

Rogue River Courier.

VOL. XVII.

GRANTS PASS, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1901.

No. 14

HEAVY UNDERWEAR.

San Jose and Mackinaw
Shirts and Coats,
None better!

Reduced prices to close out line of LADIES and CHILD-
RENS SHOES

WELCH'S CLOTHING STORE

NEXT TO P. O. GRANTS PASS

DR. R. E. SMITH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office, Room 2 over Post Office. Residence
Kane House, opp. the Western.

D. CLIVE MAJOR

General Practitioner of

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Office in Williams Block

A. C. HOUGH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Practices in all State and Federal Courts

Office over First National Bank.

H. C. PERKINS,

U. S. DEPUTY

MINERAL SURVEYOR,

GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

COSHOW & SHERIDAN,

MINING ATTORNEYS,

Special attention given to Mining

and Land Laws, and Land Office practice.

ROSENBERG,

OREGON.

GEORGE H. BINNS,

ASSAYER,

Office opposite Hotel Josephine,

GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

Willis Kramer

MANUFACTURER OF

Myrtle Creek

Extra Family Flour

And Everything that goes with First

Class Milling.

For sale by CHILES, DELEMATER,

WADE, PIKE and CORNELL.

Call for it; same price as other brands

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS-

J. B. PADDOCK, PROP.

I am prepared to furnish anything in the line of Cemetery work in any kind

of MARBLE or GRANITE.

Nearly thirty years of experience in the Marble business warrants my saying

that I can fill your orders in the very best manner.

Can furnish work in Scotch, Swede or American Granite or any kind of

Marble.

J. B. PADDOCK,

Front Street Next to Greene's Gunshop.

In Memory of Julian Fenn.

In memory of our deceased brother
Sir Knight Julian Fenn, a member of
Greenback tent of the K. O. T. M., orga-
nized at Placer, Oregon, who has this
day departed from this Earth, to a
realm beyond the grave, having been
one of the Charter Members, respected
and esteemed by all his fellow comrades;
be it therefore

Resolved, That Greenback tent be
draped in mourning for a period of thirty
days and these resolutions caused to be
published in some newspaper and one
copy sent to his parents, and one copy
recorded on the records of Greenback
tent in memory of our departed brother.

We offer our sincere thanks to those
who attended our brother in his last
days, and farther offer our heart-felt
sympathy and all assistance in our
power to his bereaved parents.

By Committee.

H. CONGER,
THOS. BUTTS,
ED. BROWNING,
C. A. WOODFORD.

HIS NEIGHBOR.

They tell me to "love my neighbor"—
she's as sweet as sweet kin be!
But what I'm a-wantin' to know is this:
Why don't my neighbor love me?
I want her to love me—though
they're not so sweet as her!
But never in summer hours does she send
me a "Thank you, sir!"

They tell me to "love my neighbor," an'
I love her right along.
But what does she care for the grief I
bear, and what for my sweetest
song?
I dunno what songs or flowers my neighbor
does prefer.
For never in summer hours does she send
me a "Thank you, sir!"

Tell me to "love my neighbor?" I've
loved her until I seen't her no more.
In the lonely way of the world to-day,
like one that walks in a dream!
But what's the comfort that it brings to
me? My heart an' my pulses stir;
But never in summer hours does she
send me a "Thank you, sir!"
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Death of a Coward

The boy leaned wearily against the
bulwark rails, watching the
lights as they came up one by one on the
deck. The hanging of the ship still
made his head reel, and he was weak
from want of food. He seemed
altogether apart from the stir and
life of that 300 emigrants on
board created. His whole soulified
with a dumb and impotent
protest against his fate, and the life
before him faded in his soul, but
had shown little wisdom when he sent
his only son to sea to have some pluck
knocked into him.

In the father's defense it may be said
that he was utterly unable to realize the
timidity and sensitiveness of the
boy. All his ancestors had been rough
seamen who had faced storm and dan-
ger on every sea, and courage and nerve
were hereditary qualities. And now
the last of the Maleims seemed more
of a girl than any of his five sisters.

All the exhortations to manliness, all
the covert reproaches that came from
his father, were so many darts that
rankled and festered in his soul, but
failed to compel his nature to be other
than it was. The boy was made for
peace, for the quiet and uneventful
life that an office in his native town
could have offered under his mother's
watchful care. Instead, he was here,
an apprentice on the steamship *Pride*

of Asia, a big cargo boat just off the
slip at the "Pine," and carrying em-
igrants to the Cape.
The ship's doctor came out of the saloon
in the poop to get his evening
round about. With him was his wife,
a slight, girlish figure, wrapped in a
heavy cloak. She turned at the ladder
which led to the lower deck, and was
about to go back, when her eyes fell
on the boy. She had noticed him once
or twice before, and his white face and
lonely air roused the womanly sym-
pathy in her. She touched him lightly
on the shoulder and said: "You are
leaving home, like me?"

The boy started. A slight color sprang
to his cheeks, and tears to his eyes.
He stilled his faintly quivering lips
and said: "Yes, like you." "You must
be a little braver," she said, "but
everyone will think so much of you."

Her voice had something reassuring
about it. It was as if she were con-
fiding in him, and his shy and re-
servé broke bounds. He told her every-
thing—how he would hate to see the
boy fill his mind with fear and disgust,
the cold and darkness, the chaff and bur-
lesque of his fellow-apprentices, the in-
difference of everyone around him.

He told her how impossible it was to come
up to his father's standard, how he felt
he was a born coward, and that he
would always be one, shrinking in-
stinctively from the danger and excite-
ment that bolder natures took pleas-
ure in.

She listened sympathetically. Her
hand had patted him once or twice, and
encouraged him to go on. When he
ended, she said: "You must not be too
hard on yourself. It is not always those
who fear the least that are bravest in
the end. When the time comes, I am
sure you will do your duty."

The boy heard her listlessly. He
had little heart to respond to any ap-
peal to his manliness. There seemed
no time when he would not shrink
from hardship or danger. He almost
felt as if his confidence had been in-
jured, and that she had understood
nothing after all.

She saw the change, and her inter-
est in him somewhat waned. Courage
to a woman is the primary quality in
the other sex, and nothing will com-
pensate for the lack of it. She bade
him good night and turned away
back to the poop.

In a few minutes the second mate
passed along the deck and told the
boy to go below. Then all was quiet.
A few hours later the *Pride of Asia*
was steaming at "slow," with her
whistle going every few minutes. The
channel got tight the ship like a
about. The captain walked the
bridge uneasily. No tempest or rough
breeze gives the anxiety that a fog
on this waterway of the nations does.
Danger is imminent every-
where, and the most careful seamans-
hip is no guarantee of safety. So it
was now. A hoarse shout came from
the main deck lookout. The captain
sprang to the telegraph, and as "fog"
speed astern" rang out a large sail-
ing ship took form in the fog, and in
a few seconds crashed into the steam-
er in front of the bridge.

The *Pride of Asia* shook from stem
to stern, heeled over to starboard, and
then began to forge ahead while the
other went pounding along her
side, wrenching the port beam from
her davits and staying there in with

The Latest Yarn.
A P. O. drummer tells this yarn
I always carry a bottle of Kemp's
Balsam in my grip. I take cold easily
and a few doses of the Balsam always
makes me well again. Everywhere I
go I speak a good word for Kemp. I
take hold of my customers—I take old
men and young men, and tell them
confidentially what I do when I take
cold. At druggists, etc., and 50c.

The old reliable—The Weekly Oregonian.

Oregon Towns of Less Than 2000 Population.

Washington, Feb. 4.—The following
is the population in 1900 of the incor-
porated cities, towns and villages in Oregon:
Adams..... 863 John Day..... 252
Amity..... 242 Joseph..... 237
Antelope..... 249 Junction City 506
Arlington..... 388 Klamath Falls 447
Athens..... 703 La Fayette..... 359
Aurora..... 122 Lakeview..... 781
Bandon..... 645 Lebanon..... 922
Ray City..... 203 Long Creek..... 123
Beaver Hill..... 119 McMinnville, 1,420
Beaverton..... 249 Marshfield..... 1,361
Brownsville..... 698 Medford..... 1,791
Buena Vista..... 129 Milton..... 804
Canby..... 572 Mitchell..... 135
Carlton..... 345 Mouthout..... 903
Central Point..... 322 Moro..... 335
Clatskanie..... 311 Mount Angel..... 337
Clatsop..... 176 Myrtle Creek..... 189
Condon..... 230 Myrtle Point..... 530
Coville..... 728 Seaside..... 466
Cornelius..... 246 Newberg..... 945
Corvallis..... 1,819 Newport..... 256
Cottage Grove..... 974 North Yamhill 354
Dallas..... 1,371 Oakland..... 368
Condon..... 230 Ontario..... 445
Forest Grove..... 1,090 Sherida..... 466
Dufur..... 336 Prairie City..... 213
Dundee..... 124 Prineville..... 656
Elgin..... 603 Rainier..... 522
Empire..... 185 Riddle..... 111
Enterprise..... 396 Roseburg..... 1,090
Eola..... 79 St. Helens..... 458
Falls City..... 290 Seio..... 346
Florence..... 222 Seaside..... 191
Gold Hill..... 285 Sheridan..... 466
Granite..... 245 Stayton..... 324
Halsey..... 294 Summerville..... 184
Harney..... 82 Tangent..... 84
Harrisburg..... 562 Tillamook..... 834
Hoppen..... 1,146 Toledo..... 302
Hillsboro..... 980 Union..... 367
Hubbard..... 213 Vale..... 127
Hood River..... 766 Vernonia..... 62
Huntington..... 821 Wallawa..... 243
Idaho..... 999 Wasco..... 322
Iona..... 223 Waterloo..... 59
Jacksonville..... 633 Weston..... 626
Jefferson..... 273 Woodburn..... 828

The mate ran forward, and with
the help of the carpenter tore off
part of the hatch covering and sprang
to the ladder. As he climbed down
young Malcolm peered aimlessly over
the hatch.

"Bring down a lantern," cried the
mate, and Malcolm, galvanized into
activity by fear, seized a lantern from
the alleyways and clambered down
into the hold.

The mate ran toward the iron door
in the bulkhead, which had been left
open, and pushed it to.

"The light here—quick!"
And the boy brought it.
"Blast them—oh, blast them!"
roared the mate. "They're put the
bolts on the wrong side. In five min-
utes we'll all be in kingdom come."

He stumbled for the ladder, wild
with terror. Yes, every one would
be drowned, and he, too, with the
cruel, cold water sucking him down.
He dropped the lantern and began to
pull himself up the ladder.

Suddenly he stopped. An idea had
been born in his brain; a hideous, un-
thinkable thought—the door could be
closed from the other side. He hung
limply on the ladder, and in his mind
raged a tornado of conflict.

Oh, to be out of this awful ship,
safe once again at home! But the
mate had said that all were lost.
That meant him, too. And if only
that door were shut, all could be
saved. Great beads of sweat broke
out on his forehead. He grunted and
wrenched about like one on the rack.

Then he began to descend slowly. He
stopped again on the last rung. He
clung to the ladder as a drowning
man to a rope. He could never let
go. Why was he not going up the
ladder? There were boats left. He
could swim. Yes, every one would
be drowned, and he, too, with the
cruel, cold water sucking him down.

At last he loosened his hold and
ran blindly for the door. On the way
he tripped and fell heavily on his
hands and face, cutting and bruising
him. He lay half stunned for a
minute, moaning from the pain, then
raised himself and crawled the rest
of the way. He passed through the
door, and with feverish haste shot
the great iron bolts. The boy was
alone in his tomb. He leaned against
the bulkhead, sick, sick to death.

Why had he done this? He did not
know. They would be saved now, but
—God, no more light or life for
him! His poor day life moved con-
fusedly, and his hands beat aimless-
ly on the iron wall. He would go
back. Hope returned with a rush. He
would die in the open—with others
around him. It would be good to die
thus, not in this hell of darkness and
desolation. He unscrewed one bolt and
fumbled for the other. Then, with a
last man's, he cast himself from it,
driving his teeth into his lips in his
agony.

It was not to be. He was too great
a coward to live. He could only die.
He would pray. But he could think
of nothing—nothing but the "This
night when I lie down to sleep" he
had learned at his mother's knee.

To sleep—oh, he would sleep long!
There was to be no waking for him.
Long shuddering fits shook his
frame as he felt the icy fingers of
death rising inch by inch. He
screamed and raved, dashing his head
against the iron, that death might
come quickly. He plunged beneath
the water, only to come up again,
fighting madly for life. Then there
was a long drawn sob, and then silence.

The captain stood on the bridge, a
figure of stony despair. The land
could never be reached with water
pouring like a torrent into the for-
ward hold. He cursed his negligence
in overlooking such a frightful
blunder. It was going to cost 200
lives, and he must not be among the
saved. The *Pride of Asia* was get-
ting low in the water, but he could
not understand why she was not sink-
ing more by the bow. She was vibrat-
ing from the engines, pushed to their
highest pressure, for the fremen
stock gallantly to their posts. Five
minutes went, and ten, and then,
with a sudden shock, she took ground,
and all were safe.

Next morning, young Malcolm was
missing, and the sorrowful news was
sent to his father. It was thought
he had fallen overboard when the ship
grounded, and he could not swim.

A week afterward, the divers en-
tered the forward hold, and found, to
their astonishment, that the bulk-
head door, which they had expected
to find open, was closed.

They forced it open, and against it
was floating the body of a boy.

Teachers Institute at Kerby.

(Received too late for last issue.)
The institute was organized at Kerby,
Jan. 26, 1901, with eighteen persons in
attendance. To complete the organiza-
tion, Miss Anna Fiester was elected as
secretary. Some of the teachers whose
names appeared on the program being
absent, the following program was ren-
dered:

The first was an address on "Institute
Work" by our worthy superintendent.
This address was excellent, bringing
out all the important facts pertaining to
the work of teachers in a clear and con-
cise manner. If all of our teachers
would have the interest and zeal in their
work that is shown by our superintendent,
we would have a better school system
than we have at present.

Reading was the next subject pre-
sented, which was discussed fully by
Miss Blanche Fetterly. Her methods for
the teaching of reading were highly ap-
proved by all members of the institute,
as was shown by remarks made by sev-
eral members of the same.

Language in the 4th and 6th grades,
was most thoroughly outlined in an ex-
cellent manner by Miss Lucy George.
The reading of these methods was fol-
lowed by a general discussion, all agree-
ing that the methods outlined were well
worthy of great attention.

The institute was next favored with
an address by Mr. Shoemaker on the
subject of "School Libraries," in which
was shown the many benefits deriv-
ed from good literature, especially in con-
nection with our schools. This subject
was ably handled by Mr. Shoemaker,
and the value of school libraries was
made plain to all. House Bill No. 22,
on School Libraries, was then read and a

resolution favoring said bill and urging
its becoming a law was made, said res-
olution was sent to Rep. G. W. Colvig.
The last subject was a brief outline of
the work in Physiology to the 7th grade,
by Miss Anna Fiester, followed by a
general discussion.

The subjects of all members absent
were fully discussed by the institute.
The subject given for discussion at the
next annual institute was Advanced
Grammar.

The entertainment was given in the
evening was a success in every respect.
A box supper was the last on the pro-
gram. The receipts of this decided suc-
cess amounted to over \$25. The pro-
ceeds of which is to go to the library
fund of the Kerby school.

Much credit should be given Miss
George, and others for the splendid
entertainment which all enjoyed.

ANNA FIESTER,
Secretary of Institute,
LINCOLN SAVAGE,
County Supt.

Buy Housefurnishings Right.

ONE-FOURTH LESS
THAN ELSEWHERE

This is an age of specialties. Our special line is furnishing you
every thing for the house. These are only a few of the good reasons
why you should buy now.

Cotton Toweling 5c yd.—6 yds for..... 25c
Big Government Blankets, 5 lbs..... \$2 45
Gal Water Pails..... 24c
Tin Water Pails..... 18c
Milk Pans 6 for..... 50c
Clothes Pins, 4 doz for..... 5c

We are closing out the following lines regardless of cost:
Fleischers Yarns and Zephyrs per lb..... 80c
Klienerts Dress Shields per pair..... 10c
Regular Hooks and Eyes, 6 doz for..... 5c
Genuine Delong Hooks and Eyes 4 doz for..... 5c
Corset Clasps per pair..... 5c
Porcelain Buttons per doz..... 1c
Elastic per yd..... 2 1/2c

PICTURE FRAMES..... \$1.50 ALL COMPLETE

Two Floors Chock full of Brand New Housefurnishings

NEW CARPETS,
NEW PORTIERES,
NEW LACE CURTAINS.

Just in—Immense Lot New
GRANITE WARE AND TINWARE

Next to Hotel Lanyon and opposite Calhoun Gro-
cery Company.

We Guarantee to Save You Money

Quick delivery—The Weekly Oregonian.

Administrators Sale

VALUABLE CITY PROPERTY,
Residence and business, in-
cluding lots on 6th street and
Front street.

The same will be sold in
front of Court House, Grants
Pass, on

Monday, Feb. 18, 1901
At 2 P. M., without reserve to
the highest bidder for cash, be-
ing the estate of M. M. Hark-
ness: namely:

LOTS, BLOCK, STREET
2, 3 & 8 46 Front
1 & 2 63 H
7 64 I
7, 8, 9 & 10 65 I
10 67 J
4, 7, 8 & 9 80 I & K
N 1/2 lots 7, 8 84 Sixth
1, 2, 3, 4 84 K
9, 10, 11, 12 84 L
1/2-acre lot 1 T Sixth
2 & 3 acre lots N

All in Original Townsite.
To find lots count from north-
east corner of block.

Look it up on the Map and
examine the properties, so you
will be prepared to bid at time
of sale.
Any information regarding
sale of lots see
W. H. FALLIN,
ADMINISTRATOR,
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

Representative Grants Pass Business Firms.

N. E. MCGREW,
PIONEER
TRUCK AND DELIVERY
Furniture and Piano
Moving.
GRANTS PASS, OREGON

N. DeLAMETER
DEALER IN
GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED
A full and complete line of all kinds of
Staple and Fancy Groceries,
Canned Goods, Etc.
PHONE NO. 85

The popular barber shop
Get your tonsorial work done at
IRA TOMPKINS'
On Sixth Street — Three chairs
Bath room in connection

INSURE IN THE
---TRAVELERS---
(ACCIDENT)
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

A. E. VOORHIES, AGT.
G. D. CUSINO,
WATCHMAKER.
Watch and Clock repairing
All work guaranteed
Office with Wilson & Roper.
GRANTS PASS, ORE

J. M. CHILES
GROCERIES
HARDWARE
TABLEWARE

Fine Butter a Specialty
FRONT and FOURTH STS.

White House Grocery
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES
THE BEST OF EVERYTHING
AT ALL TIMES...
PHONE 131

DRESSMAKING.
I am now prepared to do all
kinds of Dressmaking, and
will guarantee entire satisfac-
tion.
Tailor Suits a Specialty.
In connection with Dress-
making I have decided to teach
a class in Cutting, Fitting and
Dressmaking in general. Any
one desiring to learn the trade
is invited to call and see me.

MRS. W. P. SHARMAN,
Over R. O. McCroskey's store.

SWEETLAND & CO.
FRESH AND SALT
MEATS.
PHONE 21

G. O. FISHER
Sewer Connections
Metal Roofing
Gas Fitting
Plumbing
...Pipe work of all kinds...

Bills furnished for all work.
Leave orders with
Cramer Bros. Hardware
Halt-Riddle Hardware

H. H. BARTON,
WATCHMAKER and
JEWELER.
Full assortment of Watches, Clocks, Sil-
versware and Jewelry. A Good
Assortment of Bracelets and
Heart Bangles,
Clemens' Drug Store.

CLAUS SCHMIDT
STAPLE GROCERIES
CANNED GOODS
FLOUR AND FEED
SIXTH ST., OPP. CITY HALL