

# Rogue River Courier.

VOL. XVIII.

GRANTS PASS, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1903.

No. 46

## DIRECTORY

**JOSEPHINE COUNTY OFFICERS.**  
Judge..... J. O. Booth  
Commissioner..... John Wells  
Clerk..... C. F. Lovelace  
Deputy Clerk..... L. Bartlett  
Sheriff..... J. P. Judd  
Deputy Sheriff..... Geo. W. Lewis  
Treasurer..... Ernest Smith  
School Supt..... J. T. Taylor  
Assessor..... W. H. Fallon  
Coroner..... H. C. Perkins  
W. F. Kremer

**CITY OFFICERS.**  
Mayor..... J. F. Bashor  
Auditor and Police Judge..... J. Jennings  
Treasurer..... Ad. W. Johnson  
City Attorney..... C. E. Mayhew  
Marshal..... John Lockhart  
Street Supt..... John Lockhart  
Councilmen..... Gro. H. Blinn  
A. C. Hough, J. H. Williams, J. E. Culvert, J. A. Reinhold, W. L. Smith, Herbert Smith, H. C. Perkins.

**FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.**  
Grants Pass Lodge A. F. & A. M., No. 38, meets every Saturday night at 8 o'clock in Masonic hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited. B. W. Rious, W. M. A. J. Pike, Sec'y.

**Royal Arch Masons—Reams Chapter No. 28** meets second and fourth Wednesday Masonic hall. H. U. Rogers, Sec'y. J. E. Patterson, H. P. Sec'y.

**Eastern Star—Josephine Chapter, No. 29** meets first and third Wednesday evenings of each month in Masonic hall. Mrs. H. Zoller, W. M. Mrs. Anna M. Holmes, W. M. Sec'y.

**I. O. O. F.—Golden Rule Lodge No. 78** meets every Saturday night at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. hall. H. M. Mason, N. G. T. Y. Dean, Sec'y.

**Paran Encampment I. O. O. F. No. 2** meets second and fourth Thursday at I. O. O. F. hall. Fred Schmidt, C. P. T. Y. Dean, Sec'y.

**Rebekahs—Etna Rebekah, No. 49** meets second and fourth Monday, I. O. O. F. hall. Mae Davis, S. G. Elsie Green, Sec'y.

**United Artisans—Grants Pass Assembly No. 49** meets alternate Tuesdays in A. O. U. W. hall. Master Artisan, Fred Messer. Master Artisan, Sec'y.

**Woodmen of the World—Rogue River Camp No. 35** meets second and fourth Fridays at Woodman hall. W. E. Sharnas, C. E. Mayer, Consul Commander. Clerk.

**Women of Woodcraft—Azalea Circle, No. 182** meets first and third Mondays at Woodman hall. L. May Davis, G. N. W. E. Dean, Clerk.

**Modern Woodmen of America—Grants Pass Camp No. 800** meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday evenings at Woodman hall at 7:30. Chas. H. Marshall, V. C. N. Reynolds, Clerk.

**Foresters of America—Court Josephine No. 28** meets each Wednesday except the first, at A. O. U. W. hall. G. N. Bolt, F. S. Sec'y.

**Josephine Lodge, No. 119** A. O. U. W. meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Dixon building every Monday evening. Wm. A. Hall, G. S. Hyatt, O. F. Hall, C. E. Mayer, M. W. B. A. Standard, Recording.

**Knights of the Maccabees—Grants Pass Tent, No. 13** meets first and third Thursdays at Woodman hall. Wm. A. Hall, C. E. Mayer, O. F. Hall, J. E. Peterson, Adjt. Com.

**American Order of Steam Engineers, Oregon Council No. 1** meets first and third Saturdays, at A. O. U. W. hall. Bena F. Myrick, C. E. Engineer Corresponding Engineer.

**Order of Pendo—White Rock Council No. 109** meets in A. O. U. W. Hall first and third Friday nights. J. L. Huston, Secretary.

**United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America Union No. 1148** meets each month at A. O. U. W. Hall. J. E. Williams, Pres. D. A. Fitzgerald, Sec'y.

**A. C. HOUGH,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Practices in all State and Federal Courts  
Office over First National Bank.  
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

**H. C. PERKINS,**  
U. S. DEPUTY  
MINERAL SURVEYOR,  
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

## Clearance Sale

Cut Price

MEN'S SUITS		BOYS' SUITS	
\$ 9.50 Suits.....	\$ 6.50	\$2.00 Suits.....	\$1.80
14.00 ".....	12.00	2.50 ".....	2.25
16.00 ".....	14.40	3.00 ".....	2.70

OVERCOATS		OVERCOATS	
Stylish, up-to-date coats; 48 to 52 inches long; full or stoop back.		For the little fellow. Long ones "just like papa's" sizes 4 to 8 years.	
\$ 8.00 Coats.....	\$ 7.20	\$4.00 Coats.....	\$3.60
12.50 ".....	9.95	5.00 ".....	4.50
15.00 ".....	13.50		

## ...Shoes for Everybody...

Men and Boys. Ladies and Children.

## WELCH'S CLOTHING STORE

Opera House Block.  
Grants Pass, Oregon.

## WEDDING & VISITING CARD ENGRAVERS

### W. G. SMITH & CO.

The Leading Card Engraving House in the Northwest  
Washington Building, Portland, Oregon

## J. M. CHILES

GROCERIES  
HARDWARE  
TABLEWARE

## L. C. HIGGINS ASSAYER

Sixth and H Streets, Grants Pass, Oregon.

## VALENTINES

Large Assortment  
at Clemens  
The Orange Front  
Grants Pass, Oregon

## Union RESTAURANT and BAKERY

Sixth St. next to Hair-Rabbit saloon.  
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.  
DIP LOGGING

## Grants Pass Banking & Trust Co.

PAID UP CAPITAL STOCK \$25,000.00  
Transacts a General Banking business.  
Receives deposits subject to check or on demand certificates.  
Our customers are assured of courteous treatment and every consideration consistent with sound banking principles.  
Safety deposit boxes for rent.

## The First National Bank

OF SOUTHERN OREGON.  
CAPITAL STOCK \$50,000.00  
Receives deposits subject to check or on certificate payable on demand.  
Sells sight drafts on New York, San Francisco, and Portland.  
Telegraphic transfers sold on all points in the United States.  
Special Attention given to Collections and general business of our customers.  
Collections made throughout Southern Oregon, and on all accessible points.  
R. A. BOOTH, Pres.  
J. C. CAMPBELL, Vice Pres.  
H. L. GILKEY, Cashier.

## MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS

J. B. PADDOCK, Prop'r.  
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.

## POCKET HUNTER'S CRAFT

Fantastic Description of This Peculiar Profession.

"In the gold fields of Oregon, as in the rest of the world, the pocket-hunter has found his last 'color' and struck his last 'trace'." The advent of modern-day giants of gold-getting, the complete taking up of a once free domain, has forced him to pack his grab kit and life into the dim and fading past. The hunter of pockets, the "cyclope miner," the surface searcher has passed the day of his usefulness. There was a time when he was a necessity. During the palmy days of the age of gold the pocket-hunter played an important part; and it was his credit, let it be said, he played it well. He blazed the trail that led to fields of gold. His shallow diggings [were] indications of ledge-ribbed mountains, of hidden treasures beyond his shovel handle's length, which was his limitation.

In Southern Oregon, where surface finds were unusually common, the pocket-hunter, during the pocket hunting days, was a man not much to be despised. He was a vocation an art, perhaps gained only by years of experience. His weather-beaten face, his grizzled features, his worn-out eyes, with the "crow's" feet in their corners, his horny hands—all those told of frosty snows, of biting winds and long journeys over granite hills, up mountain steep.

Hunting gold pockets during those days was a good business. Many made money by it, and as many more laid foundations for later fortunes. The pocket-hunter must not be confounded with the ordinary prospector; that would be a breach of respect to the latter and a dire insult to the former. The prospector was content with a "color," or even an "indication," in any form he found it, but with the pocket hunter this was not so. He ignored sulphides and all other "spikes." They were entirely out of his category. He wanted nothing but the pure article—the monometal, unalloyed, pure, smooth and glittering. He wanted nothing but the gold, and he wanted it hunched close. He wanted pockets.

Ask a professional pocket hunter to define a pocket and he will do it with a twinkle in his eye, and very simply, too. His definition will be a picture of his ideal in the pocket line. He will tell you to imagine a hornet's nest made of clay, any size from that of a goose egg to a loghead; fill this with gold nuggets, wet it in the ground, or even hang it to a rock, and you have a pocket.

If you ask that some pocket hunter how the gold accumulated in that pocket, he will speak up very knowingly and tell you it grew there! And after you have recovered from your shock, he will cite an instance. He will tell you of a pocket he discovered upon a time—a pocket about the size of a hornet's nest, and hanging to a jagged piece of quartz on a steep mountain side, as a hornet's nest hangs to a limb. He crept up gently and peeped in. Lo! the pocket was nearly filled with bright and glittering gold! And, clinging to the piece of quartz, like a drop of water, quivering with its last desperate hold, was a tiny, sparkling nugget just on the verge of dropping into the pocket below. The pocket hunter will tell you that he believes that if it were possible for him to have removed the nugget without disturbing the pocket, he could have returned after many years and found it filled again. Far out in the mountains he halted and struck camp. He followed the stream and panned the dirt, washing each pan carefully down and eagerly scanning the residue for colors of gold. If a little string of yellow followed in the course of the pan, close at the heels of the black sand, the grizzled features would brighten with a smile of happiness. That little string of yellow was particles of gold, and the black sand to which it closely hung was his inseparable companion. In nature the two are always associated, and the pocket hunter will tell you that they are just like Mary and her little lamb—where one goes, the other is sure to follow.

If the pocket-hunter strikes good colors he pans again near about; then pans again and if he finds the colors growing better with each pan he smiles more happily. For then he knows he is on a "trace," to follow which correctly will lead him to a pocket. With each pan he pours the little yellow particles into his rough pan and examines them carefully. He knows at once whether each came from the same source. There are no two colors alike to him. He knows his business. He would know those colors again should he find them in the mountain depths or washed across a city pavement. That is one of the many tricks of his trade that took him years to learn.

Once on a "trace" the pocket-hunter is like a hound after a jack-rabbit—there is no stopping him. Madly, excitedly, yet coolly and determinedly, he works till the treasure is found or hopelessly lost. Finding pocket was not "luck." It was hard work, and the many treasures found in Southern Oregon during the early days and even in more recent years were far more the result of hard, systematic panning than of accident. Most of the old-time pioneer pocket-hunters have gone over the Great

## Trail. They deserve to strike a better "trace" and find a richer treasure than they ever found over here. And perhaps they have. Who knows?

It is gratifying to know that companies are from time to time being formed by our own capitalists here at home to scientifically develop our quartz or placer properties, and such undertakings should receive all due encouragement, as mining, when properly carried out, is the safest possible industry that can be engaged in.

It may forestall a great financial panic, as did the output of \$3,000,000 from California avert or ward off a threatened national panic a few years ago.—Dennis H. Stovall in The Pacific Miner.

## DROWNED IN THE FLOOD

Such Was the Fate of James Weeks of Elk Creek.

There is no longer any doubt but that the horse found in Rogue river a few days after the recent heavy rains was the property of James D. Weeks, who lives on Elk creek, and there is no doubt but that Mr. Weeks is drowned.

Mr. Weeks left his home on the 23d of January for Medford. He was on the 23d arranging to make proof on his homestead, and on Saturday, the 24th, when the water was the highest, he started for home and has not since been seen.

His relatives at home, when he did not return in due time, supposed he was at his brother's on this side of Rogue river and was detained there by the high water, and not until Wednesday of this week did they learn different.

A horse, saddle and bridle were discovered on an island sand bar in Rogue river some after the high water, and Dave Pence, who was down from Trail and knew of Weeks' absence, at once guessed that the animal belonged to Mr. Weeks, but not until Wednesday afternoon of this week was it ascertained to a certainty that his guess was correct.

The family, in the meantime had been apprised of Mr. Pence's apprehension and at once came to Central Point and are now hunting for Mr. Weeks' remains.

The presumption is, of course, that in attempting to ford some of the swollen streams he was drowned, but whether it was in Bear creek or Rogue river, or possibly Batts creek, is not yet known. Weeks was not married.—Medford Mail.

**ARE YOU RESTLESS AT NIGHT?**  
and harassed by a bad cough? Use Ballard's Horehound Syrup, it will soothe your throat and effect a prompt and radical cure. 25c. per bottle at Silver Drug Co.

The best physic. "Once tried and you will always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets," says Wm. A. Girard, Passaic, N. J. The tablets are the most prompt, most pleasant and most reliable cathartic in use.—For sale by all druggists.

## MAYOR MAKES A SWEEP

Slices Off Official Heads at Recent Council Meeting.

The city council met on Thursday evening, February 5, for its regular semi-monthly business meeting, with the mayor in the chair and all the council present except J. H. Williams. The session was a long one and devoted mainly to rambling discussions, little definite business being accomplished.

The following bills were allowed: T. B. Cornell, \$11.65. Smith Bros., 14.70. City Meat Market, 3.35. W. S. Wood, 12.00. Herbert Smith, 7.50. Mrs. Riehardt, 13.00. Wm. Kuapp, 28.00. J. F. Bashor, 3.00. J. A. Jennings, 34.00. Dr. Chapman, 20.00. Councilman Herbert Smith of the health committee reported that the sick remaining smallpox patient had recovered and that the quarantine would be raised on Saturday. The matter of the purchase of a piece of property for city hospital uses was discussed at some length, but no definite conclusion was obtained.

The saloon bonds of August Petchel and A. Lempho were presented and approved and the licenses were ordered issued.

The ordinance amending the fire limits was brought forward for consideration. There was considerable discussion as to whether or not the railroad grounds should be included within the fire limits. Agent G. P. Foster was present and stated that the company on assurance that their grounds should not be included in the fire limits, had already commenced the construction of a wooden round house. Councilman Hough strongly advocated including the grounds, saying that the railroad company should be compelled to put up brick buildings. The objection was made that the inclusion of these grounds in the fire limits would prevent the merchants from putting up warehouses, as no merchant could afford to put up a brick building on leased ground. The ordinance was referred to the city attorney for revision and the discussion was postponed until the next meeting. It seemed, however, to be the general sentiment that the railroad grounds should not be included in the fire limits. The proposed limits include blocks 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, and 62 of the original townsite.

The mayor then proceeded to make his appointments for city officers. He presented the name of J. B. Padlock as auditor and police judge. The council rejected the appointment by a vote of 4 to 1. J. A. Blow, nominated for the same office, was turned down by a vote of 3 to 2.

The mayor made an appointment for marshal, Walter G. Moore, Moore was rejected by a vote of 4 to 2.

The mayor made some appointments for street superintendent. The first name presented was that of Wm. Haggarth, who was disposed of in a vote of 3 to 2. Henry Kautzen was then proposed and was rejected, 4 to 2.

"The council," closer," somebody was heard to remark.

The mayor had a thunderbolt up his sleeve and at this juncture he fired it loose. "Gentlemen," he said quietly, "I will declare the office of auditor and police judge vacant and appoint J. B. Padlock to fill the next regular meeting." This statement was received by the council in dead silence. The mayor continued, "I will declare the office of marshal vacant and appoint Walter G. Moore to serve until the next meeting." The silence could now be felt.

In the same manner the mayor declared the office of street superintendent vacant and appointed Henry Kautzen. The silence was oppressive.

"A motion to adjourn is now in order," declared the mayor.

Auditor Jennings then broke the spell by rising and having his chair. "You have declared my place vacant," he said to the mayor, "and I don't consider that I have any further right here." He was followed to return and finish up the meeting, the mayor appointing him to serve for the remainder of the evening. The council was then adjourned.

The displaced officers met the action in a variety of ways. Street Superintendent Patrick promptly stepped down and allowed events to take their course. Not so with John Lockhart, the marshal. He ignored the mayor's mandate. He will probably be ousted by a majority of the council and further developments are watched with interest. The new appointees assumed the duties of the office and Councilman Bass has now a plentiful supply of work. Auditor Jennings was serving only a temporary appointment, so that his case is not identical with that of the others.

The motion of the charter referring to the mayor's power of removal is as follows:

"Section 8. At the first regular meeting of the common council in January of each year, the mayor shall appoint with the consent of a majority of the council, one auditor and police judge, one city attorney, one city surveyor, one marshal who shall be chief of police, and such other police officers as may be required and one street superintendent, who shall each hold his office for one year and until his successor shall be appointed and qualified unless sooner removed by the mayor or by a vote of a majority of the common council."

Re: First Paper by the yard or roll at the Courier office.

## New Linoleums & Floor Oil Cloths

7 New Patterns just received—Prices the lowest.

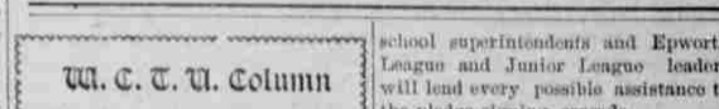
## CARPETS and WALL PAPERS

AS IN THE PAST WE SHALL CARRY AND SHOW BY FAR THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT in Southern Oregon and at Purse Pleasing Prices.

## ..THOMAS..

## The Only Exclusive House Furnisher

Do you expect to Build or Paper any rooms this Spring? Then let us show you some new ideas, no trouble and you may regret not seeing us about it.



U. C. T. U. Column

The U. C. T. U. will meet the second and fourth Fridays in each month. Will meet with Mrs. Rose Weidman, Feb. 13 at 2:30 p. m.

## CRIMINALS IN EMBRYO

Jails and Penitentiaries Yawn for the "Hoodlum."

As to the beginning and the end of hoodlum, Elbert Hubbard, in the *Phyllis*, gives the following true sketch of his career from the time he passes from his parents' control to his ending in a prison cell or the gallows: "Hoodlumism is born of idleness; it is useful energy gone to seed. In small town hoodlumism is rife, and the hoodlums are usually the children of the best citizens. Hoodlumism is the first step in the direction of crime. The hoodlum is very often a good boy who does not know what to do; and so he does the wrong thing. He bombards with tomatoes a good man taking a bath, puts fellocks on windows, ties a tin can to the dog's tail, takes the hurr-o off your carriage wheels, steals your chickens, annexes your horse blankets and scores old ladies into fits by appearing at the windows wrapped in a white sheet. To wear a mask, walk in and demand the money in the family glazier-jar is the next and natural evolution. The penitentiary yawns for the hoodlum.

## GOLD NUGGETS IN YREKA

Washing Precious Metal in Streets of California Town.

Last Sunday from daylight until dark, a large crowd of men and boys were hunting for nuggets of gold along the west end of Miner street, and also along Gold street, washed out by the ground slating a flood of water from the heavy rain storm of Friday and Saturday previous. Most of the crowd were armed with shovels, hoes and pans, scratching over the surface and washing the gravel in their pans, gaining gold dust as well as nuggets. The gold evidently came with the gravel washed down from the old diggings on Yreka Flat, the gold seekers following the route of the water running down the west end of Miner street between the western town site boundary line and Gold street, and along Gold street to North street. Gold was probably floated into town with gravel on the streams along the north and south sides of town, but became buried in the softer sand and ballings, or floated down into Yreka creek. The prospects thus found prove that there is considerable gold in Yreka and Yreka Flat that may be available by improved methods of mining, notwithstanding the ground on the flats has been supposed to be worked out.—Yreka Journal.

The scratch of a pin may cause the loss of a limb or even death when blood poisoning results from the injury. All danger of this may be avoided, however, by promptly applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It is an antiseptic and quick healing liniment for cuts, bruises and burns. For sale by all druggists.

## Help on the Crusade.

The officers of the National Temperance Society are much pleased with the beginning of their pledge-taking crusade. Upon a recent Sunday, some 3000 ministers proscribed on the ravages of the drink habit and the importance of plugging the young people to total abstinence. On that day the pledge was signed by a multitude, since then the work has been carried on in public congregations, Sunday schools, young people's societies, and in certain cases even in the public schools. The movement has been well received everywhere.

THE OLD RELIABLE

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure  
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

And well it may be. It is utterly feasible. And as utterly feasible. Of late years moral suasion in the temperance reform has been too much neglected. Inasmuch as the young, it is largely essential to future success. We must put every safe guard around our boys to keep them from falling victims to the drink habit. The logical and awful consequences of even the slightest indulgence in liquor must be emphasized in every possible way. The saloon is looking for new material. It is after the boys. But the boys it must not have. We hope our pastors and Sunday