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. Chapter VI—Lorry joins his old friend, Harry Anguish, an American artist, in Paris. Graustark and its capital, Edelweiss, are located by a guidebook. The Americans get no trace of the Guggenslockers there. Chapter VII—Lorry sees his charmer driving in a carriage with a beautiful companion of her own sex. He gets a glance of recognition, but the carriage rolls on, leaving the mystery unsolved. Later he receives a note at his hotel signed Sophia Guggenslocker, inviting him to visit her next day. Chapter VIII—In the evening Lorry and Anguish ramble about the grounds of the castle where dwells the court of the Princess of Graustark. They overhear a plot to abduct the princess and resolve to capture the plotters red handed. IX—Following the conspirators, Lorry finds himself in a room he heard them designate as that of the princess.

CHAPTER X.

YETIVE.

THERE could be no further hesitation. Something must be done, and instantly. He gently closed the door before answering the third question. In his nervousness he spoke in English, advancing to the middle of the room. Impossible to see the woman to whom he hissed this alarming threat, he only could speculate as to its effect:

"If you utter a sound, madam, I shall kill you. Be calm, and allow me to explain my presence here!"

He expected her to shriek, forgetting that she might not understand his words. Instead there was a deathly silence. Had she swooned? His heart was leaping with hope. But she spoke softly again, tremulously, and in English:

"You will find my jewels on the dressing table. Take them and go. You will not hurt me?"

"I am not here to do you injury, but to serve your princess," whispered the man. "For God's sake, do not make an outcry! You will ruin everything. Will you let me explain?"

"Go! Go! Take anything! I can be calm no longer. Oh, how can I expect mercy at your hands?" Her tones were rising to a wail of terror.

"Sh! Do you want to die?" he hissed, striding to the canopy bed, discernible as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness. "I will kill you if you utter a sound, so help me God!"

"Oh!" she moaned.

"Listen! You must aid me! Do you hear?"

Another heart breaking moan. "I am here to save the princess. There is a plot to abduct her tonight. Already there are men in the castle, perhaps in her room. You must tell me where she sleeps. There is no time to be lost. I am no thief, before God! I am telling you the truth. Do not be alarmed, I implore you. Trust me, madam, and you will not regret it. Where does the princess sleep?" He jerked out these eager, pleading words quickly, breathlessly.

"How am I to trust you?" came back a whisper from the bed.

"Here is a revolver. Take it and kill me if I attempt the slightest injury. Where are you?" He felt along the bed with his hand.

"Keep away! Please! Please!" she sobbed.

"Take the pistol! Be calm, and in heaven's name help me to save her! These wretches may have killed her already!"

The revolver dropped upon the clothes. He was bending eagerly over, holding the curtains back.

"My friend is in the hall. We have traced the men to the princess' door. I think. Be quick! Do you wish to see her stolen from under your eyes?"

"You are now in the princess' room," answered the voice from the bed, calmer and with some alacrity. "Is this true that you tell me?"

"As God is my witness. And you—you—are you the princess?" gasped the man, drawing back.

"I am. Where is Dannox?" She was sitting bolt upright in the bed, the pistol in her trembling fingers.

"He is one of the conspirators. One of the cooks and two other guards are in the plot. Can you trust me enough to leave your bed and hide in another part of the room? The scoundrels have mistaken the door, but they may be here at any moment. You must be quick! I will protect you—I swear it. Come, your highness! Hide!"

Something in the tones of the intruder's whisper gave her confidence. The instinct had been wrought by the bold resolution this woman under the most trying circumstances that could have been imagined. She slipped from the bed and threw a long, loose silken cloak about her.

"Who are you?" she cried, touching his arm.

"I am a foreigner—an American—Grenfall Lorry. Hurry!" he hoarsely.

She did not move for a moment, but he distinctly heard her catch her breath.

"Am I dreaming?" she murmured faintly. Her fingers now clutched his arm tightly.

"I should say not! I don't like to order you around, your highness, but"—

"Come—come to the light!" she interrupted excitedly. "Over here!"

Noiselessly she drew him across the room until the light fell across his face. It was not a bright light, but what she saw satisfied her. He could not see her face, for she stood outside the strip of dusky yellow.

"Two men lie beneath your window, Mr. Lorry?"

The unsteady eyes wandered until they fell upon the face near his pillow. A brighter gleam came into them, and there was a ray of returning intelligence. He tried to speak, but could only move his lips. As he remembered her she was in white, and he was puzzled now to see her in a garment of some dark material suggestive of the night or the green of a shady hillside. There was the odor of roses and violets and carnations. Then he looked for the fatal, fearful, glaring chandelier. It was gone. The room was becoming lighter and lighter as his eyes grew stronger, but it was through a window near where he lay. So it was daylight! Where was he?

"How do you feel, old man?" asked a familiar voice. A man sat down beside him on the couch or bed, and a big hand grasped his own. Still he could not answer.

"Doctor," cried the voice near his head, "you really think it is not serious?"

"I am quite sure," answered a man's voice from somewhere out in the light. "It is a bad cut, and he is just recovering from the effect of the ether. Had the blow not been a glancing one his skull would have been crushed. He will be perfectly conscious in a short time. There is no concussion, your highness."

"I am so happy to hear you say that," said the soft voice. Lorry's eyes sought hers and thanked her. A lump came into his throat as he looked up into the tender, anxious blue eyes. A thrill came over him. Princess or not, he loved her—he loved her! "You were very brave—oh, so brave!" she whispered in his ear, her hand touching his hair caressingly. "My American!"

He tried to reach the hand before it faded, but he was too weak. She glided away, and he closed his eyes again as if in pain.

"Look up, old man. You're all right," said Anguish. "Smell this handkerchief. It will make you feel better." A moist cloth was held beneath his nose, and a strong, pungent odor darted through his nostrils. In a moment he tried to raise himself to his elbow. The world was clearing up.

"Lie still a bit, Lorry. Don't be too hasty. The doctor says you must not."

"Where am I, Harry?" asked the wounded man weakly.

"In the castle. I'll tell you all about it presently."

"Am I in her room?"

"No, but she is in yours. You are across the hall in"—here he whispered—"Uncle Caspar's room. Caspar is a count."

"And she is the princess—truly?"

"What luck!"

"What misery—what misery!" half moaned the other.

"Bosh! Be a man! Don't talk so loud either! There are a half dozen in the room."

Lorry remained perfectly quiet for ten minutes, his staring eyes fixed on the ceiling. He was thinking of the abyss he had reached and could not cross.

"What time is it?" he asked at last, turning his eyes toward his friend.

"It's just 7 o'clock. You have been unconscious or under the influence of ether for over four hours. That guard hit you a fearful crack."

"I heard a shot—a lot of them. Was any one killed? Did those fellows escape?"

"Killed! There have been eight executions besides the one I attended to. Lord, they don't wait long here before handing out justice."

"Tell me all that happened. Was she hurt?"

"I should say not! Say, Gren, I have killed a man. Dannox got my bullet right in the head, and he never knew what hit him. Ghastly, isn't it? I feel beastly queer. It was he who turned on the lights and went at you with a club. I heard you call and was in the door just as he hit you. His finish came inside of a second. You and he spoiled the handsomest rug I ever saw."

"Ruined it?"

"Not in her estimation. I'll wager she has it framed, blood and all. The stains will always be there as a reminder of your bravery, and that's what she says she's bound to keep. She was very much excited and alarmed about you until the room filled with men, and then she remembered how she was attired. I never saw anything so pretty as her embarrassment when the countess and her aunt led her into the next room. These people are going out, so I'll tell you what happened after you left me with the cook. He was a long time falling under the influence, and I had barely reached the top of the stairs when I saw Dannox rush down the hall. Then you called, and I knew the jig was on in full blast. The door was open, and I saw him strike you. I shot him, but she was at your side before I could get to you. The other fellows who were in the room succeeded in escaping while I was bending over you, but neither of them shot at me. They were too badly frightened. I had sense enough left to follow and shoot a couple of times as they tore down the stairs. One of them stumbled and rolled all the way to the bottom. He was unconscious and bleeding when I reached his side. The other fellow flew toward the dining hall, where he was immediately nabbed by two white uniformed men and throttled.

"Other men in white—they were regular police officers—pounced upon me, and I was a prisoner. By George, I was knocked off my feet the next minute to see old Dangloss himself come puffing and blowing into the hall, redder and fiercer than ever. 'Now I know what you want in Edelweiss!' he shrieked, and it took me three minutes to convince him of his error. Then he and some of the men went up to the princess' room, while I quickly led the way to the big gate and directed a half dozen officers toward the ravine. They came up finally with the two fellows who had been stationed beneath the window and who were unable to find the gate. When I got back to where you were, the room was full of terrified men and women half dressed. I was still dazed over the sudden appearance of the police, but managed to tell my story in full to Dangloss and Count Halfont—that's Uncle Casper—and then the chief told me how he and his men happened to be there. In the meantime the castle physician was attending to you. Dannox had been carried away.

"I never talked to a more interested audience in my life. There was the princess at my elbow, and the countess—pretty as a picture—back of her, all eyes, both of 'em, and there were the old gray haired lady, the Countess Halfont, and a half dozen shivering maids, with men galore, Dangloss and the count and a lot of servants—a great and increasing crowd. The captain of the guards, a young fellow named Quinnox, as I heard him called, came in worried and humiliated. I fancy he was afraid he'd lose his job. You see, it was this way: Old Dangloss has had a man watching us all day. Think of it—shadowing us like a couple of thieves! This fellow traced us to the castle gate and then ran back for reenforcements, confident that we were there to rob. In twenty minutes he had a squad of officers at the gate, the chief trailing along behind. A couple of guards came charging up to learn the cause of the commotion, and the whole crew sailed into the castle, arriving just in time.

"Well, just as soon as I had told them the full story of the plot, old Caspar, the chief and the captain held a short consultation, the result of which I can tell in mighty few words. At 6 o'clock they took the whole gang of prisoners down in the ravine and shot them. The mounted guards are still looking for the two Viennese who were left with the carriage. They escaped. About an hour after you were hurt you were carried over here and laid on this couch. They have been hanging over

"Don't you know you should not have killed those men?"

you as if you were a newborn baby, and everybody's charmed because you are a boy and are going to live."

Lorry was smiling faintly over his enthusiasm.

"You are the real hero, Harry. You saved my life and probably hers. I'll not allow you or anybody to give me the glory," he said, pressing the other's hand.

"Oh, that's nonsense! Anybody could have rushed in as I did. I was only capping the climax you had prepared—merely a timely arrival, as the novels say. There is a little of the credit due me, of course, and I'll take it gracefully, but I only come in as an accessory, a sort of lunkhwhacker who had only to do the shoot, slap bang work and close the act. You did the hero's work. But what do you think of the way they hand out justice over here? All but two of 'em dead!"

"Whose plan was it to kill those men?" cried Lorry, suddenly sitting upright.

"Everybody's, I fancy. They didn't consult me, though, come to think of it. Ah, here is her royal highness!"

The princess and Aunt Yvonne were at his side again, while Count Caspar was coming rapidly toward them.

"You must not sit up, Mr. Lorry," begun the princess, but he was crying:

"Did they make a confession, Harry?"

"I don't know. Did they, Uncle—Count Halfont? Did they confess? Great heavens, I never thought of that before."

"What was there to confess?" asked the count, taking Lorry's hand kindly. "They were caught in the act. My dear sir, they were not even tried."

"I thought your police chief was such a shrewd man," cried Lorry angrily.

"What's that?" asked a gruff voice, and Baron Dangloss was a member of the party, red and puffing.

"Don't you know you should not have killed those men?" demanded Lorry. They surveyed him in amazement, except Anguish, who had buried his face in his hands dejectedly.

"And, sir, I'd like to know why not?" blustered Dangloss.

"And, sir, I'd like to know, since you have shot the only beings on earth who knew the man that hired them, how in the name of your alleged justice you are going to apprehend him?" said Lorry, sinking back to his pillow, exhausted.

No reserve could hide the consternation, embarrassment and shame that overwhelmed a very worthy but very impetuous nobleman, Baron Jasto Dangloss, chief of police in Edelweiss. He could only sputter his excuses and withdraw, swearing to catch the arch conspirator or to die in the attempt. Not a soul in the castle, not a being in [illegible] was more astonished than the baron himself. The greatest wonder reigned. Vexation, stupefaction and perplexity existed everywhere.

Standing there with her hand on her aunt's shoulder, her face grave and troubled, the princess asked:

"Why should they seek to abduct me? Was it to imprison or to kill me? Oh, Aunt Yvonne, have I not been good to my people? God knows I have done all that I can! I could have done no more. Is it a conspiracy to force me from the throne? Who can be so cruel?"

And no one could answer. They could simply offer words of comfort and promises of protection. Later in the day gruff Dangloss marched in and apologized to the Americans for his suspicions concerning them, imploring their assistance in running down the chief villain. And as the hours went by Count Halfont came in and, sitting beside Grenfall, begged his pardon and asked him to forget the deception that had been practiced in the United States. He explained the necessity for traveling incognito at that time. After which the count entered a plea for her royal highness, who had expressed contrition and wished to be absolved.

(To be continued.)

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JOSEPHINE COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge	J. O. Booth
Commissioners	John Wells
	C. E. Lorentzen
Clerk	R. L. Bartlett
Deputy Clerk	T. P. Judson
Sheriff	Geo. W. Lewis
Deputy Sheriff	Ernest Lister
Treasurer	J. T. Taylor
School Supt.	Lincoln Savage
Assessor	W. H. Fallin
Surveyor	H. C. Perkins
Coroner	W. F. Kremer

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor	H. L. Gilkey
Auditor and Police Judge	C. E. Mayhew
Treasurer	Col. W. Johnson
City Attorney	
Marshal	Jas. Stevens
Street Supt.	John Patrick

Councilmen—A. M. Marr, H. J. Bacher, J. L. Calvert, T. W. Williams, W. C. Smith, J. A. Rehkopf, H. C. Perkins, James Trimble.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

Grants Pass Lodge A. F. & A. M., No. 84, regular communication first and third Saturdays. Visiting brothers cordially invited. H. W. Riddle, W. M. A. J. Pike, Secy.

Royal Arch Masons—Beamer Chapter No. 28 meets second and fourth Wednesday Masonic hall. H. C. Bobbitt, H. P. J. E. Peterson, Secy.

Eastern Star—Josephine Chapter, No. 20 meets first and third Wednesday evenings of each month in Masonic hall. Mary L. Coe, W. M. Mrs H. Zollner, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Golden Rule Lodge No. 78, meets every Saturday night at I. O. O. F. hall. F. H. Schmidt, N. G. T. Y. Dean, Secy.

Visiting brothers invited.

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

Rebekahs—Etna Rebekah, No. 49, meets second and fourth Monday, I. O. O. F. hall. Essie Green, N. G. M. Jennie Davis, Secy.

United Artisans—Grants Pass Assembly No. 19, meets alternate Tuesdays in A. O. U. W. hall. Mrs. E. A. Garrett, Fred Mesch, Secy. Master Artisan.

Woodmen of the World—Rogue River Camp No. 59, meets second and fourth Fridays at Woodman Hall. Geo. H. Stover, C. C. C. E. Mayers, Clerk.

Women of Woodcraft—Azalea Circle, No. 182, meets first and third Mondays at Woodmen hall. Mrs. M. E. Denny, Mrs. Rose Frost, Clerk. G. N.

Modern Woodmen of America—Grants Pass Camp No. 8367 meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday evenings at Woodmen hall at 7:30. Ike M. Davis, V. C. W. T. Boulder, Clerk.

Foresters of America—Court Josephine No. 28, meets each Wednesday except the first in A. O. U. W. hall. G. N. Bole, F. S. J. F. Hale, C. R.

Josephine Lodge, No. 112, A. O. U. W.—meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Dixon building every Monday evening. F. W. Benedict, M. W. H. A. Stanard, Recorder.

Hawthorne Lodge, No. 21, D. of H., A. O. U. W. meets every alternate Tuesday evening in A. O. U. W. hall, Dixon building. Mrs. A. McGinnis, C. of H. Mrs. Lydia Dean, Recorder.

Knights of the Maccabees—Grants Pass Tent, No. 13 meets first and third Thursdays at Woodmen hall. Wm. Alfred, Record Keeper. F. A. Mossey, Commander.

Ladies of the Maccabees—Grants Pass Hive No 18 holds regular "Reviews" first and third Thursdays at A. O. U. W. hall. Visiting sisters cordially invited. Jennie Cheshire, L. C. Mary Simmons, Record Keeper.

Knights of Pythias—Thermopylae No. 50, meets each Tuesday night 7:30 W. O. W. Hall. M. T. Coley, C. C. Tom Williams, K. of R. and S.

Grand Army of the Republic—Gen. Lucas Post No. 20, meets first Wednesday at A. O. U. W. hall. John Patrick, J. E. Peterson, Adj. Com.

Women's Relief Corps—Sigourney Logan No. 25 meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 2 p. m. at A. O. U. W. hall. Mrs. Rose Wyckoff, Pres. Mrs. T. R. Cornell, Sec.

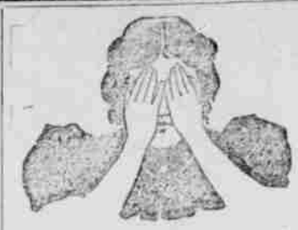
Order of Pendo—White Rock Council No. 100, meets in Woodmen Hall Saturday nights. E. L. Cross, Counselor. C. E. Mayers, Secretary.

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

Royal Neighbors of America—Edith C. Stipe Camp No. 9463, meets 1st and 3rd Fridays at A. O. U. W. hall. Rose Gravelin, Oracle. Henrietta Zoller, Recorder.

Mysterious Circumstance.

One was pale and sallow and the other fresh and rosy. Whence the difference? She who is blushing with health uses Dr. King's New Life Pills to maintain it. Try them. Only 25 cents at National Drug Store and Grant's Pass Pharmacy.



It is a great affliction for a woman to have her face disfigured by pimples or any form of eruptive disease. It makes her morbid and sensitive, and robs her of social enjoyment. Disfiguring eruptions are caused by impure blood, and are entirely cured by the great blood-purifying medicine—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It removes from the blood the poisonous impurities which cause disease. It perfectly and permanently cures scrofulous sores, eczema, tetter, boils, pimples and other eruptive diseases which are caused by the blood's impurity. It increases the action of the blood making glands and thus increases the supply of pure rich blood.

"For about one year and a half my face was very badly broken out," writes Miss Carrie Adams, of 108 West Main Street, Battlecreek, Mich. "I spent a great deal of money with doctors and for different kinds of medicine, but received no benefit. At last I read one of your advertisements in a paper, and obtained a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Before I had taken one bottle of this medicine I noticed a change, and after taking three bottles I was entirely cured. I can well recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to any one similarly afflicted."

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains; you lose. Therefore accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book containing 1008 pages, is given away. Send 21 one-cent stamps for expense of mailing *only*, for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the volume bound in cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTICE TO LABORERS AND MINERS.

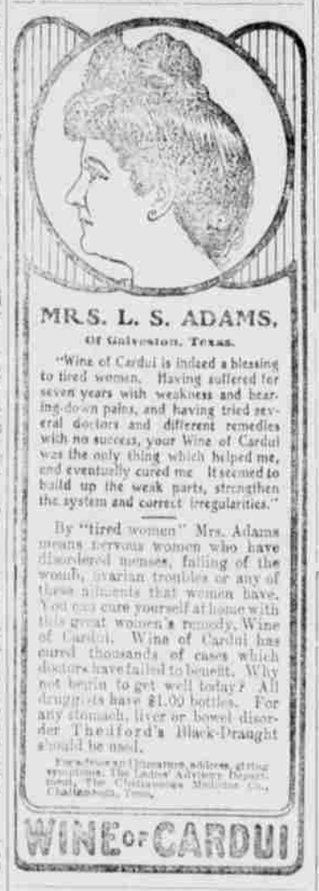
To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given:

That all these certain Placer mining claims, situated in Township 39, South; Range 9 west of the Willamette Meridian and on the left hand bank of Josephine Creek, and the "Blue Jay" on the right hand bank, in the county of Josephine and State of Oregon, and lying between Fiddlers' Gulch, and Days Gulch, are owned by Edward Dailey and David Bour. That said Mining claims are being worked by M. Marks, under an agreement in the nature of a Deed in Escrow.

Therefore, all laborers and miners are hereby notified that they are not entitled to a laborers' lien on said above described property (mining claims,) under the law. And we warn all persons who are working for the said M. Marks, not to attempt to file liens against said above described mining claims or either of them, as we will contest all or any liens, that may be filed on said claims.

January 30th, 1904.

EDWARD DAILEY,
DAVID BOUR.



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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 OF STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that I, Robert J. Fleming, president of the Williamsburg Mining Company, a corporation organized under the law of the state of Oregon, do hereby call a special meeting of the stockholders of said corporation, to be held at Grants Pass, Oregon, on the 12th day of February, 1904, at 1 o'clock, p. m. for the purpose of electing a board of directors of said corporation and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

R. J. FLEMING, President.

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.

NOTICE OF FORFEITURE.

Grants Pass, Oregon, Feb. 4, 1904.

To S. J. Paul:

You are hereby notified that the undersigned, Franta Novotny has expended during the year ending December 31, 1901, One Hundred Dollars in labor and improvements on each of the following described mining claims, to-wit:

The Iron Horse Quartz Mining Claim situated in Wolf Creek (unorganized) Mining District, Josephine County, Oregon, the location notice of which was on March 31, 1900, filed for record with the County Clerk for Josephine County, Oregon, and the same now appears of record in Volume 13 of Mining Records of Josephine County, Oregon, at page 339 thereof.

Also that quartz mining claim known as the Climax, situated in the Wolf Creek (unorganized) Mining District, Josephine County, Oregon, the location notice of which was on June 15, 1900, filed for record in the office of the County Clerk for Josephine County, Oregon, and the same now appears of record in Vol. 13 Mining Records of said County at page 400 thereof.

Also the Dutchman Quartz Mining Claim situated in Mt. Reuben (unorganized) Mining District, Josephine County, Oregon, as particularly described in the location notice thereof filed in the office of the County Clerk for Josephine County, Oregon, June 21, 1901, and the same now appears of record in Vol. 14 of Mining records of said County at page 142 thereof.

That I expended the moneys aforesaid on said mining claims under the provisions of section 2324 of the Revised Statutes of the United States and the amendment thereto, approved January 22, 1880, concerning annual labor on mining claims, the sums so expended on each of said claims being the annual assessment and representation work thereon, and the amount required to hold each of said mining claims for the period ending December 31, 1902.

You are further notified that if within ninety days from the time of personal service of this notice upon you, or within ninety days after the first publication hereof you fail or refuse to contribute your portion of such expenditure as co-owner, to-wit: one-half thereof, your interest in each of said claims will become the property of the undersigned, your co-owner, who has made the expenditure required in accordance with the requirements of the law in such cases made and provided.

FRANTA NOVOTNY
Co-owner.

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

Are You Restless at Night

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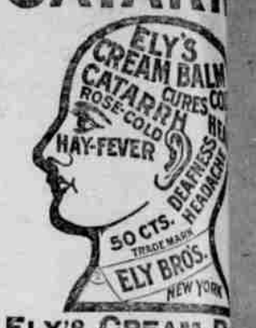
CATARRH



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