

Rogue River Courier.

VOL. XVII.

GRANTS PASS, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1902.

No. 36.

A Popular Health Resort in the Siskiyou.

Health Restoring Waters,
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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.

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Front Street, Next to Greene's Gunshop.

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CRATER LAKE.

That the Crater Lake region has been made a National Park by the act of the Fifty-seventh Congress is a source of gratification to the Mazamas, who were the pioneers in the movement, and is a tribute to the perseverance of Will G. Steel, to whom the success of the movement is largely due. Among those who are well informed as to the seven greatest scenic wonders of the United States, there is no doubt but that there would be a substantial agreement upon the following: Niagara Falls, the Natural Bridge in Virginia, the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, the geysers of the Yellowstone National Park, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the Yosemite Valley of California and the Crater Lake region of Oregon. Many of these have rivals, but there has not been discovered anywhere in the United States a lake which even remotely suggests comparison with Crater Lake. The very fact of its remarkable origin suggests a forcible reason why such a wonderful feature of natural scenery should be made accessible to the tourists of the United States and become the center of one of the most attractive of the Nation's parks.

To the casual visitor, even, who makes his pilgrimage thither, the fact that before the lake existed, a snowy mountain stretched its peak skyward and vied in its beauty with its sister peaks, is a source of interest and wonder. The moderns who pitch their tents near the sides of the lake will have in their minds' eyes a picture of the terrific eruption of Mount Pelee, and they will listen in wonder to the scientists who tell of the outbreaks of Mount Mazama in prehistoric times. They will feel a sense of awe when they realize that subterranean fires melted away that grand peak until it fell into the cavernous depths, leaving the deep pit that is now filled with clear water, to 4000 feet at its greatest depth. The ancient phenomenon would be paralleled if the Titanic forces of nature would truncate the peak of Mount Hood at Crater Rock, leave the steep sides, hollow out the surface of the top of the cone, and fill this pit with one of the most beautiful lakes in the world.

The prehistoric observer who climbed the summit of Scott Peak, 9122 feet high, a few miles east of Crater Lake, would have seen a snow peak like Shasta or Hood instead of the picturesque lake of today. Picture his surprise if he were to return and sweep the horizon for a view of the mountain of this day to find that it had literally dropped out of sight. Geologists who have climbed about the slopes of Crater Lake have made estimates of the height of this peak, then unnamed, but now dignified by the name of Mount Mazama. They have formed these estimates by comparison. Mount Shasta and the rim of Crater Lake have been found to be of equal diameter at an altitude of 800 feet, and being composed of essentially the same lavas, and being formed in the same way, the conclusion has been reached that they would rise to nearly the same elevations. The gentler slopes about the rim, however, suggest that Shasta was the higher of the two peaks.

In discussing the question of the disappearance of the peak, J. S. Diller of the United States Geological survey says: "The question at once arises, How was this vast mountain nearly six miles in diameter, and possibly 5000 feet or more in height above the present rim of the lake, removed and the stupendous pit now occupied by Crater Lake produced? If it were blown out by an explosion we should find an enormous rim of fragmental material commensurate with the basin; but if it sank by escape of its molten interior through a lower outlet, the rim would be small and composed of imbricated and overlapping sheets of lava and fragmental material. In fact, the rim is small and composed in a large measure of solid lava sheets. It is evidently the peripheral part of the mountain's base, and not due to accumulation at the time the basin originated. Major C. E. Dutton, who made a special survey of Crater Lake, compares it to Kilauea, of Hawaii, whose origin he attributes to the subsidence of the material in molten state, owing to its escape from some lower level.

After the volcanic peak, Mount Mazama had virtually destroyed itself by the fierce heat of its hidden fires, and been engulfed in the abyss, the volcanic activity continued at the bottom of the pit. Wizard Island, which rises 845 feet above the surface near the western border of the lake and forms a picturesque bit of scenery, is a small volcano, compared to the size of its predecessor. Although the freshness of the lava and the absence of erosion indicate that the volcano was active in comparatively recent geologic times, yet the presence of so large a growth of fir trees proves that the eruption must have occurred centuries ago.—Oregonian.

DON'T FAIL TO TRY THIS.
Whenever an honest trial is given to Electric Bitters for any trouble it is recommended for a permanent cure will surely be effected. It never fails to tone the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, invigorate the nerves and purify the blood. It's a wonderful tonic for run-down systems. Electric Bitters positively cures Kidney and Liver Troubles, Stomach Disorders, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and expels Malaria. Satisfaction guaranteed by W. F. Kremer. Only 30 cents.

Paints Cheap

Pioneer white lead at \$8 per 100 lbs. Strictly pure linseed oil 90 cents per gal. Now is the time to buy before the raise.—Kremer's Drug Store.

THAT KERBY BILLIARD TABLE.

Among the many stories associated with the building up of Western mining towns, none are more interesting than that connected with the old mining town of Kerbyville, in Josephine county and the story of the billiard table that started it; the first billiard table that started it, that was brought into Oregon. The interesting story of the table is as follows: The same wild stampede of gold-hunters that flocked to California during the "49 days," streamed over the Siskiyou and poured into Southern Oregon in 1851. Gold was discovered along the Rogue and Illinois rivers and all of their tributaries. Along every stream the gold-diggers swarmed and millions in little grains were cradled from the auriferous gravel beds in a few brief months. Towns sprung up, mushroom like, in a night. Among these was Althouse. This town soon became a seething center of many thousand gold-excited men. Gambling dens, saloons and dance halls it possessed by the score. The proprietor of one of these was a Jew, known as "Jake" in the camp. Jake, like most Hebrews, was a most enterprising Jew. He was always awake to new attractions for his "joint" in his endeavor to get ahead of his competitors of robbing the poor miners of their hard-earned dust.

Jake conceived the idea of getting a billiard table for his place of business. It would have been just as easy to have got an elephant, but Jake was not the sort of a man to let difficulties loiter him. The nearest billiard tables were in San Francisco. To get one would require its being shipped to Crescent City by steamer and then brought over the narrow mountain trail to Althouse on the back of a pack pony. After trying nearly all of the packers in California and Oregon, Jake at last found a man who would agree to undertake the task. This packer was a Spaniard named Martinez, called Marti by the miners. The pride of Marti's heart was his pack mule, Anita. Marti said that if Anita could not bring the table over the mountains there would be no chance for the next one. Accordingly Marti contracted to bring the table over and was at Crescent City with Anita when the steamer arrived.

Anita had packed many loads in her time, but she staggered sideways when she had to carry the big billiard table. The old mule got an idea into her head at once that she was going to be lipped upon. Eight big men lifted the table to lower it on Anita's back, but when it came down Anita wasn't there. She had side-stopped. She absolutely refused to carry the big package, all of Marti's persuasion, arguments and "cross words" failed to impress the old mule that it would be an easy thing to get the table over the trail. As a last resort, rope and tackle were brought into use. These were fastened to the limb of a big oak and the table raised aloft, Anita was led in under and before she was aware the pack was placed. Anita fairly staggered under her big load but she stood up under it without a murmur. She was started over the trail in the lead of a train of mules, and held her place with no seeming difficulty. When night came she was run up under a tree, the rope and tackle brought out and her big load taken off. In the morning the reverse of this operation would put the pack in place again.

All went well for three days; but on the evening of the fourth Anita did not stop and run up under a tree as she had previously done. She kept right on when the remainder of the train halted for the night. Marti did not stop her as he said the old mule had a head of her own and knew what she was doing. He concluded that Anita had decided on a forced-march in order to get through to Althouse that night. She was evidently getting tired of her load and wanted to get through and be rid of it.

But Anita miscalculated her ability. The poor old mule was overtaken on the road next day, just nine miles from Althouse. She was lying in the middle of the trail, with the great pack on her back, asleep—that long and peaceful sleep, from which no mule has ever been known to awake. Anita, faithful Anita was game to the last. So long as strength remained she bore her heavy burden. Death held her up nine miles from Althouse. Marti cursed and cried by turns when he found the pride of his heart dead on the trail. He couldn't move the table any further; there wasn't another mule in the whole Northwest this could budge one corner of it. He went on to Althouse and demanded his money, but the Jew wouldn't pay it. Marti had failed to deliver the table. Marti told Jake what he thought of him and gave his opinion of the Hebrew race in general, but it did no good.

An idea occurred to Marti: It was a happy one to him and he decided to carry it out. He went back to his billiard table, built a saloon around it, advertised a "grand opening" and got ready for the rush. With the only billiard table north of San Francisco as a drawing card, the Althouse "joints" were completely out of business. The stamped headed his way and Marti lived in clover. Kerbyville built up around Marti's saloon and was soon the busiest, thriftiest mining camp in the Rogue river country. Dennis H. Stovall.

Paints Cheap

Pioneer white lead at \$8 per 100 lbs. Strictly pure linseed oil 90 cents per gal. Now is the time to buy before the raise.—Kremer's Drug Store.

SOUTHERN OREGON NORMAL.

The Southern Oregon State Normal School is making thorough preparations for the coming year's work. The buildings are being remodeled and repaired, and extensive additions to the chemical and physical departments are being made. The faculty is composed of strong teachers consecrated to the work, and each department is in the hands of a specialist. A year's course in Latin and in Economics has been added to further prepare teachers for high school work. The training department will be especially strong. A man of splendid education and wide experience will be at the head of this department. Much attention will be given to oratory, and athletics will be made prominent. The citizens of Ashland have guaranteed some \$200 as prizes for excellence in these lines. The City Library of 3000 well selected volumes is thrown open to students of the institution. Board and lodging can be had at from \$2.50 per week to \$4.00. Climate healthy. Course of study practical and exhaustive. For catalogue of announcements write R. F. Mulkey, president, or Clifford Thomas, secretary, Ashland, Oregon.

AUTO ON A RAMPAGE.

An automobile belonging to Dr. E. H. Dallas got on a rampage yesterday in the blacksmith shop on the corner of Grand avenue and East Stark street. It had been taken into the shop for repairs. While the blacksmith was at work the auto decided it was too hot inside, and made a dash for the open air. First it made a plunge for the side of the building over the slough, but the blacksmith managed to reverse the motive power, when it started in the opposite direction. This time the auto went through the street, tearing the door down and running over it. On the outside in the fresh air it became docile and was caught. No damage was done the carriage.—Oregonian.

INDIAN WAR PENSIONS.

The pension office has issued a large number of blank forms on which Indian War Veterans may file applications for pensions under the law recently passed. Copies will be furnished to all who make request of the pension office, while a large number have been sent to Representative Tongue for distribution. One set of blanks are issued for survivors and another for widows. Survivors are required to furnish their rank, company and regiment, showing honorable discharge together with at least 30 days' service and other military service before or after the Indian war. Personal description of the soldier at the time of the enlistment, subsequent places of residence and proof that he is an actual resident of the United States is also called for. All of this evidence must be sworn to before a notary public, and must be corroborated by at least one but generally two witnesses whose knowledge regarding the claimant must be filed with the application.

CATARH OF THE BOWELS.

Causes bloating after meals and large quantities of gas which cannot be expelled, cause diarrhoea, alternating with constipation. S. B. Catarrh Cure has a tonic and curative effect on the bowels and restores them to a natural and healthy condition. For sale by all druggists. Book on Catarrh free. Address Smith Bros., Fresno, Cal.

MOUNT PITT'S GREAT BLOW HOLE.

W. L. and P. J. Halley, W. S. Clay and S. M. Drake arrived home Saturday from a hunting trip in the vicinity of Mt. Pitt, says the Medford Mail. They had lots of fun and would have got lots of game had the game been less exclusive and retiring in its habits.

While in the vicinity of Mt. Pitt the party ascended that famous peak. They made the trip up in four hours, without serious fatigue or danger, the descent being made in less than two hours. On the summit they found the Mazama's copper box and they added their names to the roll of that society. From the summit they had a magnificent view of Rogue river valley and of the surrounding mountains and broad stretch of country to the east. They got a fine view of the great blow hole that is on the east side of the mountain, for Mt. Pitt has been a volcano and in its last spasms it blew a monstrous hole out from its side, leaving its summit intact. Such a terrible blast of heat came out of the Mt. Pitt blow hole that the surrounding rocks are burned as though they had been in a blast furnace, and some being burned into pumice, others melted into glass. In this great cavity Mr. Halley states that the snow appeared to be at least a thousand feet deep.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures and prevents swollen feet, blisters, calluses and sore spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for sweating, hot, aching feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package free by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

DID NOT GET HIM.

Deputy Sheriff Herbert G. McCarthy who went to Sacramento a week ago

with extradition papers for Edgar A. Cooke, returned Sunday evening without a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses from the Jackson County Bank, of Medford. He had uttered a check drawn on a Siskiyou County banking firm for \$100, which was returned to the Jackson County Bank unpaid, because Cooke had no funds on deposit with the Siskiyou bank. Cooke alleged that before swearing out a warrant for his arrest the officials of the Jackson County Bank had offered to let the matter drop if he would pay the amount of the worthless check called for, and on account of that action of the bank the Governor of California refused to honor Governor Greer's request and surrender Edgar A. Cooke.

SEA MONSTER CAPTURED.

Captain John Bergman, of the Umpqua Life Saving Station, captured a fish in the Umpqua river last week, says the Marshfield Sun, which from its large size, grotesque appearance and peculiarities of organization baffling the intelligence of Umpqua naturalists to give it a name, and for want of a better cognomen, they have applied "Sun Fish" which it very much resembles in every respect but the tail, which is much larger than that of the regular sun fish.

The sea monster was noticed swimming in the river with a portion of its fin projecting above the surface, by one of the station crew, who informed Captain Bergman. It was taken for granted at first that it was either a sturgeon or a shark, and the keeper with one of his men, put out in a skiff armed with a boat hook and a revolver. On coming close to the Leviathan they were astonished at what they could discern of the outline of the fish in the water. They however succeeded after firing several balls into the fish in hooking it with the boat hook and getting it to shore. The fish measured several feet in length and eight feet from tip to tip of fins, and as it swam with fins in a perpendicular position, it requires considerable water in which to navigate. Its weight was estimated at 1000 pounds. So tough was the skin of the fish that it could not be penetrated with the sharp end of a pike pole. After the fish was out of water and in a drying condition, flopping its fins on the sand, a man weighing 200 pounds stepped on one of its fins and there was sufficient strength left to raise this weight clear off the ground. Photographs will be taken of the fish, and an effort will be made to preserve it by drying.

EL GRAN CHACO.

Gran Chaco, the most mysterious spot on the American continent, and possibly in the world, has claimed another band of victims; again the Pilcomayo river has proved itself deservingly of the title given it by the natives of Paraguay, Argentine and Bolivia—River of Death.

The last victims of the unknown place are the famous Italian explorer, Guido Boggiano, and his party. From Asuncion in Paraguay the news has reached American geographers that the party, says a special in the Washington Star, has been officially pronounced dead.

With the slaying of Boggiano, Gran Chaco, triumphantly keeping its secret, has successfully defied five nations—France, Spain, Germany, Italy and Paraguay. Each of them sent its best explorers, and to none did their men return alive.

Crevaux of France, Baretta of Spain, Lista of Paraguay, Sirvent of Germany and Boggiano of Italy all started from the borders, dived into the primeval forests of El Gran Chaco, reached the Pilcomayo river and disappeared forever.

No man has ever gone in and emerged alive. What lurks in its twilight forests that slays so surely? Look on the map of South America. Between the Tropic of Capricorn and latitude 30 south, and between longitude 68 and 63 west, is a patch that is left almost entirely blank. That patch contains more than 75,000 square miles, about which man knows nothing.

It is the terra incognita of the American continent. Five months ago Boggiano started from Asuncion with an expedition of six Indians and a peon to follow the path that so many others had taken before him and that had led them to death. Local officials had added their warning without effect. Men heard from him only once after he had left them that the cry is that of a bird fairly well known to science. It is a damned soul, utterly damned, so they are convinced.

Thomas HOUSE FURNISHER Homes Furnished Complete. PORCH FURNITURE.



Here is a particularly excellent collection of the easy, "informal" furniture that helps away the summer—

- Lawn Swings.....\$7.45
- Rockers.....\$1.65 to \$9.00
- Hammocks.....\$1.00 to \$3.95
- Canvas Chairs.....\$1.45
- Arm Chairs.....\$1.95 up
- Settees.....\$2.25
- Camp Stools.....25 to 45c

We'll be glad to have you see what we have to suit you.

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Linoleums	Lamps
Mattings	Cutlery
Mirrors	Woodenware

to vanish within a year. Colonel Enrique de Ibarreta, of Spain made his start from San Antonio in Bolivia with a party singularly well equipped—equipped, indeed as if for conquest rather than for exploration. He had a flotilla of Indian canoes, each holding 12 men, and with him were six Argentine, two Bolivian and one Spanish companion, all well fitted by knowledge and experience for the work of carrying out the task of forcing passage through the River of Death. The canoes were covered with heavy sails and skins, which were pierced with loopholes for rifles. When the expedition reached Laguna Pitano, less than 300 miles from the place where they had started, it was September. It had taken them more than three months to get there, and yet the mysterious land had scarcely been entered. And the men were then in such extremities that Ibarreta saw that they could not hope to get out alive unless help reached them. They were encompassed by savages. Food was reduced to a minimum. In this crisis Colonel Ibarreta called for volunteers to break through the silent, hidden cordon of foes and try to reach Formosa, on the Paraguayan boundary, to get help.

Of those eight men nothing has been learned to this day, with the exception of two, who were found wandering in the thickets with barely strength enough left to tell even the briefest story. They had been hunted headlong from mile to mile. The forests were instinct with death wherever they turned. Six of the fugitives were killed before a day had passed. Awe holds the man who enters the brooding silence of El Gran Chaco the primeval forests. For in the forests, great with centuries on centuries of unchecked growth, there is neither sunlight nor freedom of winds or singing of birds. The waters roar audaciously. The air is heavy with moisture, and neither in the morning or the afternoon does daylight find its way through the enormous, fantastic masses of the eternal forest. Gloom and gloom again—never less than twilight in the brightest places and as black as night in the darkest—alroads the path of the intruder.

A hush so great that it burdens the sense as with physical oppression reigns hour after hour, day after day, week after week. Like the terrifying hush before a great storm, it rests on the land and makes it a place of fear. The birds flit through it silently. Silently and like shadows the wild beasts creep.

Only now and again is that hush of dread broken. A terrible cry, a wail that rises and falls and floats away awfully, resounds through the dim aisles. Then the Indians hastily murmur incantations—for this, they believe, is the cry of a lost soul, wandering, wandering, in torment eternal through the land of the devils of the woods. It is vain for explorers to tell them that the cry is that of a bird fairly well known to science. It is a damned soul, utterly damned, so they are convinced.

Souls damned and suffering the purgatory of ice, too, are the grotesque, frightening, shrouded forms of ice that stand on the slopes of the Cordillera in that land. Strange figures are these, from three to six feet high, being kept from melting by the shadow of the snow-capped mountains in the day and by icy winds that blow down like hurricanes in the night. "Nieve Patentes," the Indians call them, shuddering when they see them from afar.

So, too, they shudder when once in a while a sudden, tremendous cracking and splintering echoes with startling suddenness through this land of foreboding silence. Even white men, armored against superstitious fear, feel their nerves start when that silence of the grave is broken thus, though they believe it to be due only to the sudden hurling downward of some ancient tree. But the Indians know it to be otherwise. It is "the devil of the woods," they say with

trembling lips. "The devil of the woods is uprooting a tree for a climb to hunt with to-night." And he is a well-steeled man who, surrounded by the terror of his living companions, does not, in spite of himself, feel the fear of the Land of Mystery steal over him and claim him for its own.

TREE GROWING IN SKULL.

A correspondent from Brownstown, in the southern portion of the county, writes as follows concerning a peculiar circumstance which lately came under his observation: We have been visited by three Chinese from Happy Camp, California, who were on glastly quest, nothing less than the collection of the bones of all those Chinese who had died there and around Snicker creek during the past ten years. On opening the coffin of one that was buried near this place five years ago, it was found that a small pine tree was about to push itself through the cover of the box, the roots having made themselves acquainted with the brain of the defunct through the eye holes of the skull, and as a chinaman said, found "good rich manure." If every thing animate and inanimate reproduces itself, I should have looked for a poppy flower, for the departed was an opium fiend.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It seems painful, smarting nervous feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

MEDFORD'S MARSHAL.

Eugene Amann, who has been filling the position of marshal to the entire satisfaction of nearly everybody, and Mayor Crowell, who under the new charter has the privilege of removing and appointing some of our city officials at his own sweet will, have had a misunderstanding.

It seems that Mr. Amann, who is considerable of a fireman, wished to respond to the request that Grant's Pass made for assistance on the day it was in danger of being wiped off Southern Oregon's map, and asked Col. Crowell for permission to do so. The Mayor was not in the same frame of mind, and told him that he would go at his peril. The Marshal appointed a deputy and went away.

Some say that Mr. Amann refused to resume wearing the official star when he returned; while others claim that he was denied the privilege. Be that as it may, Mr. Allen is filling the place, at least temporarily.

Mayor Crowell is master of the situation, and the appointment of whom he names to fill the vacancy will be confirmed at the next session of the city council.—Southern Oregonian

BODY-RESTORER

Food is the body-restorer. In health, you want nothing but food; and your baby wants nothing but food. But, when not quite well, you want to get back to where food is enough.

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We'll send you a little to try it free. SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York.