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The First National Bank

OF SOUTHERN OREGON.

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Can furnish work in Scotch, Swede or American Granite or any kind of Marble.

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GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

TRIP TO SHASTA'S SNOW CLAD PEAK

Courier Men Scale Summit of Perpetual Snow

Two men of the Courier force, Fred Mensch and A. E. Vochies, joined the Mazamas last week for the ascent of Mt. Shasta. It was the eleventh annual outing of that organization and, having on previous trips conquered the high peaks of Oregon and Washington, the mighty landmark of northern California was this year selected as the scene of the climbers' operations.

The Courier party reached Siskiyou at 6 o'clock Sunday morning and joined a party who were just starting for Wagon Camp by team. The main body of the Mazamas had been in camp for several days making side trips on the mountain and developing their muscles for the big climb on Monday. Wagon Camp is some ten miles from Siskiyou and the road there leads east and south through an experience of punice dust that makes the pleasure seeker wonder for a time why he came. The ascent begins at Siskiyou and it is uphill all the way to Wagon Camp.

The way from Siskiyou follows the well beaten McCloud-thoroughfare for about two miles and from that point it follows the route of an old abandoned logging road. From this point there is no monkey to any rider in a vehicle. It is a succession of stumps, brush and ditches and vehicles rock along over it like ships in distress. The last few miles of the road were far more pleasant than the first. The dust became less deep and the timber more dense and just before Wagon Camp was reached the road entered one of the beautiful meadows which sometimes occur on the slopes of Shasta, where the water from the melting snow, percolating through long distances of the loose rock of the mountain, finds its way to the surface. The grass grows luxuriantly, flowers bloom and the air is filled with butterflies.

At the upper end of this meadow Wagon Camp is situated in a very pleasant and picturesque spot. When the later comers arrived here they found the main party just about to depart for Timberline. Camp some four miles farther up the mountain. All the way from Siskiyou the party had been cheered by the prospect of the "good dinner" which rumor said was waiting at Wagon Camp, but, alas, dinner was a thing of the past when they arrived there, and the "chef" had departed for timber line. The hungry men selected their vacant stomachs by munching bread and cheese and drinking water and consoled themselves with the prospect of the good supper which they could get at timber line.

From Wagon Camp to timber line the trail is much steeper and there is quite a taste of climbing in the trip. The baggage was placed on horses, under the supervision of Col. Hawkins of Portland while the whole party traveled on foot to the upper camp. Every one carried an alpenstock and nearly every one a camera. Cameras were carried by fully half of the crowd. There were four ladies in the party, bloomer clad, and trudging bravely upward through the deep punice dust and volcanic sand of the trail. Timberline Camp is a very picturesque spot but is not too comfortable as a camping place. The site selected was just the edge of the scattering timber, in a depression between two Shasta's rock ribs, where a little stream of ice cold water trickled out from beneath a long snow bank. The camp arrangements were simple. A big pile of canned goods were deposited at the foot of a tree about 10 feet up a steep slope although there was plenty of room on the level ground. On a little fire just at the foot of the slope simmered a "Dutch oven," containing boiled tea. Supper had been announced for 6 o'clock and at that time the cook pulled a can opener with zeal and served pork and beans to the hungry crowd. The contents of the first can were warmed in a frying pan; the rest of the six cans of pork and beans devoured by the 25 hungry people were eaten cold.

No guide was with the party. The guides about Siskiyou, apparently recognizing the chance of a life time to make a stake, had demanded the sum of \$15 from each of the party to show them the way to the top of the mountain. This offer was rejected with scorn by the Mazamas who determined to make the ascent without a guide. There was also an attempt by one of the lively stables to create a monopoly on lively rigs but this attempt was a decided failure, after many of the Mazamas showed their independence by walking the 10 miles to Wagon Camp.

The leaders of the Mazamas had made a reconnoitering trip on the previous day and selected the route by which they proposed to reach the summit. They had climbed some distance up a long, rocky ridge until they supposed they commanded a fair view of the way to the top of the mountain. It looked all clear sailing with the exception of a few little rock pinnacles which doubtless would be easily surmounted. Those who had climbed Mt. Hood and other peaks looked with some contempt at the apparently mild slopes of Shasta, and remarked that it was merely an early morning climb. The night preceding the climb, the cook spent sleepless in order to insure an early breakfast to the climbers. He spent the hours of darkness at a burning log a little distance from the camp and seized the breakfast call at 3 a. m. The principal item on the

breakfast bill of fare was oyster soup, altogether too thin a concoction on which to climb a mountain like Shasta. The longer headed members of the party took occasion to stow away what pieces of bread, bacon or cheese they could get their hands on in anticipation of the hard work that lay ahead of them. Each one put up his own lunch, whatever he could get his hands on that suited his fancy.

At 4 o'clock President Sholes of the Mazamas lined up his people. They were led out into the snow in the shoddy moonlight and marshalled in single file. Then the command to march was given and the company began the ascent up the gentle slope of a long snow field. Scarcely a hundred yards were traversed before some of the weaker members of the party began to complain that the pace was too fast. Others were shivering with the cold and wishing that they could push on long enough to get warm at least. One of the ladies, feeling indisposed, had very sensibly remained in camp. The whole number of those who went up against Shasta on that morning was 23, of whom three were ladies. Marching in Indian file, each one brandishing a long alpenstock, the expedition presented a weirdly impressive appearance in the dim moonlight.

From the summit of Shasta a long, rugged rock ridge stretches down to the southwest. A little less than half way down it throws off a spur to the west. This spur was the route selected by the leaders for the ascent and the initial climb was in the long snow valley between the spur and the main ridge. While in the snow the party was commanded to keep in place in single file and to march and halt at the word. Thus the whole party was held to the pace of the weakest members and one of the ladies was clearly out of condition for such a climb and one of the gentlemen was ill and lagging, with his face the color of ashes, the progress over this snow field was very slow. Feet became numb with the cold and nearly the whole party was impatient for the coming of the sun, the rays of which began to illumine some of the visible higher points of the mountain. The high rock ridge on the east kept the party in the shadow until quite late in the morning. Far away to the south appeared Lassen Peak, its morning gilt shining dimly through the hazy atmosphere. Far down the Sacramento canyon appeared another high mountain, unrecognized by any of the party.

Book islands at times broke the monotony of the snow climb and these were gladly welcomed by the climbers who found an opportunity to kick sensation back into their benumbed toes. While on the rocks the formation of the march was broken and a "go as you please" flat went forth from the commander of the squad.

When the party began to feel the influence of the intersection of the ridges the real climb began. President Sholes at this point encouraged the weaker members by intimating that the worst of the climb was over. "There was a stiff little snow climb just ahead and there would be quite a steep little rock climb going up to Thumb rock. Otherwise it was all clear sailing." Thus he cheered the lagging spirits of the tired ones.

In the long hard pull up the steep snow slope to gain the summit of the spur, the rope was brought into requisition for the use of the ladies and the weaker climbers of the other sex. An alpenstock was driven into the snow as an anchor for the rope to which the wobbly ones were able to cling and draw themselves up. The stronger ones, except those who assisted with the rope, began to push on in twos and threes. The line of march, broken at this point was never resumed. The whole party gained the summit of the spur but from this point the weaker ones began to drop out one by one. The lady who was distressed by the pace at the start was now barely able to place one foot before the other but she would not have turned back for millions. The other two ladies were climbing with vigor and seemed stronger than some of the men.

The livelier men of the party, except those who remained to assist the ladies, began to push on up the spur at an accelerated pace. This was quite comfortable climbing over broken rock, the steepness not being too worrisome. As they climbed, they munching bread crusts, chocolate, cheese, raisins, jerked venison, grapes, to rest their failing strength, the influence of the oyster soup having long since vanished.

Two of the advance guard, Lute Paese, the Oregonian artist, and E. L. Farnsworth of Wilber, Wash., took to the snow fields on the west side of the ridge. The rest of the party followed the rock crest which led upward to the intersection of the ridges and thence to the higher regions of the mountain. At Timberline camp the party had been joined by a young naturalist, A. S. Bunnell of Berkeley, who had been camped on the mountain for several weeks, collecting specimens of the Shasta fauna. Mr. Bunnell is an active and daring climber and at once took the leadership of the forward squad. The journey went swimmingly until the party neared one of the rock pinnacles which looked so small and insignificant from below. Near at hand, it reared its summit some 40 feet into the air above the crest of the

ridge. Its sides were nearly perpendicular and on each side of the ridge its precipices fell away to unknown depths. It was jagged and seamed, with great slabs of rock piled precariously upon one another, some of the huge masses being on a delicate balance and apparently ready to lurch to start from their places and precipitate an avalanche of tons of rocks down the steep sides of the mountain. It looked to many of the climbers as though the trip in this direction was ended, but Bunnell, taking the lead, skipped nimbly across the chasm, climbed up through fissures in the rock, picked his way actively across the unstable rocks and gained the further side of the pinnacle out of sight, calling back to his followers to come on. Five followed close on his trail: G. Hassell, foreman of the photographic department of the Sunset magazine; Rev. W. T. Ward of Dallas, A. E. Vochies, Fred Mensch and J. W. Coulter of Los Angeles. They proceeded at intervals sufficient to insure safety from falling rocks and testing every foothold cautiously, gained the further side of the pinnacle in safety. There they supposed their troubles would be ended. But no, ahead of them was nothing but another rock pinnacle, higher, rougher and more forbidding than the first. Again Bunnell scaled the rocks like a monkey, worked his way across a treacherous mass of sliding rocks, walked the upper edge of an almost perpendicular snow bank and gained the next breathing place on the further side of the pinnacle. Again his followers picked their way across the rocks, scrambled through the slide and took the snow path with what nerve they were able to muster, fervently blessing their stout alpenstocks and the long spikes in their shoe soles. Persons who have never taken trips like this can hardly realize the solid comfort and sense of security given by a few good sharp cakes in the shoes. On hard snow or on rock there is no slipping. When the foot is planted it is there to stay until the owner has no further use for the spot.

The second large pinnacle marked the intersection of the ridges. Far down on the snow field to the west, Paese and Farnsworth could be seen climbing the steep snow slope and looking like toy men. On the east, the mountain plunged down everlastingly, the snow reaching nearly to the crest of the ridge and having a declivity that was frightful, more especially as it led straight down into the crevasses of a huge glacier.

After a few rods of fairly comfortable climbing, the party came up against the real Thumb rock itself, towering high into the air. This was passed on the east side, another bit of ticklish business. Again the climbers took to the upper feather edge of an almost perpendicular snow bank and made their way across to the upper side of the huge obstacle. Great rifts and holes appeared in the snow next the rocks, while just below were great crevasses, hungrily gaping for man meat. Above this point, the climbing was safe and fairly easy, though it was yet several miles to the top of the mountain. "At one place a perpendicular wall of rock barred the way and made it necessary again to take to the snow where it hung on the side of the precipice. Here the solid rock came up from the west with an easy slope to a sharp edge and plunged almost straight down on the east side. Snow filled this chasm almost to the brim. Just a few feet away from the edge there was a huge crevasse cutting the snow vertically so that only a mere shell clung to the mountain side. This shell of snow was the bridge by which the party passed the rock wall and this was probably the most precarious portion of the ascent."

At this point Bunnell and his following came upon Paese and Farnsworth who had found a far easier way of ascent and had stopped to wait for the others. This increased the party to eight. As the last of these were about to resume their upward march they saw one more black clad figure toiling on the trail. This proved to be A. E. Doble of Portland who was climbing automatically. He was nearing a state of exhaustion and declared with fervor that climbing Mt. Hood was child's play compared with Shasta. The remainder of the party, with the exception of Bunnell, were also badly winded and were feeling the effects of the high altitude.

It was a long distance from this point to the summit of the mountain but the slope was easy and the walking was good, long stretches of solid and nearly smooth rock alternating with big snow fields. The summit is a point of rock that rises straight up out of the snow about 100 feet high, throwing out a sharp rock crest a short distance to the east. The party gained the summit of this crest, some 30 feet below the highest point of the mountain. These last few feet looked too perilous and none would attempt it except Bunnell who carried the Mazama box up and deposited it on the extreme top.

Of the nine men who gained the summit at that time, not one was a Mazama, a fact which was commented upon with some surprise. The view from the summit was a grand one though the air was too heavy to get the best effects. A huge thunder cloud hung in the arch, its base far below the summit of Shasta.

This would have effectually prevented any successful signalling to or from Mt. Hood, had there been any Mazamas there to signal.

On the return, the main party was met at the snow bridge. They had trailed Bunnell and his following over all the perilous route. The rope had been brought into use at all the dangerous points, and the progress of the party had been slow. A number of the men had dropped out of line, weakened by lack of sufficient food in the morning. All the ladies were still with the party, the one who had lagged in the morning being now scarcely able to stand alone. She was full of determination, however, and all the ladies were keenly disappointed when they found they must turn back without reaching the summit.

Messrs. Sholes, Gilman and Alvord, of the Mazamas, pushed onward to the summit. They did not remain until after nightfall to burn red fire in the attempt to signal Mt. Hood, as had been previously advertised. The prospects of a night spent on the summit of Shasta are not too alluring and in the present instance the huge thunderclouds gathering about the top of the mountain made timber line seem exceedingly like home as the evening shades drew on. With all the smoke, haze and clouds in the atmosphere, it would have been utterly useless to make any attempt at signalling.

The descent was made in short order over the route taken by Paese and Farnsworth. The mountaineers merely sat down on the snow and in a few minutes found themselves on the lower altitudes without any effort on their part. The friction was considerable but no one was very badly scorched.

At Timberline Camp, all was deserted, except that Col. Hawkins was there busily picking the bedding for transport to Wagon Camp. Cook and provisions had descended many hours before. There were a few cans of various kinds of food still under the tree and there was plenty of cold water in the spring. Not an atom of tea or coffee had been left at timber line and the party was expected to travel the other four miles to Wagon Camp before getting any supper. One or two of those who were yet able to navigate discovered a skillet and the identical "Dutch oven" in which the tea had been boiled in the night before. The colonel had built a fire and hot water was soon ready to serve to the exhausted ones. One of the ladies was completely "done for" and would not budge a single inch beyond the upper camp. The other two ladies were mounted on one horse and taken to the lower camp. Some four or five persons remained all night at the upper camp.

Stumbling along in twos and threes, the weary walkers fell spasmodically down the trail. Piteous darkness set in long before Wagon Camp was reached and but for the "horse sense" of the animal that carried the ladies it is probable that several would have lost their way.

At Wagon Camp, supper was waiting: Three kinds of pie, two kinds of cake and stewed mushrooms. It all looked alike in the darkness though the taste could still detect some variety. And there was coffee, the first some of the party had tasted since they left Siskiyou.

In the morning the members looked up to the long cold snow summits of Shasta and several remarked that it looked three times as high as it did the previous morning. And it was noticeable that none spoke of the mountain except in terms of the highest respect.

There is a photograph in existence which shows a lady seated on a horse which is standing on the extreme summit of the mountain. This picture gives the idea that horses are ridden to the top of Mt. Shasta. We were told by reliable people at Siskiyou that the horse was pulled up with a block and tackle and that it took four days of hard work to get him up. The picture, however, is a drawing card and is used extensively for advertising purposes.

Special Excursion to St. Louis

August 9, 10, September 5, 6 and 7 and October 3, 4 and 5 are the remaining dates upon which tickets will be sold at the reduced rates to the St. Louis Fair. These rates apply over the Denver & Rio Grande and Missouri Pacific. For the patrons of these roads special excursion cars will be run through from Portland to St. Louis without change.

See the many points of interest about the Mormon capital and take a ride through Nature's picture gallery. During the closing months travel to the Fair will be very heavy. If you contemplate going write W. C. McBride, general agent at Portland for the Denver & Rio Grande, for particulars of these excursions.

Cholera Infantum.

This disease has lost its terrors since Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy came into general use. The uniform success which attends the use of this remedy in all cases of bowel complaints in children has made it a favorite wherever its value has become known. For sale by all druggists.

If you are not getting good shoes, for your money, try the Red Star Store, where good shoes are sold.

Furniture Items that are interesting

Something new always to be found in this immense stock. The largest assortment and the lowest prices.

CARPET REMNANTS — We're closing out short pieces 1/4 off.
LACE CURTAINS, 45c to \$6.50 pair—closing out some numbers 1/4 off.
BABY CARRIAGES and GO-CARTS—10 to 15 per cent off.
REFRIGERATORS AT COST to close out.
10 and 12-piece Toilet Sets at cost to close out.
NEW GOODS NEWS—Another lot of those cheap Iron Beds. See the New Dressing Bureau, beautiful goods; they're right. See the new Buffett China Closets, New Carpets, New Kitchen Treasures, New Porch Chairs, Camp Chairs, Hammocks 75c up to \$6.00.
Camp Stoves at cost to close.

Tents Lower Than Ever.

THE FRUIT SEASON

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Our latest importation stands today without a rival in point of quality, style and finish; made from heavy steel rolled especially for the purpose; covered on the outside with a heavy coat of very hard elastic enamel and on the inside with PURE white PORCELAIN. We guarantee this ware to be free from lead, antimony or arsenic—We guarantee every piece. You will be pleased with the reasonable prices.

Wall Papers—Another Big consignment just received; beautiful designs, exquisite colorings. The stock is carried right here for immediate delivery. Call and let us show you the largest line in Southern Oregon—no trouble, we'll be pleased to. Get the prices on these goods delivered in your house. Eastern freight rates are deceptive. Free paste with all orders.

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The Housefurnishers
Grants Pass, Oregon.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION

Examination of Applicants for State and County Papers.

Notice is hereby given that the county superintendent of Josephine County will hold the regular examination of applicants for State and county papers at Grants Pass, as follows:

FOR STATE PAPERS.
Commencing Wednesday, August 10, at nine o'clock a. m., and continuing until Saturday, August 13, at four o'clock p. m.
Wednesday—Penmanship, history, spelling, algebra, school law.
Thursday—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, book-keeping, physics, civil government.
Friday—Physiology, geography, mental arithmetic, composition, physical geography.
Saturday—Botany, plane geometry, general history, English literature, psychology.

FOR COUNTY PAPERS.
Commencing Wednesday, August 10, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Friday, August 12, at 4 o'clock p. m.
FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD GRADE CERTIFICATES.
Wednesday—Penmanship, history, orthography, reading.
Thursday—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, physiology.
Friday—Geography, mental arithmetic, school law, civil government.

PRIMARY CERTIFICATES.
Wednesday—Penmanship, orthography, reading, arithmetic.
Thursday—Art of questioning, theory of teaching, methods, psychology.

LINCOLN SAVAGE,
County Superintendent

A BANK FOR GOLD HILL

Brick Building to Be Erected Immediately.

Gold Hill, after a number of years of comparative inactivity, has the last year made a fine growth and the town is now one of the most prosperous in Rogue River Valley. To such an extent has the business interests of the town increased that a bank became a necessity and recently a number of the capitalists of that place organized the Gold Hill bank with a capital stock of \$25,000, for which articles of incorporation were filed with the secretary of state at Salem by R. H. Moore, J. L. Hammersly and C. F. Young. Work will be commenced at once on a brick building in which the bank will be located and it is expected to have the bank open for business by October 1st.

City Treasurer's Notice.

There are funds in the city treasury to redeem all outstanding warrants protested to November, 5 1901. Interest on same will cease after this date.

Dated at Grants Pass, Ore., July 14, 1904.
COL. W. JOHNSON,
City Treasurer.

THE CRATER LAKE ROAD

The Route Has Been Reduced to a Ten Per Cent Grade.

W. F. Arant, superintendent of Crater Lake National Park, was in this city Friday. He says that he has had a crew at work improving the old road, and would start work completing the new road through the park to the lake the first of the week. This piece of road is five miles long, two of which are already built, the remaining three miles will be completed this fall. The old road went nearly straight up the mountain and was almost impassable, but on the new road, which is very little if any longer, a ten per cent grade is the steepest incline. This will make it a very easy drive from the fort.

Mr. Arant stated that considerable work had to be done repairing bridges, as he found that big log stringers, nearly two feet in diameter, used in some of the bridges, had been broken by the weight of the snow during the winter. In some places the snow was over twenty feet deep, and after the rains, when this becomes saturated with water, the weight is something immense. The snows are fast melting and the roads are getting in pretty fair shape. Large numbers of tourists are now going to and coming from the lake. The best time, says Mr. Arant, to visit Crater Lake is between August 10th and September 30th.—Klamath Falls Republican.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. lost all its typewriters in the recent disastrous fire in Baltimore. They had a number of different makes in use, but when refurbishing their offices with machines they purchased one hundred and fifty Visible Writing Underwood Typewriters. The agency for this type is located at 65 Front street, Portland. Ask for a catalogue.

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The greatest of modern-time helps to perfect cooking

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