

THE CONDON GLOBE.

FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1896.

NOTICE.

The yearly subscription to the GLOBE is \$1.50, if paid in advance. If not paid in advance, \$2 will be charged. A blue pencil mark around this notice indicates that your subscription expires with this issue. Please renew promptly.

GLOBOSITIES.

Deputy Sheriff Tom Johnson made a business trip to Arlington Monday.

Grandma Grider is on the sick list again and under medical treatment.

H. N. Frazer and family arrived home Sunday evening from their Pendleton visit.

Tom Johnson is painting the Barr house, recently vacated by Gene Smith and family.

Our new county coroner, Arthur Marvel, and his father from Rock creek were in town Tuesday on business.

Edgar Moore left Wednesday for Portland, where he will spend the 4th and enjoy himself generally for a week.

A postoffice has been established at Twickenham, the new town on the John Day, with A. Helms as postmaster.

Dr. Hogan was called out Monday to prescribe for Mrs. G. G. Farman, who was quite ill but is now improving.

Mr. McKinley is a strong Methodist but he cannot go to church any more without having it known to 70,000,000 people.

Mrs. Maddock and son Frank visited Arlington several days this week, visiting their friends B. Kiely and family on the way.

The man who is always borrowing tools from you never seems to have as good a memory as you have. Ever notice that?

The democratic national convention will be held at Chicago next Tuesday, 7th. In all probability it will declare for free silver.

Bill Myers had his arm pretty badly crushed yesterday by a horse falling on him, but Dr. Hogan has him in "running order" again.

The American Eagle's tail will be twisted in a most vigorous manner next Saturday. The famous fowl will scream long and loud at Olex.

Sylvan Palmer has had the front of his barber shop neatly painted and the porch posts are each adorned with a suit of red white and blue.

Our farmers are in the midst of hay harvesting, and the crop is enormously large. There will be hay here to throw at the birds next winter.

An exchange says that John Bull is so amiable over the Venezuela business that he shall have to fight to keep him from hugging us to death.

Two Sisters of Charity from Pendleton were in Condon several days ago soliciting subscriptions for a \$7000 addition to be built onto the Catholic school or convent.

The S. B. Medicine man was in town Monday. This medicine is fast going out of use since the advent of Liverine, which is considered a great deal better remedy than S. B.

The Eagle says that E. R. Hunlock, A. Sprules and C. D. Robinson of Lone Rock was in Lone Creek last week, on their return home from a prospecting tour near Suenaville.

A Goshen (Lane county) correspondent to the Eugene Guard says: "Everyone who likes to 'trip the light fantastic' is going to attend Blind Johnny Keeney's dance July 3d."

Mrs. McArthur and Miss Llewellyn of Athena are visiting their sister, Mrs. C. W. Gross, three miles northwest of town. We learn that Charley Gross is considerably improved physically.

Messrs. G. W. Kinchart, D. S. Brown and T. G. Johnson were appointed by Judge Mariner appraisers of the estate of L. Parker, deceased. They have 60 days in which to do the work.

The average farm horse actually suffers every day during the summer for the want of water. From sun-up till noon is too long for a hard-worked horse to go without drink.—Farm News.

Counting in clerk hire, mileage and incidentals, a member of Congress now receives a total of about \$15,650 for his two years' service. Daniel Webster used to get for the same period \$3328.

Miss Daisy Downing finished her term of school on Beecher Flat today. She was not able to teach Monday on account of her face getting poisoned in some manner—perhaps by poison oak.

Tom Swift of Dutch Flat, who was sent to the penitentiary last October for a year for stabbing Frank Siegrist, has been released, having been allowed double time during the last four months.

The Grant County News says that four ranchers over on the North Fork had been killed in a fight with sheepmen, but the rumor is not given much credit.

Manley Downing returned home this week from Corvallis, where he had been attending the Agricultural college. He came over the mountains on horseback, and reports lots of snow over there yet.

The postoffice in Crook county formerly known as Burnt Ranch has been moved three miles west of the old site and its name changed to Grade. Geo. M. Cornett is postmaster.—Prineville Review.

There ought to be no kick about the little boy's patriotism whose answer to his little sister's question when "Uncle Sam" lives was: "Oh, he is just like God, he is every where but you can't see him."

A great many people from this section intend to enjoy the festivities at Olex on the 4th. A very large crowd is expected to be there, as all of the Lexington, 8-mile, Lone and Hardman people are coming over.

Has that race track proposition died or what has become of it? Don't let it fall through, for such an enterprise at Condon would bring many a dollar to the town, besides afford no end of fun and excitement.

The Long Creek Eagle says that county clerk Powell Tuesday issued a marriage license to Tom Swift and Fannie Scott. Swift must be quite a "ladies' man," to catch on so soon after getting out of the pen.

Read the county treasurer's notice again this week. A mistake occurred in it last week. All warrants registered prior to June 1, 1894, will be paid—instead of 1895. The difference in these dates amounts to about \$12,000.

The official count gives Ellis 378 and Tongue 63 plurality. The populists in the first district will contest Tongue's election, but in the 2d district Quinn takes his defeat good-naturedly and has resumed his old job of "raslin" laundry.

The weather here all last week was oppressively hot, the mercury frequently running over the 100-mark. Sunday some rain fell, cooling the atmosphere just right for the wheat crop, which will soon be harvested and which could not look more promising at this time.

Garrett A. Hobart, the republican nominee for vice-president, is one of the millionaires of New Jersey. He is connected with half a dozen different banks, is at the head of the East New Jersey Water Co., and draws a salary of \$50,000 a year as attorney for the National Railroad Pool.

Don't expect an advertisement to bear fruit in one night. You can't eat enough in a week to last a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either. People who advertise only once in three months forget that most folks cannot remember anything longer than about seven days.—Exchange.

While other sections of the state are overrun with tramps, who commit all manner of thieving depredations, the people of this section can congratulate themselves that they are not afflicted with that class of people, who, professing to be looking for work would not know what to do with it if they found it.

It is reported that Union county is to have another contest over the school superintendent's office. J. E. Reynolds' election will be contested on the grounds that he offered inducements to the voters by promising to turn the office over to Miss Nellie Stephens and allow her to draw the salary.

All of the newly-elected county and precinct officers throughout the state will take charge of their respective offices next Monday. There will be but a slight change in the official directory of this county, as nearly all of the old officers were re-elected, the only new ones being E. W. Daggett, school superintendent, and Arthur Marvel, coroner.

The loss of three thousand lives in Japan by an earthquake adds another horrible happening to the already long list of the world's casualties. No part of this mundane sphere is free from mortality and destruction of property by unforeseen causes and there is an uncertainty of life that should make all quit their meanness and prepare for the worst.

Jim Corbett, the world-renowned blow-hard pugilist, was soundly thrashed in a prize fight at San Francisco the other day by a common, every-day sailor who knocked him out in four rounds. Corbett refuses to turn over the championship belt, however, until he has another go with his conqueror, whose name is Tom Sharkey. Corbett had better have kept on fighting with his mouth instead of his fists.

There is a decided shaking up of the dry bones in the press of the nation just now, and one can hardly tell "where he will be at" by next November. Some of the Eastern papers hitherto democratic, are backing and filling toward McKinley because of the gold declarations of the St. Louis platform, and the Salt Lake Tribune, heretofore one of the ablest republican papers in America, has come out squarely against McKinley and gold.

In the rapid progress of the age, ladies are competing with men in almost all industrial pursuits, but it is not often they have gone on the road as drivers of freight wagons, still this work can be performed by a woman as well as a man, as was proven by Mrs. W. H. Anderson, of Crook county, who arrived here Friday with a load of wool, having come nearly 200 miles over a rough and rugged road unaccompanied except by her little daughter.—Dalles Chronicle.

Friday of last week Joe, Whyte, Alex Hardie, Sr., and his son, Geo. Hardie, got into an altercation at the shearing corral of Mr. Whyte on Matney Flat, which waxed so warm that it resulted in a most vigorous argument, in which Mr. Whyte got considerably woasted. He came to town Sunday and had warrants sworn out for the above-named gentlemen, on a charge of assault and battery.

Reuben McKinney, special constable, made the arrests Monday and brought them before the J. P. at Condon and, upon their pleading guilty, were fined \$15 and costs, amounting in all to \$29—George \$10 and his father \$5. Heated debates of this kind are a little expensive, but sometimes it is difficult to avoid them.

A young man on Coyote creek, Lane county, in order to catch a young lady of that place, a red-hot republican, changed his politics and voted a straight republican ticket. Instead of doing him any good the young lady went back on him, and then the young man tried to commit suicide by drowning himself in a wash tub full of water, but unfortunately failed.

People who live in this country, on the hills and elsewhere, and fail to grow a few shade or fruit trees around their houses are not entitled to much sympathy in their life and misfortunes. To see a farm house with not a tree in sight when trees are easily grown is deplorable and tells one how shiftless the people who occupy those houses are.—Exchange.

The Brownsville Times says: In Loy, a Chinaman, was made a Woodman at Brownsville last week. He was lambasted, swalla whacked, boom-fizzled and yankeedoodled, and quietly submitted until it was proposed to abbreviate his one, when he made a break for the door, knocked down the guard, ran over the sentry and cleared the stairs in three leaps. He says "Woodmen heap dam foolie, no goodie, allee samee, slum of a gun Meican man."

When J. H. Miller and family left here a year ago the GLOBE predicted that they would be back within a year—and they are expected here next week. They left White Rock, Nev., some time ago and about two weeks ago Mr. Miller wrote from Sissons, Cal., to S. B. Barker saying they would be here in July and want the use of their dwelling house, which is now occupied by Mr. Barker and family. We have not learned what business Mr. Miller expects to engage in, but presume he will embark in the mercantile business again, at which he has always made money here.

An exchange says a man who chewed 20 cents worth of tobacco in a week concluded to try the tobacco cure. In two weeks he ate up \$1.50 worth of the cure and for the next two weeks he used 19 cents worth of candy, 5 cents worth of chewing gum, 5 cents worth of peanuts and 5 cents worth of cough drops per day. During these two weeks he also consumed two large rubber erasers, ate the rubber tips from fourteen lead pencils chewed up a dozen pen holders and browsed off his mustache as high up as he could reach. He is now chewing tobacco again in the interest of economy.

The terrible accident that befell Sam Grant ought to convince the people of this county that it would be more advantageous in every respect and pay better to patronize our home shipping point—Arlington, which is only one-half the distance to The Dalles, and is by far the best road, being nearly all down grade and no dangerous bridges or streams to cross. After paying heavy toll over two or three bridges between here and The Dalles and considering the extra time it takes to make the trip, to say nothing of the danger of accidents, there surely is no advantage to be gained by patronizing The Dalles in preference to Arlington. People who have any regard for their best interests will always be found patronizing their home towns and home industries in preference to anything else.

A Frightful Accident.

Last Monday Sam Grant, the well-known Fossil freighter, was on his way home from The Dalles with 8500 pounds of freight, one wagon being loaded with barbed wire, and while crossing Leonard's bridge on the John Day the old rickety bridge broke down, precipitating the entire outfit—Mr. Grant, the 6-horse team, two wagons and all into the raging torrent 30 feet below.

By mere accident several men happened to be near by and by almost superhuman effort they succeeded in rescuing Mr. Grant from his perilous position, more dead than alive. Three horses were killed outright and two were so horribly mangled that they had to be shot. The 6th horse was saved.

Dr. Geisendorfer was hastily summoned and found Mr. Grant terribly bruised and cut up and injured internally, but he thinks not fatally. It is almost a miracle that he was not instantly killed or drowned.

This is doubly unfortunate for Mr. Grant, who is a very poor man with a large family, and he has been making a living almost entirely by freighting. Now that his five horses and two wagons are gone he is practically left without any means of support; besides, if he recovers from his injuries it is not likely that he will be able to work any this summer.

This is an excellent opportunity for a sympathizing public to come to his rescue with assistance, without delay, when it is needed most. We have not learned how soon he will be able to be removed to his home near Fossil.

We understand that the bridge was owned by M. A. Moody of The Dalles, also that it has been condemned for several years by bridge inspectors and was considered unsafe by all who were obliged to cross it. Therefore, it is very probable that Mr. Grant will sue for damages.

We learn that W. Lair Hill, the noted lawyer and author of Hill's Code, formerly owned this bridge and he sold it to some parties who became indebted to Mr. Moody, who secured a mortgage on the bridge. About two years ago the mortgage was foreclosed and thus became the property of Mr. Moody, and has been a toll bridge ever since it was built.

An Explanation.
FOSSIL, OR., June 27, 1896.
EDITOR CONDON GLOBE.

Dear Sir:—Allow me a few lines in reply to the attack made upon me by your Lone Rock correspondent. Of course it takes courage to attack anyone through the press over the signature as given by this writer.

He says it was the first time that the people of Condon had been given a "blowing up" for "right down meanness—as they dance, drink, gamble, etc." Now, the fact is, last winter almost the same words that I used were used by Rev. Bramblet at the same place, and nothing thought of it. But the impression that this writer tries to get before the people, I never said; neither did I intend to leave such an impression—that is, that all the church people at Condon are guilty of these things.

Now, what I did say is this: In revival work, or the work in general, one of the obstructions to the onward march of Christianity and hard to overcome was the lives of some in the church. I said that we meet it everywhere—we meet it at Condon—dancing, drinking, gambling, and the Lord only knows what they don't do.

Notwithstanding the wonderful knowledge (?) of the writer from Lone Rock, these things are true all over this country—in all the churches—or the word of the best men in our country amount to nothing.

I did not attack the entire church—simply those who are guilty—as it is not a secret that there are men in the churches all over the country that ought to be out.

The worthy (?) writer from Lone Rock does not seem to have the courage of his convictions, as at the close of the services on the day referred to, a number told me I had preached a good sermon. But I am attacked through the press, over a nondescript name, saying my sermon was filled with "slander and blackguardism."

In conclusion I will say that I never attack a good man in any church; but I try to hit the devil whenever his head bobs up—in or out of any church.

G. W. BARNHART.

Arlington Items.

Paul Jones has returned to his ranch. Farmers everywhere are busy cutting hay.

S. G. Hawson made a trip to Portland last week.

The river is falling and all danger of a flood is past.

Sharte Bros. are selling lots of machinery these days.

A "merry-go-round" will be one of the attractions here on the 4th.

J. P. Thomas, the Olex blacksmith, was here Monday on business.

Everybody is preparing for the 4th. A large crowd is expected here.

John Berthold has purchased a fine water tank for use on his ranch.

A great deal of wool is being hauled to town from both sides of the river.

A game of base ball will be played here on the 4th between the married and single men.

Capt. Nelson took several of our people to Blalock in his gasoline launch Sunday, returning in the evening.

A thunder storm and light shower Monday evening cooled the atmosphere, much to the delight of everybody.

Rev. Walbridge and family will leave here the first of next month, and the M. E. church will again be without a minister.

A wagonload of our fishermen went to Rock creek on a fishing expedition last week, but found the finny tribe too wary for them.

Rev. Strong and family are here for a few days. He is telegrapher on the O. R. & N. and will be stationed at Blalock during the summer.

Frank Young of Gooseberry had his ankle lacerated last Saturday by being thrown in front of a mower. Dr. Geisendorfer was called Monday to see him and brought the patient with him for treatment.

Word reached here Tuesday that the Leonard bridge on the John Day went down Monday, with a team and wagon that was crossing at the time. Dr. Geisendorfer was called to see the injured man, and at this writing had not yet returned.

A fire alarm was sounded here one day last week and soon the entire male population was on hand. The fire was confined to a portion of the shed used by Rev. Walbridge for a stable, and was soon extinguished. It is presumed that some matches had been dropped there and were ignited by the heat of the sun.

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