

# Rogue River Courier.

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER, DEVOTED ESPECIALLY TO THE INTERESTS OF SOUTHERN OREGON.

VOL. XV

GRANTS PASS, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1899.

No. 11

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Must be chosen with care.  
The Klondike Gun is the best of its  
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the most powerful of all the  
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that will shoot through the  
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Consider—If you can keep the west end  
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NEW SUBSCRIBERS  
During the next  
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And we are willing to pay you  
handsomely for securing them for  
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**PREMIUMS**

To those who are willing to spend  
a little time working for us. It is  
not like introducing a new paper or  
magazine that few people want, but  
you will be working for a paper that  
is well and favorably known  
throughout Southern Oregon. All  
it requires is a little personal work;  
try it and you will be surprised at  
the rapidity with which your list will increase. Think of it—A Bicycle  
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we require is that the \$1.25 for each new subscriber be sent in with the  
name, and we request that you let us know what premium you are trying  
to secure. The \$1.25 pays for one year's subscription and we give  
you the premium as indicated below. No premium given to new sub-  
scribers who send in their own name only.

This Offer Holds Good Until January 10, 1899.

### LIST OF PREMIUMS:

**One \$35 Bicycle.**  
For 4 New Subscribers to the Courier  
we will give you your choice of any \$2 Un-  
derbills in R. L. Co's assortment.

**Two Ladies' Umbrellas.**  
For 4 New Subscribers to the Courier  
we will give you your choice of any \$2 Un-  
derbills in R. L. Co's assortment.

**Two Gents' Umbrellas.**  
Your choice of any \$2 Umbrella to be  
found in Dixon & McCroskey's assortment  
will be given for 4 New Names.

**One \$12 Set of Books.**  
This is a 12-Volume Set of Carlyle's  
Works, complete; good cloth binding, printed  
on good quality paper, and profusely il-  
lustrated. This Set of Books will be given  
for only 25 New Subscribers to the Courier  
and \$1.25 for each name. The Book can  
be seen at the Courier office.

**Watches.**  
For 15 New Subscribers to the Courier  
we will give you Gents' Gold Silver Watch  
or choice between Ladies' or Gents' Gold  
Filled case—good time keeper. Watch may  
be seen at Kessler's jewelry store.

**Winchester Repeater.**  
For 25 New Subscribers we will give a  
beautiful 55 piece set of Johnson's Repeater  
and a pair of Johnson's Repeater. The  
regular price of which is \$11.00 at the B. A.  
M. Grocery. Call and see them. They  
are beautiful.

**Groceries.**  
For 25 New Subscribers we will give  
\$10 worth of groceries at the regular  
price—stable goods at Calhoun Compa-  
ny's Grocery store. This is an opportu-  
nity for the necessities of life and only a  
little work will bring you the reward for  
your labor.

**Blankets-Shoes.**  
For 11 New Subscribers we will give a  
pair of choice White Blankets, regular  
price, \$6.50, or for 7 New Subscribers we  
will give a pair of \$1 shoes, either of which  
can be found at the Sugar Pine Store.

**Upholstered Rocker.**  
For 6 New Subscribers we will give a  
beautiful Upholstered Rocker—price,  
\$12.75, found at H. Thomas & Co's store.  
Call and see it.

**Young People**  
This is a rare opportunity for you to acquire some of these valuable  
gifts absolutely free—all that is required is a little personal  
effort. Nearly everyone takes the Courier now; you may  
say, yes, we have a large list, but there is hardly a community  
but what could supply from 5 to 15 new names, while in one  
or two communities outside of Grants Pass you should be able to  
secure quite a number. Make out a list of those who get  
their mail at your post office and we check off those who are  
already receiving the paper and return the list to you. We will  
also send sample copies to those on the list who do not receive  
the paper regularly.

The Rogue River Courier.

### Local Happenings

Shoes repaired at Hackett's.  
Notary Public at the Courier office.  
Bicycle hospital for all repairing at  
Crozier Bros.  
Still on top. Piebly, the artist, at the  
Carbon Studio.  
Miss Clara Skeel visited friends at  
Medford last week.  
Take your blacksmithing to Trimble &  
Baker for first-class work.  
Miss Edna Parker returned to the  
Ashland normal Tuesday morning.  
For a first-class meal, go to the City  
Hotel; B. A. Williams, proprietor.  
Miss Vida Moore left on the delayed  
overland Monday for Portland to resume  
her studies.

J. W. Howard returned to Kerby  
Monday after spending a number of days  
with his family.  
Misses Maggie and Anna Hansen  
came in from Deer creek Saturday to  
enter school Monday.  
Reduced prices on ladies'  
wrappers, to close. Red  
Star Store.

Miss Eva Goddard of Ashland, spent a  
number of days with the family of Geo.  
Parker. She returned home Tuesday  
morning.  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Metzger re-  
turned Monday from the Mountain  
House where Mrs. Metzger has been  
visiting her parents for the past two  
months.

Mrs. J. A. Rehkopf expects to leave  
Thursday for Sijonport, Iowa, where  
she will spend a number of weeks visit-  
ing her mother. She will stop at Chic-  
ago before returning. Miss Lillie Brad-  
ley will have charge of the store in the  
absence of Mrs. Rehkopf.

Mr. S. A. Fackler, Editor of the Min-  
er, (Fla.) Hustler, with his wife and  
children, suffered terribly from La  
Grippe. One Minute Cough Cure was  
the only remedy that helped them. It  
acted quickly. Thousands of others use  
this remedy as a specific for La Grippe,  
and its exhausting after effects.—W. F.  
Kremer.

### The Courier Premium

Offer closes Jan. 10; send  
in your new names.

**Resolutions.**  
A copy of the resolutions adopted re-  
garding the release of Rev. Robert Mc-  
Lean from the pastorate of the Grants  
Pass Baptist church and his dismissal to  
the Presbytery of Portland.  
Your committee, appointed, report as  
follows:

Resolved that in granting the request  
of Rev. Robert McLean for permission  
to resign the pastorate of the Baptist  
church of Grants Pass, we very reluctantly  
and regretfully grant the request because  
brother McLean believes it his duty for  
the education of his children to remove  
to a place where he can have the educa-  
tional advantages he needs. In parting  
with brother McLean we desire to place  
upon record our high appreciation of  
him as a brother, as a pastor, as a  
man of unusual ability, as a pastor who  
has enjoyed a most distinguished success  
in pastoral and ministerial service and  
as a man of more than ordinary power in  
promoting and defending the gospel  
undelivered to the saints. We have  
always valued him as an indefatigable  
worker in behalf of missions, both home  
and foreign and especially as the chair-  
man of the home missionary committee.  
We shall miss his strong presence, his  
fervent prayers, his wise counsel and  
pastoral labors for the Master, both as a  
pastor and co-pastor. We shall fol-  
low him with our prayers for a prosper-  
ous work in the field to which he has  
been called in the providence of God,  
and wish for him and his family great  
happiness in their new home. We also  
wish to express our hearty sympathy for  
the Grants Pass Baptist church in the  
trial of giving up their first and only  
pastor, to whom they are so strongly and  
unanimously attached by the holiest of  
ties, and our confident hope that God  
will soon send them the right man to  
become the pastor of our strongest  
church.

All of which is respectfully submitted.  
F. G. STRICKLAND, chairman.

La Grippe is again epidemic. Every  
precaution should be taken to avoid it.  
Its specific cure is One Minute Cough  
Cure. A. J. Stimpert, publisher of the  
Agricultural Journal and Advertiser,  
riden, Mo., says: "No one will be dis-  
appointed in using One Minute Cough  
Cure for La Grippe. Please write to us  
quick to act.—W. F. Kremer.

**In Olden Times**  
People overlooked the importance of per-  
manently beneficial effects and were  
satisfied with transient action; but now  
that it is generally known that Syrup of  
Figs will permanently overcome habitual  
constipation, well-informed people will  
not buy other laxatives, which act for a  
time, but finally injure the system.  
Buy the genuine, made by the California  
Fig Syrup Co.

**Oregon Prunes in Chicago.**  
The wholesale grocer of Chicago, in a  
recent issue said: "During the last few  
days a large number of Oregon prunes  
of the Italian variety in size 40 to 50 and  
50 to 60, have been offered in this mar-  
ket, and as the quality has been excep-  
tionally fine, a number of sales have  
been made, and this use is apparently  
meeting with the favor of the trade."

These are dangerous times for the  
health. Croup, whooping cough and  
other ailments are now prevalent. A  
small bottle of One Minute Cough Cure  
used at the right time will preserve life, health,  
and a large amount of money.—W. F.  
Kremer.

### When Papa's Sick.

When papa's sick, my goodness aches!  
Such awful, awful times it makes.  
He speaks in oh! such lonesome tones,  
And gives such ghastly kind of groans  
And rolls his eyes and holds his head,  
And makes me hold him up to bed.  
While sis and Bridget run to heat  
Hot water bags to warm his feet,  
And I must get the doctor quick—  
We have to jump when papa's sick.

When papa's sick he acts that way  
Until he hears the doctor say,  
"You've got a cold you know,  
You'll be all right in a day or so."  
And then—well say you ought to see,  
He's different as he can be.  
And grows and swears from noon to night  
Just 'cause his dinner ain't cooked right,  
And all he does is fuss and kick—  
We're all used up when papa's sick.—(Ex.)  
Clemens, Druggist, opp. Opera House.

### An Unknown Heroine.

By Ramsay Guthrie.

Many people in Blackerton remem-  
bered the advent of the Wilkin family  
to the colliery. Joe came at first alone,  
seeking employment. Mr. Wilkin, the  
manager, who claimed to be a physiologi-  
st, gave him a job on the spot.

"It made my heart ache to look at him,  
Mr. Guthrie," he told me. "When he  
came into the office he looked at me with  
his big, solemn eyes, his hands hanging  
listlessly down, his face indicative of care  
and sorrow, and said in a quiet, yet an-  
xious voice, 'If you please, master, can you  
give me a start here?'"

"Where have you come from, my  
man?" I inquired.  
"Fla' Cumberland," he replied.  
"How comes it that you want to  
start?" I asked.

"There's a very little work in Cumber-  
land, and very little money to be got,"  
he said.  
"You will want a house, I suppose?"  
"Aye, master, I've a wife and four  
children," he said.

"I rang for the under-manager, and  
told him to see that Joe Wilkin had a  
start as soon as he was ready, and that  
a house had to be put to rights for the  
new family before the end of the week."

In less than a fortnight the transac-  
tion had been effected.  
The Blackerton natives were not  
usually demonstrative to strangers; but  
Joe Wilkin, and Margaret, his wife, and  
the four kids, unconsciously ingratiated  
themselves with everybody in the place  
in a way without precedent.

"What a canny man Joe Wilkin is,"  
said Tommy Gibson to his wife Martha,  
as he smoked his pipe in the chimney  
corner one night.  
"Aye, aye," assented Martha, "he is  
a canny man; but, my cert, you'd be  
to gain a long way to find another woman  
like Margaret Wilkin."

And these were the popular sentiments.  
They were a fine family altogether.  
Quiet, thoughtful, courteous boys were  
the four sons of Joe Wilkin. We were  
very proud of our local mechanics; but  
even the Blackerton fiddlers admitted  
that the Wilkins would make a sensation  
if they had only a chance at one of the  
Newcastle concerts.

"Tommy," said Martha, "Gibson to her  
husband one night, 'they've been in  
Margaret Wilkin's front room. It's for  
all the world like a new shop. There's  
an organ, a harp, a trumpet, three fil-  
dies, two music stools, and a sight of  
music on the table.'"

Tom Wainwright, the landlord of  
"The Black Horse," was the only critic  
the Wilkins had. But, then, the reason  
was plain. It was quite a custom for  
the men to assemble near Joe's garden to  
listen to the usual evening family prac-  
tice; and it was declared on reliable au-  
thority that many a time even the wet  
hands of "The Black Horse" had left  
their places to hear "the band."

I cannot say how the secret leaked  
out that Margaret was Joe's second wife  
and the stepmother of his boys. They  
had been living amongst us for three or  
four years and the truth had never been  
suspected. The news went like wild fire  
throughout the colliery. The women  
discussed it by the wash tubs, the men  
made their comments as they went to  
the pit. Even Dr. Duncombe was moved  
by the discovery, and was excited to  
have a gossip with me.

"Did you know that Margaret was not  
the mother of those boys?" he asked,  
after he had recounted the amusement  
among the folks.  
"I never dreamt of such a thing!" I  
confessed.  
"Neither did I," he acquiesced; "but  
there's no doubt of it—she's the best  
stepmother I ever saw or heard of. Not  
even their own mother could have been  
more of a mother to them than she is;  
and certainly they could not have loved  
their own mother more than they love  
her."

washing at 5.15 a. m., and was chuckling  
to herself at her fine achievement; but  
she collapsed when she heard Margaret's  
pleasant "good morning."  
"Are you up already, Mistress Wilkin?"  
asked the bewildered Betty.  
"I'm just finishing," was Margaret's  
quiet reply.

The doctor suggested once at a parish  
meeting that it would be a good thing  
if we could engage a nurse for the col-  
liery. Sicknoses were often prevalent and  
accidents were of almost daily occur-  
ence. The services of a trained nurse  
seemed to him an imperative necessity.  
There was an ominous silence when he  
had resumed his seat. No one seemed  
disposed to speak. When the silence  
had become oppressive and awkward, I  
arose and said: "I hope, if you have  
any objections to the proposal, or any  
suggestions to offer, you will state them  
here. We are willing to be guided by  
your wishes."

Tommy Gibson rose in his place.  
"It's not proper," he said, "that  
every colliery should have a nurse.  
There's always somebody bad, or lame,  
or sick, or something of the kind, here  
living; here we should have had to have  
a nurse; but we want needily but Mar-  
garet. If we had a nurse, she'd have to be  
everybody that's poorly wants Mar-  
garet. The loud stamping of feet showed that  
Tommy knew the secrets of all hearts.

Dr. Duncombe, however, asked them  
whether they did not think they were  
imposing on Mistress Wilkin's kindness  
in this way.  
Silence again ensued. Tommy slowly  
rose, and said:  
"That's very true. I've heard that  
said many a time. If we could engage  
Margaret Wilkin as nurse, that would be  
the thing; but we can't; and Mar-  
garet'll be to be until she says No."

The doctor drove me to the manse  
when we left the meeting.  
"We must never mention a nurse  
again, Guthrie, as long as Margaret Wil-  
kin is able. In fact, she's far cleverer  
than any nurse we could have. What a  
doctor she'd have made if she'd only  
been a man!"

That meeting was never forgotten in  
the village. Tommy Gibson's speech  
was regarded as the vindication of Mar-  
garet. In nearly every house in Black-  
erton that night her good deeds were re-  
hearsed.

"Jane," said the manager to his wife,  
as he turned to the fire after his supper,  
"you remember when little Willie Nais-  
bitt got crushed between the tubs under-  
ground. I was at the shaft when they  
brought him up; and, as the men lifted  
him out of the cage he opened his eyes,  
and, seeing me, said, 'Master, will you  
send somebody to Tommy Wilkin's mother,  
and tell her I've loved her!'"

Three or four of the neighbors were in  
Samson Reay's cottage that night, dis-  
cussing the proceedings of the meeting.  
"There's our business," exclaimed his  
boasting partner, "the night he was a  
cripple this very day but for Mar-  
garet Wilkin. You'll all mind when he  
slipped fra' his cart, and the wheel went  
over his leg and broke it. What could I  
have done wi' a broken leg? Mar-  
garet said, 'the quiet, Mistress Reay,' she  
said; 'you'll make him worse wi' your  
crying; it's only a bit broken limb!'"

And, before the doctor could come, she  
led out the broken parts together and  
lasted them splinter things up. The  
doctor said it was fair marvelous; an-  
other's Mr. Samson, as straight an  
strong as any man on the place."

Poor Bill Foster went to sleep that  
night with tears in his eyes. He was  
one of the lonely men in Blackerton.  
His wife had died in giving birth to Ed-  
die, and Edie had gone to her mother,  
after 18 years of earth. She wasted  
away. The death came had reappeared  
to poor Bill's mind. He reheard all  
that had been said. He was again all  
that was done. It seemed to him, as he  
lay in his bed that he had gone back to  
that sad night.

"I'm glad you've come, Margaret," he  
heard Edie murmur. "Put your arms  
around me, I feel rested like when you're  
near."

"My hair!" he heard Margaret say.  
"I'll say wi' ye as long as ye want  
me."  
And so she did. At twelve that night  
Edie had the arms of Margaret, to find  
refuge in her mother's arms in heaven.  
The Blackerton folks seldom troubled  
to remember dates. They used distin-  
guished adjectives and other indicative  
phrases. Every word on the colliery  
knew what you meant when you referred  
to "that summer."

The doctor having gone for his holiday,  
he engaged a few men to attend to  
his practice. Joe Wilkin had been sud-  
denly prostrated with influenza of the  
lungs. Margaret had illness in her own  
house. We were not frightened for Joe  
knowing that he was in her care. But  
when, three days after, we heard that  
Margaret had been forced to bed with  
the complaint, the consternation was  
terrible.

I met Tommy Gibson as I was making  
my way to the strikers house.  
"You'll be gannin' up, Mr. Guthrie,"  
he said, "it's a great pity Dr. Duncombe  
is away; that poor doctor's just sweatin'  
Joe Wilkin to death."

When I entered the room where the  
sick man lay, the atmosphere was stig-  
nified. The window was shut, the cham-  
ber was blocked up, curtains were  
drawn around the bed, an oil lamp  
was burning, and Joe was saturated with  
perspiration, with a hot pillow on his  
chest and another on his back.

"Loanna live lang at this rate, Mr.  
Guthrie," he said. "I canna breathe.  
I'm faint, I'm faint. I was gannin' on  
sleety till Margaret took bed, and then  
the new doctor made them heat the room,  
and I believe their down' just the same  
wi' her."  
Stepping into the next room where his  
wife was lying I found a similar state of  
things.  
"Mr. Guthrie," she said, "if I could  
only doctor myself, I should soon be  
and into my man's room. I fear he  
needs me badly."

The Advantages Given Our Customers Always Repay Us.

### Thomas' Cash Store

Furniture, Housefurnishings, Notions,  
Hardware, Tinware, Grantware, Woodware,  
Hatters, Whips, Dinnerware, Bric-a-brac, Lamps, Rugs 50c to \$2.75  
Brass Curtain Poles, 25c; Crepe Tissue Paper, 18c roll.  
Mirror Towel Racks, 50c; Silver Plate Photo Frames, 25c.  
Door Mats, 60c, 75c, 85c, \$1; Hair Brushes, 15c, 20c, 25c, up.  
Safety Leather Watch Chains, 5c; Coffee Mills, 25c up.  
Lanterns, 25c up; Food Cutters, \$1.75 Mrs. Potts' Sad Irons, \$1.35 set  
Home Soldering Outfits, complete, 25c.  
Home Cobbler Outfits, complete, \$1.20  
Quilting Frame Clamps, 3c; Knob Locks, complete, 25c.  
Quilt Picture Wire, 25c; Wood Bowls, 25c up; Bolts, 10c dozen up.  
Curtain Poppers 10c; Tea Pots, 12c; Coffee Pots, 12c.  
Rope Hatter, 15c; Heavy Web Hatter, complete, 35c.  
Yankee Crimped Brass Pans, 5c, or 3 for \$1.  
Whips, 10c, and up; 6 Heel Plates for 5c.  
A good 30 in. Umbrella, 95c; Bread Pans, 7c, and up.  
Wash Basins, 5c, and up; Pie Pans, 3 for 10c.

### Thomas' Cash Store,

OPPOSITE DEPOT.

only doctor myself, I should soon be  
and into my man's room. I fear he  
needs me badly."  
I telegraphed to Dr. Duncombe, telling  
him that Joe and Margaret were ill and  
asking him to hasten home. He came  
with the late train and went direct to  
the house.

Margaret had passed away an hour be-  
fore. The doctor was blinded with grief  
and rage. I heard of the scene after-  
wards. He had dropped on his knees  
by Margaret's side, and murmured, "For-  
give me, my brave woman, for being ab-  
sent when you were ill and needed me." Then, hearing the moan of the sick man  
in the adjoining room, he sprang to his  
feet, and entered. His face was a terri-  
ble sight. When he smelt the burning  
lamp and inhaled the heated air, he  
stamped his foot in passion and shouted  
"Out with that lamp! Away with those  
sheets! Off with those pillows!"

He opened the window himself.  
Then came a stormy scene. At the sur-  
gey that night when the doctor and his  
substitute came face to face. No one  
heard the conversation but some things  
leaked out. The servants said the doc-  
tor was crazy. It was sufficient for the  
Blackerton folks that that night the sub-  
stitute took his departure.

I buried Margaret in the cemetery on  
the hill. Almost every soul on the col-  
liery attended that solemn interment.  
The only absentees were the men on the  
backshift and the aged, infirm and sick.  
When we turned from the grave and  
made our way down the lane to the col-  
liery, there was a common grief in every  
heart, the agony of leaving Margaret in  
that lonely grave.

Old Martha Gibson touched my arm as  
I turned into the manse gate.  
"I'm just afeard, Mr. Guthrie," she  
said, "that Margaret will be none so  
happy in heaven. There's new sickness  
there."

(Continued on Second Page.)

### Artificial Teeth

Any one who has had a misfit or fail-  
ure of any kind of an artificial plate, or  
who has an unsightly, or an unbecom-  
ing, job, where the contour of the face is  
properly brought out, may learn some-  
thing to his or her interest, by calling on  
Dr. Leaning, the expert dentist. Office  
in the Opera House Block, Grants Pass.

### Our Point of View.

THE newspapers recently have had a  
sad story to tell of a man who has just  
been released from prison after a con-  
finement of ten years, the discovery  
being made that he was not guilty of the  
crime for which he was convicted. It  
was partly a case of mistaken identity.  
Few things in the life of the world are  
more suggestive of heart-breaking sorrow  
and misery than cases like these.

Whatever the State may do by way of  
awarding pecuniary or other compensation  
to a victim of legal blundering it is  
inconceivable that to a man who values  
his name and character there can be any  
true "making up" for such a fearful  
wrong as that inflicted on the innocent  
man of whom mention has been made.  
Yet such instances are too frequent in  
the annals of the courts in this and  
other countries. One of the most curious  
and interesting cases of the kind on  
record happened in France, in 1778.

This was the famous case of Lesurques,  
which forms the ground work of the popu-  
lar drama of "The Lyons Mail." On the  
27th of May, in the year above named,  
the Lyons mail was stopped and robbed  
by four highwaymen, and the position  
and the courier were murdered. For  
this crime a young man of good family  
and some wealth named Lesurques was  
arrested and identified by the servants  
of the inn at which the highwaymen had  
refreshed themselves, and by certain  
people in a cafe, as the leader of the  
band, none persons in all swearing to  
him. He moved an alibi, and a woman  
who was constantly with Dubois, the  
real criminal, swore that he, and not  
Lesurques, committed the crime, but all  
was in vain, and the latter was con-  
demned and executed, protesting to his  
last his entire innocence. Five years  
afterward Dubois was arrested for  
another crime, and being then confronted  
with the nine witnesses who had sworn  
away the life of Lesurques, they declared  
that they had been deceived by the great  
resemblance between the two men, and  
that they had no doubt that Dubois was  
the real criminal. What makes this  
case still more extraordinary, and re-  
minds us of the case of the man who  
was recently released from prison, is  
that the man who was released from  
prison was not the man who was  
convicted of the crime.

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to the care and skill with which it is  
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all the importance of purchasing the  
true and original remedy. As the  
genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured  
by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co.  
only, a knowledge of that fact will  
assist one in avoiding the worthless  
imitations manufactured by other parties.  
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cal profession, and the satisfaction  
which the genuine Syrup of Figs has  
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as it acts on the kidneys, liver and  
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