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

THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

—BY—

J. I. ASBURY

Editor and Proprietor.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

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Three Months \$1 00

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1 col 3 mo 24.00 1 year \$88.00
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Sheriff O. P. Crossap
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School Supt. M. N. Bonham
Stock Inspector W. W. Hinton

SECRET SOCIETIES.

AF & AM—Canyon City Lodge No. 34 meets Saturday on or before each new moon.
IOOF—Holah 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.
IOCT—John Day Lodge No. 80, Canyon City, Saturday evening.
CAR—Gen. Hancock Post No. 31 John Day, Tuesday evening on or before each full moon.

UNION PACIFIC TICKETS ON SALE TO DENVER.

Omaha, Kansas City, Chicago, ST PAUL, ST. LOUIS, AND ALL POINTS

East, North & South, BAKER CITY.

J. S. WILSON - Ticket Agent. DEPUTY STOCK INSPECTORS.

Notice is hereby given that I have this day appointed the following persons deputy stock inspectors for Grant County, Oregon:
J. H. Johnson, Dayville
John H. Baker, Caleb
John C. Lane, John Day
John Blackwell, Long Creek
Wm. Carter, Fox
Wm. Hall, Prairie City
R. S. Blackwell, Hamilton
L. M. Johnson, Shoofly
Benj. Hunsaker, Wagner
W. W. HINTON, Stock Inspector for Grant Co., Or. May 7th, 1890.

E. E. BURLINGAME'S ASSAY OFFICE CHEMICAL LABORATORY

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

G. W. BARBER, M. D. Physician & Surgeon. Canyon City, Oregon. Office next door to Co. Treasurer's office, Main Street.

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.

W. P. DUNCAN, Dealer in Hardware, Miners' Supplies, Etc., Etc. Hydraulic Pipe and all kinds of Tinware manufactured to order. The only Tin-shop in Grant county, and equipped in all manner of work. REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

A. B. ELMER, Assayer & Analytical Chemist. 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 114, Baker City Ogn.

J. L. B. VIAL & SON, Watchmakers and Jewelers. Baker City, Oregon. Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Gold and Silversmiths.

A. HUPPRICH, Money to Loan on Collaterals. Opposite Union Meat Market, Main Street.

E. E. BURLINGAME'S ASSAY OFFICE CHEMICAL LABORATORY

HOW'S YOUR FENCE? We have the CHEAPEST and Best WOVEN WIRE FENCING Wire Rope Solvago. MCMULLEN'S FARM FENCING. 50 INCHES HIGH AT 50 CENTS PER ROD. Length, Height and Width. Prices Low. Freight Paid. Send for Catalogue. THE BURLINGAME WIRE FENCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL. P. O. All Steel LAMBS and CATTLE Fences.

A DETECTIVE STORY.

Tracking a Burglar.

BY AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER I.

Burglary and attempted murder! That was the charge. The burglar had escaped, and the task of capturing him was given to me. It did not prove such a hard task as I expected it to be when I had heard only the first report, but it was enough to try a man's nerve before all was over. "There's not much to go upon, Crinly," said the chief of our department when he was putting me upon the case. "You must go out there, and I have no doubt you'll make something of the matter."

That was a compliment, and it was very pleasant to hear it from the chief, and I immediately went out there.

The house was in a very retired road at Highgate. When the door was opened to me, I asked to see Mr. Bowles, and that gentleman made his appearance in a very time.

I had only to introduce myself as Mr. Crinley, detective, called to make inquiries concerning the robbery and the murderous assault, to insure a very cordial reception.

"The rascal has not left even a footprint behind to trace him by," exclaimed the injured Mr. Bowles soon after he had conducted me into the parlor.

"Men who follow such lines of business seldom do," I said. "But I shall be able to trace some of the stolen property. If I do that I dare say I can run down the thief. Let me see the place where you were attacked, please."

I was conducted up the stairs and into a passage or lobby which ran from the back of the house to a door leading into a front bedroom. There was a door on each side of this passage, each giving admittance to another bedroom. Two smaller doors belonged to closets, in which a variety of things not in immediate use, were deposited from time to time.

"This is where I caught the villain," said Mr. Bowles, planting his foot firmly on the carpet near one of the bedroom doors. "This is my bedroom, you see," he continued. "I retired for the night about eleven o'clock, but I had not gone to bed. I put on a dressing-gown and sat down to write a couple of letters. I thought I would come home and smoke a pipe with Mr. Ainger if he should come home before I had laid down. Well, I wrote my letters, and was sitting near the fire thinking of friends in Australia, and one thing and another, when I heard a sound out here that drew my attention. I listened intently a few seconds, when I distinctly heard a low, rustling noise that appeared to come from the closet, in which my boxes are laid."

"I got up then, and going to the door I suddenly threw it open, and saw a big fellow on his knees, with a small dark lantern on a box beside him, busily turning out the contents of a leather trunk in which I had a large sum of money and several gold and silver necklaces of some value."

"Did you not seize him while you had such an opportunity?" I asked.

"I seized him, sir, but I missed the opportunity while he was kneeling," he replied, as if the recollection made him angry with himself. "The moment I threw the door open the villain sprang to his feet like a flash. I gave a shout and attempted to grapple with him, when he actually threw himself into my arms. But I soon found that I could not keep him there without a struggle. He was a big, powerful fellow. He tried to throw me, but I have learned enough of rough wrestling to be able to hold my ground pretty well. Our struggling made enough noise to awaken everybody in the house. I heard the front door bang loudly. Mrs. Ainger—my sister, sir—ran from her room screaming, and met her husband at the top of the stairs. Then the fellow loosed his hold of me, and, as quick as thought, a great sheath knife like a dagger flashed before my eyes. The robber stabbed at my face, but I was quick enough to avoid the blow, and the point of the weapon sank deep into the frame of the door behind me."

There is the hole it made." As he spoke the last words, he pointed to a deep, broad gash in the wood, which only a blow of great force could make.

"Did not the assistance of Mr. Ainger enable you to overpower the man?" I asked.

"No, sir. If we had overpowered him, I should not want your assistance in finding him. I was much more overpowered. The fellow wrenched himself away before Ainger could reach us. He sprang along the passage and down the stairs in about two strides, and was out through the window of the back kitchen, and lost to sight in less time than I require to tell you."

Mr. Ainger found a policeman and told him; then he went along to the station, which is a pretty long step from this place, and when he came back I was busy examining my trunk and finding out what I had lost. I had a lantern, a screw driver and a locket left in place of more than a hundred pounds in coverings and notes, and a black leather case that contained a watch, two diamond rings, and some gold ornaments for a watch chain. A few other things of less value were taken too."

"Are all who were in the house last night at home now?" I asked, when Mr. Bowles had concluded the story of his adventure.

"I suppose all are in the house except one—and you know I wish I had him here just now," he replied, accompanying the latter words with a grim smile.

I told him I desired to see only the servants who slept in the house. I did not wish that any alarm be excited among them, as if they were suspected. They might be called together or separately while he showed me the way by which the robber had escaped. Mr. Bowles at first protested that neither of the girls in the house could know so much about the affair as he did, but consented to speak to Mrs. Ainger on the point, who settled the matter as I desired.

My walk through the house, from the bedroom floor to the kitchen, produced no addition to my knowledge. I looked over the little kitchen garden, on which the windows opened, but without making any useful discovery.

The wall at the end of the garden was nearly eight feet in height. There was a door in it which opened on a narrow lane formed by nothing but garden walls on both sides through the entire length.

"Did the burglar escape by that door?" I asked.

"No, sir. The door was bolted when we came to it. He must have scaled the wall."

"But the wall is high for a big, heavy-bodied man to scale so quickly," I said.

"Yes, he was big, and he must have been as supple as a monkey. But that is the only way by which he could have gone," replied Mr. Bowles, confidently.

"It is odd, and hardly to be credited," I said, "but we must accept the fact, it seems."

While in the garden, and speaking of the burglar, I had secretly, but very closely, scanned the face of the housemaid who was with us. She was tall and decidedly pretty, while in her form and face there was an air of intelligence and refinement greater than is to be found in all girls of her class.

But there was also a pained and troubled expression on her features. That might be set down to a number of causes wholly foreign to the business I was then engaged in, but it excited my curiosity none the less.

When Mr. Bowles mentioned the size and agility of the robber who had escaped on the preceding night I noticed that the troubled expression of her face became deeper. Why was this? Detectives are accustomed to hastily arriving at conclusions, and I at once suspected, very strongly that there was some kind of connection between the robber and the thoughts then current in her mind.

Our inspection of the garden being finished, I indicated to Mr. Bowles that I wished to press my inquiries further with the housemaid and her fellow servant.

"I suppose you must do what you think necessary to forward the ends of justice," he said; "but I must ask you to be careful in your questioning. The young lady you call housemaid is really the friend and companion of my sister, though she fills a servant's place. She stands

perhaps I shall be able to trace some of the stolen property. If I do that I dare say I can run down the thief. Let me see the place where you were attacked, please."

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even higher in my opinion than in my sister's, and I would rather my money should be lost and the thief go free than that her feelings should be hurt in connection with the matter."

I satisfied Mr. Bowles that I knew the proper deference that should be shown to a young lady, whereupon he left me to use my discretion.

The young lady in question didn't try to avoid the interview I desired. A few leading questions elicited the information she could give, but her story was so interesting and so important to me in its bearing on the case that I must give the substance of it here as briefly as I can.

"I did look troubled when I heard the robber was a big and powerful man, and I will tell you why," she said. "Two days ago a man called here to see me. He is a big, powerful man. I don't know what he may be doing now, but about three years ago he bore a very bad character. Mr. Bowles' description of the robber brought him strongly to my mind, and I thought he might possibly be the man."

"Are you acquainted with this man?" Do you know him intimately?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she replied, shrinking. "Before he called here I had not seen him for more than three years. Then he was a bad man. My brother kept his company, and they committed some crime together, for which my brother is still in prison. This man was the principal offender. I am sure, but he escaped punishment."

"Why did he call upon you?"

"I don't know why; and that has made me most uneasy since the robbery last night. He actually mentioned the rich Australian gentleman who was staying in the house. When I saw him I could not stand in the door speaking to such a man as I had known him to be. But I did not send him away directly—I did not like to make him angry, because he might cause a disturbance. When he said he wanted a few words in private with me, I thought he had some news of my brother, and I turned into the little spare-kitchen with him."

"I only called to see how you were getting on, Mary," he said. "Somehow, I'd been thinking of you as poor Tom Drew's sister, and I thought I'd come. There's no use of fuss, I hope. I see you've grown a lady. I don't suppose I'll ever make a problem of you now, Mary; but I've turned over a new leaf, and I'll get money till I grow as rich as that Australian gent that's living in the house now. It's time to work where they dig gold by the shovelful. A little of that precious stuff would be useful to poor folks here—wouldn't it, Mary?" And they'd still have plenty more than they could spend if they did share a bit."

"The man touched me on the arm, and I shrank from him. He then began to praise the house—so many floors, so many rooms, and actually two sets of stairs! He left soon to my great relief, but he had gained some information about the house and the people by his seemingly careless remarks and indirect questions."

"What you have told me may be of great service, miss," I said. "I must ask you to give me this strange fellow's name."

"I am sure, I cannot do that. I don't know his name," she replied. "Well, that is unfortunate. But you say it is about three years since he was implicated in some crime for which your brother suffered? What is your brother's name?"

"James Drew," she replied in a low voice, which made me think

she did not like to speak the tainted name aloud.

I thanked her, and immediately went to Mr. Bowles, from whom I obtained a more particular description of the several articles he had lost, in addition to the money.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

The King of Sweden recently received a letter from a young farmer, who had been drafted for military service, begging his Majesty to release him and let him join his relatives in America, who had just sent him a passage ticket. The king did so.

The owners of a traveling show, which included in its animals, a number of bears, have been arrested at Treeshing, Hungary, on a charge of murdering a tramp and throwing his body to the bears, and they devoured it.

Philip Henson, a plaster living near Corvint, Miss., is believed to enjoy the proud distinction of having the longest hair in the world. He is six feet six inches in height, and when he stands erect his whiskers reach to the ground. When the wind blows through them it must create considerable of a commotion.

A shoe factory at New Canaan, Conn., has just made a pair of shoes for a Cha-lotte, N. C., man. They are the biggest ones ever made. The size is No. 42. Each shoe is 20 inches long and eight inches wide. The man who is to wear them is a clergyman, 6 feet 10 in. tall, and weighs 110 pounds, and the country in which he dwells is a roomy one.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and substance. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight, cheap imitations of the "Giant" brand.

BEATTY'S ORGANS. As the best. Write for catalogue. Address, Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

BEATTY'S PIANOS. In use everywhere. Write for catalogue. Ex-Mayor Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.

THE OYSTER SHED. A new and improved method of catching oysters. Write for catalogue. Address, Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

DENVER PUBLIC SAMPLING WORKS. All Samples Fresh, P.S. Guaranteed.

5 TON SCALES \$66. Beam Six Tons. Send for Terms.

JONES OF BINGHAMTON. THE BEST THE MARKET OFFERS.

PIEHLER'S BARKING OILS. Suffered Nearly Thirty Years. 187 N. Duane St., Baltimore, Md. The remedy is guaranteed to cure all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and is sold in all drug stores.

DR. JACOBS' OIL. Cures RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, BRUISES, CUTS, HURTS, PAINS, SWELLINGS, SORE THROAT, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM. REMEDY FOR PAIN FOR RHEUMATISM. Suffered Nearly Thirty Years. 187 N. Duane St., Baltimore, Md. The remedy is guaranteed to cure all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and is sold in all drug stores.

\$500 REWARD offered for an incurable case of Catarrh of the Head, by the proprietor of Dr. JACOBS' OIL. The remedy is guaranteed to cure all cases of catarrh of the head, and is sold in all drug stores.