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. Chapter III —Lorry dines with the foreign party, consisting of Miss Guggenslocker, Uncle Casper and Aunt Yvonne. They are natives of Graustark, a country Lorry had never heard of before. Chapter IV. — Lorry shows the foreigners the sights of Washington. They leave for New York to sail on the Kaiser Wilhelm. Miss Guggenslocker naively calls Lorry her "ideal American" and invites him to come and see her at Edelweiss.

excitement. There were the rush of people, the shouts, the cheers, the puffing of tugs, the churning of water, and the Kaiser Wilhelm was off on its long voyage. Half heartedly, miserably and in a dazed condition he found a place in the front row along the rail. There were tears in his eyes, tears of anger, shame and mortification. She had played with him!

Gloomily his disappointed eyes swept along the rail of the big steamer, half interested in spite of themselves. Twice they passed a certain point on the forward deck, unconscious of a force that was attracting them in that direction. The third time he allowed them to settle for an instant on the group of faces and figures and then stray off to other parts of the ship. Some strange power drew them again to the forward deck, and this time he was startled into an intent stare. Could he believe those eyes? Surely that was her figure at the rail—there between the two young women who were waving their handkerchiefs so frantically. His heart began to jump up and down, wildly, doubtingly, impatiently. Why could not that face be turned toward the wharf as the others were? There was the blue coat, but not the blue cap; a jaunty sailor hat sat where the never to be forgotten cap had perched. The change was slight, but it was sufficient to throw him into the most feverish state of uncertainty. An insane desire to shout a command to this strange young woman came over him.

The ship was slowly opening a gap between herself and the wharf, and he knew that in a few moments recognition would be impossible. Just as he was losing hope and was ready to groan with despair the face beneath the sailor hat was turned squarely in his direction. A glaze obscured his eyes; a numbness attacked his brain. It was Miss Guggenslocker!

A pair of big glasses was leveled at him for a second and then lowered. He plainly saw the smile on her face and the fluttering cambric in her hand. He waved his hat and then his handkerchief, obtaining from her vigorous and unrestrained signs of approbation. Her face was wreathed in smiles as she leaned far over the rail, the picture of animated pleasure.

Making sure that her uncle and aunt were not visible, he boldly placed his fingers to his lips and wafted a kiss out over the water.

"Now she'll crush me!" he cried to himself, regretting the rash act and praying that she had not observed it.

Her handkerchief ceased fluttering in an instant, and, with sinking heart, he realized that she had observed. There was a moment of indecision on the part of the fair one going out to sea, and then the little finger tips of both hands went to her lips and his kiss came back to him.

While he was still waving his handkerchief, debating savagely and joyously the wisdom of the act, she became a part of the distant color scheme. The blue figure faded and blended into the general tone and could no longer be distinguished. She was gone, but she had missed him a kiss from lips that he sighed always see.

Uppermost in his bewildered mind was the question, Why is she not in the passenger list? Acting on a sudden impulse, he again sought out the clerk in charge and made a most thorough inspection. There was no Guggenslocker among the names. As a last resort he asked:

"They could not have sailed under an assumed name, could they?"

"I can't say as to that. Where are they going?"

"Graustark."

But the young man shook his head slowly. Lorry's shaking in uncertainty record.

"Are you sure that you saw the young lady on board?"

"Well, rather!" exclaimed Lorry emphatically.

"I was going to say there are a lot of Italian and German singers on the ship, and you might have been mistaken. But since you are so positive it seems very strange that your friends are not on the list."

So Lorry went away discouraged and with a vague fear that she might have been a prima donna whose real name was Guggenslocker, but whose stage name was something more euphonious. He instantly put away the thought and the fear. She was certainly not an opera singer—impossible! He drove back to his hotel and made preparations for his return to Washington. Glancing casually over the register, he came to the name that had been haunting him—Guggenslocker! There were the names, "Caspar Guggenslocker and four, Graustark." Without hesitation he began to question the clerk.

"They sailed on the Kaiser Wilhelm today," said that worthy. "That's all I know about them. They came yesterday and left today."

Mr. Grenfall Lorry returned to Washington as in a dream—a fairy dream. The air of mystery that had grown from the first was now an impenetrable wall, the top of which his curiosity could not scale. Even his fancy, his imagination, served him not. There was but one point on which he was satisfied—he was in love. His own condition was no mystery.

Through the long hot summer he worked and worried and wondered. He must know all about her! But how?

The early months of autumn found him pale and tired and indifferent alike to work and play. He found no pleasure in the society that had known him as a lion. The doctor told him he was approaching nervous prostration. His mother's anxious eyes could no longer be denied, so he realized grimly that there was but one course left open to him. He suggested it to the doctor, to his mother and to his uncle, and they agreed with him. It involved Europe.

Having fully decided again to cross the sea, his spirits revived. He became more cheerful, took an interest in things that were going on, and by the time the Kaiser Wilhelm sailed in September was the picture of health and life.

He was off for Edelweiss—to the strange Miss Guggenslocker who had thrown him a kiss from the deck that sailing day.

CHAPTER VI.

GRAUSTARK.

TWO weeks later Grenfall Lorry was landed and enjoying the sensations, the delights, of that wonderful world called by the name of Paris. The second day after his arrival he met a Harvard man of his time on the street. Harry Anguish had been a pseudo art student for two years. When at college, he was a hail fellow well met, a leader in athletics and in matters upon which faculties frown. He and Lorry were warm friends, although utterly unlike in temperament. To know either of these men was to like him. Between the two one found all that was admirable and interesting in man. The faults and virtues of each were along such different lines that they balanced perfectly when lumped upon the scale of personal estimation. Their unexpected meeting in Paris was an exhilarating pleasure to both, and for the next week or so they were inseparable. Together they sipped absinth at the cafes and strolled into the theaters, the opera, the dance halls and the homes of some of Anguish's friends, French and American.

Lorry did not speak to his friend of Graustark until nearly two weeks after his arrival in the city. He had discussed with himself the advisability of revealing his plans to Anguish, fearing the latter's ridicule with all the cowardice of a man who knows that scoffing is in a large measure justifiable. Growing impatient to begin the search for the unheard of country, its capital and at least one of its inhabitants, he was at last compelled to inform Anguish to a certain extent of his plans for the future. He began by telling him of his intention to take a run over toward Vienna, Budapesth and some of the eastern cities, expecting to be gone a couple of months. To his surprise and consternation, Anguish enthusiastically volunteered to take the trip with him, having had the same project in view for nearly a year.

There was nothing left for Lorry but to make a clean breast of it, which he did stammeringly, expecting the laugher and raillery of his light hearted friend as payment for his confidence. Instead, however, Anguish, who possessed a lively and romantic nature, was charmed by the story and proclaimed it to be the most delightful adventure that had ever happened outside of a story book.

"Tell me all about her," he urged, his eyes sparkling with boyish enthusiasm. And Lorry proceeded to give him a personal description of the mysterious beauty, introducing him in the same manner to the distinguished uncle and aunt, adding all those details which had commended and upset him during his own investigations.

"This is gold!" exclaimed Anguish. "Beats any novel written. I declare Regud, old man, I don't blame you for hunting down this would-be bit of femininity. With a curiosity and an admiration that had been sharpened so keenly as yours, I'd go to the end of the world myself to have them satisfied."

"I may be able to satisfy my curiosity. And mine is not the curiosity of a woman."

"There, give no offense, pray you. If those people are in good standing, it is to be hoped, of course, that I shall be allowed to accompany you lest the fair maiden of Graustark be lost to you forever."

Lorry pondered. He hesitated for some little longer, and then he said: "Why not? You shall be my guest, old man, if you care to be so—if I can persuade them to let you."

"Then it is settled. When do we start?"

"We can't start too soon to suit me."

"Let us be off, then. I'm ready to make the trip on any train. If you are still of a mind, I'm sure, old fellow, she may not be the only pretty girl you come all this way to see. We've had hard work to get a seat on the train, let alone a berth. We may be lucky enough to find standing room in the corridors of the cars itself."

Very quickly Lorry packed his traveling bag for the journey. Anguish, impatiently waiting, had bought a suit of pajamas, purchased the purchases of a pair of pajamas and a knife, stowed something that we they were going back to Washington and Baltimore to be prepared for bribes and other elements of danger. Lorry pondered the suggestion of Anguish, but subdued his mood by [illegible] revolvers and [illegible] the prospect of something real in the way of an adventure. With visions of the days were soon whirling [illegible] Lorry sound for a certain year ago on the road to Edelweiss and with excitement, expectancy and [illegible] that the other has spoken of the wonders that a quarter of a century ago was in store for him.

Nor any particular difficulty, but that he saw a strange loneliness ahead; therefore he welcomed his friend's avowed intention to accompany him to Edelweiss as a relief instead of an annoyance. Until late in the night they discussed the coming trip, Anguish finally startling him with a question just as he was stretching himself preparatory to the walk to his hotel.

"What are you going to do with her after you find her, Gren, old man?"

Grenfall's brow puckered, and he brought himself up with a jerk, puzzled uncertainty expressing itself in his posture as well as in his face.

"I'll think about that after I have found her," he replied.

"Think you'll marry her?" persisted the other.

"How do I know?" exclaimed the woman hunter savagely.

"Oh, of course you don't know. How could you?" apologized Anguish. "Maybe she won't have you; maybe she is married—all sorts of contingencies, you know. But, if you'll pardon my impertinence, I'd like to ask why you are making this wild goose chase half around the world—just to have another look at her?"

"You asked me if I thought"— Here he stopped.

"I take it for granted, then, that you'd like to. Well, I'm glad that I've got something definite on which to base operations. The one object of our endeavors from now on is to exchange Guggenslocker for Lorry—certainly no robbery; a charity, I should say. Good night; see you in the morning."

The next morning the two friends took a cab to several railway stations and inquired about Graustark and Edelweiss.

"She was stringing you, old man," said Anguish after they had turned away from the third station. He spoke commiseratingly, as he really felt sorry.

"No!" exclaimed Lorry. "She told me the truth. There is a Graustark, and she lives there. I'll stake my life on those eyes of hers."

"Are you sure she said it was in Europe?" asked Harry, looking up and down the street as if he would not have been surprised to see her in Paris. In his heart he believed that she and her precious relatives had deceived old Gren. Perhaps their home was in Paris and nowhere else. But for Lorry's positiveness he would have laughed heartily at the other's simple credulity or branded him a dolt, the victim of some merry actress' whim. Still he was forced to admit he was not in a position to see matters as they appeared and was charitable enough to bide his time and to humor the faith that was leading them from place to place in the effort to find a land that they knew nothing about. Lorry seemed so sure, so positive, that he was loath to see his dream dispelled, his ideal shattered. There was certainly no Graustark. Neither had the Guggenslockers sailed on the Wilhelm, all apparent evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. Lorry had been in a delirium and had imagined he saw her on the ship. If there, why was not her name in the list? But that problem tormented the sanguine searcher himself.

At last, in despair, after a fruitless search of two days Lorry was willing to submit. With the perverseness common to half hearted fighters Anguish at once protested, forgetting that he had sought to dissuade his friend the day before.

"We'll go to the library of Paris and take a look through the books and maps," he said. "Or, better still, let us go to the postoffice. There! Why have we not thought of that? What there is of Graustark they'll know in the postal service."

Together they visited the chief postoffice, where, after being directed to various depotes and clerks, they at length found the department in which the information was obtainable. Inside of five minutes they were in possession of facts that vindicated Miss Guggenslocker, lifted Lorry to the seventh heaven and put Mr. Anguish into an agony of impotence. Graustark were a small principality away off to the east, and Edelweiss was a city of some 75,000 inhabitants, according to the postal guidebook.

The Americans could learn no more there, so they went to Baedeker's office. Here they found a great map and, after a diligent and almost microscopic search, succeeded in discovering the principality of Graustark. They they looked at each other in dismay.

"It's a devil of a distance to that, by the red line on the map," mused Lorry, pulling his nose reflectively. "What an outlandish place for a girl like her to live in," he continued. "And that sweet faced old lady and noble Uncle Casper. Ye gods, one would think her fairies visited them and not such people as the Guggenslockers, refined, cultivated, which, mind, I'm more interested than ever in the place."

"So am I. I'm coming and ready to make the trip and men if you are still of a mind. It's a new, and, besides, she may not be the only pretty girl you come all this way to see. We've had hard work to get a seat on the train, let alone a berth. We may be lucky enough to find standing room in the corridors of the cars itself."

Very quickly Lorry packed his traveling bag for the journey. Anguish, impatiently waiting, had bought a suit of pajamas, purchased the purchases of a pair of pajamas and a knife, stowed something that we they were going back to Washington and Baltimore to be prepared for bribes and other elements of danger. Lorry pondered the suggestion of Anguish, but subdued his mood by [illegible] revolvers and [illegible] the prospect of something real in the way of an adventure. With visions of the days were soon whirling [illegible] Lorry sound for a certain year ago on the road to Edelweiss and with excitement, expectancy and [illegible] that the other has spoken of the wonders that a quarter of a century ago was in store for him.

After all, who was Miss Guggenslocker—brewer, baker, gardener or sausage maker?

Traveling of course was pleasant at this time of the year, and the two Americans saw much that interested them along the way. Their French, especially Anguish's, was of great value to them, for they found occasion to use it at all times and in all places. Both spoke German fairly well and took every opportunity to brush up in that language, Lorry remembering that the Guggenslockers used many expressions that showed a preference for the Teutonic. The blithe Anguish, confident and in high feather, was heart and soul in the odd expedition of love and talked incessantly of their reception by the faraway hostess, their impressions and the final result. His camera and sketching materials were packed away with his traps. It was his avowed intention to immortalize the trip by means of plate, palette and brush.

At the end of two days they reached a certain large city, the first change, and then 700 miles to another. The distance from this point to the capital of Graustark was 200 miles or more, chiefly through mountainous lands. Somewhat elated by the cheerful information there received, they resumed the journey to Edelweiss, the city of vale, slope and park—summer, fall and winter. Changing cars at the end of the second day out, they sat back in the dusty seats of their carriage and sighed with relief.

"Unless we jump the track this train will land us in the city we are looking for," said Anguish, stretching out his legs comfortably. "I'll admit it has been a tiresome journey, and I'll be glad when we can step into a decent hotel, have a rub and feel like white men once more. I am beginning to feel like these dirty Slavs and Huns we saw 'way back there."

"There's one thing certain," said Lorry, looking out of the window. "The people and the habitations are different and the whole world seems changed since we left that station. Look at those fellows on horseback over there."

"What did I tell you about brigands and robbers?" exclaimed Anguish. "If those fellows are not bandits, I'll lose faith in every novel I ever read."

The train rolled slowly past three mounted men whose steeds stood like statues upon a little knoll to the right of the track; men and beasts engaged in silent contemplation of the cars. The men, picturesquely attired and looking fierce, carrying long rifles, certainly bore an aspect that suggested the brigand. When the guard entered the carriage, Anguish asked in German for some information concerning the riders.

"They're frontier police guards," responded the man in English, smiling at their astonishment. Both Americans rose and shook hands with him.

"By George, it's good to hear a man talk white man's language," cried Anguish.

"How do you come to be holding a job on this road? An Englishman?" demanded Lorry. He looked anything but English.

"I'm not an Englishman," said the guard, flushing slightly. "My name's Sitzky, an' I'm an American, sir."

"An American!" exclaimed Lorry. Sitzky grew loquacious.

"Sure! I used to be a sailor on a United States man-o'-war. A couple of years ago I got into trouble down at Constantinople an' had to get out of de service. After dat I drifted up dis way and went to railroadin'." He hadn't exactly the manner of a man-o'-waraman.

"How long have you been on this road?" asked Grenfall.

"'Bout a year, I should t'ink. Been on dis branch only two months, dough."

"Are you pretty well acquainted in Edelweiss?"

"Yis, I run in dere every other day—in an' out agin. It's a fine place—purtiest you ever saw in your life. The town runs right up the mountain to de tops, where de peaks are—clear up in de clouds. Dey say it snows up dere almost all de time."

Later on from the loquacious guard the two Americans learned quite a good bit about the country and city to which they were going. His knowledge was somewhat limited along certain lines, but quite clear as to others.

"Dis Graustark, 's far as I know, is jes' a sort of state or somethin' belongin' to de empire, governed by its own rulers. Edelweiss is de capital, de big guns of de land lives dere. I've walked out an' saw de castle where de princess an' de royalty hangs out. De people speak a language of deir own, but I can't get next to a t'ing dey say. But once in awhile you find some guy dat takes French or German. Dey've got a little standin' army of two t'ree t'ousand men, an' dey're got de hottest uniforms you ever did see—red an' black an' gold. I don't see why de United States can't get up somethin' foxy for her soldiers to wear. Had a war over dere not long ago, I understand—somethin' like ten or fifteen years ago. Dere's another little country up north of Graustark, an' dey got in a wrangle 'bout somethin', an' dey tell me in Edelweiss dat for 'bout a year dey fought like Sam Patch."

"Which was victorious?" demanded Lorry, deeply interested.

"I'm not sure. To hear de Edelweiss people talk you'd t'ink dey licked de daylights out of de other slobs, but somehow I got next to de fact dat dem other fellows captured de city an' went arter it a slashin' big war indemnity. I don't know much 'bout it, an' maybe I'm clear off, but I t'ink de Graustark army was t'rashed. Everyt'ing is prosperous now, dough, an' you'd never know dere'd been a war. It's de most peaceable town I ever saw."

"Did you ever hear of the Guggenslockers?" asked the irrepressible Anguish, and Lorry felt like kicking him.

"In Edelweiss? Never did. Friends of yours?"

"Acquaintances," interposed Lorry hastily, frowning at Anguish.

"You won't have any trouble findin' 'em if dere anybody at all," said Sitzky easily. "De hotel people ought to be able to tell you all 'bout 'em."

"By the way, what is the best hotel there?" asked Anguish.

"Dere's de Burnowentz, one block north of de depot." The travelers looked at one another and smiled. Sitzky observing the action. "Oh," he said pleasantly, "dere's a swell joint uptown called de Regengetz. It's too steep for me, but maybe you gents can stand it. If you'll hang around de depot for a little while after we get in I'll steer you up dere."

"We'll make it worth your while, Sitzky," said Lorry.

"Never mind dat now. Americans ought to stick together, no matter where dey are. We'll have a drink an' 'at's all, just to show we're fellow countrymen."

"We'll have several drinks, and we'll eat and drink tonight at the 'swell joint' you talk about," said Anguish.

"We may drink dere, but I'll not eat dere. Dey wouldn't let a railroad guard inside de feedin' pen. Why, nothin' but royal guys eat dere when dey're downtown shoppin' or exposin' demselves to public gaze."

True to his word, when they reached Edelweiss late that afternoon Sitzky,

"I'm not an Englishman," said the guard.

their friend of uncertain origin, hurriedly finished his work and joined the travelers in the station. Lorry and Anguish were deeply interested in all they saw—the strange people, the queer buildings, the odd costumes and the air of antiquity that prevailed. Once upon the narrow, clean street they saw that Edelweiss was truly a city of the mountain side. They had expected something wonderful, but were not prepared for what they found. The city actually ran up into the clouds. There was something so grand, so improbable, so unusual in the spectacle confronting them, that they stared like children, aghast and stupefied. Each had the startling impression that a great human dotted mountain was falling over upon his head. It was impossible to subdue the sensation of dizziness that the toppling town inspired.

"I know how you feel," observed Sitzky, laughing. "I was just de same as you. Tomorrow you walk a little way up de side of de mountain an' you'll see how much of de city dere is on level ground down here. Dem build-ings up dere ain't more'n one-fiftieth part of de town. Dey're mostly summer homes. It gets hot as blazes down here in de valley in de middle of de summer, an' de rich ones move up de mountain."

"How in the—do the people get up to those houses?" demanded Anguish.

"Mules," answered Sitzky specifically. "Say! See dat little old feller comin' on horseback, wid de white uniform? Well, dat's de chief of police, an' de fellers behind him are police guards. 'At's jes' Baedeker himself. He's a peach, dey say."

(To be continued.)

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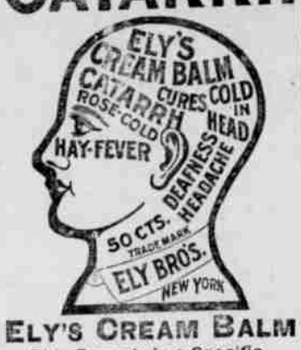

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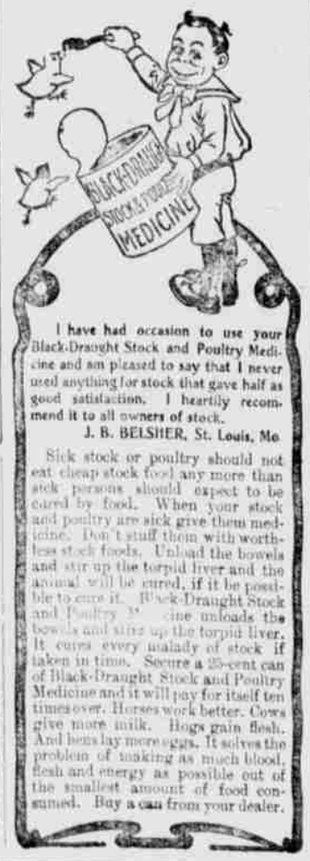

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JAMES H. COLBY,
Administrator.

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 22d day of January, 1904, sell at private sale the following described real property belonging to the said estate, to-wit: The westerly half of Lots one and two in Block E of Bourne's First Addition to the City of Grants Pass in Josephine County, Oregon, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the southwesterly corner of said Lot numbered one of said Block E, thence northerly along the easterly line of Fourth Street two hundred ninety feet to the northwesterly corner of 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 ninety feet to the southerly line of Lot numbered one, 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. 28, 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, and a resident of the town of Gold Hill, of said state, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 5866, for the purchase of the S½ NW¼, N½ SW¼ of Section No. 30 in Township No. 35 South, range No. 4 W., W. M., and will offer 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 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 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 M. Eades, contestant, against homestead entry No 10,361, made December 12, 1900, for E½ NW¼, NE¼ SW¼ Section 30, Township 33 South, Range 6 West, by Charles A. Hill, contestee, in which it is alleged that Charles A. Hill 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, County Clerk, Grants Pass, Oregon, and that 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.

LADIES, ATTENTION!

Original and only genuine FRENCH TANSY Wafers for sale by leading druggists. $2 per box. Safe and reliable. Accept no substitute.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

The largest sum ever paid for a prescription, changed hands in San Francisco, Aug. 30, 1901. The transfer involved in coin and stock $112,500.00 and was paid by a party of business men for a specific for Bright's Disease and Diabetes, hitherto incurable diseases.

They commenced the serious investigation of the specific Nov. 15, 1900. They interviewed scores of the cured and tried it out on its merits by putting over three dozen cases on the treatment and watching them. They also got physicians to name chronic, incurable cases, and administered it with the physicians' judges. Up to Aug. 25, 87 per cent of the test cases were either well or progressing favorably.

There being but thirteen per cent of failures, the parties were satisfied and closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the clinical reports of the test cases were published and will be mailed free on application. Address JONS J. FULTON COMPANY, 420 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

You Know What You Are Taing

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic, because formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure No, Pay. 50c.

MOTHERS and DAUGHTERS

try REXICONA

The Modern Remedy for Women

REXICONA has Cured some of the worst cases of

OVARIAN AND UTERINE DISORDERS

We guarantee a positive cure for Leucorrhoea

THE REXICONA CO.

LADY AGENTS WANTED

Send for Booklet. San Jose, Cal.

To Cure a Cold in a Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

APPLICATION FOR PA

In The United States Land
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 of Application fo
United States Land Office,
burg, Oregon, November 18,

Notice is hereby given th
Decker, whose postoffice
Waldo, Josephine county,
Oregon, has as attorney
The Waldo Smelting an
Company, a corporation,
and existing under, and b
the laws of the State of
and for and in its behalf,
plication for a United St
for the Consolidated Lod
Claims, mineral survey nu
situate in Section 1, Tow
south of range 8 west,
Meridian, (unsurveyed) in
of Josephine, State of Ore
prising eight quartz min
known and described as fo
Pine, Fir, Cedar, Oak,
Chestnut, and Laurel, and
ticularly described as follow

Spruce.

Beginning at corner n
identical with the southwe
section 36, township 40,
range 8 west, Willamette
thence south 17 min., west
corner number 2; thence so
49 min., east 600 feet to co
ber 3; thence north 17 m
1500 feet to corner number
north 89 deg. 49 min., west
corner number 1, to the pl
ginning.

Pine.

Beginning at corner n
Whence the southwest cor
tion 36, township 40, south
west, Willamette Meridia
north 89 deg. 49 min., west
thence south 17 min., west
to corner number 2; there
deg. 49 min., east 600 feet
number 3; thence north 17
1500 feet to corner number
north 89 deg. 49 min., west
corner number 1, the plac
ning.

Fir.

Beginning at corner n
Whence the southwest corn
tion 36, township 40 south
west, Willamette Meridia
north 89 deg. 49 min., west
thence south 17 min., west
to corner number 2; thence
deg. 49 min., east 600 feet
number 3; thence north 17
1500 feet to corner number
north 89 deg. 49 min., west
to corner number 1, the pla
ginning.

Cedar.

Beginning at corner n
whence the southwest cor
tion 36, township 40, south
west, Willamette Meridia
north 89 deg. 49 min., west
thence south 17 min. west
to corner number 2; thence
deg. 49 min., east 600 feet
number 3; thence north 17
1500 feet to corner number
north 89 deg. 49 min., west
to corner number 1, to place of be

Poplar.

Beginning at corner n
whence the southwest corne
tion 36, township 40, south
west, Willamette Meridian
north 89 deg. 49 min., west
thence south 17 min., west
to corner number 2; thence
deg. 49 min., east 600 feet
number 3; thence north 17
1500 feet to corner number
north 89 deg. 49 min., west
to corner number 1, the pla
ginning.

Chestnut.

Beginning at corner n
whence the southwest corne
tion 36, township 40, south
8 west, Willamette Meridian
north 44 deg. 46 min., west 21
thence south 17 min., w
feet to corner number 2; then
89 deg. 49 min., east 1500 fee
ner number 3; thence north
east 600 feet to corner nu
thence north 89 deg. 49 min.,
feet to corner number 1, the
beginning.

Laurel.

Beginning at corner n
whence the southwest corne
tion 36, township 40, south
west, Willamette Meridian
north 17 min., east 1500 feet
south 17 min., west 600 feet
number 2; thence south 89
min., east 1500 feet to corn
ber 3; thence north 17 min,
feet to corner number 4; then
89 deg. 49 min. west 1500 fee
ner number 1, the place of be

The total net area of each
said lode mining claims is as f

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 con
with "Marion" lode mining
survey number 522, 20.661 acre

Laurel exclusive of are
"Marion" and "Lyttle" lode
claims, survey number 522,
acres.

The notices of location
quartz mining claims are rec
the office of the Clerk of Jo
county, Oregon, in the miscel
mining records of said county
volumes and at the pages as f
to-wit:

Spruce, in volume 13, page
Pine, in volume 13, page 402
Fir, in volume 13, page 403
Cedar, in volume 13, page 40
Oak, in volume 13, page 40
Poplar, in volume 13, page
Chestnut, in volume 13, pa
Laurel in volume 13, pag

The neighboring or ad
claims are sections 36, town
south of range 8 west, Will
Meridian, on the north and ad
the "Spruce", "Pine,"
"Cedar," "Oak," and "P
and the "Marion" lode mining
survey number 522, on the s
the "Chestnut," and the "M
and "Lyttle" lode mining
survey number 522, on the so
in conflict with the "Laur
which conflicting area and
"Lyttle Lode Mining Claim
owned by and in possession
said "The Waldo Smelting an
ing Company."

Any and all persons claiming
versely the mining grounds
lodes, premises or any portion
o., so described, surveyed,
and applied for, are hereby
that unless their adverse cla
duly filed according to law,
regulations thereunder, within
time prescribed by law, we
Register of the United State
Office at Roseburg, in the Co
Douglas, State of Oregon, th
be barred in virtue of the pro
of said statute.

J. T. BRID
Register United States Land
Roseburg, Oregon.