

CHAPTER IV.

action of the driver and at length terrified by the pace that the narrow road, Beverly cried out to him, her voice shrill with alarm. A dat Fanny was crouching on the floor of the coach between the seats, groaning and praying. "Stop! Where are you going?" cried

Beverly, putting her head recklessly through the window. If the man heard her he gave no evidence of the fact. His face was set forward, and he was guiding the horses with a firm, un quivering hand. The coach rattled and bounded along the dangerous way and bounded along the dangerows way hewn in the side of the mountain. A misstep or a false turn might cashs start the clumsy vehicle rolling down the declivity on the right. The convict was taking desperate chances and was taking desperate chances and with a cool, calculating brain, prepared to leap to the ground in case of acci

dent and save himself, without a thought for the victims inside. "Stop! Turn around?' she cried in a

"We shall be killed. Are you tronzy. By this time they had struck a de

scent in the road and were rushing along at breakneck speed into oppress-ive shadows that bore the first im-prints of night. Realizing at last that prints of night. Realizing at last that ber crices were failing upon purposely deaf ears, Beverly Calhoun sank back-into the seat, weak and terror stricken. It was plain to her that the horses were not running away, for the man had been lashing them furlously. There was but one conclusion-he was delib erately taking her farther into the momenting fastmesses his nurpose mountain fastnesses, his purpose known only to himself. A hundred ter rors presented themselves to her a she lay huddled against the side of the conch, her eyes closed tightly, her ten der body tossed furiously about will the sway of the vehicle. There was the fundamental fear that she would be dashed to death down the side of the mountain, but spart from this her quick brain was evolving all sorts of possible endings-none short of abso-

pompty curves lute disaster. Even as she prayed that something might intervene to check the mad rush and to deliver her from the horrors of the average structure of the the moment the raucous voice of the driver was heard calling to his horses and the pace became slower. The aw ful rocking and the jolding grew less severe, the clatter resolved itself into a broken rumble, and then the coach stopped with a mighty lurch. Dragging herself from the corner.

Worly Calhoun, no longer a dis roine, gazed piteously our adows, expecting the mur s of the driver to meet her Pauloff had swung from the coach and was peering be woodland below and then whe to the left. He wore the of a man trapped and seek 7 escape. Suddenly he dart the coach, almost brushing yerly's hat as he passed the She opened her lips to call leven as she did so he tool leis and raced back over the had traveled so precipitously recome by surprise and dismay anly could watch the flight in si-Less than a hundred feet from the conch was standing be turn be right and was lost among the Abend, four borses, covered yeat, were panting and heaving a great distress after their mai great distress after their ma-unt Fanny was still moaning aying by turns in the bottom of rringe. Darkness was settiling if upon the pass, and objects a hun-dred yards away were swallowed by he gloom. There was no sound save the blowing of the tired animals aut the monning of the old negrees. Bever ly realized with a sinking heart that they were alone and helpless in the mountains, with alght upon them. She never knew where the strength and ceurage came from, but she forced open the situbborn coach door and

open the stubborn coach door and scrambled to the ground, looking fram-

tically in all directions for a single CHAPTER IV. HOROUGHLY mystified by the action of the driver and at started toward the lead horses, hoping started toward the lead horses, hoping against lape that at least one of her men had remained faithful. A man stepped quictly from the inner side of the road and advanced with the uncertain tread of one who is overcome

house of any kind," he went on. "Do you expect to stay here all night?" "T'm-1'm not afraid," bravely shiv ered Beverly. "It is most dangerous." "I have a revolver," the weak little by amazement. He was a stranger and wore an old, uncouth garb. The failing light told her that he was not one of her late protectors. She shrank hack with a faint ery of slarm, ready "Oho! What is it for?" back with a faint cry of sharm, ready to fly to the protecting arms of hopeless Aunt Fanny if her uncertain legs could carry her. At the same instant another ragged stranger, then two, three, four or five, appeared as if by magic, some near her, others approaching from the shadows. "Who-who in heaven's name are "To use in case of emergency." "Such as repelling brigands who sud-denly appear upon the scene?" "Yes." "May I ask why you did not use it this evening?" "Because it is locked up in one of my

bags-I don't know just which one-and Aunt Fanny has the koy," confess you?" she faltered. The sound of her own voice in a measure restored the courage that had been paralyzed. Uned Beverly. The chief of the "honest men" laugh

peared to be more respectably chad than his follows, although there was not one who looked as though he pos-

sessed a complete outfit of wearing ap

ground.

ed again, a clear, ringing laugh that be spoke supreme confidence in his right to enjoy himself. courage that had been paralyzed. Un-ronsciously this slim sprig of southern valor threw back her shoulders and lifted her ohln. If they were brigands they should not find her a cringing coward. After all, she was a Calhoun. The man she had first observed stop-ped near the horses' heads and peread intently at her from beneath a broad and rakish hat. He was tall and ap-neared to be more respectively clad "And who is Aunt Fanny?" he asked, covering his patch carefully with his

justice.

"It's very strange," muttered Bever

"And you are miles from an inn or

"Do

covering ms patch cartening with his silouching hat. "My servant. She's colored." "Colored?" he asked in amazement. "What do you mean?" "Why, she's a negress. Don't you know what a colored person is?" "You mean she is a slave-a black slave?"

slave? "We don't own slaves any mo-

"Poor wayfarers, may it please more." He looked more puzzled that ever-then at last, to satisfy himself walked over and peered into the coach "Poor wayfarers, may it please your highness," replied the tail vagabond, bowing low. To her surprise, he spoke in very good English. His voice was clear, and there was a tinge of polite irony in the tones. "But all people are alike in the mountains. The king and the thief, the princess and the fade live in the common fold." And his hat swung so low that it touched the erround. walked over and peered into the coach. Aunt Fanny set up a dismal howl. Au instant later Sir Honesty was pushed aside, and Miss Calhoup was anziously trying to comfort her old friend through the window. The man looked on in silent wonder for a minute' and then strode off to where a group of his man stored talking.

men stood talking. "Is yo' daid yit, Miss Bev'ly-is de end came?" moaned Aust Fanny. Bev-erly could not repress a smile. "I am quite alive, auntie. These men "I am powerless. I only implore you to take what valuables you may fi and let us proceed unharmed!" a cried rapidly, eager to have it over. she

"Pray, how can your highness pro-ceed? You have no guide, no driver no escort," said the man mockingly Beveriy looked at him appealingly, ut will not hurt us. They are very nicc gentiemen." She uttered the last ob-servation in a loud voice, and it had its effect, for the leader came to her side with long strides. "Convince your servant that we mean

terly without words to reply. The tears were welling to her eyes, and her heart was throbbing like that of a cap tured bird. In after life she was able no harm, your highness," he said enger-ly, a new deference in his voice and manner, "We have only the best of motives in mind. True, the hills are full of lawless fellows, and we are to picture in her mind's eye all the details of that tableau in the mountain pass—the hopeless coach, the steaming horses, the rakish bandit and obliged to fight them almost daily, but you have fallen in with honest men-very nice gentlemen, I trust. Less than an hour ago we put a band of robbers his picturesque men, the towering crags and a mite of a girl facing the end of everything. "Your highness is said to be brave.

to flight". "I heard the shooting," cried Bever ly. "It was that which put my escort to flight." but even your wonderful courage can

"They could not have been soldier f Graustark, then, your highness,

quite gallantly. quite gallantiy. "They were Cossacks, or whatever you call them. But, pray, why do you call me 'your highness?" demanded Beverly. The tall leader swept the

Beverly. The tall leader swept the ground with his hat once more. "All the outside world knows the Princess Yetre—why not the humble mountain man? You will pardon me, but every man in the hills knows that you are to pass through on the way from St. Petersburg to Ganlook. We are not so far from the world after from St. Petersburg to Ganlook. We are not so far from the world, after all, we rough people of the hills. We know that your highness left St. Pe tersburg by rall last Sunday and took to the highway dny before yesterday because the foods had washed away the bridges north of Axphain. Even the hills have eyes and ears." Beverly listened with increasing per-plexity. It was true that she had left

It was true that she had lef

plexity. St. Petersburg on Sunday; that the un precedented floods had stopped all rall way traffic in the hills, compelling he: to travel for many miles by stage, and to travet for many miles by sugg, and that the whole country was confusions her in some strange way with the Prin cess Yetive. The news had evidently sped through Axphain and the hill with the swiftness of fire. It would be and, powerless. And you are, besides all those, in the clutches of a band of merciless cutthroats." would be cluse less to deny the story; these men-"Ob," moaned Beverly, suddenly leaning against the fore wheel, her

ticed that he wore a huge black patch ever his left eye, held in place by a cord. He appeared more formidable than ever, under the light of critical ingiveness for trespassing boon the prop "You shall receive pardon for a transgressions, but you must get me to some place of safety," said Beverly en gerly.

spection. "I am very much relieved." said Bev-erts, who was not at all relieved. "But why have you stopped us in this mangerly. "And quickly, too, you might well have added," he said lightly. "The horase have rested. I think, so with your permission we may proceed. I know of a place where you may spend the night comfortably and be refreshed for the rough journey tomorrow." "Tomorrow? How can I go ca? I am alone? she cried despairingly. "Permit me to remind you that you "Stopped you?" cried the man with biopped your cried the man with the patch. "I implore you to unsay that, your highness. Your coach was quite at a standstill before we knew of its presence. You do us a grave in-tustice."

"Havery winner, mittered about 19, somewhat taken aback. "Have you observed that it is quite dark?" asked the leader, putting away his brief show of indignation. "Dear me; so it is!" cried abe, how able to think more clearly.

am alone" she cried despairingly, "Permit me to remind you that you are no longer alone. You have a rag-ged following, your highness, but if shall be a loyal one. Will you re-enter the coach? It is not far to the place i speak of, and I myself will drive you there. Come, it is getting inte, and your retinue, at least, is hungry.

your rotinue, at least, is hungry." He flung open the coach door, and his hat swept the ground once more. The light of a lantern played fitfully upon his dark, gaunt face, with its gallant smile and ominous patch. She hesitat ed, fear entering her soul once more He looked up quickly and saw the inde cision in her eyes, the mute appeal,

"Trust me, your highness," he said gravely, and she allowed him to hand her into the coach. A moment later he was upon

A moment inter ac was upon in driver's box, reins in hand. Calling out to his companions in a language strange to Beverly, he cracked the whip, and once more they were lum-bering over the wretched road. Bever-ly sank back into the seat with a deep ly sank

sigh of resignation. "Well, I'm in for it," she thought "It doesn't matter whether they are thieves or angels, I reckon I'll have to take what comes. He doesn't look very much like an angel, but he looked at me just now as if he thought I were one. Dear me, I wish I were back in Washin'ton!"

CHAPTER V

yet easy. His rakish hat, with its ag-gressive red feather, towered a full head above Beverly's Parislan violets. "Have you no home at all-no house in which to sleep?" Beverly asked. "I live in a castle of alr." said he, waving his hand gracefully. "I sleep in the house of my fathers." "You poor fellow," cried Beverly pityingly. He haughed and absently patted the hilt of his sword. She heard the men behind them turn-ing the coach into the gien through which they walked carefully. He feet fell upon a soft, grassy sward, and the clatter of stones was now no longer heard. They were 'among the shad owy trees, gaunt trunks of enormous size looming up in the light of the lau-terns. Unconsciously her thoughts went over to the forest of Arden and the woodland home of Rosalind, as she had imagined it to be. Soon there, nas of some turbulent river hurzying in back and the she drow back, and WO of the men walked close be-side the door, one of them bear-ing a lantern. They conversed in low tones and in a language which Beverly could not understand. After awhile she found herself analys-ion the such and unange of the men After awhile she found herself analyz-ing the garb and manner of the men. She was saying to herself that here were her first real specimens of Grau-stark pensautry, and they were to mark an ineffaceable spot in her mem-ory. They were dark, strong faced men-of medium height, with flerce black increased hers black here. eyes and long black hair. As no two were dressed alike, it was impossible to recognize characteristic styles of at tire. Some were in the rude, baggy costumes of the peasant as she ha imagined him; others were dressed in the tight fitting but dilapidated unibeen lost forever in its fastnesses. "It is the river, your highness. There is no danger. I will not lead you into it," he said, a tride roughly. "We are low in the valley, and there are marshes youder when the river is in its natural bed. The floods have cover-ed the low grounds and there is a far. forms of the soldiery, while several were in clothes partly European and partly oriental. There were hats and fezzes and caps, some with feathers in the bands, others without. The man nearest the coach wore the dirty gray uniform of an army officer, full of its natural bed. The noous nave cover-ed the low grounds, and there is a tor-ront coming down from the hills. Here we are, your highness. This is the Inn of the Hawk and Raven." He bowed and pointed with his hat to the smoldering fire a short distance abend. They had turned a bend in the excelosing cilf and were very close holes and rents, while another strody along in a pair of baggy yellow trou-sers and a dusty London dinner jacket All in all, it was the motilest band o ahead. They had turned a benc it of overhanging cliff and were very close to the retreat before she saw the glow. The fire was in the open air and di-rectly in front of a deep cleft in the background. Judging by the vagabonds she had ever seen. They were at least ten or a dozen in the par ty. While a few carried swords, al lugged the long rifles and crooked dag

gers of the Tartars. "Aunt Fanny," Boverly whispered suddenly moving to the side of the sul dued servant, "where is my revolver? It had come to her like a flash that subsequent emergency should not find her unprepared. Aunt Fanny's jaw dropped, and her eyes were like white the fire. In a very short time the glen was weirdly illuminated by the danc-ing flames. From her seat on the huge log Boverly was thus enabled to survey a portion of her surroundings. The overhanging ledge of rock formed a rings in a black screen. "Good Lawd, wha-what fo', Mis Bev'ly"-

"Sh! Don't call me Miss Bev'ly Now, just you pay 'tention to me, and I'll tell you something queer. Get my revolver right away and don't let those there were pallets of long grass, evi-dently the couches of these homeless men. All about were huge trees, and in the direction of the river the grass men see what you are doing." While Aunt Fanny's trembling fingers went in search of the firenrm, Beverly out lined the situation briefly, but explicit ly. The old woman was not slow to understand. Her wits sharpened by

understand. Her wits sharpened by fear, she grasped Beverly's instruc-tions with astonishing avidity. "Ve'y well, yo' highness," she said with fine reverence, "Ah'il p'ocunh de-bottle o' pepp'mint fo' yo' if yo' jes don' mine me pullin' an' haulin 'mongst desse boxes. Mebbe yo' al 'druther hab de gingeh?" With thi-wonderful subterfuge as a shield shu dug slyly into one of the bags and pulled forth a revolver. Under ordi nary circumstances she would have There was a deathy stillness in the ar-The very ioneliness was so appailing that Bevery's poor little heart was in a quiver of dread. Aunt Fanny, who sat near by, had not spoken since leav-ing the coach, but her eyes were ex-pressively active. The tail leader stood near the fire excessions with half a dozen of his folconversing with half a dozen of his fol-lowers. Miss Calboun's eyes finally rested upon this central figure in the strange picture. He was attired in a nary circumstances she would have been mortally afraid to touch it, bu dark gray uniform that reminded her oddly of the dragoon choruses in the comic operas at home. The garments, while torn and solled, were well fitting. not so in this emergency. Beverly shoved the weapon into the pocket of her gray traveling jacket. "I feel much better now, Aunt Fan-ny," she said, and Aunt Fanny gave o His shoulders were broad and square,

Three or four meh, who were unmis-takably of a lower order than their companions, set about preparing a sup-per. Others unhitched the tired horses and led them off toward the river. Two Tomorrow we, too, abandon the place, so our fortunes may run togother for some hours at least. There is but lit-tle to offer you in the way of nourisb-ment, and there is none of the com forts of a place. Yet princesses can no more be choosers than beggany when the fare's in one pot. Come-room bitchess let me conduct you in and led them on toward the treet the sent cushions under the rocky canopy and constructed an elaborate couch for the "princess." The chief, with his own hands, soon began the construction of a small chamber in this particular cor-ner of the cover peer the opening. The your highness, let me conduct you to the guest chamber of the Inn of the Hawk and Raven." Beverly took his hand and stepped to ner of the cave near the opening.

walls of the chamber were formed o the ground, looking about in wonder and perplexity. "I see no inn," she murmured apprecarriage robes and blankets, cloaks and oak branches.

hensively.

oak branches. "The guest chamber, your highness," he said, approaching her with a smile at the conclusion of his work. "It has been most interesting to hensively. "Look aloft, your highness. That great black canopy is the roof; we are standing upon the floor, and the dark shadows just beyond the circle of light are the walls of the Hawk and Raven. watch you," she said, rising. "And it has been a delight to inter This is the largest tavera in all Grau

he responded. "You will find est you, stark. Its dimensions are as wide as the world itself." "You mean that there is no inn as seclusion there, and you need see none of us until it pleases you." She looked him fairly in the eye for a moment and then impulsively extended "You mean that the dismay. all?" the girl cried in dismay. And yet

her hand. He clasped it warmly, but not without some show of surprise. "I am trusting you implicitly," she

all?' the girl cried in dismay. "Alas, I must confess it. And yet there is shelter here. Come with me Let your servant follow." He took her by the hand and led her away from the coach, a ragged lantern bearer proceeding. Beverly's little right hand was rigidly clutching the revolver in her pocket. It was a capacious pocket, and the muzzle of the weapon bored said. "The knave is glorified," was his simple rejoinder. He conducted her to the improvised bedchamber, Aunt Fanny following with loyal but un-certain tread. "I regret, your high-ness, that the conveniences are so few. We have no landlady except Mother Earth, no waiters, no porters, no maids, In the Inn of the Hawk and Haven. This being a meric hotel, the baths are sald. and the muzzle of the weapon bored defaulty into a timid powder rang that lay on the bottom. The little leather purse from which it escaped had its silver lips opened as if in a broad grin of derision, reveling in the plight of the chamois. The guide's hand was at once firm and gentle, his stride bold, yet easy. His rakish hat, with its as-resensive red feather, towered a full and the muzzle of the weapon bore cressive red feather, towered a ful

In the Inn of the Hawk and Raven. This being a meris hotel, the baths are on the river front. I am having water brought to your apartments, however, but it is with deepest shame and sor-row that I confess we have no towels." She laughed so heartily that his face brightened perceptibly, while the faces of his men turned in their direction as thence the concert

though by concert. "It is a typical mountain resort, then," she said. "I think I can man-age very well if you will fetch my

bags to my room, sir." "By the way, will you have dinner served in your room?" very good hu-

served in your room " very good he-moredly. "If you don't mind, I'd like to eat in the public dining room," said she. A few minutes later Beverly was sitting upon one of her small trunks, and Aunt Fanny was laboriously brushing her dark hair. "It's very jolly being a princess," murmured Miss Calhoun. She had bathed her face in one of the leather buckets from the coach, and the dust

buckets from the coach, and the dus

of the road had been brushed away by the vigorous lady in waiting, "Yaas, ma'am, Miss-yo' highness, hit's monstrous fine fo' yo', but whar came to her ears the swish of waters, as of some turbulent river hurrying by. Instinctively she drew back, and her eyes were set with alarm upon the black wall of night ahead. Yetive had spoken more than once of this wilder-ness. Many an unlucky traveler had been lost forever in its fastnesses. The to giver your blichness. There is Ah goin' to sleep? Out yondah wif all dose scalawags?" said Aunt Fanny

rebelliously. "You shall have a bed in here, Aun

Fanny," said Beverly. "Dey's de queeres' lot o' tramps Ah eveh did see, an' Ab wouldn' trust 'em as fer as Ah could heave a brick

"But the leader is such a very courte

house." "But the leader is such a very courte-ous gentleman," remonstrated Boverly. "Yaas, ma'am; he mussa came f'm Gawgia or Kalntuck," was Aunt Fan-nay's sincere compliment. The pseudo princess dined with the vagabonds that night. She sat on the log beside the tail leader and ate heartily of the broth and broiled goat meat, the grapes and the nuts, and drank of the spring water, which took the place of wine and coffee and cor-dial. It was a strange supper amil strange environments, but she enjoyed it as she had never before enjoyed a meat. The air was full of romance and danger, and her imagination was enthralled. Everything was so new ind unreal that she scarcely could be leve herself awake. The world sceen-ed to have gone back to the days of Bobin Hood and his merry men. "You fare well at the fund the Hawk and Raven," she said to him, her voice tremulous with excitement.

Hawk and latter, she said to have ber voice tremilous with excitement He looked mournfully at her for a moment and then smiled naively. "It is the first wholesome meal we have had in two days," he repiled.

grew higher and then gave place to reeds. The foliage above was so dense that the moon and stars were invisible. There was a deathiy stillness in the air. "You don't mean it!" "Yes. We were lucky with the guns today. Fate was kind to us—and to you, for we are better prepared to en-tertain royalty today than at any time since I have been in the hills of Grau-stark."

stark "Then you have not always lived in Graustark?

"Alns, no, your highness. I have lived elsewhere." "But you were born in the princi-

pality ?"

"I am a subject of its princess in

heart from this day forth, but not by birth or condition. I am a native of the vast domain known to a few of us as Circumstance," and he smiled

Extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1852. GAIN PO ID GRIMES, of Medford, connty of Jackson, state of Oregon, has filed in this office his sworm statement No. 710b, for the purchase of the NE 35 of Section No. 20. in Township No. 32 South, Range No. 1 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable rather recklessly. "You are a poet, a delicious poet,"

Societies of Medford

I. O. O. F.-Lodge No. 83, meets in I. O. O. F hall every Monday at 7:30 p. m. Visiting broth ers always welcome. MARK BAKER, Rec. Sec.

I. O. O. F.-Rogue River Encampment, No. 0. meets in 1. O. O. F. hall the second and ourib Wednesdays of each month at S. P. m. MARK BAREN, C. P. H. H. HANVEY, Scribe.

1. U. R. M. -- Medford Weatonkn No. 50. meets very Thursday in Bedmen's Hall, Angle blk. O. M. SELENY, sechem. LEE JACODS, Chief of Records.

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Modern Woodmen - Meets dr.t and third ridsys of every month, in Redme.'s hall. J. P. polowy, Council, B. GREGERY, Secretary.

Olive Rebekah Lodge No.22: mosts in I. O. J. F. hall first and unitd Tuesdays of each nonth. Visiting sisters inwited to attend BERTHE BOYDEN, Rec. Sec.

A. F. ann A. M.-Meets first Friday on or te-ore full moon at 5 p.m., in Masonic hal. J. W. LAWTON, Rec. Soc.

9. E. S. - Reames Obspier, No. 60, meets see-no and fourth Wedlow, as 's of such month as lasonic Hall. Medlow, Gregon. Visiting Sis-ers and Profilers always welcome. Mile. Arking Medlow, W. M. Lillian Base Secretary.

K, of F-Talisman lodge No. 31. meets Mon asy svening at 5 p. m. Visiting prothers al-vays welcome. W. W. EIFERT, C. O MAHLON PURDIN, K. of R. and S.

Knights of the Maccabees.-TriumphTent No. 34 moets in regular review on the last and in Fridays of each nouth in A. O. U. W. Hall a 730 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordially in-vited to attend C. A. HAMLIN. Commander. W. T. YORK, R. R.

A. O. U. W.-Lodge No. 35, meet, every first mithird Wondesday in the moot at Sp. m. a their hall in the Opera block. Visiting rothers invited to attend. ASHARL HUBBARD, Recorder.

F. of A.-Medford Lodge No. 421 meeter the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month in the Redmens hall. Visiting Fraters luvited to attend. Fraters luvited to attend. L. A. JORDAN, Sec.

Woodmen of the World-Cump No. 96, meets every Thursday evening in Smith's nall. Medford Oregon. W. B. JACKSON, Clerk. B. R. MOREY, C C.

Chrysunthemum Circle No. 84, Women of Woodprat-Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at 750 p. m. in Mmith's ball. Visiting sisters invite Eliza M. CARNEY, G. N. PRUE ANGLE, Clerk

F. O. E. - Meets every Thursday Evening, at p. m., in Redmen's Hall. J. E. ENYART, President JAMES BIEWART, Secretary.

G. A. R.-Obester A. Arthur Pont No. 47, meets in Woodman's hall every first and third Banday in each month at 2116 P. M. Visiting Comrades contially invited to attend. G. W. Puon Adjutani.

W. C. T. U.-Meets every other Thursday at he Prosbyterian church. MRS. J. MORGAN, Secretary.

Fraternal Brotherhood-Meets first and third Friday evenings at 7:50 p.m., in their ball in smiths building, Medford, Drepton, Visiting Sisters and Brothers cordially invited. W. J. HOCKENYOS Secretary, W. J. HOCKENYOS Secretary,

A. O. F.-Court Medford, No. 8985, meets every Monday night at 7:30 p.m. in A. O. U. W. Hall, Angle block, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Poresters cortainly welcomed, JANES STEWART, Rec. Sec.

OHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

GROADINES OF REDFORD. Methodist, Episcopis Churce, Ches, T. Mr Pherson pastor, Preaching every Sabbata 1a m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday months, Julius Lawton, supt. Class meeting follows preaching service Sunday monthing. Julius Meeker, isader. Epworth Lengue at 6.30 p. m., May Phipps, president. Regular prayer moet-ings every Thursday ovening at 7.30 p. m. Ladies Ald Selety overy Tuesday atternoon at 2.30 Mrs. D. T. Lawton, president. W. F.M. 8. meets first Priday in each month. Mrs. Mary Fielder, president.

Product present. Product present. Product present a characterized with the first and main of 300 pr. Munday school at 100 arm, 'set Martin, Supt. Christian Endeavor, 6:30 pr. m. Junior Christian Endeavor, 5 pr. m. Every Thursday prayer meeting, 5 pr. First Thes-day evening of every month church social. Becond Tuesday every month, 2:30 pr. m., Mis-month, 5:20 pr. m. and Hind Tuesday worg Ehleide, Pastor, Miss Henlah Warner, Supt 5.8; Miss Edith Van Dyke Superintenden T. G. E., David M. Day, Pres. 8. C. E. Mrs. JG (van Dyko, Pres. At society; Miss.) W. Cox, Pres. Mission Society.

Christian church - Corner of Sixih and I stretes, Services on the first and third Sun-oars of each month. Sunday school and Christian Endeavor at usual hours every Sun day. Prayer meeting overy Thursday evoning The people welcome. Rev. Jones, Paster

Methodist Episcopai Church Boutn-H. B Yacoubi, pastor. Freaching every Sunday a 11 a. m. and Yaby m. Hounday sobool at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Thuraday evening at 2 5. p. m. Woman's Home Mission Society moeta firs Wednesday in each month at 200 p. m. Every net is cordially lavited to all our services

TIMBER LAND ACT, JUNE 3, 1878, NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, United States Land Office, Oregon, September 12, 1906.

Unlied States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, Heplember 12, 1906. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of Juna 3, 1578, entitled "An act for the sale of limber lands in the states of California Ore-gon. Marking the public Land States by act cliended to all the Public Land States by act

AW	oman's	DINUE

A womain's Davis Has many aches and pains caused by weaknesses and failing, or other displace-ment, of the pelvic organs. Other symp-toms of fomale weakness are frequent <text><text><text><text><text><text><text> headache, dizziness, imaginary specks or dark spots floating before the eyes, gnaw

eyes almost starting from her head. The leader laughed quietly-yes, good naturedly. "Oh, you won't-you won't kill us?" She had time to observe that

"Oh, you won't kill us?"

avail nothing in this instance," said the leader pleasantly. "Your escort

has fied as though pursued by some-thing stronger than shadows; your driver has deserted; your horses are half dead; you are indeed, as you have

kill us?" She had time to observe that there were smiles on the faces of all the men within the circle of light. "Rest assured, your highness," said the leader, leaning upon his riffe bar-rel with carcless grace, "we intend no harm to you. Every man you meet in Graustark is not a brigand, I trust, for your sake. We are simple hunters, and not what we may seem. It is fortunate that you have fallen into henest hands. There is some one in the coach?" he asked, quickly alort. A prolonged groan proved to Beverly that Arnt Fanny had screwed up sufficient

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for the time being as the ruler of Graustark. It remained only for her to impress upon Aunt Fanny the im portance of this resolution. "What wise old hills they must be," sho said, with evasive enthusiasm. "You cannot expect me to admit, how-ever, that I am the princess," she went on

vast chuckle.

"Yaas, ma'am, indeed-yo' highness." she agreed suavely. The coach rolled along for half as

hour and then stopped with a sudden joit. An instant later the tail driver appeared at the window, his head un covered. A man hard by held a laptern

"Qua vandos ar deltanet, yos serent." said the leader, showing his whit teeth in a triumphant smile. His ex posed eye seemed to be glowing with pleasure and excitement.

"What?" murmured Beverly hopeless "What" murmured Beverif hopeless-ly. A puzzled expression came into his face; then his smile deepened and his eye took on a knowing gleam. "Ah, I see," he said gayly, "your highness prefers not to speak the fan-guage of Graustark. Is it necessary for me to repeat in English?" "I really wish your would." said Bey-

for me to repeat in English?" "I really wish you would," said Bev-erly, catching her breath. "Just to see how it sounds, you know." "Your every wish shall be gratified. I beg to inform you that we have reached the Inn of the Hawk and Ra ven This is where we dwelt last night

If an article is imitated the original is always best. Think it over, and when you go to buy that our of saive to keep around the house get DeWitt's Witch Hazal Saive. It is the original and the name is stamped on every box. Good for eczema, tetter, bolis, outs and bruises, and supedially recommended for plica. Bold by Chas. Strang, Medford ; Mary Mee, Central Point.

Bears the Cart Han Anny Bogh

his hips narrow, his legs long and straight. There was an air of impu-dent grace about him that went well with his life and profession. Surely here was a careless free inner-upon whom life weighed lightly, while death "stood aftar off" and despaired. The light of the fire brought his glean.

rocky background. Judging by the sound the river could not be more than 200 feet away. Men came up with lanterns and others pilod brush upon

the fire. In a very short time the gler

wide, deep canopy, underneath which was perfect shelter. The floor seemed to be rich, grassless loam, and here and

The light of the fire brought his gleam-ing face into bold relief, for his hat was off. Black and thick was his hair. was off. Binds and unck was his hiff, rumpled and apparently uncared for. The face was lean, smooth and strong, with a devil-may-care curve at the cor-ners of the mouth. Beverly found her-self lamenting the fact that such an interesting face should be marred by an ugly black patch, covering she knew not what mauner of defect. As for the not what manner of defect. As for the rest of them, they were a grim com-pany. Some were young and beardless, others were old and grisnly, but all were active, alert and strong. The leader appeared to be the only one in the party who could speak and under-stand the English inguage. As Bev-erly sat and watched his virile, mock-ing face and studied his graceful move-ments she found herself wondering ments she found herself wondering how an ignorant, homeless wanderer in the hills could be so poetic and so

cultured as this fellow seemed to be.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.) Nothing to Fear. Cures Winter Cough.

Mothers need have no hesitancy in continuing to give Chamberiatu's Cough Remedy to their little ones, as it contains absolutely nothing injur-ions. This remedy is not only per-fectly safe to give small children, but is a medicine of great worth and merit. It has a world-wide reputation for it ourses of coughs, ochilis and oroup and can always be relied upon. For sale by Chas, Strang.

cried Beverly, forgetting enthusiasm. "Periaps that is why I am hungry and unshorn. It had not occurred to me in that light. When you are ready to retire, your highness," he said abrufty rising, "we shall be pleased to consider the Inn of the Hawk and Baven closed for the night. Having feasted well, we should sleep well. We have a hard day before us. With your consent, I shall place my couch enthusiasm

Analysis that the many and the other prior ho for that the many and the more valuable four other or stone has not a prior turn and before a. B. Billow, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Mediord, Oregon on Monday, the 10th day of December, 1960. He thames as withesees: Daniel E. Green, Thomas Lyons, both of Mediord, Oregon: W. W. Willetts, of Persist, Oregon; Emery Hunt, of Agato, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands for requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of December, 1960. BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

We have a hard day before us, what your consent, I shall place my couch of grass near your door. I am the porter. You have but to call if any thing is desired." She was tired, but she would have NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION, Department of the Interior, Land Office at Boeoburg (ore, Bept. 6, 1000; Notice is hereby given that the following-omands stiller has file notice of his intention to make Final Proof in support of his clime, the stiller of the stiller of the stiller of the Hillor, U. E. Commissioner, at his office, in Bellow, U. E. Commissioner, at his office, in Medierd, Oregon, on November 13, 1906, vis: EJNAR BOHRADER, NFL, of Section No. 14, in township No. 37 world, ef range No. 15 art. The channess residence upon and, of Eagle Foint, Oregon 1 America Forder at the State of the State sat up all night rather than miss any of the strange romance that had been thrust upon her. But Sir Redfcather's

suggestion savored of a command, and she reluctantly made her way to the flapping blanket that marked the en-

trance to the bedchamber. He drew the curtain aside, swung his bat low and muttered a soft good night. "May your highness' dreams be pleas-ant ones!" he said. "Thank you," said she, and the cur-

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Administrator's Notice of Sale of

tain dropped impertinently. "That was very cool of him, I must say," she add ed as she looked at the wavering door. Real Property. The second sec

