GRAUSTARK

...By...

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Copyright, 1901, by Herbert S. Stone

CHAPTER XVI.

A CLASH AND ITS RESULT.

"I FEEL like spending the rest of my days in that monastery up there," said Lorry after dinner that evening. They were strolling about the town. One was determined to leave the city, the other firm in his resolve to stay. The latter won the day when he shrewdly if explosively reminded the former that it was their duty as men to stay and protect the princess from the machinations of Gabriel, that knave of purgatory. Lorry, at last recognizing the hopelessness of his suit, was ready to throw down his arms and abandon the field to superior odds. His presumption in aspiring for the hand of a princess began to touch his sense of humor, and he laughed, not very merrily, it is true, but long and loudly, at his folly. At first he cursed the world and every one in it, giving up in despair, but later he cursed only himself. Yet as he despaired and scoffed he felt within himself an ever present hope that luck might turn the tide of battle.

This puzzling grew perceptibly when Anguish brought him to feel that she needed his protection from the man who had once sought to despoil and who might reasonably be expected to persevere. He agreed to linger in Edelweiss, knowing that each day would add pain to the torture he was already suffering, his sole object being, he convinced himself, to frustrate Gabriel's evil plans.

Returning late in the evening from their stroll, they entered a cafe celebrated in Edelweiss. In all his life Lorry had never known the loneliness that makes death welcome.

The cafe was crowded with men and women. In a far corner sat a party of Axphain nobles, their prince, a most democratic fellow, at the head of a long table. There were songs, jests and boisterous laughter. The celebration grew wilder, and Lorry and Anguish crossed the room and, taking seats at a table, ordered wine and cigars, both eager for a closer view of the prince. How Lorry loathed him!

Lorenz was a good looking young fellow, little more than a boy. His smooth face was flushed, and there was about him an air of dissipation that suggested depravity in its advanced stage. The face that might have been handsome was the reflection of a roue, dashing, devilish. He was fair haired and tall, taller than his companions by half a head. With reckless abandon he drank and sang and jested, arrogant in his flighty merriment. His cohorts were not far behind him in riotous wit.

At length one of the revelers, speaking in German, called on Lorenz for a toast to the Princess Yetive, his promised bride. Without a moment's hesitation the prince sprang to his feet, held his glass aloft and cried:

"Here's to the fairest of the fair, sweet Yetive, so hard to win, too good to lose. She loves me, God bless her heart! And I love her. God bless my heart too! For each kiss from her wondrous lips I shall credit myself with 1,000 gavvos. That is the price of a kiss."

"I'll give 2,000!" roared one of the nobles, and there was a laugh in which the prince joined.

"Nay! I'll not sell them now. In after years, when she has grown old and her lips are parched and dry from the sippings I have had, I'll sell them all at a bargain. Alas, she has not yet kissed me!"

Lorry's heart bounded with joy, though his hands were clinched in rage.

"She will kiss me tomorrow. Tomorrow I shall taste what no other man has touched, what all men have coveted. And I'll be generous, gentlemen. She is so fair that your foul mouths would blight with but one caress upon her tender lips, and yet you shall not be deprived of bliss. I shall kiss her thrice for each of you. Let me count. Thrice eleven is thirty-three. Aye, thirty-three of my kisses shall be wasted for the sake of my friends. Lucky dogs! Drink to my princess!"

"Bravo!" cried the others. And the glasses were raised to lip.

A chair was overturned. The form of a man landed suddenly at the side of the prince, and a rough hand dashed the glass from his fingers, the contents flying over his immaculate English evening dress.

"Don't you dare to drink that toast!" cried a voice in his astonished ear, a voice speaking in excited German. He whirled and saw a scowling face beside his own, a pair of gray eyes that flashed fire.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, anger replacing amazement. The other members of his party stood as if spellbound.

"I mean that you speak of the Princess of Graustark. Do you understand that, you miserable cur?"

"Oh!" screamed the prince, convulsed with rage, starting back and instinctively reaching for the sword he did not carry. "You shall pay for this! I will teach you to interfere"—

"I'll insult you more decidedly just to avoid misapprehension," snarled Lorry, swinging his big fist squarely upon the mouth of the prince. His royal highness landed under a table ten feet away.

Instantly the cafe was in an uproar. The stupefied Axphainians regained their senses, and a general assault was made upon the bedeviled American. He knocked another down, Harry Anguish coming to his assistance with several savage blows, after which the Graustark spectators and the waiters interfered. It was all over in an instant, yet a sensation that would live in the gossip of generations had been created. A prince of the realm had been brutally assaulted! Holding his jaw, Lorenz picked himself from the floor, several of his friends running to his aid. There was blood on his lips and chin; it trickled to his shirt front. For some moments he stood panting, glaring at Lorry's mocking face.

"I am Lorenz of Axphain, sir," he said at last, his voice quivering with suppressed anger.

"It shall be a pleasure to kill you, Lorenz," observed his adversary, displaying his ignorance of lese majesty.

Anguish, pale and very much concerned, dragged him away, the prince leaving the cafe ahead of them, followed by his chattering, cursing companions. Prince Gabriel was standing near the door as they passed out. He looked at the Americans sharply, and Anguish detected something like triumphant joy in his eyes.

"Good Lord, Lorry, this means a duel! Don't you know that?" cried he as they started upstairs.

"Of course I do, and I'm going to kill that villain too!" exclaimed Lorry loud enough to be heard from one end of the room to the other.

"This is horrible, horrible! Let me square it up some way if"— began the alarmed Anguish.

"Square it up! Look here, Harry Anguish, I am the one who will do the squaring. If he wants a duel, he can have it at any old time and in any style he desires."

"He may kill you!"

"Not while a just God rules over our destinies. I'll take my chances with pistols, and now let me tell you one thing, my boy: He'll never live to touch his lips to hers, nor will there be a royal wedding. She cannot marry a dead man." He was beside himself with excitement, and it was fully half an hour before Anguish could bring him to a sensible discussion of the affair. Gradually he became cool, and, the fever once gone, he did not lose his head again.

"Choose pistols at ten paces and at 8 tomorrow," he said nonchalantly, as a rap at the door of their apartment announced the arrival of the prince's friend.

Anguish admitted two well dressed, black bearded men, both of whom had sat at the prince's table in the cafe. They introduced themselves as the Duke of Mizrox and Colonel Attobawn. Their visit was brief, formal and conclusive.

"We understand that you are persons of rank in your own America?" said the Duke of Mizrox after a few moments.

"We are sons of business men," responded Mr. Anguish.

"Oh, well, I hardly know. But his highness is very willing to waive his rank and to grant you a meeting."

"I'm delighted by his highness' condescension, which I perfectly understand," observed Mr. Anguish. "Now, what have we to settle, gentlemen?"

"The detail of weapons."

When Anguish announced that his principal chose pistols, a strange gleam crept into the eyes of the Axphainians, and they seemed satisfied. Colonel Attobawn acted as interpreter during this short but very important interview, which was carried on in the Axphain language. Lorry sat on the window sill steadfastly gazing into the night. The visitors departed soon, and it was understood that Prince Lorenz would condescend to meet Mr. Lorry at 8 o'clock on the next morning in the valley beyond the castle, two miles from town. There was no law prohibiting duels in Graustark.

"Well, you're in for it, old man," said Anguish gloomily, his chin in his hands as he fastened melancholy eyes upon his friend.

"Don't worry about me, Harry. There's only one way for this thing to

"Don't you dare to drink that toast!"

end. His royal highness is doomed." Lorry spoke with the earnestness and conviction of one who is permitted to see into the future.

Calmly he prepared to write some letters, not to say farewell, but to explain to certain persons the cause of the duel and to say that he gloried in the good fortune which had presented itself. One of these letters was addressed to his mother, another to the father of Prince Lorenz and the last to the Princess of Graustark. To the latter he wrote much that did not appear in the epistles directed to the others. Anguish had been in his room more than an hour and had frequently called to his friend and begged him to secure what rest he could in order that their nerves might be steady in the morning. But it was not until after midnight that the duellist sealed the envelopes, directed them and knocked at his second's door to say:

"I shall intrust these letters to you, Harry. You must see that they start on their way tomorrow."

Then he went to bed and to sleep.

At 6 o'clock his second, who had slept but little, called him. They dressed hurriedly and prepared for the ride to the valley. Their own new English building revolvers were to serve as weapons in the coming combat, and a carriage was to be in waiting for them in a side street at 7 o'clock.

Before leaving their room they heard evidences of commotion in the hotel and were apprehensive lest the inmates had learned of the duel and were making ready to follow the fighters to the appointed spot. There was a confusion of voices, the sound of rushing feet, the banging of doors, the noise increasing as the two men stepped into the open hall. They were amazed to see half dressed men and women standing or running about the halls, intense excitement in their faces and in their actions. White uniformed policemen were flocking into the corridors. Soldiers, coatless and hatless, fresh from their beds, came dashing upon the scene. There were excited cries, angry shouts and, more mystifying than all, horrified looks and whispers.

"What has happened?" asked Lorry, stopping near the door.

"It can't be a fire. Look! The door to that room down there seems to be the center of attraction. Hold on! Don't go over there, Lorry. There may be something to unnerve you, and that must not happen now. Let us go down this stairway. It leads to a side entrance, I think." They were half way down the stairs when the thunder of rushing feet in the hall above came to their ears, causing them to hesitate between curiosity and good judgment. "They are coming this way."

"Hear them howl! What the devil can be the cause of all this rumpus?" cried the other.

At that instant a half dozen police guards appeared at the head of the stairs. Upon seeing the Americans they stopped and turned as if to oppose a foe approaching from the opposite direction. Baron Dangloss separated himself from the white coats above and called to the men below. In alarm they started for the street door. He was with them in an instant, his usually red face changing from white to purple, his anxious eyes darting first toward the group above and then toward the bewildered Americans.

"What's the matter?" demanded Lorry.

"There! See!" cried Dangloss, and even as he spoke a conflict began at the head of the stairs, the police, augmented by a few soldiers, struggling against a howling, enraged mass of Axphainians. Dangloss dragged his reluctant charges through a small door, and they found themselves in the baggage room of the hotel. Despite their queries he offered no explanation, but rushed them along, passing out of the opposite door, down a short stairway and into a side street. A half dozen police guards were awaiting them, and before they could catch the faintest idea of what it all meant they were running with the officers through an alley as if pursued by demons.

"Now, what in thunder does this mean?" panted Lorry, attempting to slacken the pace. He and Anguish were just beginning to regain their senses.

"Do not stop! Do not stop!" wheezed Dangloss. "You must get to a place of safety. We cannot prevent something dreadful happening if you are caught!"

"If we are caught!" cried Anguish. "Why, what have we done?"

"Unhand me, Baron Dangloss. This is an outrage!" shouted Lorry.

"For heaven's sake, be calm! We are befriending you. When we reach the tower, where you will be safe, I shall explain," gasped the panting chief of police. A few moments later they were inside the prison gates, angry, impatient, fatigued.

"Is this a plan to prevent the duel?" demanded Lorry, turning upon the chief, who had dropped limply into a chair and was mopping his brow. When he could find his breath enough to answer, Dangloss did so, and he might as well have thrown a bombshell at their feet.

"There'll be no duel. Prince Lorenz is dead!"

"Dead!" gasped the others.

"Found dead in his bed, stabbed to the heart!" exclaimed the chief. "We have saved you from his friends, gentlemen, but I must say that you are still in a tight place."

He then related to them the whole story. Just before 6 o'clock Mizrox had gone to the prince's room to prepare him for the duel. The door was closed, but unlocked, as he found after repeated knockings. Lorenz was lying on the bed, undressed and covered with blood. The horrified duke made a hasty examination and found that he was dead. A dagger had been driven to his heart as he slept. The hotel was aroused, the police were called, and the excitement was at its highest pitch when the two friends came from their room a few minutes after 6.

"But what have we to do with this dreadful affair? Why are we rushed off here like criminals?" asked Lorry, a feeling of cruel gladness growing out of the knowledge that Lorenz was dead and that the princess was freed from her compact.

"My friend," said Dangloss slowly, "you are accused of the murder."

Lorry was too much stunned to be angry, too weak to protest. For some moments after the blow fell he and Anguish were speechless. Then came the protestations, the rage and the threats, through all of which Dangloss sat calmly. Finally he sought to quiet them, partially succeeding.

"Mr. Lorry, the evidence is very strong against you, but you shall not be unjustly treated. You are not a prisoner as yet. In Graustark a man who is accused of murder and who was not seen by any one to commit the crime cannot be legally arrested until an accuser shall go before the princess, who is also high priestess, and swear on his life that he knows the guilty man. The man who so accuses agrees to forfeit his own life in case the other is proved innocent. If you are to be charged with the murder of the prince, some one must go before the princess and take oath—his life against yours. I am holding you here, sir, because it is the only place in which you are safe. Lorenz's friends would have torn you to pieces had we not found you first. You are not prisoners, and you may depart if you think it wise."

"But how can they accuse me? I knew nothing of the murder until I reached this place," cried Lorry, stopping short in his restless walk before the little baron.

"So you say, but"—

"If you accuse me, I'll kill you!" whispered Lorry, holding himself tense. Anguish caught and held him.

"Be calm, sir," cautioned Dangloss. "I may have my views, but I am not willing to take oath before her royal highness. Listen. You were heard to say you would kill him. You began the fight. You were the aggressor, and there is no one else on earth, it is said, who could have wished to murder him. The man who did the stabbing entered the room through the hall door and left by the same. There are drops of blood in the carpet, leading direct to your door. On your knob are the prints of bloody fingers where you—or some one else—placed his hand in opening the door. It was this discovery, made by me and my men, that fully convinced the enraged friends of the dead prince that you were guilty. When we opened the door, you were gone. Then came the search, the fight at the head of the stairs and the race to the prison. The reason I saved you from that mob should be plain to you. I love my princess, and I do not forget that you risked your life, each of you, to protect her. I have done all that I can, gentlemen, to protect you in return. It means death to you if you fall into the hands of his followers just now. A few hours will cool them off no doubt, but now—now it would be madness to face them. I know not what they have done to my men at the hotel—perhaps butchered them."

There was anxiety in Dangloss' voice, and there was honesty in his keen old eyes. His charges now saw the situation clearly and apologized warmly for the words they had uttered under the pressure of somewhat extenuating circumstances. They expressed a willingness to remain in the prison until the excitement abated or until some one swore his life against the supposed murderer. They were virtually prisoners, and they knew it well. Furthermore, they could see that Baron Dangloss believed Lorry guilty of the murder. Protestations of innocence had been politely received and politely disregarded.

"Do you expect one of his friends to take the oath?" asked Lorry.

"Yes; it is sure to come."

"But you will not do so yourself?"

"No."

"I thank you, captain, for I see that you believe me guilty."

"I do not say you are guilty, remember, but I will say that if you did murder Prince Lorenz you have made the people of Graustark rejoice from the bottoms of their hearts, and you will be eulogized from one end of the land to the other."

"Hanged and eulogized," said Lorry grimly.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE TOWER.

THE two captives who were not prisoners were so dazed by the unexpected events of the morning that they did not realize the vast seriousness of the situation for hours. Then it dawned upon them that appearances were really against them and that they were alone in a land far beyond the reach of help from home. One circumstance puzzled them with its damning mystery: How came the blood stains upon the doorknob? Dangloss courteously discussed this strange and unfortunate feature with them, but with ill concealed skepticism. It was evident that his mind was clear in regard to the whole affair.

Anguish was of the opinion that the real murderer had stained the knob intentionally, aiming to cast suspicion on the man who had been challenged. The assassin had an object in leaving those convicting finger marks where they would do the most damage. He either desired the arrest and death of the American or hoped that his own guilt might escape attention through the misleading evidence. Lorry held, from his deductions, that the crime had been committed by a fanatic who loved his sovereign too devotedly to see her wedded to Lorenz. Then why should he wantonly cast guilt upon the man who had been her protector, objected Dangloss.

The police guards came in from the hotel about 10 o'clock, bearing marks of an ugly conflict with the Axphainians. They reported that the avengers had been quelled for the time being, but that a deputation had already started for the castle to lay the matter before the princess. Officers had searched the rooms of the Americans for blood stains, but had found no sign of them.

"Did you find bloody water in which hands had been washed?" asked Anguish.

"No," responded one of the guards. "There was nothing to be found in the bowls and jars except soapy water. There is not a blood stain in the room, captain."

"That shakes your theory a little, eh?" cried Anguish triumphantly. "Examine Mr. Lorry's hands and see if there is blood upon them." Lorry's hands were white and uncontaminated. Dangloss wore a pucker on his brow.

Shortly afterward a crowd of Axphain men came to the prison gates and demanded the person of Grenfall Lorry, departing after an ugly show of rage. Curious Edelweiss citizens stood afar off, watching the walls and windows eagerly.

"This may cost Edelweiss a great deal of trouble, gentlemen, but there is more happiness here this morning than the city has known in months. Everybody believes you killed him, Mr. Lorry, but they all love you for the deed," said Dangloss, returning at noon from a visit to the hotel and a ride through the streets. "The prince's friends have been at the castle since 9 o'clock, and I am of the opinion that they are having a hard time with the high priestess."

"God bless her!" cried Lorry.

"The town is crazy with excitement. Messengers have been sent to old Prince Bolarox to inform him of the murder and to urge him to hasten hither, where he may fully enjoy the vengeance that is to be worked upon his son's slayer. I have not seen a wilder time in Edelweiss since the close of the siege, fifteen years ago. By my soul, you are in a bad box, sir. They are lurking in every part of town to kill you if you attempt to leave the tower before the princess signs an order to restrain you legally. Your life outside these walls would not be worth a snap of the fingers."

Captain Quinnox of the princess' bodyguard, accompanied by a half dozen of his men, rode up to the prison gates about 2 o'clock and was promptly admitted. The young captain was in sore distress.

"The Duke of Mizrox has sworn that you are the murderer, Mr. Lorry, and stakes his life," said he after greetings. "Her highness has just placed in my hands an order for your arrest as the assassin of Prince Lorenz."

Lorry turned as pale as death. "You—you don't mean to say that she has signed a warrant—that she believes me guilty?" he cried, aghast.

"She has signed the warrant, but very much against her inclination. Count Halfont informed me that she pleaded and argued with the duke for hours, seeking to avert the act which is bound to give pain to all of us. He was obdurate and threatened to carry complaint to Bolarox, who would instantly demand satisfaction. As the duke is willing to die if you are proved innocent, there was no other course left for her than to dictate and sign this royal decree. Captain Dangloss, I am instructed to give you these papers. One is the warrant for Mr. Lorry's arrest, the other orders you to assume charge of him and to place him, in confinement until the day of trial."

While Quinnox was making this statement the accused stood with bowed head and throbless heart. He did not see the captain's hand tremble as he passed the documents to Dangloss, nor did he hear the unhappy sigh that came from the latter's lips. Anguish, fiery and impulsive, was not to be subdued.

"Is there no warrant for my arrest?" he demanded.

"There is not. You are at liberty to go, sir," responded Quinnox.

"I'd like to know why there isn't! I am just as guilty as Lorry."

"The duke charges the crime to but one of you. Baron Dangloss, will you read the warrant?"

The old chief read the decree of the princess slowly and impressively. It was as follows:

Jacot, duke of Mizrox, before his God and on his life, swears that Grenfall Lorry did foully, maliciously and designedly slay Lorenz, prince of Axphain, on the 26th day of October, in the year of our Lord 189—, and in the city of Edelweiss, Graustark. It is therefore my decree that Grenfall Lorry be declared murderer of Lorenz, prince of Axphain, until he be proved innocent, in which instance his accuser, Jacot, duke of Mizrox, shall forfeit his life, according to the law of this land providing penalty for false witness, and by which he himself has sworn to abide faithfully.

Signed, YETIVE

There was silence for some moments broken by the dreary tones of the accused.

"What chance have I to prove my innocence?" he asked hopelessly.

"The same opportunity that he has to prove your guilt. The duke must, according to our law, prove you guilty beyond all doubt," spoke the young captain.

"When am I to be tried?"

"Here is my order from the princess," said Dangloss, glancing over the other paper. "It says that I am to confine you securely and to produce you before the tribunal on the 26th day of October."

(*To be continued.*)

The above will cheerfully be paid in lawful money of the United States, by the undersigned, proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, if they cannot show the original signature of the individual volunteering the testimonial below, and also of every testimonial among the thousands which they are constantly publishing attesting the superior curative properties of their several medicines, and thus proving the genuineness and reliability of all the multitude of testimonials volunteered by grateful people, in their behalf.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE REASON.—There is no medicine equal to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for purifying the blood. It carries off the poisons which contaminate the life fluid. It increases the activity of the blood-making glands and gives the body an increased supply of pure, body-building blood. It builds up the body with sound, healthy flesh instead of flabby fat, promotes the appetite, feeds the nerves, and so gives to weak, nervous people vitality and vigor.

"About a year ago I had a very bad cough and feared it would run into consumption," writes Hon. Geo. W. Lynch, of 27 Mason Street, Worcester, Mass. "When a severe attack of coughing would come on vomiting would set in. Matter accumulated in nose and my tonsils were irritated. After reading of the wonderful cures resulting from Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery began to use it, with some doubts as to the good it would do me. I am frank to say. But, after I had used one bottle I noticed quite a change for the better. Ordered five more bottles and before I had used them all the cure was complete. There is not now a trace of cough or cold in my system and my health is perfect."

To gain knowledge of your own body—in sickness and health—send for the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. A book of 1008 pages. Send 21 cents in stamps for paper-covered, or, 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Proper Treatment of Pneumonia.

Pneumonia is too dangerous a disease for anyone to attempt to doctor himself, although he may have the proper remedies at hand. A physician should always be called. It should be borne in mind, however, that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of the grip, and that by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the threatened attack of pneumonia may be warded off. This Dr. W. J. Smith, of Sanders, Ala., who is also a druggist, says of it: "I have been selling Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and prescribing it in my practice for the past six years." Sold by all druggists.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

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.

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.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

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

They commenced the serious investigation of the specific Nov. 15, 1900. They interviewed scores of the cured and tried it out on its merits by putting over three dozen cases on the treatment and watching them. They also got physicians to name chronic, incurable cases, and administered it with the physicians 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 still be mailed free on application. Address JOHN J. FULTON COMPANY, 420 Montgomery St. San Francisco, Cal.

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, 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 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.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM

This Remedy is a Specific. Sure to Give Satisfaction.

GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE.

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

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

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.

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

O.R.&N.

UNION PACIFIC

OREGON SHORT LINE

AND UNION PACIFIC

Three Trains to the East Daily

Through Pullman standard and tourist sleeping cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane; tourist sleeping cars daily to Kansas City; through Pullman tourist sleeping cars (personally conducted) weekly to Chicago, Kansas City, reclining chair cars (seats free) to the East daily.

70 HOURS PORTLAND TO CHICAGO No change of cars 70

Depart For	Time Schedules From Portland	Arrive From
Chicago-Portland Special 9:15 a. m. via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	5:25 p. m.
Atlantic Express 8:15 p. m. via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	9:00 a.m.
St. Paul Fast Mail 7:45 m via Spokane.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Wallace, Pullman, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	8:00 a. m.

Ocean and River Schedule

For San Francisco—Every five days at 8 p. m. For Astoria, way points and North Beach—Daily (except Sunday) at 8 p. m.; Saturday at 10 p. m. Daily service (water permitting) on Willamette and Yamhill rivers.

For further information ask or write your nearest ticket agent, or

A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent,
The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co.
Portland, Oregon.

ASK THE AGENT FOR TICKETS VIA

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

TO SPOKANE, ST. PAUL, DULUTH, MINNEAPOLIS CHICAGO, AND ALL POINTS EAST

2 TRAINS DAILY FAST TIME 2

NEW EQUIPMENT THROUGHOUT
Dry Coaches, Palace and Tourist Sleepers, Dining and Buffet Smoking Library Cars.

Daylight trip through the Cascade and Rocky Mountains.

For full particulars, rates, folders, etc., call on or address

H. DICKSON, C. T. A.
122 Third Street, Portland

S. G. YERKES, G. W. P. A.
612 First Avenue Seattle Wash.

Tell Me the Name Please.

Tell me the name and address of your friend in the East who might be induced to come west this spring or summer. I will furnish him, or her, with complete information regarding the low excursion rates and the best routes; will reserve berths, and do everything possible to insure a comfortable and pleasant journey.

If you're going east, I shall be glad to do as much for you.

Postal card will bring detailed information—send it to-day.

BURLINGTON ROUTE

A. C. SHELDON, General Agent,
100 Third Street,
Portland, - Oregon.

The DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILROAD

HO! FOR ST. LOUIS AND THE WORLD'S FAIR

WILL YOU BE THERE?

See Nature's Art Gallery of the Rockies in addition to the attractions at St. Louis. This can only be done by going or returning via the "SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD"

UNRIVALED SCENIC ATTRACTIONS
UNEQUALLED DINING CAR SERVICE
UNSURPASSED IN EFFORTS TO PLEASE

Write for illustrated booklet of Colorado's famous sights and resorts

W. C. McBRIDE, General Agent
124 Third Street PORTLAND, OREGON

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.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens from $2.50 up at Cramer Bros.

The Graphophone reproduces all kinds of music Not necessary to learn to play any instrument

Columbia Cylinder Graphophones

COLUMBIA DISC GRAPHOPHONE GRAND PRIZE PARIS 1900

$3.50 to $100 $15, $20 $30

COLUMBIA RECORDS

Fit any make of Talking machine

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE 17 containing list of vocal quartettes, trios, duets, solos, and selections for band, orchestra, cornet, piccolo, etc.

DISCS

Seven Inch 50 cents each, $5 a dozen
Ten Inch $1 each, $10 a dozen

CYLINDERS

BLACK SUPER-HARDENED COLUMBIA MOULDED RECORDS 25 CENTS EACH, $3 A DOZEN

Brand new process. Much more durable than any other cylinder

Columbia Phonograph Co.

125 Geary Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

For Sale in Grants Pass by W. A. Paddock.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

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