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THE GRANT COUNTY 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, JULY 31, 1890.

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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

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SECRET SOCIETIES.

- AF & AM—Canyon City Lodge No. 34 meets Saturday on or before each new moon. IOOF—Hoback Lodge No. 22, Canyon City, regular meeting Thursday evening of each week. Mountain View Lodge No. 33, Prairie City, Saturday evenings. AOUW—Honor Lodge No. 78, Canyon City, Monday evenings. IOGT—John Day Lodge No. 80, Canyon City, Saturday evening. GAR—Gen. Hancock's Post No. 84 John Day, Tuesday evening on or before a new, full moon.

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Notas is hereby given that I have this day appointed the following persons deputy stock inspectors for Grant county, Oregon: L. H. Johnson, Dayville; John H. Baker, Caleh; John C. Lann, John Day; John Birchwell, Long Creek; Woods Carter, Fox; Wm. Hall, Prairie City; B. S. Blackwell, Hamilton; I. M. Johnson, Shoolby; Benj. Hunsaker, Wagner; W. W. Hinton, Stock Inspector for Grant Co., Or. May 7th, 1890.

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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 house formerly occupied by Dr. Howard.

G. I. HAZELTINE Photographer. Canyon City, OREGON.

S. S. DENNING. Attorney-at-Law. Lavo 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. Indors 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. Canyon City, Oregon. Office opposite Masonic Hall.

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, GLASS and CUTLERS.

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A DETECTIVE STORY.

Tracking a Burglar.

BY AN OREGON CORRESPONDENT.

CHAPTER II.

On referring to a file of papers published three years before the robbery at Higglegate, I learned that James Drew and Matthew Brown had been charged with complicity in an extensive swindling fraud. James Drew had been sentenced to five years penal servitude, but Matthew Brown had been acquitted because the evidence was not sufficiently clear against him.

A certain public house near Drury Lane was recognized as Matt's headquarters between the hours of twelve in the evening and four in the afternoon. When he was not seen at the corner out side, or at the public bar within, he was certain to be found in the plain and sparsely furnished little smoking room regarding himself with a pipe and a glass of toddy.

"I hardly see it in the smoking room. Did you say better, sir?" said one of the upright pump-handlers and holding a glass in readiness. "Not just now," I said, turning to a door on which the word "Smoking" was painted.

Matt Brown was the only person in the room when I entered. Advancing, I took off my hat, and bending a little, said: "You are Mr. Brown, the book-maker, I believe?"

"I am Matt Brown, guv'nor, right enough, but I don't see as how my business matters much to a stranger." "But it does to me, Mr. Brown. The fact is, want to do a little business in your line. I'm not a letting man, as a rule, but I want to back Ribbon for the November

Handicap. What odds can you give against two pounds?" "I can't give no odds, guv'nor. You'd better go to the races and bet your money in the ring. You are too mighty respectable-looking, with that stuffed umbrella and all, to catch an old bird with a chaff, and, leaning forward he laughed in a way which told me very plainly my plan had failed.

Of course I protested that Mr. Brown misunderstood me. He only laughed the more, and I left, expressing a hope that we should arrive at a better understanding the next time I wanted to do business with him.

After leaving the public house I made my way to High Holborn, and through Russell Square and Goulford street into Gray's Inn road. Near the latter thoroughfare there lived a friend of mine, in whose house I deposited my umbrella, my overcoat and silk-hat, as I left other disguises on former occasions.

During the evening I learned a great deal about Matt Brown. The next day I devoted to a tour among the dealers in second-hand goods, who are rather numerous in that locality. In one place which I entered I found quite a collection of pipes, cigar-holders, cigar-cases, tobacco boxes, and other articles that are considered necessary in a smoker's complete outfit. There was some sameness among the cigar-cases only, and as I was specially interested in cigar cases I asked the grimy-looking proprietor of the shop if he could show me anything a little more of the common.

After some haggling he said he had a few more, and he brought them to me from an inner room. One was a rough-looking affair, indeed. It was made of untanned skin, from which the hair had not been removed. A rudely formed silver medallion was on the front, and the clasp was of silver. I looked at it as a curiosity, and bought it at a high price, feeling satisfied that I had secured a bargain in the very inolegant looking thing. In reply to my inquiry as to when he had bought the article, the dealer replied he could not remember exactly, but it had been in his possession a long time.

On the following day I called at the public house near Drury lane once more, and entered the smoking room, in which I found Matt alone in his glory.

"Well, Mr. Brown," I said "will you do business with me to-day?" "Hallo, guv'nor! is it you?" he exclaimed. "I'd hardly know you now. You look more like a billiard-man, I must say, without your long coat and top hat and old woman's umbrella. But I don't think we can do that kind of business together, all the same."

"No, thanks; I'll stick to my pipe still."

I left the room almost immediately afterward; but I contrived to see Matt Brown a little more at his ease. I was now satisfied that the burglar at Higglegate and Matt Brown were one. The cigar-case was one of the articles which had been stolen from Mr. Bowles trunk, and the effect its appearance produced on Mr. Brown fully established his guilt in my mind.

I procured from Bow street two men to secure the man, and in less than a quarter of an hour he was arrested. Brown's belongings were searched, and nearly all the stolen property was found there. The big, powerful Matt Brown was tried at the ensuing assizes and is now expiating his crime by serving ten years in penal servitude.

I learned afterward that Mr. Bowles proposed to marry Drew, who shrank from his advances at first, but subsequently consented to become his wife. They were married, and went to Australia together, where, I can only hope, they are still living happily. Pail adolphus Transcript.

Back to Her Side.

An old-fashioned poetic school-teacher's wagon came creaking through the December wind, bound westward. As it came nearer in its slow course across the plain I saw that the horses were thin and pitiful, and the driver who sat on a rough seat beneath the faded and torn canvas cover, was as we began to say.

He had come from a good-looking man, but his sad face and unkempt clothing told too well the story of sorrow and disappointment. "How far, it to the next town?" he asked as he came opposite me. "About five miles."

"How is the road?" "Can't get there before night."

"An' a frightful, without hurry-ing?" "The wheels were skimming across the sky and a storm seemed riding on the back of the north wind that blew fitfully over the prairie."

"I'm going to South county," he replied, wistfully, as he thought of the long helplessness to the foot of the Rockies, and a great god there below the head of the month."

"Why, got some land there?" "No, not exactly, but something better. I lived here two years ago. Mary and I. The hot winds came and the times grew hard for us. We worked night and day, but there wasn't no use—the sun just dried up the ground and we almost give up. Then Mary died; she was my wife, you know," he said, in half-apologetic words.

"She helped all she could, but her strength wouldn't hold out?" "And you were left alone?" "Yes, so much alone that I laid her out all by myself on our little log."

"You're such a prosin' fellow, I don't mind if I do. I like my pipe, but I can always take a cigar from a friend."

claim and then started for the old home back East to try and make a living. I lost my right to the claim, he went on wistfully, after a pause, "but I didn't care much, except that she was there. Now I must go through and see it."

"Do you expect to get it back?" "Not all of it; I don't want it. But they tell me the land is all being plowed up in the neighborhood and I'm afraid they'll plow over her grave."

"And as you'll buy the land?" "A little of it—that holds her. I kin make a livin, I know, an' I'll stay by her side till the end. It seemed like the sun went out when she left me there."

He resisted all my efforts to induce him to remain for the night. He must hurry he said.

And the last I saw of him he was urging the tired horses toward the angry sunset sky, so eager to reach the grave of the one he loved so well. Humble in station though he was, crude though his surroundings, his lonely vigil on the far western prairie, with the wide spreading sea of grass around and only the tiny mound of earth to attract his lonely heart, has oft seemed a picture worthy of a true artist's touch.—Detroit Free Press.

Following snake story comes from Santa Rosa, Cal.: A peculiar snake has been killed in Bennett valley near this city, weighing twenty pounds. This serpent attacked two children while picking berries; when a man named Morse came to the rescue and shot it. The snake measured 5 feet 4 inches, and was four inches through the body. If Oregon wants to have any reputation at all she must get in and kill a larger snake than this.

Oregon leads in the quality of her wheat, the shipment of which, and now Portland is to have the largest saw mill in the United States. It will cut 100,000 feet in ten hours. The engines are to be of 300 horse power, and will cost \$50,000. Work will begin at once. It is the old Webster mill, being rebuilt.

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