GRAUSTARK

...By...

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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"Why should you wound me?" she asked plaintively. "You have no right to treat the throne I occupy as a subject for pranks and insignities. I did not believe you could be so—forgetful." There was a proud and pitiful resentment in her voice that brought him to his senses at once. He had defiled her throne. In shame and humiliation he cried:

"I am a fool, an ingrate! You have been too gentle with me. For this despicable act of mine I cannot ask pardon, and it would be beneath you to grant it. I have hurt you, and I can never atone. I forgot how sacred is your throne. Let me depart in disgrace." He stood erect as if to forsake the throne he had stained, but she, swayed by a complete reversal of feeling, timidly, pleadingly touched his arm.

"Stay! It is my throne, after all. I shall divide it, as well as the sin, with you. Sit down again, I beg of you. For a brief spell I would rule beside a man who is fit to be a king, but who is a desecrator. There can be no harm, and no one shall be the wiser for this sentimental departure from royal custom. We are children anyhow, mere children."

With an exclamation of delight he resumed his position beside her. His

"Allode!" she cried in frantic terror

hand trembled as he took up hers to carry it to his lips. "We are children—playing with fire," he murmured, this ingrate, this fool!

She allowed her hand to lie limply in his, her head sinking to the back of the chair. When her hand was near his feverish lips, cool and white and trusting, he checked the upward progress. Slowly he raised his eyes to study her face, finding that hers were closed, the semblance of a smile touching her lips as if they were in a happy dream.

The lips! The lips! The lips! The madness of love rushed into his heart; the expectant hand was forgotten; his every hope and every desire measured itself against his discretion as he looked upon the tempting face. Could he kiss those lips but once his life would be complete.

With a start she opened her eyes, doubtless at the command of the masterful ones above. The eyes of blue met the eyes of gray in a short, sharp struggle, and the blue went down in surrender. His lips triumphed slowly, drawing closer and closer as if restrained and impelled by the same emotion—arrogant love.

"Open your eyes, darling," he whispered, and she obeyed. Then their lips met—her first kiss of love!

She trembled from head to foot, perfectly powerless beneath the spell. Again he kissed a princess on her throne. At this second kiss her eyes grew wide with terror, and she sprang from his side, standing before him like one bereft of reason.

"Oh, my God! What have you done?" she wailed. He staggered to his feet, dizzy with joy.

"Ha!" cried a gruff voice from the doorway, and the guilty ones whirled to look upon the witness to their blissful crime. Inside the curtains, with carbine leveled at the head of the American, stood Allode, the guard, his face distorted with rage. The princess screamed and leaped between Lorry and the threatening carbine.

"Allode!" she cried in frantic terror.

He angrily cried out something in his native tongue and she breathlessly, imploringly replied. Lorry did not understand their words, but he knew that she had saved him from death at the hand of her loyal, erring guard. Allode lowered his gun, bowed low and turned his back upon the throne.

"He—he would have killed you," she said tremulously, her face the picture of combined agony and relief. She remembered the blighting kisses and then the averted disaster.

"You—what did you say to him?" he asked.

"I—I—oh, I will not tell you!" she cried.

"I beg of you!"

"I told him that he was to—was to put down his gun."

"I know that, but why?" he persisted.

"I—ach, to save you, stupid!"

"How did you explain the—the"— He hesitated generously.

"I told him that I had not been—that I had not been"—

"Say it!"

"That I had not been—offended!" she gasped, standing stiff and straight, with eyes glued upon the obedient guard.

"You were not?" he rapturously cried.

"I said it only to save your life!" she cried, turning fiercely upon him. "I shall never forgive you—never! You must go—you must leave here at once! Do you hear? I cannot have you near me now; I cannot see you again. What have I given you the right to say of me?"

"Stop! It is as sacred as"—

"Yes, yes; I understand! I trust you, but you must go! Find some excuse to give your friend and go today! Go now!" she cried intensely, first putting her hands to her temples, then to her eyes.

Without waiting to hear his remonstrance, if indeed he had the power to utter one, she glided swiftly toward the curtains, allowing him to follow at his will. Dazed and crushed at the sudden end to everything, he dragged his footsteps after. At the door she spoke in low, imperative tones to the motionless Allode, who dropped to his knees and muttered a reverential response. As Lorry passed beneath the hand that held the curtain aside he glanced at the face of the man who had been witness to their weakness. He was looking straight ahead, and from his expression it could not have been detected that he knew there was a man on earth save himself. In the hall she turned to him, her face cold and pale.

"I have faithful guards about me now. Allode has said he did not see you in the throneroom. He will die before he will say otherwise," she said, her lips trembling with shame.

"By your command?"

"By my request. I do not command my men to lie."

Side by side they passed down the quiet hall, silent, thoughtful, the strain of death upon their hearts.

"I shall obey the only command you have given, then. This day I leave the castle. You will let me come again—to see you? There can be no harm"—

"No! You must leave Graustark at once!" she interrupted, the tones low.

"I refuse to go! I shall remain in Edelweiss, near you, just so long as I feel that I may be of service to you."

"I cannot drive you out as I would a thief," she said pointedly.

At the top of the broad staircase he held out his hand and murmured:

"Goodby, your highness."

"Goodby," she said simply, placing her hand in his after a moment's hesitation. Then she left him.

An hour later the two Americans, one strangely subdued, the other curious, excited and impatient, stood before the castle waiting for the carriage. Count Halfont was with them, begging them to remain, as he could see no reason for the sudden leavetaking. Lorry assured him that they had trespassed long enough on the court's hospitality and that he would feel much more comfortable at the hotel. Anguish looked narrowly at his friend's face, but said nothing. He was beginning to understand.

"Let us walk to the gates. The count will oblige us by instructing the coachman to follow," said Lorry, eager to be off.

"Allow me to join you in the walk, gentlemen," said Count Caspar, immediately instructing a lackey to send the carriage after them. He and Lorry walked on together, Anguish lingering behind, having caught sight of the Countess Dagmar. That charming and unconventional piece of nobility promptly followed the prime minister's example and escorted the remaining guest to the gate.

Far down the walk Lorry turned for a last glance at the castle from which love had banished him. Yetive was standing on the balcony, looking not at the monastery, but at the exile.

She remained there long after the carriage had passed her gates bearing the Americans swiftly over the white Castle avenue, and there were tears in her eyes.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BETROTHAL.

HARRY Anguish was a discreet, forbearing fellow. He did not demand a full explanation of his friend. There was enough natural wit in his merry head to see that in connection with their departure there was something that would not admit of discussion even by confidential friends. He shrewdly formed his own conclusions and held his peace. Nor did he betray surprise when Lorry informed him in answer to a question that he intended to remain in Edelweiss for some time, adding that he could not expect him to do likewise if he preferred to return to Paris. But Mr. Anguish preferred to remain in Edelweiss. Had not the Countess Dagmar told him she would always be happy to see him at the castle, and had he any reason to renounce its walls? And so it was that they tarried together.

Lorry loitered aimlessly, moodily, about the town, spending gloomy days and wretched nights. He reasoned that it were wisdom to fly, but a force stronger than reason held him in Edelweiss. He ventured several times to the castle wall, but turned back resolutely. There was hope in his breast that she might send for him. There was at least the possibility of seeing her should she ride through the streets. Anguish, on the other hand, visited the castle daily. He spent hours with the pretty countess, undismayed by the noble moths that fluttered about her flame, and he was ever persistent, light hearted and gay. He brought to Lorry's ears all that he could learn of the princess. Several times he had seen her and had spoken with her. She inquired casually after the health of his friend, but nothing more. From the countess he ascertained that her highness was sleeping soundly, eating heartily and apparently enjoying the best of spirits, information decidedly irritating to the one who received it second hand.

They had been at the hotel for over a week when one afternoon Anguish rushed into the room out of breath and scarcely able to control his excitement.

"What's up?" cried Lorry. "Has the countess sacked you?"

"Not on your coin! But something is up, and I am its discoverer. You remember what you said about suspecting Prince Gabriel of being the chief agent in the abduction job? Well, my boy, I am now willing to stake my life that he is the man." The news bearer sat down on the edge of the bed and drew the first long breath he had had in a long time.

"Why do you think so?" demanded the other, all interest.

"Heard him talking just now. I didn't know who the fellow was at first, but he was talking to some strange looking soldiers as I passed. As soon as I heard his voice I knew he was Michael. There isn't any question about it, Lorry. I am positive. He did not observe me, but I suppose by this time he has learned that his little job was frustrated by two Americans who heard the plot near the castle gates. He has nerve to come here, hasn't he?"

"If he is guilty, yes. Still he may feel secure because he is a powerful prince and able to resent any accusation with a show of force. Where is he now?"

"I left him there. Come on. We'll go down, and you can see for yourself."

They hurried to the corridor, which was swarming with men in strange uniforms. There were a few Graustark officers, but the majority of the buzzing conversationalists were dressed in a rich gray uniform.

"Who are these strangers?" asked Lorry.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Prince Lorenz is also here, and these gray fellows are a part of his retinue. Lorenz has gone on to the castle. What's the matter?" Lorry had turned pale and was reaching for the wall with unsteady hand.

"He has come for his answer," he said slowly, painfully.

"That's right. I hadn't thought of that. I hope she turns him down. But there's Gabriel over yonder. See those three fellows in blue? The middle one is the prince."

Near the door leading to the piazza stood several men, gray and blue. The man designated as Gabriel was in the center, talking gayly and somewhat loudly, puffing at a cigarette between sentences. He was not tall, but he was strongly and compactly built. His hair and cropped beard were as black as coal, his eyes wide, black and lined. It was a pleasure worn face, and Lorry shuddered as he thought of the princess in the power of this evil looking wretch. They leisurely made their way to a spot near the talkers. There was no mistaking the voice. Prince Gabriel and Michael were one and the same beyond all doubt. But how to prove it to the satisfaction of others? Skepticism would follow any attempt to proclaim the prince guilty because his voice sounded like that of the chief conspirator. In a matter where whole nations were concerned the gravest importance would be attached to the accusation of a ruler. Satisfying themselves as to the identity of that peculiar voice, the friends passed through to the piazza.

"What's to be done?" asked Anguish, boiling over with excitement.

"We must go to Baron Dangloss, tell him of our positive discovery, and then consult Count Halfont."

"And her royal highness, of course."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Lorry, flicking the ashes from his cigar with a finger that was now steady. He was serving the princess again.

They hurried to the tower and were soon in the presence of the fierce little chief of police. Lorry had spent many hours with Dangloss of late, and they had become friends. His grim old face blanched perceptibly as he heard the assertions of the young men. He shook his head despairingly.

"It may be as you say, gentlemen, but I am afraid we can do nothing. To charge a prince with such a crime and on such evidence would be madness. I am of your belief, however. Prince Gabriel is the man I have suspected. Now I am convinced. Before we can do anything in such a grave matter it will be necessary to consult the princess and her ministers. In case we conclude to accuse the Prince of Dawsbergen it must be after careful and judicious thought. There are many things to consider, gentlemen. For my part, I would be overjoyed to seize the villain and to serve him as we did his tools, but my hands are tied, you see. I would suggest that you go at once to the princess and Count Halfont, tell them of your suspicions"—

"Not suspicions, my lord—facts," interrupted Anguish.

"Well, then, facts, and ascertain how they feel about taking up a proposition that may mean war. May I ask you to come at once to me with their answer. It is possible that they will call for a consultation with the ministers, nobles and high officers. Still, I fear they will be unwilling to risk much on the rather flimsy proof you can give. Gabriel is powerful, and we do not seek a war with him. There is another foe for whom we are quietly whetting our swords." The significant remark caused both listeners to prick up their ears. But he disappointed their curiosity, and they were left to speculate as to whom the other foe might be. Did he mean that Graustark was secretly, slyly, making ready to resist, treaty or no treaty?

It required prolonged urging on the part of Anguish to persuade Lorry to accompany him to the castle, but, when once determined to go before the princess with their tale, he was eager, impatient, to cross the distance that lay between the hotel and the forbidden grounds. They walked rapidly down Castle avenue and were soon at the gates. The guard knew them, and they were admitted without a word. As they hurried through the park they saw many strange men in gray, gaudy uniforms, and it occurred to Lorry that their visit, no matter how great its importance, was ill timed. Prince Lorenz was holding the center of the stage.

Anguish, with his customary impulsiveness, overruled Lorry's objections, and they proceeded toward the entrance. The guards of the princess saluted profoundly, while the minions of Lorenz stared with ill bred wonder upon these two tall men from another world. It could be seen that the castle was astir with excitement, subdued and pregnant with thriving hopes and fears. The nobility of Graustark was there. The visitors of Axphain were being entertained.

At the castle doors the two men met their first obstacle, but they had anticipated its presence. Two guards halted them peremptorily.

"We must see her royal highness," said Anguish, but the men could not understand him. They stolcally stood their ground, shaking their heads.

"Let us find some one who can understand us," advised Lorry, and in a few moments they presented themselves before the guards, accompanied by a young nobleman with whom they had acquaintance. He succeeded in advancing them to the reception hall inside the doors and found for them a servant who would carry a message to the princess if it were possible to gain her presence. The nobleman doubted very much, however, if the missive hastily written by Lorry could find its way to her, as she had never been so occupied as now.

Lorry in his brief note prayed for a short audience for himself and Mr. Anguish, requesting that Count Halfont be present. He informed her that his mission was of the most imperative nature and that it related to a discovery made concerning the prince who had tried to abduct her. In conclusion he wrote that Baron Dangloss had required him to lay certain facts before her and that he had come with no intention to annoy her.

While they sat in the waiting room they saw through the glass doors dozens of richly attired men and women in the hall beyond. They were conversing animatedly, Graustark men and women with dejected faces, Axphainians with exultation glowing in every glance. Lorry's heart sank within him. It seemed hours before the servant returned to bid them follow him. Then his blood leaped madly through veins that had been chilled and lifeless. He was to see her again.

Their guide conducted them to a small anteroom, where he left them. A few moments later the door opened, and there swept quickly into the room the Countess Dagmar, not the princess. Her face was drawn with the trouble and sorrow she was trying so hard to conceal. Both men were on their feet in an instant, advancing to meet her.

"The princess? Is she ill?" demanded Lorry.

"Not ill, but mad, I fear," answered she, giving a hand to each. "Mr. Lorry, she bids me say to you that she cannot see you. She appreciates the importance of your mission and thanks you for the interest you have taken. Also she authorizes me to assure you that nothing can be done at present regarding the business on which you come."

"She refuses to see us," said he slowly, his face whiter than ever.

"Nay; she begs that you will excuse her. Her highness is sorely worn and distressed today, and, I fear, cannot endure all that is happening. She is apparently calm and composed, but I, who know her so well, can see the strain beneath."

"Surely she must see the urgency of quick action in this matter of ours!" cried Anguish half angrily. "We are not dogs to be kicked out of the castle. We have a right to be treated fairly"—

"We cannot censure the princess, Harry," said Lorry calmly. "We have come because we would befriend her, and she sees fit to reject our good offices. There is but one thing left for us to do—depart as we came."

"But I don't like it a little bit," growled the other.

"If you only knew, Mr. Anguish, you would not be so harsh and unjust," remonstrated the lady warmly. Turning to Lorry, she said, "She asked me to hand you this, and to bid you retain it as a token of her undying esteem."

She handed him a small, exquisite miniature of the princess framed in gold inlaid with rubies. He took it dumbly in his fingers, but dared not look at the portrait it contained. With what might have seemed disrespect he dropped the treasure into his coat pocket.

"Tell her I shall always retain it as a token of her esteem," he said. "And now may I ask whether she handed my note to her uncle, the count?"

The countess blushed in a most unaccountable manner.

"Not while I was with her," she said, recovering the presence of mind she apparently had lost.

"She destroyed it, I presume," said he, laughing harshly.

"I saw her place it in her bosom, sir, and with the right hand," cried the countess as if betraying a state secret.

"In her— You are telling me the truth?" cried he, his face lighting up.

"Now, see here, Lorry, don't begin to question the countess' word. I won't stand for that," interposed Anguish good humoredly.

"I should be more than base to say falsely that she had done anything so absurd," said the countess indignantly.

"Where is she now?" asked Lorry.

"In her boudoir. The Prince Lorenz is with her—alone."

"What!" he cried, jealousy darting into his existence. He had never known jealousy before.

"They are betrothed," said she, with an effort. There was a dead silence, broken by Lorry's deep groan as he turned and walked blindly to the opposite side of the room. He stopped in front of a huge painting and stared at it, but did not see a line or a tint.

"You don't mean to say she has accepted?" half whispered Anguish.

"Nothing less."

"Thank God, you are only a countess," he said tenderly.

"Why—why—what difference can it make—I mean, why do you say that?" she stammered, crimson to her hair.

"Because you won't have to sell yourself at a sacrifice," he said foolishly. Lorry came back to them at this juncture, outwardly calm and deliberate.

"Tell us about it, pray. We had guessed as much."

"Out there are his people—the wretches!" she cried vindictively, her pretty face in a helpless frown. "Today was the day, you know, on which he was to have his answer. He came and knelt in the audience chamber. All Graustark had implored her to refuse the hated offer, but she bade him rise, and there, before us all, promised to become his bride.

"The greatest sorrow Graustark has ever known grows out of that decision. She is determined to save for us what her father's folly lost. To do this she becomes the bride of a vile wretch, a man who soils her pure nature when he thinks of her. Oh, we sought to dissuade her—we begged, we entreated, but without avail. She will not sacrifice one foot of Graustark to save herself. See the triumphant smiles on their faces—the brutes!" She pointed maliciously to the chattering visitors in the hall. "Already they think the castle theirs. The union of Graustark and Axphain—just what they most desired, but we could not make her see it so!"

"Is the day set?" asked Lorry bravely after a moment's silent inspection of the dark browed victors.

"Yes, and there is to be no delay. The marriage contract has already been signed. The date is Nov. 20, the day on which we are to account to Bolanz for our war debt. The old prince's wedding gift to Graustark is to be a document favoring us with a ten years' extension," she said scornfully.

"And where is she to live?"

"Here, of course. She is Graustark's ruler, and here she insists on abiding. Just contemplate our court! Overrun with those Axphain dogs! Ah, she has wounded Graustark more than she has helped her."

There was nothing more to be said or done, so after a few moments the Americans took their departure. The countess bade them farewell, saying that she must return to the princess.

"I'll see you tomorrow," said Anguish, with rare assurance and the air of an old and indispensable friend.

"And you, Mr. Lorry?" she said curiously.

"I am very much occupied," he mumbled.

"You do wrong in seeking to deceive me," she whispered as Anguish passed through the door ahead of them. "I know why you do not come."

"Has she told you?"

"I have guessed. Would that it could have been you and not the other!"

"One cannot be a man and a prince at the same time, I fancy," he said bitterly.

"Nor can one be a princess and a woman."

Lorry recalled the conversation in the sickroom two weeks before and smiled ironically. The friendly girl left them at the door, and they passed out of the castle.

"I shall leave Edelweiss tomorrow," said one, more to himself than to his companion as they crossed the parade. The other gave a start and did not speak for a moment. Then he instinctively looked toward the castle.

"The princess is at the window!" he said, touching Lorry's arm and pointing back. But the other refused to turn, walking on blindly. "You ought not to have acted like that, Gren," said Anguish a few moments later. "She saw me call your attention to her, and she saw you refuse to look back. I don't think that you should have hurt her." Lorry did not respond, and there was no word between them until they were outside the castle gates.

"You may leave tomorrow, Lorry, if you like, but I'm going to stay awhile," said Harry a trifle confusedly.

"Haven't you had enough of the place?"

"I don't care a whoop for the place. You see, it's this way: I'm just as hard hit as you, and it is not a princess that I have to contend with."

"You mean that you are in love with the countess?"

"Emphatically."

"I'm sorry for you."

"Think she'll turn me down?"

"Unless you buy a title of one of these miserable counts or dukes."

"Oh, I'm not so sure about that. These counts and dukes come over and marry our American girls. I don't see why I can't step in and pick out a nice little countess if I want to."

"She is not as avaricious as the

"One thing we are sure of," [illegible] counts and dukes, I'm willing, she cares nothing for your money."

"Well, she's not going to be a church mouse," said the [illegible]

"The countess, you? How do you know?"

"I asked her [illegible] and she told me all about it."

(To be continued.)

Pimples

Are always "beautiful" and always "happy," according to the social reputation and in this case the report is merely true. There may be unhappy hearts in addition, but there are few in real life. But how hard it is to look upon many of the wives we know, and believe that they were once beautiful and happy. Pain, the result of womanly disease, has marred beauty and embittered happiness.

$500 REWARD! FOR WOMEN WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and unbroken cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can feel fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in legal money of the United States for any case of Leucorrhœa, Falling of Womb, Weakness, Prolapsus, or Bearing-down of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their medicine, or cure.

"I have thought for some time I would write you and tell you of the great benefit received from your 'Favorite Prescription.' I suffered very much with pain in my side, and was so nervous I could not work. Was advised to try your 'Prescription,' and before I had taken half a bottle I noticed a great improvement in my health. Before the first bottle was used up I was suffering with almost every pain that a woman is subject to, but inflammation of ovaries, bloated and suppressed periods, and other symptoms of female disease. After using three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' I felt like a new person. Can recommend it to all suffering women." Mrs. Jennie Bonsteel, Box 1, Ashley, Ill.

If you are looking for a perfect laxative try Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

The recent floods in California have occasioned some loss of life. During the first high water, two men were reported drowned in tributaries of the Klamath in Siskiyou county. Some time later, a man, yet unidentified, was seen riding a log in the Sacramento river. He was seen at Kennet, at Keswick, at Redding and at Red Bluff. He would call to the onlookers for help, but the current was so swift that he would be out of sight before the surprised observers could gather their wits. Night was falling as he was swept past Red Bluff and no more was seen of him. He was doubtless drowned.

A Favorite Remedy for Babies.

Its pleasant taste and prompt cures have made Chamberlain's Cough remedy a favorite with mothers of small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colds and prevents any danger of pneumonia or other serious consequences. It not only relieves croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. For sale by all druggists.

GUARDIAN'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that on Friday, the 25th day of March, 1904, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the front door of the Court House for Josephine County, Oregon, in Grants Pass, Oregon, I will offer for sale for cash to the highest bidder, the undivided one-half interest of Mabel I. Smith, a minor, in and to Lots 7 in Block 48 of the town of Grants Pass, in Josephine County, Oregon, subject to the claim of dower of Sarah E. Smith.

Dated Grants Pass, Ore., February 23, 1904.

SARAH E. SMITH,
Guardian of the estate of Mabel I Smith, a minor

NOTCE TO LABORERS AND MINERS.

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

That all those 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 presons 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.

Tragedy Averted.

"Just in the nick of time our little boy was saved," writes Mrs. W. Watkins of Pleasant City, Ohio. "Pneumonia had played sad havoc with him and a terrible cough set in besides. Doctors treated him, but he grew worse every day. At length we tried Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, and our darling was saved. Everybody ought to know it's the only cure sure for coughs, colds and all lung diseases. Guaranteed by National Drug Store and Grants Pass Pharmacy. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

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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 for 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.

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NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

In The County Court of The State of Oregon, For The County of Josephine.

In the matter of the estate of John P. Ranzau, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the final account of John Ranzau and Sarah Smock, the executors of the estate of John P. Ranzau, deceased, has been rendered to said court for settlement, and that a petition for a final distribution of the estate has been filed with said account, and that the 18th day of March, A. D. 1904, at 10 o'clock, A. M., has been duly appointed by said court for the settlement of said account and hearing said petition at which time any person interested in said estate may appear and file his exceptions, in writing, to said account, and contest the same.

Dated February 16th, 1904.

JOHN RANZAU,
SARAH SMOCK,
Executors.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, For the County of Josephine.

In the matter of the Estate of Horace Gasquet, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the final account of C. E. Harmon, the administrator of the estate of Horace Gasquet, deceased, has been rendered to said court for settlement, and that a petition for a final distribution of the estate has been filed with said account, and that the 21st day of March, A. D. 1904, at 10 o'clock A.M., has been duly appointed by said court for the settlement of said account and hearing said petition, at which time any person interested in said estate may appear and file his exceptions, in writing, to said account, and contest the same.

Dated at Grants Pass, Ore., Feb. 18, 1904.

C. E. HARMON, Administrator.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTEMENT.

In the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon.

In the matter of the Estate of Charles Lee Ellsworth, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the above entitled estate, has filed in said court, his final account and the said court, Hon. J. O. Booth, Judge, has ordered that notice thereof be published in the Rogue River Courier, published at Grants Pass, Oregon, for the period of four successive weeks and has set Thursday, March 24, 1904, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day as the time for settling said account, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear and present their objections thereto, on or before said date.

Dated at Grants Pass, Josephine County, Oregon, February 24, 1904.

J. E. PETERSON, Administrator.

NOTICE OF FORFEITURE.

Grants Pass, Oregon, Feb. 4, 1904.

To S. J. Paul:

You are hereby notified that the undersigned, Frants 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 330 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.

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St. Paul Fast Mail 7:45 a. m. via Spokane.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Wallace, Pullman, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	8:0

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