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THE BROKEN CIRCUIT

BY JOHN M. BATTERY.

Their friendship began in the early days of the wireless telegraphy demonstrations by Marconi. The only two of a large company of grasping students who agreed upon the genuineness of certain simple phenomena of hypnosis, mental telepathy and suggestion, Parker and Brevoort drifted apart from the scoffers and commenced to knit from the tangled materials of their dreams, their speculations and their oddly different temperaments, that queer but unalterable friendship which endured without a break till poor Parker died. They became as brothers, forever delving into occult ramifications of science, silent, inseparable, and mutually self-sacrificing.

Brevoort's room was the front half of an old loft on the fourth floor of a store building just beyond the university settlement, and Parker lived in a sort of sentry box in the tower of a flat building about a mile south in a direct line from Brevoort's place. Parker was studying law and his friend was in the junior medical class, but neither of them cared for rank or standing, preferring to pursue knowledge along those devious, scattering trails that first lure the undisciplined minds of all imaginative students. Parker, who had a knack of modeling in clay, set up a sort of studio in one corner of Brevoort's barn-like room, and there the two friends spent most of their indoor leisure, studying, smoking, chatting, experimenting. Brevoort in time came to be a more dextrous sculptor than his friend and his room became populous with scores of more or less artistic and accurate plaster casts.

The Lord knows just how they started or how far they got into the probings of the mysteries of mental radiations. They were in the habit of walking together for hours along the lake shore or in the park in silent conversation, so to speak, each with his keen mind fixed upon the other, each bent upon projecting without words such simple messages as might reach the other's fallow consciousness. Then they discovered, or thought so, that these soundless waves of thought always seemed to travel best when exchanged while they faced each other with back to north or south. That suggested the idea of new experiments, and very soon Parker in his little dormer tower facing the north and Brevoort in the south window of his rookery were radiating short messages that had no meaning beyond the undeniable proof of all their previous surmises.

But when the coeds got wind of these weird doings they began to worry the friends. Brevoort was proof against the young women, but Parker, who was a tender-hearted, impressionable fellow, fell in love with Kate Caldwell, and made her a sort of side partner in their psychical researches. The odd part of this was that her introduction into the affairs of the two students made no breach in their relations, and when poor Parker fell sick with pneumonia Kate got a room in his boarding-house so that she could nurse him. Indeed, she had him moved from his draughty eyrie in the tower, placed him in her own cosy bed and herself took possession of the sentry box.

Brevoort would relieve Kate every night and sit up with his failing friend, and between them they watched him so assiduously, that so much sleep and fretted so much that at last they were obliged to give up all their university work and stand together, a forlorn hope, against the advancing, merciless intruder. Parker was quite conscious for a few days before he died and to Brevoort, bending over him, he reiterated his simple wishes. He wanted to be cremated; he had no near relatives, so Kate might have some and Brevoort the rest of his dust. She was to have his books and the furnishings of his little room, and Brevoort was to keep the utensils and equipments of the studio.

"You're a pretty good modeler now," whispered Parker, smiling ghastly. "Try your hand on a bust of me, take a death mask, will you?"

He died that night with Brevoort and Kate holding his hands. His classmates carried his coffin to the furnace, and in the days thereafter when they had reverently divided his ashes they tried to make a fair division of poor Parker's mighty share of love and loyalty for them both. But it was nearly a week after his going that they set apart for each day a time when they might resume their experiments. The death mask was done. It stood ghostly in Brevoort's closet, and beneath it in a tiny wooden box the handful of ashes of their friend. Kate had taken possession of the little sentry box, and upon its narrow mantel shelf in a little silver jewel box lay the relic of her lost lover.

The morning of the first day after their renewed efforts to exchange messages they met on the campus.

"Did you get any message?" she asked, frowning petulantly.

"No," he answered, looking furtively over his upturned collar, "what was it?"

"I asked you to come over," her lip was trembling, "queer, we never failed before."

"Yes, it is queer. Then, after an awkward pause, "I say, Kate, did you notice anything while you were sending that message?"

"No. That is, not just then. I had that little box of his ashes in my hand when I said 'come over.' I don't know where I laid it afterward, but I can't find it."

They were silent for a moment, but before they parted he laid a nervous hand on her sleeve and said:

"We'll try it again to-night at eight. This time I'll send the message."

"All right," she whispered, without looking at him, and darting into the hall.

But when they met again next morning and he asked her, hesitatingly:

"Did you get my message, Kate?" she looked up, frightened to hear him call her "Kate," and then quickly answered: "No, Mr. Brevoort."

"Did anything odd happen while you were sending your message?" she asked, letting her eyes stray apprehensively over her pallid face.

"Yes, Miss Caldwell," and he laughed pitifully with a note of tired mockery in his voice. "Yes, a very annoying thing happened. Just as I had spoken the message there was a crash in my closet, and when I looked in the plaster mask of Parker was in bits on the floor. I think I can remember the weight enough to make another from memory, but the ashes, he asked, but were scattered by the fall. By the way, did you find your little silver box?"

"No," she murmured, distrust and biting her red lip for a minute before she asked: "What was your message?"

They were standing in front of the lecture hall now, and he watched her face, a breathless moment before he whispered:

"Can't you guess, Kate?"

"I might, sir," she answered, coldly, "but I won't."

"Then I'll try again to-night," he was saying, half querulously, but she turned on her heel and with a farewell flash in her brown eyes sharply answered:

"No, Mr. Brevoort, no more messages for me. I'm afraid the circuit is broken—for good."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Also a full line of Boys' Suits, from 3 to 10 yrs

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THE HUB.

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Store will be closed on Saturday, Sept. 30.

PROVOLT

R. F. Lewman was at Grants Pass Tuesday.

H. D. Kabll, of Applegate, was at Provolt on business Monday.

W. M. Sorenson, of Provolt, made a business trip to Grants Pass Monday.

E. O'Brian, of Applegate, was at Williams and Provolt Monday visiting with friends and relatives.

J. Lettken and family of Grants Pass, will soon move to this place where they will spend the winter.

J. McAllister, of Murphy, has rented 15 acres of hop land of A. Robkopf and will put it to hops in the Spring.

L. Loesch and wife, of this place, left Monday for Portland to spend a two weeks vacation at the fair at that place.

T. E. Lewman was at Grants Pass Saturday. On returning he stopped over and attended the farewell dance of Mr. Ball at the Michigan mine. An enjoyable time was had.

Clas. Lewman, of Chico, Cal., returned home to Provolt last Tuesday for a visit with his father, Dr. J. A. Lewman. Mr. L. finds many changes since his last trip, ten years ago, to this place.

A new bridge is being built across Williams creek at Provolt by County Commissioner Lovelace. This is something that has been needed for many years. B. W. Baldwin, C. O. Higelow and L. W. Smith came to the conclusion that a bridge would be beneficial to the community and a petition was sent out which was filled with names soon after leaving. This bridge will prevent all danger during high water. The timbers will be gotten out Tuesday, two of which will be 72 feet in length.

The Provolt district and the farmers within it are trying to make it the most up-to-date and convenient place of the Applegate Valley. We have in the last two years built one store, a church, schoolhouse, which is one of the best country schools in Southern Oregon and where school is being taught nine months during the year, a new bridge and several ditches. We now have two drilling machines, a saw mill and several quartz and placer

mines which are in operation taking the hidden treasure from its long deposit in the earth.

The farmers of this and adjoining vicinity have begun cutting their last crop of hay, which was dampened last Saturday night but not enough to do any damage. The crop is one of the best raised in the Applegate Valley for some time past. This valley is also noted for its hay and we hope in the near future to see Provolt one of the most important farming and dairying valleys of Southern Oregon. There is no reason why the people have not taken up the dairy business heretofore. We have close markets and a good demand for cream. Stock raising and hay selling has been the desire of many but since the Agricultural College professors have been to our valley and given us a lecture on dairying many will in the near future take up the business and give it their attention and a thorough trial.

A Hessian claims that "Yankee Doodle" came from Germany, it being a tune used for a certain peasant dance.

Salt produced in the United States in 1904 was valued at \$5,021,232, there being 22,000,000 barrels of 280 pounds each.

Lead pencils contain no lead, the material used is neither a metal nor a compound of a metal; it is plimago or graphite, one of the forms of carbon.

Mexico pays her president \$50,000 a year, the same as the United States. Each member of the Mexican Cabinet, however, receives \$15,000 a year, as against \$8000 in the United States.

Delicacy regarding woman's age seems to have dated back even to biblical times, since out of all the women mentioned in the Old Testament, Sarah, wife of Abraham, is the only one whose years are given, possibly because she was past the doubtful age.

Yellow fever first made its appearance in this country in Philadelphia in 1699, where it wrought great havoc. In 1878 the total number of deaths reached 14,809, when Memphis, Tenn., was almost depopulated. The disease seems to occur at intervals of about 30 years.

A young woman can earn her living expenses in Portland while studying at the Holmes Business College. For particulars, address the Principal, Holmes Business College, 25-27 Y. M. C. A. Building, Portland, Ore.

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