

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

Victim's Story Not Borne Out by the Known Facts.

Los Angeles, June 27.—The police are of the opinion that the wounds of William Hadley, who was found unconscious by the wayside near Downey Saturday night, terribly lacerated with a knife which lay by his side, were self-inflicted, but the injured man tells a different story. Hadley recovered consciousness Sunday after his removal to the county hospital and identified himself as night watchman of the City of London dry goods store.

Pioneer Dead.

San Francisco, June 27.—George Aronson, a well-known pioneer merchant of California, over 80 years of age, and for many years identified with charitable and philanthropic work, died yesterday morning at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. J. S. Oppenheimer, with whom he had made his home, after a brief illness. The deceased, though retired from active business, was a familiar figure in Sacramento and this city for the past fifty years.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations entered into by him.
W. & T. H. A. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
W. A. LINDSAY, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Prison Directors in Secret Session.

Sacramento, June 27.—The state board of prison directors spent several hours in executive session Saturday night at the Folsom prison. There was a general discussion of the management of the prison, but just what was said or done was not divulged. Individual members of the board said they were satisfied with their own investigations, but they would not say whether their conclusions were for or against Warden Wilkinson and his management.

Spring Fever.

Spring fever is another name for biliousness. It is more serious than most people think. A torpid liver and inactive bowels mean a poisoned system. If neglected, serious illness may follow such symptoms. DeWitt's Little Early Risers remove all danger by stimulating the liver, opening the bowels and cleansing the system of impurities. Safe pills. Never gripe. "I have taken DeWitt's Little Early Risers for torpid liver every spring for years," writes R. M. Eriely, Mountville, W. Va. "They do me more good than anything I have ever tried." Chas. Strang.

Lord Milner Takes Oath as Governor.

Pretoria, June 27.—Lord Milner, who was British commissioner in South Africa, took the oath of governor of the Transvaal here yesterday in the presence of a large assemblage of people. He was heartily cheered by all present and a salute in his honor was fired from the fort.

How to Avoid Trouble.

Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over, and if procured now may save you a trip to town in the night or in your busiest season. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful medicine in use for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. No family can afford to be without it. For sale by Chas. Strang, druggist.

Forty-Niner Passes Away.

Los Angeles, June 27.—James Montgomery Wilson, a mine operator of Hermosillo, Mexico, and a forty-niner, died at the home of his daughter in this city at the age of 73, death being due to heart disease. Wilson came from Mexico a week ago on a visit to his daughter and was taken suddenly ill on Thursday.

Smith's Dandruff Pomade

Stops itching scalp upon one application, three to six removes all dandruff and will stop falling hair. Price 50c., at all druggists. Sample free. Address Smith Bros., Fresno, Calif. For sale by Medford Drug Company.

Big Fire at Portland.

Portland, Ore., June 27.—Shortly before 11 o'clock Friday night fire broke out in the plant of the Wolf & Zwicker Iron works, situated on East Madison and East Water streets. At 1 o'clock Saturday morning it had burned over six acres of territory and had destroyed property roughly estimated at \$500,000 in value.

A good looking horse and poor looking harness is the worst kind of a combination.

Eureka Harness Oil

not only makes the harness and the horse look better, but makes the harness soft and pliable, puts it in condition to last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

Sold everywhere in standard oil cans.

STANDARD OIL CO.

Give Your Horse a Chance!

FOR THE HONOR OF A PRINCESS

By F. K. Scribner

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The Duke de Blart, a nobleman of ancient ancestry and a young man of great accomplishments, had disappeared from the court and with him the Princess Alice. It was known to the king that the duke had sought to be a churchman, being of gloomy mind and much given to moods. But Henry, having small desire to see so great a nobleman turn monk, had played right skillfully the dark eyes of his royal kinswoman against the church.

Strange it was that the duke had not bided his time until the king were ready for a royal wedding. As for me, humble lieutenant of the musketeers that I am, I knew that the princess loved him not, for I had been chosen by his majesty to guard her person and saw her daily. Right well I knew—But that belongs not in this story.

The most important thing was that my king had bidden me, in great secrecy, to choose but one follower and with him to ride to the duke's chateau at M.

The honor of the princess rested in my hand, of which fact Paris must not know.

It was an hour past midnight when I, with the Chevalier de Rossel at my side, rode forth from Paris. De Rossel was in cheerful mood.

"Zounds!" said he, snapping his fingers briskly. "Methinks this Duke de Blart hath o'er-shot the mark. Plotting was bad enough, yet he must needs, having ridden with his princess beyond the walls, lay violent hands upon her person. Had he but waited, the king's desire had given her to him."

To my mind also came the thought the man must be truly mad; but, despite the weight of the occasion, something within me rejoiced that it lay within my power to undo the duke and return the princess to the king, her uncle.

The duke's dwelling lay some leagues from Paris, so the first dawn overtook us as we rode from the forest which surrounded the chateau on three sides. The place was of some strength, built in the days of the king's grandfather, so perchance some obstacle might lie between us and an entrance.

But upon our reaching the entrance to the dwelling we found it indeed most poorly guarded in that the guard had unbarricaded the door, the day being full upon us. Moreover, I perceived he was no other than one who had served the king, an ex-musketeer of mine own company.

Seeing me, he stood open mouthed, saluting with much ceremony, nor showed he any disposition to bar our progress.

"Faith," replied he to my greeting, "thou art come from Paris at a most early hour. The duke is yet abed, having come hither but yesterday in company with his cousin, who suffers from a malady."

"What now?" cried De Rossel. "Is the lady stricken?"

"That she is," replied the witless fellow, "for the duke bore her before him on the saddle and hath given her in charge of the women, bidding them look to it she commit no injury upon her person."

"Come they alone?" asked I.

"Only the two," replied he. "Art from the king?"

De Rossel plucked my sleeve. "Twas told in Paris," said he, "the duke's kinswoman had lost her wits, and 'tis the royal pleasure we learn concerning her condition. It is the purpose of his majesty to send his leech to cure her if occasion warrants it."

The fellow nodded. "The duke is much in favor with the king," said he. "Would see the woman who guards the maid?"

De Rossel cast upon me a look of triumph. "Twere most fitting," replied he, "for, the hour being early, 'twere an ill thing to arouse the duke, thy master."

"Tis a most strange thing," muttered De Rossel as we followed the servant through the long and dimly lighted corridor, "beyond comprehension, and methinks there comes a queer twist to our errand. Either this duke be drunk or truly mad; therefore look to it, M. de Marc, that no trap be set for us."

Presently we came into the door of a chamber, and the servant drew back, signifying 'twas the room wherein was confined the princess.

"Go thou," said De Rossel gruffly. "Thou hast done thine errand." And he put in the fellow's palm a silver piece.

"I will remain here," said he, the man being gone, "and if any come to know our business I will deal with him." So saying, he unsheathed his sword and took his stand beside the door, upon which I knocked softly.

A voice from within demanded who sought admittance at so early an hour, when 'twas small courtesy to disturb a lady's quiet.

I replied that I bore a message from the duke which brooked of no delay, whereupon a bolt was withdrawn, the door partly opened, and the face of a woman appeared.

In the dim light she noted not my person, but demanded irritably that I deliver the message quickly and begone, but I, placing my knee against the half closed door, thrust it back with such force that the woman was thrown to the floor, where she lay stunned.

"Tis the antechamber to the inner room," said De Rossel, peering over my shoulder. "Go in. I will look to the wench that she make no outcry."

Pushing the heavy draperies guard-

ing the entrance to the inner chamber, aside, I entered without ceremony, then paused, for the princess was before me.

Aroused by the sound of voices in the antechamber she had risen from a couch and confronted me. The half light touched her with a glow soft as moonlight, revealing the whiteness of her skin, the gentle curve of her throat and neck and the veiled splendor of the soft, dark eyes.

"My lord," said she, "what means this intrusion? 'Tis but poor courtesy which sends thee hither when I would be alone."

She took me for the Duke de Blart. The shadow of the draperies concealed my features, and I being somewhat the size of the nobleman the mistake was easy. I took a step toward her, the gleam of my buff slashing in the light. She started, her hand going to a little toy dagger which lay upon the table at her side. Suddenly the color which had risen to her cheeks died away, her lips parted and her hand went to her heart.

"M. de Marc," she cried, "M. de Marc, 'tis thou! Thou wilt save me from this madman!"

"Princess," I replied, "none shall harm thee. The king hath sent me to take thee back to Paris."

She smiled softly, laying her hand upon my arm. "Brave M. de Marc," cried she, "would I might!"

The voice of De Rossel checked her words, his face appearing between the curtains.

"Look to thyself, De Marc!" he cried.

A cry from the princess made me turn sharply. Beyond the circle of light where the dark canopy of the bed met the wall I saw an evil figure, cloaked and booted, plumed hat upon head and naked blade in hand. 'Twas the Duke de Blart, who had entered noiselessly through a secret passage in the wall.

His eyes were fixed upon me in mute astonishment, nor methinks he recognized in the intruder of the princess' chamber the king's musketeer.

As I wavered, my hand upon the hilt, he advanced slowly, his eyes still fixed upon my face.

"Sir," said he very softly, "what wouldst thou with this lady?"

The princess crept to my side. "Brave M. de Marc," she whispered, "trust him not. A sudden thrust!"

"Sir," cried the duke a second time, "what is thy business?"

"At the king's command," replied I shortly.

"Age, the good king," he muttered. "We were to dine together. What of the king?"

De Rossel stepped across the threshold. "The man is mad," he whispered, "mad as a hare. Beware, De Marc. The sight of him changed the duke's mood."

"Begone!" he cried; then of a sudden he lunged at me with his sword.

As the blood drawn from the priest gave me in the shoulder appeared upon the lace of my collar the prince cried out, and De Rossel pressed forward.

Angered by the wound, I made a thrust my opponent through the body but De Rossel thrust my point aside. "Wouldst slay a madman?" he cried. "There is another way."

Even as he spoke my point, being turned from its true aim, pierced the duke's shoulder. He started back, a wondrous change coming over him. The mad light in his eyes died out, the letting forth of blood overcoming the malady. With a bewildered gesture he passed his hand across his eyes.

"O God," he muttered, "what thing be this?"

Suddenly, before I could intervene, he threw himself upon his knees before the princess.

"Madame," cried he, "'tis the curse upon my race. 'Twas for that I sought to be a churchman."

A look of great pity came to the lady's eyes. "My lord," said she, "thou art forgiven. The king—"

"The king," cried he, "I cannot meet the king."

With a cry of terror he gained his feet and sought blindly for his sword. I thought he would have set upon us and stood on guard, but 'twas against himself he turned the blade.

Quicker than thought he set the hilt against the wall, pressing the point upon his heart so the steel pierced through ere any could raise a staying hand.

De Rossel bent over the quivering body. "God's death!" he muttered. "'Tis a sorry thing. The madness of the Duke de Blart hath slain him."

Then, turning to the princess, who leaned half fainting against my shoulder, spoke he:

"Madame, the horses await below and the king in Paris. Let us ride thither quickly. I warrant M. de Marc will soon become a nobleman."

But what care I for what the king might offer me? In the eyes of the princess I had read that which is not in the gift of kings.

Peasant Life in Moravia.

The days of the village fair were interesting. Peasants in curious quaint costumes came from every direction. It is rather embarrassing for an American to have men and women take his hand and kiss it. Nor did they seem one whit degraded thereby, says Donahoe's Magazine. All appeared to be happiness, comfort and contentment. The hard grind of American farm life was nowhere visible, but laughter and song, beer and wine made each day seem a fair day. Not once was any drunkenness observed, or any quarrelling, or any loud, profane talk. A simple, God-fearing people, well to do, comfortable in their homes, happy in their occupations, respectful, yet self-respecting, their lives glided on, "darkened by shadows of earth, yet reflecting the image of heaven." Nowhere can you find a more ideal community than at Schloss Grussbach, in old Moravia.

THE OLD WELL.

Story of Moss, Microbes and Medicine.

It is the office of the poet to idealize. He paints pretty and pathetic world pictures which touch the heart and dim the eyes. But he does this regardless of physiology or pathology. When he sings a song of the old well on the farm and of the moss grown bucket in which the water was drawn, he hasn't a thought of the bacteria which find a fertile breeding ground in many an old well. He pictures the hot, thirsty day, and the bucket beaded with trickling drops which shine like pearls against the



moss. But he doesn't paint the picture of the man whose tongue is parched with fever, who tumbles and tosses in his hot room and narrow bed while the bacilli of the bucket and the well are striving for his life. That wouldn't be a poetic theme, and he has nothing to do with a theme that is not poetic.

As a matter of fact the old well and its familiar bucket have been the means of disseminating whole neighborhoods. The microbes are everywhere, and the easiest vehicle for its introduction into the body is perhaps the water we drink. We can't keep the microbes out. We can prevent its harmfulness.

THE DANGER OF DISEASE

does not lie in the strength of the microbe but in the weakness of the body. When the blood is impure the microbe has a vantage ground from which to operate. When the blood is pure disease fails to find a breeding ground, and the microbes strive in vain against the man. Nobody can be healthy when the blood is impure. Taint the blood and every organ fed and nourished by blood must share the taint. Keep the blood pure and plentiful and the body is made strong to resist the assaults of disease.

"I honestly believe that I would have been in my grave to-day had it not been for your medicine, and the mercy of the good Lord," writes Mrs. James R. Moss, of New London, N. C. "In the fall of 1901 I took a hard cold, which seemed to settle in my head, terminating in a attack of the brain. It bothered me all the time, but I did not think it was serious until the spring of 1902, when my health became so much impaired. My blood was all out of order, and I had to go to the doctor. He gave me medicine which helped me for a short time. In the winter of 1902 I got worse than I had ever been. My tonsils were enlarged and my neck swollen all out of shape; my throat was sore and I could not cure it. My husband went for the doctor, but he gave me no encouragement. He helped me a little, but it did not last long, and so he attended me for

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twelve months, when I heard of a lady that was taking your medicine and was getting well. So I secured some of the medicine and began taking it. In one week I was able to do my cooking. When I began taking the medicine I could sit up only a few minutes at a time, and I could rest or sleep only a little while at a time. My throat was sore, at times I could not even swallow sweet milk, and my tonsils were full of little eating sores. My left side was swollen out of shape and so sore I could not bear my clothes fastened, as I could hardly get my breath. My vitals would sour on my stomach before I could leave the table. My folks and friends had about given me up. The doctor said I would not get well. My father said I would not live a month, but three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, three bottles of his 'Pellies,' three bottles of Dr. Sayer's Catarrh Remedy did the work and made me a well woman."

THE BEST THING for impure blood is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It neutralizes the action of the poisons which corrupt the blood and disease the body. It increases the activity of the blood-making glands, thus increasing the supply of pure blood, rich in the red corpuscles of health. By these the body is built up and its vitality restored. "Golden Medical Discovery" is singularly effective in the cure of scrofulous diseases, enlarged glands, swellings, pimples, eczema and eruptive diseases in general. The most obstinate and dangerous forms of blood disease have yielded to the curative power of this great remedy.

"I feel it is my duty to write to you of the wonderful curative powers of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Geo. S. Henderson, Esq., of Denau, Lee Co., Fla. "I had a bad sore on my right ear, and my blood was badly out of order. I tried local doctors but with no good results. Finally I wrote you the particulars in my case and you advised your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which I began to take. From the first bottle I began to feel better, and when I had taken eight bottles the sore was healed up. I wish you success."

"For about one year and a half my face was very badly broken out," writes Miss Carrie Adams, of 116 West Main Street, Battle Creek, Mich. "I spent a great deal of money with doctors and for different kinds of medicine, but received no benefit. At last I read one of your advertisements in a paper, and obtained a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Before I had taken one bottle of this medicine I noticed a change, and after taking three bottles I was entirely cured. I can well recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to any one similarly afflicted."

DON'T BE IMPOSING ON. Sometimes a dealer for the sake of the little more profit paid on the sale of inferior preparations will try and sell a substitute as "just as good" as Golden Medical Discovery. The claim is false on its face. There is no similar medicine for the blood and stomach which can show such a record of cures as the "Discovery." Don't be imposed upon by substitutes without a record.

There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery," and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. "A PERFECT GUIDE to health and happiness" is one title given to Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser.

C. L. Shaw, of Conley, Winn Par., La., writes: "No family should be without it, and anyone who wishes a perfect guide to health and happiness should have Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser."

This great work, containing 1008 large pages and over 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 15 stamps if the book is desired in cloth binding, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Land office at Roseburg, Oregon, May 14, 1902. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the county clerk, at Jacksonville, Oregon, on June 30, 1902, viz:

WILLIAM T. HOUSTON.

On H. E. No. 1222, for the S½ NE¼, and E½ NE¼, Sec. 30, Tp. 34 S., R. 1 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

J. C. Hannah, Marion Hodges and Perry Foster, of Beagle, Oregon, and Geo. Lynch, of Trail, Oregon.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, June 16, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1902,