GRAUSTARK

...By...

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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SYNOPSIS

Chapter I—Grenfall Lorry, a wealthy American globe trotter, stumbles into acquaintance with a charming foreign girl on the train from Denver to Washington. The pair are left behind when the flier stops for repairs in West Virginia.

Chapter II—Lorry wires ahead to hold the train. He and the unknown girl ride twenty miles at a tearing pace in a mountain coach. There is no lovemaking, but a near approach to it as the rolling stage tumbles the passengers about.

"We are to be honored, sir," said the old gentleman, but in such a way that Grenfall had a distinct feeling that it was he who was to be honored. Aunt Yvonne smiled graciously, and he took his departure. While Hedrick was dressing the jagged little cut Grenfall complacently surveyed the patient in the mirror opposite and said to himself a hundred times: "You lucky dog! It was worth forty gashes like this. By Jove, she's divine!"

In a fever of eager haste he bathed and attired himself for dinner, the imperturbable Hedrick assisting. One query filled the American's mind, "I wonder if I am to sit beside her." And then: "I have sat beside her! There can never again be such delight!"

It was 7 o'clock before his rather unusual toilet was completed. "See if they have gone to the dinner, Hedrick," he said to the manservant, who departed ceremoniously.

"I don't know why he should be so very polite," observed Lorry, gazing wonderingly after him. "I'm not a king. That reminds me. I must introduce myself. She doesn't know me from Adam."

Hedrick returned and announced that they had just gone to the dining car and were awaiting him there. He hurried to the diner and made his way to their table. Uncle Caspar and his niece were facing him as he came up between the tables, and he saw, with no little regret, that he was to sit beside the aunt—directly opposite the girl, however. She smiled up at him as he stood before them, bowing. He saw the expression of inquiry in those deep, liquid eyes of violet as their gaze wandered over his hair.

"Your head? I see no bandage," she said reproachfully.

"There is a small plaster, and that is all. Only heroes may have dangerous wounds," he said laughingly.

"Is heroism in America measured by the number of stitches or the size of the plaster?" she asked pointedly. "In my country it is a joy and not a calamity. Wounds are the misfortune of valor. Pray be seated, Mr. Lorry—is it not?" she said, pronouncing it quaintly. He sat down rather suddenly on hearing her utter his name. How had she learned it? Not a soul on the train knew it, he was sure.

"I am Caspar Guggenslocker. Permit me, Mr. Lorry, to present my wife and my niece, Miss Guggenslocker," said the uncle more gracefully than he had ever heard such a thing uttered before.

In a daze, stunned by the name—Guggenslocker—mystified over their acquaintance with his own when he had been foiled at every fair attempt to learn theirs, Lorry could only mumble his acknowledgments. In all his life he had never lost command of himself as at this moment. Guggenslocker!

"You lucky dog!"

He could feel the dank sweat of disappointment starting on his brow. A butcher, a brewer, a baker, a cobbler—a publisher all synonyms of Guggenslocker. A massage manufacturer's niece—Miss Guggenslocker. He ventured to glance unconcernedly at her as he took up his napkin, but his eyes wandered helplessly. She was looking serenely at him, yet he fancied he saw a shadow of mockery in her blue eyes.

"If you were a novel writer, Mr. Lorry, what manner of heroine would you choose?" she asked, with a smile so tantalizing that he understood instinctively why she was reviving a topic once abandoned. His confusion was increased. Her uncle and aunt were regarding him calmly—expectantly, he imagined.

"I—I have no ambition to be a novel writer," he said, "so I have not made a study of heroines."

"But you would have an ideal," she persisted.

"I'm sure I—I don't—that is, she would not necessarily be a heroine. Unless, of course, it would require heroism to pose as an ideal for such a prosaic fellow as I."

"To begin with, you would call her Clarabel Montrose or something equally as impossible. You know the name of a heroine in a novel must be euphonious. That is an exacting rule." It was an open taunt, and he could see that she was enjoying his discomfiture. It aroused his indignation and his wits.

"I would first give my hero a distinguished name. No matter what the heroine's name might be, pretty or otherwise, I could easily change it to his in the last chapter." She flushed beneath his now bright, keen eyes and the ready though unexpected retort. Uncle Caspar placed his napkin to his lips and coughed. Aunt Yvonne studiously inspected her bill of fare. "No matter what you call a rose, it is always sweet," he added meaningly.

At this she laughed good naturedly. He marveled at her white teeth and red lips. A rose, after all. Guggenslocker, rose; rose, not Guggenslocker. No, no! A rose only! He fancied he caught a sly look of triumph in her uncle's swift glance toward her. But Uncle Caspar was not a rose. He was Guggenslocker. Guggenslocker—butcher! Still he did not look the part; no, indeed. That extraordinary man a butcher, a gardener, a—and Aunt Yvonne? Yet they were Guggenslockers.

"Here is the waiter," the girl observed to his relief. "I am famished after my pleasant drive. It was so bracing, was it not, Mr. Grenfall Lorry?"

"Give me a mountain ride always as an appetizer," he said obligingly, and so ended the jest about a name.

The orders for the dinner were given, and the quartet sat back in their chairs to await the coming of the soup. Grenfall was still wondering how she had learned his name, and was on the point of asking several times during the conventional discussion of the weather, the train and the mountains. He considerately refrained, however, unwilling to embarrass her.

"Aunt Yvonne tells me she never expected to see me alive after the station agent telegraphed that we were coming overland in that awful old carriage. The agent at I'—— says it is a dangerous road, at the very edge of the mountain. He also increased the composure of my uncle and aunt by telling them that a wagon rolled off yesterday, killing a man, two women and two horses. Dear Aunt Yvonne, how troubled you must have been!"

"I'll confess there were times when I thought we were rolling down the mountain," said Lorry, with a relieved shake of the head.

"Sometimes I thought we were soaring through space, whether upward or downward I could not tell. We never failed to come to earth, though, did we?" she laughingly asked.

"Emphatically! Earth and a little grief," he said, putting his hand to his head.

"Does it pain you?" she asked quickly.

"Not in the least. I was merely feeling to see if the cut were still there. Mr.—Mr. Guggenslocker, did the conductor object to holding the train?" he asked, remembering what the conductor had told him of the old gentleman's actions.

"At first, but I soon convinced him that it should be held," said the other quietly.

"My husband spoke very harshly to the poor man," added Aunt Yvonne. "But I am afraid, Caspar, he did not understand a word you said. You were very much excited." The sweet old lady's attempts at English were much more laborious than her husband's.

"If he did not understand my English he was very good at guessing," said her husband grimly.

"He told me you had threatened to call him out," ventured the young man.

"Call him out? Ach, a railroad conductor!" exclaimed Uncle Caspar in fine scorn.

"Caspar, I heard you say that you would call him out," interposed his wife, with reproving eyes.

"Ach, God! I have made a mistake! I see it all! It was the other word I meant—down, not out! I intended to call him down, as you Americans say. I hope he will not think I challenged him." He was very much perturbed.

"I think he was afraid you would," said Lorry.

"He should have no fear. I could not meet a railroad conductor. Will you please tell him I could not so condescend? Besides, dueling is murder in your country, I am told."

"It usually is, sir. Much more so than in Europe." The others looked at him inquiringly. "I mean that in America when two men pull their revolvers and go to shooting at each other some one is killed frequently both. In Europe, as I understand it, a scratch with a sword ends the combat."

"You have been misinformed," exclaimed Uncle Caspar, his eyebrows elevated.

"Why, Uncle Caspar has fought more duels than he can count," cried the girl proudly.

"And has he slain his man every time?" asked Grenfall smilingly, glancing from one to the other. Aunt Yvonne shot a reproving look at the girl, whose face paled instantly, her eyes going quickly in affright to the face of her uncle.

"Tod!" Lorry heard the old gentleman mutter. He was looking at his bill of fare, but his eyes were fixed and staring. The card was crumpling between the long, bony fingers. The American realized that a forbidden topic had been touched upon.

"He has fought and he has slain," he thought as quick as a flash. "He is no butcher, no gardener, no cobbler. That's certain!"

"Tell us, Uncle Caspar, what you said to the conductor," cried the young lady nervously.

"Tell them, Caspar, how alarmed we were," added soft voiced Aunt Yvonne. Grenfall was a silent, interested spectator. He somehow felt as if a scene from some tragedy had been reproduced in that briefest of moments. Calmly and composedly, a half smile now in his face, the soldierly Caspar narrated the story of the train's run from one station to the other.

"We did not miss you until we had almost reached the other station. Then your Aunt Yvonne asked me where you had gone. I told her I had not seen you, but went into the coach ahead to search. You were not there. Then I went on to the dining car. Ach, you were not there. In alarm I returned to our car. Your aunt and I looked everywhere. You were not anywhere. I sent Hedrick ahead to summon the conductor, but he had hardly left us when the engine whistled sharply and the train began to slow up in a jerky fashion. I rushed to the platform, meeting Hedrick, who was as much alarmed as I. He said the train had been flagged and that there must be something wrong. Your aunt came out and told me that she had made a strange discovery."

Grenfall observed that he was addressing himself exclusively to the young lady.

"She had found that the gentleman in the next section was also missing. While we were standing there in doubt and perplexity the train came to a standstill, and soon there was shouting on the outside. I climbed down from the car and saw that we were at a little station. The conductor came running toward me excitedly.

"'Is the young lady in the car?' he asked.

"'No. For heaven's sake, what have you heard?' I cried.

"'Then she has been left at O——,' he exclaimed, and used some very extraordinary American words.

"I then informed him that he should run back for you, first learning that you were alive and well. He said he would be d——d if he would—pardon the word, ladies. He was very angry and said he would give orders to go ahead, but I told him I would demand restitution of his government. He laughed in my face, and then I became shamelessly angry. I said to him:

"'Sir, I shall call you down'—not out, as you have said—'and I shall run you through the mill.'

"That was good American talk, sir, was it not, Mr. Lorry? I wanted him to understand me, so I tried to use your very best language. Some gentlemen who are traveling on this train and some very excellent ladies also joined in the demand that the train be held. His dispatch from O—— said that you, Mr. Lorry, insisted on having it held for twenty minutes. The conductor insulted you, sir, by saying that you had more—ah, what is it?—gall than any idiot he had ever seen. When he said that, although I did not fully understand that it was a reflection on you, so ignorant am I of your language, I took occasion to tell him that you were a gentleman and a friend of mine. He asked me your name, but as I did not know it I could only tell him that he would learn it soon enough. Then he said something which has puzzled me ever since. He told me to close my face. What did he mean by that, Mr. Lorry?"

"Well, Mr. Guggenslocker, that means in refined American 'stop talking,'" said Lorry, controlling a desire to shout.

"Ach, that accounts for his surprise when I talked louder and faster than ever. I did not know what he meant. He said positively he would not wait, but just then a second message came from the other station. I did not know what it was then, but a gentleman told me that it instructed him to hold the train if he wanted to hold his job. Job is situation, is it not? Well, when he read that message he said he would wait just twenty minutes. I asked him to tell me how you were coming to us, but he refused to answer. Your aunt and I went at once to the telegraph man and implored him to tell us the truth, and he said you were coming in a carriage over a very dangerous road. Imagine our feelings when he said some people had been killed yesterday on that very road.

"When your aunt and I returned to the train we saw the conductor holding his watch. He said to me, 'In just three minutes we pull out. If they are not here by that time they can get on the best they know how. I've done all I can.' I did not say a word, but went to my section and had Hedrick get out my pistols. If the train left before you arrived it would be without its conductor.

"Then came the sound of carriage wheels and galloping horses. Almost before we knew it you were with us. I am so happy that you were not a minute later."

There was something so cool and grim in the quiet voice, something so determined in those brilliant eyes, that Grenfall felt like looking up the conductor to congratulate him. The dinner was served, and while it was being discussed his fair companion of the drive graphically described the experience of twenty strange minutes in a shackledown mountain coach.

Somehow the real flavor of romance was stricken from the ride by her candid admissions. What he had considered a romantic treasure was being calmly robbed of its glitter, leaving for his memory the blur of an adventure in which he had played the part of a gallant gentleman and she a grateful lady. He was beginning to feel ashamed of the conceit that had misled him. Down in his heart he was saying, "I might have known it. I did know it. She is not like other women." The perfect confidence that dwelt in the rapt faces of the others forced into his wondering mind the impression that this girl could do no wrong.

"And, Aunt Yvonne," she said, in conclusion, "the luck which you say is mine as birthright asserted itself. I escaped unhurt, while Mr. Lorry alone possesses the pain and unpleasantness of our ride."

"I possess neither," he objected. "The pain that you refer to is a pleasure."

"The pain that a man endures for a woman should always be a pleasure," said Uncle Caspar smilingly.

"But it could not be a pleasure to him unless the woman considered it a pain," reasoned Miss Guggenslocker. "He could not feel happy if she did not respect the pain."

"And encourage it," suggested Lorry dryly. "If you do not remind me occasionally that I am hurt, Miss Guggenslocker, I am liable to forget it." To himself he added, "I'll never learn how to say it in one breath."

"If I were not so sore to part from you, I should be your physician, and, like all physicians, prolong your ailment interminably," she said prettily.

"To my deepest satisfaction," he said warmly, not lightly. There was nothing further from his mind than servile flattery, as his relatives might imply. "Alas," he went on, "we no sooner meet than we part. May I ask when you are to sail?"

"On Thursday," replied Mr. Guggenslocker.

"On the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," added his niece, a faraway look coming into her eyes.

"We are to stop off one day, tomorrow, in Washington," said Aunt Yvonne, and the jump that Lorry's heart gave was so mighty that he was afraid they could see it in his face.

"My uncle has some business to transact in your city, Mr. Lorry. We are to spend tomorrow there and Wednesday in New York. Then we sail. Ach, how I long for Thursday!" His heart sank like lead to the depths from which it had sprung. It required no effort on his part to see that he was alone in his infatuation. Thursday was more to her than his existence. She could forget him and think of Thursday, and when she thought of Thursday, the future, he was but a thing of the past, not even of the present.

"Have you always lived in Washington, Mr. Lorry?" asked Mrs. Guggenslocker.

"All my life," he replied, wishing at that moment that he was homeless and free to choose for himself.

"You Americans live in one city and then in another," she said. "Now, in our country generation after generation lives and dies in one town. We are not migratory."

"Mr. Lorry has offended us by not knowing where Graustark is located on the map," cried the young lady, and he could see the flash of resentment in her eyes.

"Why, my dear sir, Graustark is in"—began Uncle Caspar, but she checked him instantly.

"Uncle Caspar, you are not to tell him. I have recommended that he study geography and discover for himself. He should be ashamed of his ignorance."

He was not ashamed, but he mentally vowed that before he was a day older he would find Graustark on the map and would stock his negligent brain with all that history and the encyclopedia had to say of the unknown land. Her uncle laughed, and, to Lorry's disappointment, obeyed the young lady's command.

"Shall I study the map of Europe, Asia or Africa?" asked he, and they laughed.

"Study the map of the world," said Miss Guggenslocker proudly.

"Edelweiss is the capital?"

"Yes, our home city, the queen of the crags," cried she. "You should see Edelweiss, Mr. Lorry. It is of the mountain, the plain and the sky. There are homes in the valley, homes on the mountain side and homes in the clouds."

"And yours? From what you say it must be above the clouds—in heaven."

"We are farthest from the clouds, for we live in the green valley, shaded by the white topped mountains. We may in Edelweiss, have what climate we will. Doctors do not send us on long journeys for our health. They tell us to move up or down the mountain. We have balmy spring, glorious summer, refreshing autumn and chilly winter, just as we like."

"Ideal! I think you must be pretty well toward the south. You could not have July in January if you were far north."

"True; yet we have January in July. Study your map. We are discernible to the naked eye," she said, half ironically.

"I care not if there are but three inhabitants of Graustark, all told, it is certainly worthy of a position on any map," said Lorry gallantly, and his listeners applauded with patriotic appreciation. "By the way, Mr. Gug—Guggenslocker, you say the conductor asked you for my name, and you did not know it. May I ask how you learned it later on?" His curiosity got the better of him, and his courage was increased by the champagne the old gentleman had ordered.

"I did not know your name until my niece told it to me after your arrival in the carriage," said Uncle Caspar.

"I don't remember giving it to Miss Guggenslocker at any time," said Lorry.

"You were not my informant," she said demurely.

"Surely you did not guess it."

"Oh, no, indeed. I am no mind reader."

"My own name was the last thing you could have read in my mind in this event, for I have not thought of it in three days."

She was sitting with her elbows on the table, her chin in her hands, a dreamy look in her blue eyes.

"You say you obtained that coin from the porter on the Denver train?"

"Within two hours after I got aboard."

"Well, that coin purchased your name for me," she said calmly, candidly. He gasped.

"You—you don't mean that you"—he stammered.

"You see, Mr. Lorry, I wanted to know the name of a man who came nearest my ideal of what an American should be. As soon as I saw you I knew that you were the American as I had grown to know him through the books—big, strong, bold and comely. That is why I bought your name of the porter. I shall always say that I know the name of an ideal American—Grenfall Lorry."

Her frank statement staggered him almost beyond the power of recovery.

"I—I am honored," he at last managed to say, his eyes gleaming with embarrassment. "I trust you have not found your first judgment a faulty one." He felt very foolish after this flat remark.

"Well, that coin purchased your name for me."

"I have remembered your name," she said graciously. His heart swelled.

"There are a great many better Americans than I," he said. "You forget our president and our statesmen."

"I thought they were mere politicians."

Grenfall Lorry, idealized, retired to his berth that night, his head whirling with the emotions inspired by this strange, beautiful woman. How lovely, how charming, how naive, how queenly, how indifferent, how warm, how cold—how everything that puzzled him was she. His last waking thought was:

"Guggenslocker! An angel with a name like that!"

(To be continued.)

STARTLED

By some sudden sound she drops the vase upon the floor. She is nervous and may be told that nervousness is a luxury which only a rich woman can afford to indulge in. Nervousness has cost many a woman her position. Sometimes when women run machinery the price of nervousness is mutilation,—a finger lost or perhaps the whole hand crushed.

Nervousness in women is commonly but a symptom of womanly disease. It is useless in such cases to "doctor" for the nerves alone. Cure the disease which attack the delicate womanly organism and nervousness will be cured also.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, sick women well. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It tranquilizes the nerves and induces refreshing sleep.

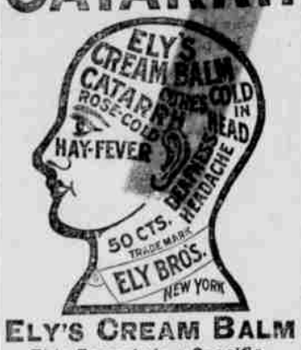
"In the fall of 1897, I was troubled with nervousness, headache, heart trouble and female weakness," writes Miss Blanch M. Bracey, of Sole, Oneida Co., N. Y. "Last summer I wrote you and you advised me to try your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I did so and I began to improve rapidly. Continued taking the medicine, half a dozen each of 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' for the space of five months, and in less than a year had regained my former health."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the muddy complexion.

Better Than a Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on the affected parts, is better than a plaster for a lame back and for pains in the side or chest. Pain Balm has no superior as a liniment for the relief of deep seated, muscular and rheumatic pains. For sale by all druggists.

CATARRH



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GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE.

It cleanses, soothes, heals, and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Easy to use. Contains no injurious drugs. Applied into the nostrils and absorbed. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

A Timely Suggestion.

This is the season of the year when the prudent and careful housewife replenishes her supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is certain to be needed before the winters is over, and results are much more prompt and satisfactory when it is kept at hand and given as soon as the cold is contracted and before it has become settled in the system. There is no danger in giving it to children, for it contains no harmful substance. It is pleasant to take—both adults and children like it. It always cures. For sale by all druggists.

Heart Fluttering.

Undigested food and gas in the stomach, located just below the heart, presses against it and causes heart palpitation. When your heart troubles you in that way take Herbine for a few days. You will soon be all right. 50 cents at Slover Drug Co.

Mrs. Fred Unrath.
President Country Club, Benton Harbor, Mich.

"After my first baby was born I did not seem to regain my strength although the doctor gave me a tonic which he considered very superior, but instead of getting better I grew weaker every day. My husband insisted that I take Wine of Cardui for a week and see what it would do for me. I did take the medicine and was very grateful to find my strength and health slowly returning. In two weeks I was out of bed and in a month I was able to take up my usual duties. I am very enthusiastic in its praise."

Wine of Cardui reinforces the organs of generation for the ordeal of pregnancy and childbirth. It prevents miscarriage. No woman who takes Wine of Cardui need fear the coming of her child. If Mrs. Unrath had taken Wine of Cardui before her baby came she would not have been weakened as she was. Her rapid recovery should commend this great remedy to every expectant mother. Wine of Cardui regulates the menstrual flow.

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W. S. Bailey, P. O. Tray, Texas, writes: "My wife had been suffering five years with paralysis in her arm when I was persuaded to use Ballard's Snow Liniment, which cured her. I think it the best in the world." 25c, 50c, $1. For sale by Slover Drug Co.

A Frightened Horse.

Bounding like mad down the street, demolishing the occupants of a hundred other accidents, are everyday occurrences. It becomes every body to have a reliable salve handy and Bucklen's Arnica salve is as good as Bucklen's Arnica salve. Burns, cuts, sores, etc., disappear quickly under its soothing effect. 25c at National Drug Store and Grants Pass Pharmacy.

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Enclosed with every bottle is a Ten Cent package of Grove's Black Root Liver Pills.

Boundry Board.

Notice is hereby given that the District Boundary Board of Josephine County, Oregon, will meet in the court house in the afternoon on January 7, 1904 to act on a petition now on file to change the boundary lines of school district No. 28 and No. 7, so as to include the following described territory in school district No. 7, of Josephine County:

Commencing at the point where the center line of Sec. 19, Township 36 South, Range 5 West of Willamette Meridian, touches Rogue River; thence running south on said line to the corner in the center of section 30 of same township and range, thence east one mile to the center of Sec. 29, thence North on the line to the center of sections 29 and 20 to Rogue River, thence westerly down the bank of said river to the place of beginning.

LINCOLN SAVAGE,
County Sup't and Sec'y of Board.

Done at Grants Pass, Oregon, Dec. 5, 1903.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Agnes K. Sawyer, deceased, will, on and after Friday, the 29th day of January, 1904, sell at private sale the following described real property belonging to the said estate, viz: The westerly half of Lots one and two in Block E of Bourne's first Addition to the City of Grantsburg in Josephine County, Oregon, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of said Lot one of said Block E, thence northerly along the easterly side of Fourth Street two hundred and fifty feet to the northwesterly corner of said Lot two in said Block E, thence easterly along the northerly line of said Lot two one hundred fifty feet, thence southerly and parallel with Fourth Street two hundred and fifty feet to the southerly line of said Lot two, thence westerly along the southerly line of said Lot No. one and A Street to the place of beginning. The said property will be sold to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand, subject to confirmation by the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon. This notice is published by order of Hon. J. O. Booth, County Judge, made in the matter of the Estate of Agnes K. Sawyer, on the 11th day of December, 1903, and is published in the Rogue River Courier in pursuance of said order.

F. W. SAWYER,
Administrator of the Estate of Agnes K. Sawyer, deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.
United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 29, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

MARTIN O. SWEET

of Jackson county, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 5806, for the purchase of the S½ NW¼, N½ SW¼ of Section No. 30 in Township No. 40 South, range No. 4 W., W. M., and offers proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Charles N. Nickell, U. S. Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon, on Saturday, the 6th day of February, 1904. He names as witnesses:

George McClellan, Fred McClellan, William Childers, John E. Nye, all of Gold Hill, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before the said 6th day of February, 1904.

J. T. Bridges, Register.

CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 30, 1903.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by John Eades, contestant, against homestead entry No. 10,761, made December 1, 1900, for E½ N½, NE¼ SW¼ Section 30, Township 33 South, Range 6 West, by Charles A. Hall, contestee, in which it is alleged that Charles A. Hall has abandoned said land for more than six months last past, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on February 13, 1904, before R. L. Bartlett, Commissioner, at Grants Pass, Oregon, and the final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on February 23, 1904, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roseburg, Oregon.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed November 30, 1903, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

J. H. Booth, Receiver.

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APPLICATION FOR PATENT.

In The United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon.

In the matter of the application for patent for the Consolidated Lode Mining Claims, in the county of Josephine, State of Oregon.

Notice for Patent, United States Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon, November 19, A. D., 1903.

Notice is hereby given that Charles Decker, whose postoffice address is Waldo, Josephine county, State of Oregon, has as attorney in fact for The Waldo Smelting and Mining Company, a corporation, organized and existing under, and by virtue of the laws of the State of Colorado, and for and in its behalf, made application for a United States patent for the Consolidated Lode Mining Claims, mineral survey number 2400, situate in Section 1, Township 40 south of range 8 west, Willamette Meridian, (unsurveyed) in the county of Josephine, State of Oregon, comprising the quartz mining claims known and described as the Spruce, Pine, Fir, Cedar, Oak, Poplar, Chestnut, and Laurel, and more particularly described as follows:

Spruce.

Beginning at corner number 1, identical with the southwest corner of section 36, township 40, south of range 8 west, Willamette Meridian, thence south 17 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 2; thence south 89 deg. 49 min., east 600 feet to corner number 2; thence north 17 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 4; thence north 89 deg. 49 min., west 600 feet to corner number 1, to the place of beginning.

Pine.

Beginning at corner number 1, Whence the southwest corner of section 36, township 40, south of range 8 west, Willamette Meridian, thence south 17 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 2; thence south 89 deg. 49 min., east 600 feet to corner number 3; thence north 17 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 4; thence north 89 deg. 49 min., west 600 feet to corner number 1, the place of beginning.

Fir.

Beginning at corner number 1, Whence the southwest corner of section 36, township 40 south of range 8 west, Willamette Meridian, thence south 89 deg. 49 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 2; thence south 17 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 3; thence north 89 deg. 49 min., east 600 feet to corner number 4; thence north 17 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 1, the place of beginning.

Cedar.

Beginning at corner number 1, whence the southwest corner of section 36, township 40, south of range 8 west, Willamette Meridian, thence north 89 deg. 49 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 2; thence south 17 min. west 1500 feet to corner number 3; thence north 89 deg. 49 min., east 600 feet to corner number 4; thence north 17 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 1, the place of beginning.

Oak.

Beginning at corner number 1, whence the southwest corner of section 36, township 40, south of range 8 west, Willamette Meridian, thence north 89 deg. 49 min., west 2400 feet to corner number 2; thence south 17 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 3; thence north 89 deg. 49 min., east 600 feet to corner number 4; thence north 17 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 1, the place of beginning.

Poplar.

Beginning at corner number 1, whence the southwest corner of section 36, township 40, south of range 8 west, Willamette Meridian, thence north 89 deg. 49 min., west 3000 feet to corner number 2; thence south 17 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 3; thence north 89 deg. 49 min., east 600 feet to corner number 4; thence north 17 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 1, to place of beginning.

Chestnut.

Beginning at corner number 1, whence the southwest corner of section 36, township 40, south of range 8 west, Willamette Meridian, thence north 44 deg. 46 min., west 2119.5 feet to corner number 2; thence south 17 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 3; thence north 89 deg. 49 min., east 600 feet to corner number 4; thence north 17 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 1, the place of beginning.

Laurel.

Beginning at corner number 1, whence the southwest corner of section 36, township 40, south of range 8 west, Willamette Meridian, thence north 17 min., east 1500 feet; thence north 17 min., west 600 feet to corner number 2; thence south 89 deg. 49 min., east 1500 feet to corner number 3; thence north 17 min., east 600 feet to corner number 4; thence south 89 deg. 49 min., west 1500 feet to corner number 1, the place of beginning.

The total net area of each of the lode mining claims is as follows:

Spruce, 20.661 acres.
Pine, 20.661 acres.
Fir, 20.661 acres.
Cedar, 20.661 acres.
Oak, 20.661 acres.
Poplar, 20.661 acres.

Chestnut inclusive of conflict with "Marion" lode mining claim survey number 522, 20.661 acres.

Laurel exclusive of area in conflict with "Men" and "Lyttle" lode mining claim survey number 522, 20.661 acres.

Notices of location of said quartz mining claims are recorded therein, of the Clerk of Josephine county, Oregon, in the miscellaneous mining records of said county, in volume and at the pages as follows, to-wit:

Spruce, in volume 13, page 401.
Pine, volume 13, page 402.
Fir, volume 13, page 403.
Cedar, volume 13, page 404.
Oak, volume 13, page 405.
Poplar, volume 13, page 406.
Chestnut, in volume 13, page
Laurel, volume 13, page

The adjoining or adjoining claims at sections 36, township 40 south of range 8 west, Willamette Meridian, the north and adjoining the "Spruce", "Pine," "Fir," "Cedar," "Oak," and "Poplar" and the "Marion" lode mining claim survey number 522, on the south the "Chestnut," and the "Men" and "Lyttle" lode mining claims survey number 522, on the south in conflict with the "Laurel," which conflicting area and the "Lyttle Lo Mining Claims" owned by it in possession of said The Waldo Smelting and Mining Company.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the mining ground, lode, premises or any portion thereof, so described, surveyed, platted and applied for, are hereby notified that unless their adverse claims are filed according to law, and regulations thereunder, within the time prescribed by law, with the Register of the United States Land Office at Roseburg, in the County of Douglas, State of Oregon, they will be barred in virtue of the provisions of the statute.

J. T. BRIDGES,
Register United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon.