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. Chapter V—Wildly infatuated, Lorry hurries to New York. The name Guggenslocker is not on the steamer list. He sees the steamer off. Miss G. waves him a kiss from the deck.

A short, grizzly faced man, attired in a white uniform with red trimmings, followed by three men similarly garbed, rode by, going in the direction of the station. Dangloss, as Sitzky had called him, was quite small in stature, rather stout, gray bearded and eagle nosed. His face was keen and red and not at all the kind to invite familiarity. As he passed them the railroad guard of American citizenship touched his cap, and the two travelers bowed, whereupon the chief of police gave them a most profound salutation, fairly sweeping his saddle skirts with his white cap.

"Polite old codger," observed Anguish.

"His company manners. Just let him get you in de sweat box if you t'ink he's polite."

"Ever been there?"

"Well," a little confusedly, "I pasted a Graustark baggage smasher down in de yards two weeks ago, an' dey had me up. I proved de feller insulted a lady, an' old Dangloss let me off, sayin' I'd ought to have a medal. Dese guys are great on gallantry when ladies is concerned. If it hadn't been for dat, I'd be in de lockup now. An', say, you ought to see de lockup! It's a tower, wid dungeons an' all dat sort of t'ing. A man couldn't no more get out 'n he could fly up to de monastery. Dey're great on law an' order here too. De princess has issued strictest kind of rules, an' everybody has to live up to 'em like as if dey was real gospel. I t'ought I'd put you next, gents, so's you wouldn't be doin' anyt'ing crooked here."

"Thanks," said Lorry dryly. "We shall try to conduct ourselves discreetly in the city."

Probably a quarter mile farther down the narrow, level street they came to the bazaars, the gaudy stores and then the hotel. It was truly a hostelry to inspire respect and admiration in the mind of such as Sitzky, for it was huge and well equipped with the modern appointments. As soon as the two Americans had been given their rooms they sent for their luggage. Then they went out to the broad plaza, with its columns and marble balustrades, and looked for Sitzky, remembering their invitation to drink. The guard had refused to enter the hotel with them, urging them to allow him to remain on the plaza. He was not there when they returned, but they soon saw him. On the sidewalk he was arguing with a white uniformed police guard, and they realized that he had been ejected from sacred precincts.

They promptly rescued him from the officer, who bowed and strode away as soon as they interceded.

"Dese fellers is slick enough to see you are swells an' I'm not," said Sitzky, not a bit annoyed by his encounter. "I'll bet my head 'at inside ten minutes old Dangloss will know who you are, where you come from an' what you're doin' here."

"I'll bet fifty bends he won't find out what we're doing here," grimmed Anguish, looking at Lorry. "Well, let's hunt up the thirst department."

They found the little apartment in which drinks were served at tables, and before they said goodby to Sitzky in front of the hotel, a half hour later, that worthy was in exceeding good humor and very much flushed in the face. He said he would be back in two days, and if they needed him for any purpose whatever they could reach him by a note at the railway station.

"Funny how you run across an American in every nook and corner of the world," mused Lorry as they watched the stocky ex-mauer-waterman stroll off toward his hotel.

"If we can run across the Guggenslockers as easily, we'll be in luck. When shall we begin the hunt? To-night?"

"We can make a few inquiries concerning them. They certainly are people of importance here."

"I don't see the name on any of the brewery signs around town," observed Anguish consolingly. "There's evidently no Guggenslocker here."

They strolled through the streets near the hotel until after 6 o'clock, wondering at the quaint architecture, the pretty gardens and the pastoral atmosphere that enveloped the city. Everybody was busy, contented and happy. There was no hustle or bustle, no rush, no beggars. At 6 they saw hundreds of workingmen on the streets, going to their homes. Shops were closed, and there came to Lorry ears the distant boom of cannon, evidently fired from different points of the compass and from the highland as well as the lowland.

"The toy army is shooting off the good night guns," speculated Anguish. "I suppose everybody goes to bed now."

"Or to dinner," suggested Lorry, and they returned to the Regensburg. The dining hall was spacious and beautiful, a mixture of the present and the mediæval. It rapidly filled.

"Who the dickens can all these people be? They look swell," Anguish whispered, as if he feared their nearest neighbors might understand his English.

"They are unquestionably of the class in which we must expect to find the Guggenslockers."

Before the meal was over the two strangers saw that they were attracting a great deal of attention from the other guests of the house. The women as well as the men were eying them and commenting quite freely. It was easy to see. Toward the end of the dinner several officers came in, and the Americans took particular pains to study them. They were cleanly built fellows, about medium height, wiry and active. As a class the men appeared to average 5 feet 7 inches in height, some a little taller, some a little shorter. The two strangers were over six feet tall, broad shouldered and athletic. They looked like giants among these Graustark men.

"They're not very big, but they look as if they'd be nasty in a scrap," observed Anguish, unconsciously throwing out his chest.

"Strong as wildcats, I'll wager. The women are perfect, though. Have you ever seen a smarter set of women, Harry?"

"Never, never! A paradise of pretty women. I believe I'll take out naturalization papers."

When the two strangers left the dining room they were conscious that every eye in the place was upon them.

"We seem to be the whole show here, Gren," said Anguish as they sat down at one of the tables in the garden.

"I guess Americans are rare."

"I've found one fellow who can speak German and French, and not one, except our guard, who can talk English. That clerk talks German fairly well. I never heard such a language as these other people use. Say, old man, we'd better make inquiry about our friends tonight. That clerk probably won't be on duty tomorrow."

"We'll ask him before we go to bed," agreed Lorry, and upon leaving the brilliantly lighted garden they sought the landlord and asked if he could tell them where Caspar Guggenslocker lived. He looked politely incredulous and thoughtful, and then, with profound regret, assured them he had never heard the name. He said he had lived in Edelweiss all his life and knew everybody of consequence in the town.

"Surely there must be such people here!" cried Lorry, almost appealingly. He felt disheartened and cheated. Anguish was biting his lips.

"Oh, possibly among the poorer classes. If I were you, sir, I should call on Captain Dangloss, the chief of police. He knows every soul in Edelweiss. I am positive I have never heard the name. You will find the captain at the tower tomorrow morning."

The two Americans went to bed, one so dismayed by his disappointment that he could not sleep for hours.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LADY IN THE CARRIAGE.

THEY slept rather late in the morning, first because they were very much fatigued after their long journey, and second for the reason that they had been unable to woo slumber until long past midnight. Anguish stretched himself lazily in bed when he heard Lorry's voice from the adjoining room.

"I suppose we are to consult the police in order to get a clew to your sweetheart," he yawned. "Nice friends you pick up on railway journeys! I'd be ashamed."

"Well, Harry, I'll confess I'm disgusted. This has been the most idiotic thing I've ever done, and if you say the word we'll get out of here on the first train—freight or passenger. The Guggenslockers—pigs"— Mr. Lorry was savage.

"Not a bit of it, my boy; not a bit of it. We'll make a house to house canvass if the police fail us. Cheer up, cheer up!"

"You go to thunder!"

"Hold on! Don't talk like that or I'll go back on you in a minute. I'm here because I choose to be, and I've more heart in the chase at this minute than you have. I've not lost hope. We'll find the Guggenslockers if we have to hire detectives to trace 'em from the United States to their very doordeep. We're going to see the police after breakfast."

After breakfast they did go to see the Baron Dangloss. After some inquiry they found the gloomy, foreboding prison, and Mr. Anguish boldly pounded on the huge gates. A little shutter flew open, and a man's face appeared. Evidently he asked what was wanted, but he might as well have demanded their lives, so far were they from understanding his query.

"Baron Dangloss?" asked Anguish peaceably. The man asked something else, but as the Americans shook their heads deprecatingly he withdrew his face and presently swung open the gates. They entered and he closed the doors behind them, locking them in. Then he directed them across the court to an open door in the aged mass of gray stone. As they strode away from the guard Lorry created consternation by demanding:

"How are we to talk to the chief if he doesn't understand us or we him? We should have brought an interpreter."

"I forgot about the confounded language. But if he's real he can talk Irish". Lorry told him he wasn't funny.

"Is this his excellency Baron Dangloss?" asked Anguish, stepping into a small room and stopping suddenly in the presence of the short, fierce man they had seen the day before. The American spoke in French.

"It is, gentlemen. Of what service can I be to MM. Lorry and Anguish?" responded the gritty little chief, politely rising from inside his desk. The visitors looked at one another in surprise.

"If he knows our names in such short notice, he'll certainly know the Guggenslockers," said Anguish to his friend in English.

"Ah, you are looking for some one named Guggenslocker?" asked the chief, smiling broadly and speaking excellent English. "You must not be surprised, gentlemen. I speak many languages. I heard last night that you were inquiring about the Casper Guggenslockers and I have racked my brain, searched my books, questioned my officers, and I am sorry to inform you that there is no such person in Edelweiss."

"I was so well assured of it, Baron Dangloss," Lorry said.

"The name is totally unknown to me, sir. May I ask why you are searching for him?"

"Cordially. I met Mr. Guggenslocker, his wife and his niece last spring in the United States. They invited me to come and see them if I ever happened to be in this part of the world. As my friend and I were near here, I undertook to avail myself of their invitation."

"And they said they lived in Edelweiss, Graustark?"

"They did, and I'll humbly confess I did not know much of the principality of Graustark."

"That is certainly complimentary, but, then, we are a little out of the beaten path; so it is pardonable. I was at first under the impression that you were American detectives with extradition papers for criminals bearing the name you mention."

"Oh!" gasped Anguish. "We couldn't find ourselves if we should be separated, captain."

The grizzly bearded captain laughed lightly with them and then asked Lorry if he would object to giving him the full story of his acquaintanceship with the alleged Graustarkians. The bewildered and disheartened Americans promptly told all he knew about them, omitting certain tender details, of course. As he proceeded the chief grew more and more interested, and when at last Lorry came to the description of the strange trio he gave a sudden start, exposed a queer little smile for a second or two and then was as sphinxlike as before. The ever vigilant Anguish observed the involuntary start and smile, quick as the chief had been to recover himself, and felt a thrill of triumph. To his anger and impatience, however, the old officer calmly shook his head at the end of the narrative and announced that he was as much in the dark as ever.

"Well, we'll search awhile for ourselves," declared Anguish stubbornly, not at all satisfied.

"You will be wasting your time," said the chief meaningly.

"We've plenty to waste," retorted the other.

After a few moments they departed, Baron Dangloss accompanying them to the gate and assuring them that he and his men always would be at their command. His nation admired the American people, he warmly declared.

"That old codger knows our people, and I'll bet a thousand on it," said Harry angrily when they had gone some little distance down the street. Then he told of the queer exposure Dangloss had unwittingly made. Lorry, more excited than he cared to show, agreed that there was something very suspicious about this new discovery.

They walked about the quaint town for an hour or two, examining the buildings, the people and the soldiery with deep interest. From the head of the main street, Castle avenue, they could plainly see the royal palace, nearly a mile away. Its towers and turrets, gray and gaunt, ran up among the green treetops and were outlined plainly against the yellow hills. Countless houses straddled the steep mountain slope, and many people were discerned walking and riding along the narrow, ledgelike streets which wound toward the summit, far up in the clouds. Clearly and distinctly could be seen the grim monastery, perched at the very pinnacle of the mountain, several miles away. Up there it looked bleak and cold and inhospitable, in great contrast to the loveliness and warmth of the valley. Down below the grass was moist and soft, trees were approaching the stage where yellow and red tints mingle with the rich green, flowers were blooming, the land was redolent of the sweet fragrance of autumn, the atmosphere warm, clear and invigorating. It was paradise surmounted by desolation, drear and deadening.

Wherever the tall, distinguished Americans walked they formed the center of observation and the cause of comment that bore unmistakable signs of admiration. They bowed pleasantly to many of those who passed them and received in return gracious and profound recognition. Military men saluted courteously, the women stared modestly and prettily, perhaps coyotishly, the merchants and citizens in general bowed and smiled a welcome that could not have been heartier. The strangers remarked the absence of vehicles on the main streets. There were pack mules and horses, human carriers, both male and female, but during the entire morning they saw not more than six or eight carriages. Vehicles were used solely by the quality and as a means of transportation for their persons only. Everybody, with the few exceptions mentioned, walked or rode horseback. The two friends were delighted with the place and Anguish advocated a sojourn of several weeks, even though they did not find the Guggenslockers, his object being to secure photographs and sketches of the picturesque people and the strange scenery and to idle away some hours upon the glittering boulevards. Grenfall, since he was in the project so deeply, was so nearly reconciled as to be exhilarated by the plan. They decided to visit the royal grounds in the afternoon, provided there was no prohibition, reserving a ride up the hill for the next day. A gendarme who spoke German fairly well told them that they could enter the palace park if they obtained a signed order from the chief steward, who might be found at any time in his home near the gates.

They were strolling leisurely toward the hotel, for the moment forgetting their quest in this strange, sunny land, when they espied a carriage, the most conspicuous of any they had seen. The white horses were gayly caparisoned, the driver and the footman beside him wore rich uniforms, the vehicle itself gleamed and glistened with gold and silver trimmings. A short distance behind rode two young soldiers, swords to their shoulders, scabbards clanking against their stirrups. Each was attired in the tight red trousers, shiny boots, close fitting black coat with gilt trimmings and the red cap which the Americans had noted before because of its brilliancy. People along the street were bowing deeply to the occupants, two ladies.

"Harry! Look!" exclaimed Lorry, clutching his friend's arm like a vise.

"Harry! Look!" exclaimed Lorry.

"There in the carriage—on this side!" His voice was hoarse and trembling.

"Miss Gug—Guggenslocker?" cried Anguish.

"Yes, yes!" They had stopped, and Lorry was grasping a garden wall with one hand.

"Then it's funny nobody knows the name here. She seems to be some one of consequence. Good heaven! I don't blame you! She's the most beautiful"—

By this time the carriage was almost opposite and within forty feet of where they stood. The ladies—Miss Guggenslocker's companion was young and almost as beautiful as herself—had not observed the agitated two, but Lorry's face was beaming, his hat was off, and he was ready to spring to the carriage side at a moment's warning. Then the young girl at the side of the woman whose beauty had drawn a man half around the world saw the tall strangers and called her companion's attention to them. Once more Grenfall Lorry and Miss Guggenslocker were looking into each other's eyes.

The lady started violently. Her eyes grew wide, her lips parted, and her body was bent forward eagerly, a little gloved hand grasping the side of the open carriage. Her "ideal American" was bowing low, as was the tall fellow at his side. When he looked up again, his eyes were glowing, his handsome face was flushed, and he saw her smile, blush furiously and incline her head gravely. The carriage had swept past, but she turned her head, and he detected an appealing glance in her eyes, a perplexed wrinkle across her brow, both of which were swept away an instant later by the most bewitching of smiles. Again her head was inclined, this time a trifle more energetically, and then the maddening face was turned from him. The equipage rolled onward, and there was no effort on her part to check its progress. The men were left standing alone and disappointed on the streets of Edelweiss, the object of their search slipping away as soon as she had been found. Her companion was amazed by the little scene, it was evident, judging by the eager look on her face as she turned with a question in her eyes.

"Turned down!" exclaimed the irrepressible Anguish dolefully. "That's pretty shabby treatment, old man. But she's quite worth the journey."

"I'll not go back to America without her. Do you hear that, Harry Anguish?" He was excited and trembling. "But why didn't she stop?" he went on dismally.

"Oh, you dear old fool!" said Anguish.

The two stood looking after the carriage until it turned into a side street half way down the shady stretch toward the castle. They saw her companion glance back, but could not tell whether she did or not. Lorry looked uneasily at Anguish, and the latter read his thought.

"You are wondering about the Guggenslocker name, eh? I'll tell you what I've worked out during the past two minutes. Her name is no more Guggenslocker than mine is. She and the uncle used that name as a blind. Mark my words, she's quality over here; that's all there is about it. Now, we must find out just who she really is. Here comes a smart looking soldier chap. Let's ask him, provided we can make him understand."

A young soldier approached leisurely twirling a cane, for he was without his side arms. Anguish accosted him in French and then in German. He understood the latter and was very polite.

"Who was the young lady in the carriage that just passed?" asked Lorry eagerly.

The face of the soldier flushed and then grew pale with anger.

"Hold on! I beg pardon, but we are strangers and don't quite understand your ways. I can't see anything improper in asking such a question," said Anguish, attempting to detain him. The young man struck his hand from his arm, and his eyes fairly blazed.

"You must learn our ways. We never pass comment on a lady. If you do so in your land, I am sorry for your ladies. I refuse to be questioned by you. Stand aside, fellow!"

Anguish stood aside in astonishment, and they watched the wrathful gallant strut down the street, his back as stiff as a board.

"Blamed touchy!" growled Anguish.

"You remember what Sitzky said about their respect for the weaker sex. I guess we'd better keep off that tack or we'll hatch up a duel or two. They seem to be fire eaters. We must content ourselves with searching out her home, and without assistance too. I've cooled off a bit, Harry, and, now that I've seen her, I'm willing to go slowly and deliberately. Let's take our time and be perfectly cool. I am beginning to agree with your Incog. proposition. It's all clearing up in my mind now. We'll go back to the hotel and get ready for the visit to the palace grounds."

"Don't you intend to hunt her up? Gad, I wouldn't miss a minute if I had a chance to be with a girl like that! And the other was no scarecrow. She is rather a beauty too. Greatest town for pretty women I ever struck. Vienna is out of it entirely."

They strolled on to the hotel, discussing the encounter in all its exhilarating details. Scarcely had they seated themselves on the piazza after partaking of a light luncheon when a man came galloping up to the walk in front of the hotel. Throwing his bridle rein to a guard, he hastened to the piazza. His attire was that of a groom, and something about him reminded them of the footman who sat beside the driver of the carriage they had seen a short time before. He came straight to where the Americans sat smoking and, bowing low, held before them an envelope. The address was "Grenfall Lorry, Esq.," but the man was in doubt as to which was he.

Lorry grasped the envelope, tore it open and drew forth a daintily written note. It read:

My Dear Mr. Lorry—I was very much surprised to see you this morning. I may add that I was delighted. If you will accompany this messenger when he calls for you at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, he will conduct you to my home, where I shall truly be charmed to see you again. Will you bring your friend?

SOPHIA GUGGENSLOCKER.

Lorry could have embraced the messenger. There was a suspicion of breathlessness in his voice when he tried to say calmly to Harry:

"An invitation for tomorrow."

"I knew it would come that way."

"Also wants you to come."

"Shan't I be in the way?"

"Not at all, my boy. I'll accept for you. After this fellow goes I'll let you read the note. Wait until I write an answer."

Motioning for the man to remain, he hastened to his room, pulled out some stationery and feverishly wrote:

My Dear Miss Guggenslocker—I shall be delighted to accompany your messenger tomorrow, and my friend, Mr. Harry Anguish, will be with me. I have come half way across the continent to see you, and I shall be repaid if I am with you but for a moment. You will pardon me if I say that your name has caused me despair. No one seems to have heard it here, and I was beginning to lose hope. You may expect me at 3, and I thank you for the pleasure you bestow. Yours sincerely, GRENFALL LORRY.

This note, part of which had been written with misgiving, he gave to the messenger, who rode away quickly.

"She didn't wait long to write to you, I notice. Is it possible she is suffering from the effects of those three days on the other side of the Atlantic? Come to think of it, she blushed when she saw you this morning," said Anguish. Lorry handed him her note, which he read and then solemnly shook hands with its recipient. "Congratulations. I am a very far sighted young man, having lived in Paris."

(To be continued.)

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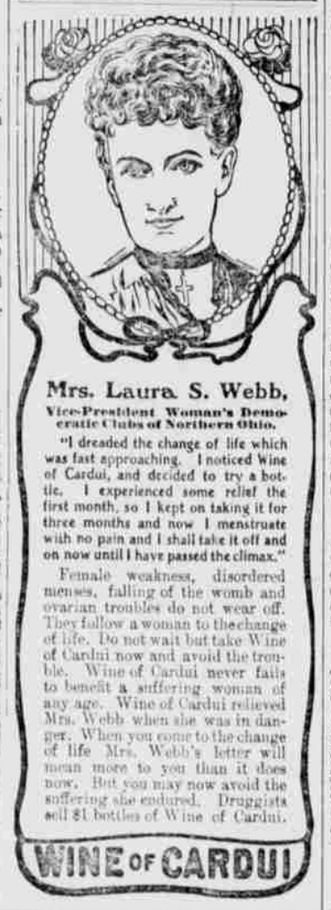

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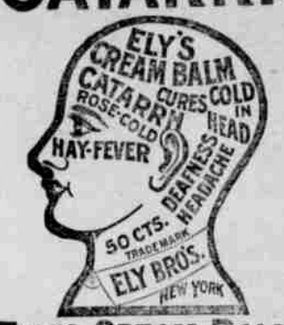

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It cleanses, soothes, heals, and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Easy to use. Contains no injurious drug. Applied into the nostrils and absorbed. Large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

ELY BROTHERS, N. Y.

Blue Print Paper by the yard or roll at the Courier office.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In The County Court For Josephine County, Oregon.

In the Matter of the Estate of William Dunlap, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, James H. Colby, has been appointed administrator of the Estate of William Dunlap, deceased, by the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon, and all persons having claims against said estate are notified to present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned administrator at the law office of H. D. Norton in Grants Pass, Josephine County, Oregon, on or before six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, which first publication is Thursday, January 14, A. D., 1904.

JAMES H. COLBY, Administrator.

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. BOORN, 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 included 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 as 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 JOHN J. FULTON COMPANY, 420 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

You Know What You Are Taing

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic, because the 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 19,

Notice is hereby given th

Decker, whose postoffice a

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 Lo

Claims, mineral survey nu

situate in Section 1, Tow

south of range 8 west,

Meridian, (unsurveyed) in

of Josephine, State of Oreg

prising eight quartz min

known and described as th

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 c

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 Meridi

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

corner number 1, the plac

ning.

Fir.

Beginning at corner n

Whence the southwest cor

tion 36, township 40 south

west, Willamette Meridi

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 pl

ginning.

Cedar.

Beginning at corner n

whence the southwest cor

tion 36, township 40, south

west, Willamette Meridi

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 pl

ginning.

Oak.

Beginning at corner n

whence the southwest cor

tion 36, township 40, south

west, Willamette Meridi

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

corner number 1, to place of b

Poplar.

Beginning at corner n

whence the southwest corn

tion 36, township 40, south

west, Willamette Meridi

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 Meridia

north 44 deg. 46 min., west 21

thence south 17 min., w

feet to corner number 2; then

89 deg. 49 min., east 1500 fe

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 o

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 fe

ner number 1, the place of be

The total net area of ea

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 acr

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

to-wit:

Spruce, in volume 13, page

Pine, in volume 13, page 40

Fir, in volume 13, page 40

Cedar, in volume 13, page

Oak, in volume 13, page 40

Poplar, in volume 13, page

Chestnut, in volume 13, p

Laurel in volume 13, pag

The neighboring or