GRAUSTARK

...By...

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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Her uncle and aunt, the Countess Dagmar (whose merry brown eyes were so full of pretended dismay that the princess could scarcely restrain a smile), and Gaspon, the minister of finance, were awaiting her appearance. She heard the count's story of the escape, marveled at the prisoner's audacity and firmly announced that everything possible should be done to apprehend him. With a perplexed frown on her brow and a dubious twist to her lips, she said:

"I suppose I must offer a reward?"

"Certainly!" exclaimed her uncle.

"About 50 gavvos, uncle?"

"Fifty!" cried the two men, aghast.

"Isn't that enough?"

"For the murderer of a prince?" demanded Gaspon. "It would be absurd, your highness. He is a most important person."

"Quite so. He is a most important person. I think I'll offer 5,000 gavvos."

"More like it. He is worth that, at least," agreed Uncle Caspar.

"Beyond a doubt," sanctioned Gaspon.

"I am glad you do not consider me extravagant," she said demurely. "You may have the placards printed at once," she went on, addressing the treasurer. "Say that a reward of 5,000 gavvos will be paid to the person who delivers Grenfall Lorry to me."

"Would it not be better to say 'delivers Grenfall Lorry to the tower?'" submitted Gaspon.

"You may say 'to the undersigned' and sign my name," she said reflectively.

"Very well, your highness. They shall be struck off this morning."

"In large type, Gaspon. You must catch him if you can," she added. "He is a very dangerous man, and royalty needs protection." With this wise bit of caution she dismissed the subject and began to talk of the storm.

As the two young plotters were hastening up the stairs later on an attendant approached and informed the princess that Mr. Anguish requested an audience.

"Conduct him to my boudoir," she said, her eyes sparkling with triumph. In the seclusion of the boudoir she and the countess laughed like children over the reward that had been so solemnly ordered.

"Five thousand gavvos!" cried Dagmar, leaning back in her chair to emphasize the delight she felt. "What a joke!"

Tap, tap, came a knock on the door, and in the same instant it flew open, for Mr. Anguish was in a hurry. As he plunged into their presence a pair of heels found the floor spasmodically.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" he gasped as if about to fly. "May I come in?"

"Not unless you go outside. You are already in, it seems," said the princess, advancing to meet him. The countess was very still and sedate. "I am so glad you have come."

"Heard about Lorry? The fool is out and gone!" he cried, unable to restrain himself. Without a word she dragged him to the divan, and, between them, he soon had the whole story poured into his ears, the princess on one side, the countess on the other.

"You are a wonder!" he exclaimed when all the facts were known to him. He executed a little dance of approval, entirely out of place in the boudoir of a princess, but very much in touch with prevailing sentiment. "But what's to become of me?" he asked after cooling down. "I have no excuse for remaining in Graustark, and I don't like to leave him here either."

"Oh, I have made plans for you," said she. "You are to be held as hostage."

"What!"

"I thought of your predicament last night, and here is the solution: This very day I shall issue an order forbidding you the right to leave Edelweiss. You will not be in prison, but your every movement is to be watched. A strong guard will have you under surveillance, and any attempt to escape or to communicate with your friend will result in your confinement and his detection. In this way you may stay here until the time comes to fly. The Axphain people must be satisfied, you know. Your freedom will not be disturbed. You may come and go as you like, but you are ostensibly a prisoner. By detaining you forcibly we gain a point, for you are needed here. There is no other way in which you can explain a continued presence in Graustark. Is not my plan a good one?"

"It is beyond comparison," he said, rising and bowing low. "So shrewd is this plan that you make me a hostage forever. I shall not escape its memory if I live to be a thousand."

At parting she said seriously:

"A great deal depends on your discretion, Mr. Anguish. My guards will watch your every action, for they are not in the secret—excepting Quinnox—and any attempt on your part to communicate with Grenfall Lorry will be fatal."

"Trust me, your highness. I have had much instruction in wisdom today."

"I hope we shall see you often," she said.

"Daily—as a hostage," he replied glancing toward the countess.

"That means until the other man is captured," said the young lady saucily.

As he left the castle he gazed at the distant building in the sky and wondered how it had ever been approached in a carriage. She had not told him that Aldode drove for miles over winding roads that led to the monastery up a gentler slope from the rear.

The next afternoon Edelweiss thrilled with a new excitement. Prince Bolaros of Axphain, mad with grief and rage, came thundering into the city with his court at his heels. His wrath had been increased until it resembled a tornado when he read the reward placard in the uplands. Not until then did he know that the murderer had escaped and that vengeance might be denied him.

After viewing the body of Lorenz as it lay in the sarcophagus of the royal palace, where it had been borne at the command of the Princess Yetive, he demanded audience with his son's betrothal, and it was with fear that she prepared for the trying ordeal, an interview with the grief crazed old man. The castle was in a furore. Its halls soon thronged with diplomatists and there was an ugly sense of trouble in the air, suggestive of the explosion which follows the igniting of a powder magazine.

The slim, pale faced princess met the burly old ruler in the grand council chamber. He and his nobles had been kept waiting but a short time. Within a very few minutes after they had been conducted to the chamber by Count Halfont and other dignitaries the fair ruler came into the room and advanced between the bowing lines of courtiers to the spot where sat the man who held Graustark in his grasp.

Bolaroz arose as she drew near, his gaunt face black and unfriendly. She extended her hand graciously, and he, a prince for all his wrath, touched his trembling lips to it white, smooth back.

"I come in grief and sadness to your court, most glorious Yetive. My burden of sorrow is greater than I can bear," he said hoarsely.

"Would that I could give you consolation," she said, sitting in the chair reserved for her use at council gatherings. "Alas, it grieves me that I can offer nothing more than words." Truly she pitied him in his bereavement.

Bolaroz said that he had heard of the murderer's escape and asked what effort was being made to recapture him. Yetive related all that had happened, expressing humiliation over the fact that her officers had been unable to accomplish anything, adding that she did not believe the fugitive could get away from Graustark safely without her knowledge. The old prince was working himself back into the violent rage that had been temporarily subdued, and at last broke out in a vicious denunciation of the carelessness that had allowed the man to escape. He first insisted that Dangloss and his incompetent assistants be thrown into prison for life or executed for criminal negligence; then he demanded the life of Harry Anguish as an aider and abettor in the flight of the murderer. In both cases the princess firmly refused to take the action demanded. Then she acquainted him with her intention to detain Anguish as hostage and to have his every action watched in the hope that a clew to the whereabouts of the fugitive might be discovered, providing, of course, that the friend knew anything at all about the matter. The Duke of Mizrox and others loudly joined in the cry for Anguish's arrest, but she bravely held out against them and in the end curtly informed them that the American, whom she believed to be innocent of all complicity in the escape, should be subjected to no indignity other than detention in the city under guard, as she had ordered.

"I insist that this man be cast into prison at once," snarled the white lipped Bolaroz.

"You are not at liberty to command in Graustark, Prince Bolaroz," she said slowly and distinctly. "I am ruler here."

Bolaroz gasped and was speechless for some seconds.

"You shall not be ruler long, madam," he said malevolently, significantly.

"But I am ruler now, and, as such, I ask your highness to withdraw from my castle. I did not know that I was to submit to these threats and insults or I should not have been kind enough to grant you an audience, prince though you are. When I came to this room, it was to give you my deepest sympathy and to receive yours, not to be insulted. You have lost a son, I my betrothed. It ill becomes you, Prince Bolaroz, to vent your vindictiveness upon me. My men are doing all in their power to capture the man who has so unfortunately escaped from our clutches, and I shall not allow you or any one else to dictate the manner in which we are to proceed." She uttered these words cuttingly and at their conclusion arose to leave the room.

Bolaroz heard her through in surprise and with conflicting emotions. There was no mistaking her indignation, so he deemed it policy to bottle his wrath, overlook the most offensive rebuke his vanity had ever received and submit to what was evidently a just decision.

"Stay, your highness. I submit to your proposition regarding the other stranger, although I doubt its wisdom. There is but one in whom I am really interested—the one who killed my son. There is to be no cessation in the effort to find him, I am to understand. I now have a proposition. With me are 300 of my bravest soldiers. I offer them to you in order that you may better prosecute the search. They will remain here, and you may use them in any way you see fit. The Duke of Mizrox will linger in Edelweiss, and with him you and yours may always confer. He also is at your command. This man must be retaken. I swear by all that is above and below me he shall be found if I hunt the world over to accomplish that end. He shall not escape my vengeance!

"And hark you to this: On the 20th of next month I shall demand payment of the debt due Axphain. So deeply is my heart set on the death of this Grenfall Lorry that I agree now, before all these friends of ours, that if he be captured and executed in my presence before the 20th of November Graustark shall be granted the extension of time that would have obtained in the event of your espousal with the man he killed. You hear this offer, all? It is bound by my sacred word of honor. His death before the 20th gives Graustark ten years of grace. If he is still at large, I shall claim my own. This offer, I believe, most gracious Yetive, will greatly encourage your people in the effort to capture the man we seek."

The princess heard the remarkable proposition with face deathly pale, heart scarcely beating. Again was the duty to Graustark thrust cruelly upon her. She could save the one only by sacrificing the other.

"We will do all in our power to—to prove ourselves grateful for your magnanimous offer," she said. As she passed from the room, followed by her uncle, she heard the increasing buzz of excitement on all sides, the unrestrained expressions of amazement and relief from her own subjects, the patronizing comments of the visitors—all conspiring to sound her doom. Which way was she to turn in order to escape from herself?

"We must catch this man, Yetive," said Halfont on the stairway. "There is no alternative."

"Except our inability to do so," she murmured. In that moment she determined that Grenfall Lorry should never be taken if she could prevent it. He was innocent, and it was Graustark's penalty to pay.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM A WINDOW ABOVE.

THE longest month in Lorry's life was that which followed his romantic flight from the tower. To his impatient mind the days were irksome weeks. The cold monastery was worse than a prison. He looked from its windows as a convict looks through his bars, always hoping, always disappointed. With each of the infrequent visits of Captain Quinnox his heart leaped at the prospect of liberty, only to sink deeper in despair upon the receipt of emphatic though kindly assurances that the time had not yet come for him to leave the haven of safety into which he had been thrust by loving hands.

The prior was kind to him. Everything that could be done to provide comfort where comfort was a stranger was employed in his behalf. He lived well until his appetite deserted him. He had no questions to answer, for no one asked why he was there; he had no danger to fear, for no foe knew where he lived. From the city came the promise of ultimate escape, verbal messages from those who loved him, news of the world—all at long intervals, however. Quinnox's visits were like sunbeams to him. The dashing captain came only at night and in disguise. He bore verbal messages, a wise precaution against mishap. Not once did he bring a word of love from the princess, an omission which caused the fugitive deep misery until a ray of intelligence showed him that she could not give to Quinnox the speeches from her heart, proud woman that she was.

Anguish sent words of cheer, with commands to be patient. He never failed to tell him through Quinnox that he was doing all in his power to find the real murderer and that he had the secret co-operation of the old police captain. Of course the hidden man heard of the reward and the frenzied search prosecuted by both principalities. He laughed hysterically over the deception that was being practiced by the blue eyed, slender woman who held the key to the situation in her keeping.

It was not until the night of the 18th of November that Quinnox confirmed his fears by telling him of the conditions imposed by Prince Bolaroz. For some reason the young officer had deceived Lorry in regard to the all important matter. The American repeatedly had begged for information about the fatal 20th, but on all previous occasions his visitor doggedly maintained a show of ignorance, vowing that he knew nothing of the circumstances. Finally Lorry, completely out of patience and determined to know the true state of affairs, soundly upbraided him and sent word to the princess that if she did not acquaint him with the inside facts he would leave the monastery and find them out for himself. This authoritative message brought Quinnox back two nights later with the full story of the exciting conference. She implored him to remain where he was and asked his forgiveness for having kept the ugly truth from him. Quinnox added to his anguish by hastily informing him that there was a possibility of succor from another principality. Prince Gabriel, he said, not knowing that he was cutting his listener to the heart, was daily with the princess, and it was believed that he was ready to loan Graustark sufficient money to meet the demand of Bolaroz. The mere thought that Gabriel was with her aroused the fiercest resentment in Lorry's breast.

As he paced his narrow room distractedly a horrid thought struck him so violently that he cried aloud and staggered against the wall, his eyes fixed on the face of the startled soldier. Perhaps she might submit to Gabriel, for in submitting she could save not only Graustark, but the man she loved. The sacrifice—but no, he would not believe that such affliction could come to her! Marry Gabriel—the man who had planned to seize her and make her his wanton! He ground his teeth and glared at Quinnox as if he were the object of his hatred, his vicious jealousy. The captain stepped backward in sudden alarm.

"Don't be afraid!" Lorry cried savagely. "I'm not crazy. It's your news—your news! Does she expect me to stay up here while that state of affairs exists down there? Let me see; this is the 18th, and day after tomorrow is the 20th. There is no time to be lost, Captain Quinnox. I shall accompany you when you leave St. Valentine's tonight."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Quinnox. "I cannot allow that, sir. My instructions are to—"

"Hang your instructions! All the instructions on earth can't compel me to sit up here and see this sacrifice made. I am determined to see her and put a stop to the whole affair. It is what I feared would come to pass. She is willing to sacrifice herself or half her kingdom, one or the other, in order that I may escape. It's not right, captain; it's not right, and I'm going to stop it. How soon can we leave this place?" He was pacing the floor, happy in the decision he had reached, notwithstanding the danger it promised.

"You are mad, sir, to talk like this," protested the other despairingly. "Edelweiss swarms with Axphain soldiers; our own men are on the alert to win the great reward. You cannot go to the city. When a safe time comes, you will be taken from this place, into the mountains instead of through the city, and given escort to Dassas, 100 miles east. That step will not be taken until the way is perfectly clear. I tell you, sir, you cannot hope to escape if you leave the monastery now. The mountains are full of soldiers every night."

"I didn't say anything about an escape, did I? On the contrary, I want to give myself up to her. Then she can have Gabriel thrown over the castle wall and say to Bolaroz: 'Here is your man. I've gained the ten years of grace.' That's the point, Quinnox. Can't you see it? And I want to say to you now I'm going whether you consent or refuse. I'd just as soon be in jail down there as up here anyhow. The only favor I have to ask of you is that you do the best you can to get me safely to her. I must talk with her before I go back to the tower."

"God help me, sir, I cannot take you to her!" groaned Quinnox, trying to control his nervous apprehension. "I have sworn to her that I will keep you from all harm, and it would be to break faith with her if I led you into that mob down there."

"I respect your oath, my friend, but I am going, just the same. I'll see her, too, if I have to shoot every man who attempts to prevent me. I'm desperate, man, desperate! She's everything in the world to me, and I'll die before I'll see her suffer."

Quinnox calmly placed his hands on the other's shoulders, and, looking him in the eye, said quietly:

"Her suffering now is as nothing compared to what it will be if you go back to the tower. You forget how much pain she is enduring to avoid that very suffering. If you care for my mistress, sir, add no weight to the burden she already carries. Remain here, as she desires. You can be of no service down there. I implore you to be considerate."

"I implore you to be considerate."

It was an eloquent appeal, and it struck home. Lorry wavered, but his resolution would not weaken. He argued first with Quinnox, then with himself, finally returning to the reckless determination to brave all and save her from herself. The soldier begged him to listen to reason, implored him to reconsider, at last turning in anger upon the stubborn American with a torrent of maledictions. Lorry heard him through and quietly, unswervingly, announced that he was ready to leave the monastery at any time his guide cared to depart. Quinnox gave up in despair at this, gazing hopelessly at the man he had sworn to protect, who insisted on placing his head in the lion's jaw. He sat down at the window and murmured dejectedly:

"What will she say to me—what will she say to me?"

"I shall exonerate you, captain. She can have no fault to find with your action after I have told her how loyal you are and how—how—well, how unreasonable I am," said Lorry kindly.

"You may never live to tell her this, sir. Then what is to become of me? I could not look her in the face again. I could only die!"

"Don't be so faint hearted, Quinnox!" cried Lorry, stimulated by the desire to be with her, recognizing no obstacle that might thwart him in the effort. "We'll get through safe and sound, and we'll untangle a few complications before we reach the end of the book. Brace up, for heaven's sake, for mine, for hers, for your own. I must get to her before everything is lost. The fear that she may marry Gabriel will drive me mad if I am left here another night. Come! Let us prepare to start. We must notify the abbot that I am to go. I can be ready in five minutes. Ye gods, think of what she may be sacrificing for me!"

(To be continued.)

DIRECTORY

JOSEPHINE COUNTY OFFICERS.

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Clerk ..... R. L. Bartlett
Deputy Clerk ..... T. P. Judson
Sheriff ..... Geo. W. Lewis
Deputy Sheriff ..... Ernest Lister
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Marshal ..... Jas. Stevens
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FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

Grants Pass Lodge A. F. & A. M., No. 84, regular communication first and third Saturdays. Visiting brothers cordially invited. B. W. Rigus, W. M. A. J. Pike, Sec'y.

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

Eastern Star—Josephine Chapter, No. 2, meets first and third Wednesday evenings of each month in Masonic hall. Mary L. Cox, W. M. Mae H. Zoller, Sec'y.

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

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

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

United Artisans—Grants Pass Assembly No. 49, meets alternate Tuesdays in A. O. U. W. hall. Miss E. A. Griffith, Fred Mesech, Secy. Master Artisan.

Woodmen of the World—Rogue River Camp No. 55, meets second and fourth Fridays at Woodman Hall. Geo. H. Slover, C. C. C. E. Mayhew, Clerk.

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

Modern Woodmen of America—Grants Pass Camp No. 8007 meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday Evenings at Woodmen hall at 7:30. Ike M. Davis, V. C. W. T. Goulder, Clerk.

Foresters of America—Court Josephine No. 28, meets each Wednesday except the first, at A. O. U. W. hall. F. G. Taricker, F. S. F. Petsch, C. R.

Josephine Lodge, No 112, A. O. U. W.—meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Dixon building every Monday evening. F. W. Hounsell, M. W. B. 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. McCarthy, C. of H. Mrs. Lydia Drake, Recorder.

Knights of the Maccabees—Grants Pass Tent, No. 13 meets first and third Thursdays at Woodmen hall. Wm. Alfred, Record Keeper. F. A. Mosier, 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. Mrs. Della Hale, L. C. Mary Simmons, Record Keeper.

United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America Union No. 158 meets second and fourth Fridays of each month at A. O. U. W. Hall. R. D. Cole, R. Sec. J. P. Gallemore, Pres. D. A. Fitzgerald, F. Sec'y.

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

Grand Army of the Republic—Gen. Logan Post No. 39, meets first Wednesday at A. O. U. W. hall. John Patrick, J. E. Peterson, Adjt. Com.

Woman's Relief Corps—General Logan No. 23, meets 2d and 4th Saturdays at 2 p. m. at A. O. U. W. hall. Mrs. Rose Weidman, Pres. Mrs. T. B. Cornell, Secy.

Order of Pendo—White Rock Council No. 166, meets in Woodmen Hall Saturday nights. F. L. Cosper, Counselor. C. E. Mayhe, Secretary.

Royal Neighbors of America—Edith C. Stipe Camp No. 7489, meets 1st and 3rd Fridays at A. O. U. W. hall. Rose Gravlin, Oracle. Henrietta Zoller, Recorder.

Snow and Other White Things

L. E. Nelson, who committed suicide at his home near Kerby last week, did some verse writing in earlier years. The following lines we reprint from the Courier of March 11, 1887. W. J. Winer was proprietor of the Courier at that time and caused the verses to be printed:

An Aerolite speeding through the air;
A Por...des blanches rose in a maiden's hair
A sheet of paper when it goes to the press;
A white-washer and his brush in action;
A Calla-Ethiopica—on a virgin's breast;
The image on the silver dollar pressed;
Are white things of choice selections.

Thou snow, thou white visitant from the sky,
And anephemeral for here thou die
A present hindrance to man's progress on earth,
Still falling with—winds east, south, west or north,
Thy continued storms are weeks in number;
Crystalized water colored with solar rays
Is soft and clean for children's sportive plays.
But as long as thou and frost the ground encumber,
The miner's works in silence slumber.

Thou snow are dazzling white to man and beast,
Mind, "cheerful looks make every dish a feast."
Some day we'll see the shining warming sun,
Come out unclouded, and make the water run;
The living trees and plants gets out, surpassed?
Don their green robes, and smilingly grow on,
To ripen fruits and grain, for toiling beast and man.
And miners want the next line emphasized:
Give us plenty water uncrystalized!

L. E. NELSON.

Mrs. Fred Unrath.
President Country Club, Benton Harbor, Mich.

"After my first baby was born I did not seem to regain my strength although the doctor gave me a tonic which he considered very superior, but instead of getting better I grew weaker every day. My husband insisted that I take Wine of Cardui for a week and see what it would do for me. I did take the medicine and was very grateful to find my strength and health slowly returning. In two weeks I was out of bed and in a month I was able to take up my usual duties. I am very enthusiastic in its praise."

Wine of Cardui reinforces the organs of generation for the ordeal of pregnancy and childbirth. It prevents miscarriage. No woman who takes Wine of Cardui need fear the coming of her child. If Mrs. Unrath had taken Wine of Cardui before her baby came she would not have been weakened as she was. Her rapid recovery should commend this great remedy to every expectant mother. Wine of Cardui regulates the menstrual flow.

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DISCOURAGED

The expression occurs so many times in letters from sick women to Dr. Pierce, that she was completely discouraged, and there is always good reason for the discouragement. Years of suffering. Doctored by doctor tried in vain. Medicines doing no lasting good. It is no wonder that the woman feels discouraged.

Thousands of these weak and sick women have found health and courage regained as the result of the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"In the year 1897 I was taken sick," writes Mrs. Edna Crowder, of Ripley, Lauderdale Co. Tenn. "My limbs ached, had severe pains in back and lower part of bowels, with difficulty in urination, and smarting and burning pain after. I tried many kinds of medicine and four of the best doctors in the country, until I gave up all hope of recovery. In January, 1900, I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and received from him a letter, telling me to try his medicines. I took eleven bottles, six of 'Favorite Prescription,' five of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' one vial of 'Pellets,' and used one box of 'Lotion Tablets' and one of 'Healing Suppositories,' and am now able to work at anything I want to. Thanks to you for your valuable medicine and kind advice."

Weak and sick women are invited to consult Dr. R. V. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

In the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon.

In the Matter of the Estate of Josiah F. Van Ness, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Joseph Moss, the administrator of the estate of Josiah F. Van Ness, deceased, has filed with the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon, his final account in the matter of said estate, and the Hon. J. O. Booth, judge of said court, has fixed Thursday, April 21, 1904, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said date at the court house in Grants Pass, Josephine County, Oregon, as the time for hearing any objections to said account that may be presented, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to file their objections thereto on or before said date.

Dated March 23, A. D., 1904.

Joseph Moss, Administrator.

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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 TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of H. H. Barton, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same to the undersigned at Grants Pass, Oregon, with the proper vouchers, within six months from this date.

March 23, 1904.

MARY L. BOBZIEN, Administratrix.

CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior.
United States Land Office.
Roseburg, Oregon, March 23, 1904.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by John M. Eader, 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 had not established his residence on the said land, that he has made no effort to cultivate or improve the same, and that he has abandoned the said land, having been absent without obtaining leave for a period of 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 June 15, 1904, before R. L. Bartlett, County Clerk Grants Pass, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on June 25, 1904, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roseburg, Oregon.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed March 23, 1904, 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

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.

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 he 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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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 a. m. via Spokane.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Wallace, Pullman, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	8:00 a. m.

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