, which are draining the health of Europe and inflicting great suffering upon the masses, is anti-Christian.

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 test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

A. B. ELMER. J. F. SANDERS.

ELMER & SANDERS.

Assayers & Analytical Chemists.

Make Assays or tests of all kinds of Ores.

Examine Mines, prepare Maps of and reports on same.

☞ Orders by mail will receive prompt Attention.

P O Box 111, Baker City Ogn.

PIANOS, ORGANS

AND SEWING MACHINES.

E. HAYES, John DaY, Or.

Agent for the White Sewing Machine, the best in the world. Also for the Earhaff Organs, and Bush & Gerts Pianos. These instruments are unexcelled and sold at fair prices. Mr. nays will call on you for orders for Dr. Scott's Electric goods and solicits your orders for Gold and Silver watches, Charms, Solid Jewelry, and Plated Tableware. All goods warranted as represented.

Please give me a call.

NEW HOTEL.

Reopened.

CANYON CITY : : : OR.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

Satisfaction Guarante

Come one, come all, and favor us with a call.

☞ No Chinese Cooks Employed

LAUGHLIN & PAYNE, Prop'rs.