

ROGUE RIVER COURIER
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.
COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

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A. E. VOORHIES, PROP.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1905.

CITY ELECTION TO BE HELD NEXT MONDAY

Contest to Be Lively and Re-Election of Mayor Good Quite Certain.

The annual municipal election for Grants Pass will be held on next Monday. The registration of voters closed this Friday at 5 p. m. with a registration for the First ward 110, for the Second ward 120, for the Third ward 80, and for the Fourth ward of 94. All those who are entitled to vote and who have not registered can vote by having six freeholders make affidavit as to their qualifications. To be voter a man has to reside in Grant Pass six months and in the state 60 days and be an elector of the state of Oregon.

The polls will be opened at 9 a. m., and be closed at 7 p. m. and closed for a noon hour from 1 to 2 p. m.

First ward all north of the railroad and west of Fifth street with the polling place at the Episcopal guild hall.

Second ward all north of the railroad and east of Fifth street, with polling places at Court House.

Third ward all south of railroad and east of Fifth street, with polling place at City Hall.

Fourth ward all south of railroad and west of Fifth street, with polling place at Salvation Army hall.

The candidates are: For Mayor, George E. Good, present incumbent, and C. E. Maybee. For Treasurer, Col. W. Johnson.

Commitmen - First ward, W. M. Hair, Second ward, T. W. Williams and Dennis H. Stovall. Third ward, short term, Lincoln Savage and E. W. Chausse; long term, Peter Gravelin and August Fetsch. Fourth ward, T. Y. Dean and W. T. Coburn.

The municipal campaign has had, so far, no special feature as to give it interest other than some county political schemes that have a bearing on candidates for county judge and for representative, the success or failure of their interests in the city campaign meaning possible success or failure in the county election next Spring.

While it is seldom that the election of a certain ticket can be counted beforehand as a foregone conclusion yet in this campaign it is quite certain Mayor Good will be re-elected by a handsome majority. The progressive element of the city are well satisfied with what has been accomplished in public improvements in the year of his administration. In no previous year in the city's history has so much been done for the betterment of the public utilities as has been done in the present year. Over two miles of streets have been graded, 11,730 feet of new granite sidewalk put down and 6900 feet of sidewalk repaired. Over 1000 feet of concrete sidewalk will have been put in this year when the present work is completed. Two concrete arch bridges have been put across Gilbert creek and concrete piers built to another bridge. Over 50 new street crossings have been put in of granite and one of concrete. Over 100 sidewalk and street culverts of tiling have been put in. Over half a mile of lateral sewers have been put in and contracts let for 2 1/2 miles of additional main sewers have been let. Are lights have been placed on Sixth street and the incandescent system in the resident district extended. Mayor Good is a strong advocate of having the business streets paved with macadam and that will be quite sure to be done the coming year if he is re-elected and a council of progressive men such as are now serving the city and all of whom are renominated are chosen.

The law and order people are well

satisfied for taking the conditions of the modern town. Grants Pass has been orderly and more free from the gambling and vicious element than any city of its size in Oregon. Gambling, that will last as long as card parties are fashionable, has been so completely suppressed that it is only carried on in the greatest secrecy and not regularly in any one place. All the professional gamblers have been driven out of the city as have the pimps and other human vultures. Not a hold-up has occurred during the year and the burglaries have been fewer than in any of the larger towns of Oregon. Drunk men find their stay on the streets of very short duration and roughs inclined to make a disturbance are landed in the cooler before their fighting blood is fairly up. Such saloons, as were inclined to become rough resorts have been kept under control, and as orderly places the saloons of Grants Pass above the average of saloons. Grants Pass may be congratulated, if during the coming year, the city has as good an enforcement of law and order as it has had during the present year.

KENNET SMELTER TO BUY SOUTHERN OREGON ORES

Will Pay Good Price for Siliceous Ores for Flux for Their Smelter.

H. G. Moulton of the Rogue River Engineering Company, returned Friday from a week's trip to San Francisco and to Kennet, Cal. While in San Francisco he made arrangements for his firm to be the Southern Oregon agents for the Rison Iron Works.

Mr. Moulton stopped for several days in the big copper district about Kennet. He states that the new smelter being put in at Kennet by the Mammoth Copper Company, will soon be in full operation. There are to be three furnaces each of a capacity of 300 tons per day, giving the smelter a capacity of 900 tons of copper ore per day. One furnace was blown in three weeks ago and the other two will be blown in shortly. Within the next 12 months two more smelters will be in operation near Kennet and others are prospective with a certainty of being built. The Balaklava Copper Company are erecting a smelter, which they expect to blow in early in the spring, and the Trinity Copper Company are soon to begin work on a smelter, which they expect to have completed by next fall.

The Kewick smelter, Mr. Moulton states is being torn down and moved to a new location on San Francisco bay. This smelter was a success and was paying big dividends, but encountered too many injunctions to permit of its being run at Kewick. When the Iron Mountain copper mines were being developed a large number of farmers settled in the vicinity and built up a profitable business in selling produce to the miners and latterly to the smelter men. When the smelter began operations the fumes killed off the timber and vegetation near it, and the farmers fearing their crops would be destroyed sued out injunctions and forced the smelter to shut down. Now ranchers scattered about in the little valleys in the vicinity are without a market for their produce, and their farms are likely to be turned back into stock ranches.

Mr. Moulton while at Kennet made arrangements to be the purchasing agent for Southern Oregon to buy siliceous gold ores for the Kennet smelter. Owing to the character of the copper ore handled by the Kennet smelter a large amount of silica is required as a flux. Much of the gold bearing rock of this district is of a highly siliceous character and is the best of a fluxing material for a copper smelter. As there is very little of this rock in the Kennet district it will have to be shipped in from other places. Southern Oregon will be the chief source of supply for this fluxing material for there are many mines here near the railroad that could ship large quantities. The management of the Kennet smelter claim that they will be able to pay more for gold ore of the class that they can use than the Tacoma or Selby smelters. If that is the case it will be a big thing for the miners of this district for it will make a market for low grade ore that under present prices will not pay to ship.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

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ROGUE RIVER VALLEY HOP GROWERS UNION

To Be Organized in Grants Pass - Every Grower Expected to Attend.

A meeting of the hop growers of Rogue River Valley will be held in Grants Pass on Saturday, December 9, at the Courier office at 1 p. m. There will be two matters up for consideration, one the organization of a hop growers union and the other the pooling of the crop for this year to enable a better price to be realized. The meeting is called at the request of all the leading growers of the Valley and the assurance is given that every hop grower in Rogue River Valley will be present.

That the hop industry has come to that condition that the old system in which each grower was for himself taking his chances with the market and the dealers is no longer possible and it is up to the growers to unite for co-operation and mutual benefit, or be forced by the trusts and combines to grow hops for just the bare cost of production and meager living for the grower and his family. The hopmen paid 25 per cent higher for their burp last season than last for no cause other than that the Coast dealers had formed a combine. Sulphur is in the hands of a trust. Then to make matters worse for the farmer, who is the last one to even think of co-operation and union, the hop dealers formed a combine and crushed the market to starvation prices. After holding the market down all Fall to the bare cost of production with most growers predicitions of continued low prices the buyers have got in nearly half of the crop, which has been sold by growers who were on the verge of financial ruin. As was to be expected the market is now stiffening and sales can readily be made at 10 to 12 cents. When all the hops that can be had at that price are secured then a further raise will be made high enough to get the bulk of the hop crop, then prices will be jumped high to the loss of the farmer and the brewer.

Not a bale of Rogue River hops has been sold and it is expected that none will be sold until after the meeting has been held and the matter fully considered. The plan of sale mostly favored is to form a pool of all the hops in the Valley and then invite bids for the entire lot. This is the method of sale that is adopted by the wool growers of Eastern Oregon and Washington and of the goat raisers of the Willamette Valley for the sale of their wool and mohair. The Hood River fruit growers sold their entire apple crop this fall in a pool. They had big bidders from New York and three from Europe and the entire crop went to one firm at from \$2 to \$3.10 per box as compared to 60 cents to \$1.25 that Josephine county growers get for their apples. The farmers of the Palouse Valley, Wash., pooled their barley and a bidder for a brewery company took the lot at 8 per cent above the local price. With the Rogue River hops sold in one lot big dealers could afford to bid up and a far better price could be had than to peddle them out in small lots.

As to the plan of union it is not proposed to make an ironclad organization of it. The membership fee will probably be about a dollar and no rigorous rules for buying supplies nor for selling the crop will be adopted, the system to be similar to that of the fruit growers unions, that have proven so successful. The union will buy barlip, sulphur, spraying material and other supplies at wholesale and sell to the membership at cost. And the securing and distribution of pickers will be done by the union, which will conduct an information bureau for growers, pickers and dryers. A strong feature of the union will be to keep the members posted on the condition of the growing hop crop of the world, and of the yield and market conditions as far as is possible to ascertain.

With a union organized on right lines, and having officers, and a board of directors, who will be true to the interests of the members and not dominated by the influence of any dealer, it would do much to put the hop industry of Rogue River Valley on a profitable financial basis and be the means of building up the industry to one of the most important in Southern Oregon. But if the present haphazard system is continued it will bring financial ruin to a majority of the growers and practically end hop raising in this Valley.

MARRIED.

COATS-OHLENSEN - At the Christian church parsonage in Grants Pass on Monday, November 27, 1905, W. H. Coats and Miss Hilda Ohlsen, Rev. Clark Bower officiating.

Miss Ohlsen was a resident of Yoncalla, but has lately been residing in Grants Pass. Mr. Coats is a resident of Coos county, where he is logging on the Coquille river, and accompanied by his bride, he left for his home by Monday evening's train.

DIED.

BROWNELL - At Connelville, Mo., Friday, November 3, 1905, Mrs. Jennie E. Brownell, aged 29 years, 6 days.

The deceased with her husband and children lived in Grants Pass previous to moving to Missouri a few months ago and was a daughter of Mrs. Alex Mitchell of this place. She leaves a husband and six children, the youngest a baby but 19 days old.

The Norwell Treasure.

"WHY, it's absolutely absurd, Mr. Barrie, and you ought to be ashamed even to listen to such a suggestion. Can't you see that if she had the book it must be in the house somewhere?" She had had no opportunity to dispose of it.

Robert Barrie, Scotchman, had tried hard to keep his temper through this interview with young Sprague for many reasons. One of them was his suspicion that Sprague loved his daughter Marian, the very apple of his eye. Another was his respect for Sprague of all his boasts that he never let his temper master him.

This occasion, however, was too much. To be told by a young "whipper-snapper" that he ought to be ashamed of anything was not to be tolerated. Besides, Sprague evidently did not know that the book had been found in the house of his aunt, Barbara Myles. He turned on his caller, purple anger mounting to his forehead, and shouted: "Yes, I can see that the book must of course be in the house." He came a step nearer and added: "And it was found there this morning. Here it is now."

And he held out the priceless copy of Isaac Walton that had long been the pride of Norwell. Sprague turned white and seemed about to fall. "Found in my aunt's house, you say?" he faltered.

"Aye," answered Barrie. "Now, can you deny she stole it? Who else knew more of its value? Who else had a chance to steal it? Didn't she tell Miss Timmins it would sell for at least \$500, and she knew where she could use the money well? I don't know that she hasn't used her position as librarian to steal other books. Heaven knows where she got any money to send you to college. I shall call a meeting of the library trustees at once and see if they will not agree with me to prosecute her to the extent of the law. And now, don't you step over my threshold again so long as you live. I don't want anything to do with your breed of thieves, either you or your—"

Sprague took a sudden step and "tackled" Barrie as he had many a time tackled a running half-back at football practice. Barrie fell heavily and looked half afraid up into the stern young face above him.

"Now, get up," said Sprague, "and if you ever say another word against my aunt in my presence I'll—I'll give you another lesson in football tricks of the goal-kicking description," he finished, half smiling to himself.

Only the morning before this interview the town of Norwell had been thrown into a spasm of excitement by the news that "our book" had been stolen. When Peter Hackett died he divided his really notable library among the public libraries of his native state, and to Norwell fell his famous Walton, the object of many a bookworm's pilgrimage to his library. Its bequest was hedged about by many conditions, the foremost of which was the solemn injunction that under no circumstances was it to be removed from the library.

It was this particular condition which caused Barbara Myles to experience a continual oppressive sense of responsibility. The Walton was never absent from her mind when she visited its resting place in the library a dozen times a day.

Beyond the slender salary which came from her position she had little except an unusual education and the bibliophile's love of books. John Sprague was her only relative and she loved him with the love of a mother. Robert Barrie, being her quarter's salary, his daughter Marian, and of late eccentric Job Doyle comprised the list of her Norwell callers.

Young Sprague repaid her love and sacrifice with almost the devotion of a lover. He knew the story of the extra outgoings done for the big city library that he might complete his college course. His love for Marian Barrie, too, was no secret from his gentle little aunt, and she fed him, hungry for news of his sweetheart, with constant letters.

She herself had discovered the loss and reported it to the chairman of trustees, Robert Barrie, with fear and trembling. He had led the village constable, and that Sherlock Holmes, being told the remark made to Miss Timmins about the value of the Walton, immediately arrested Barbara Myles.

John Sprague left the house realizing that probably his love dream was over for good and all, but not sorry, or the whole, that he had defended his aunt's good name in such a summary fashion.

The news of the finding of the book staggered him and he sought to explain it to himself, never once departing from his stout belief in his aunt's honesty. On his way to her house, where she was confined in the absence of a more suitable jail, he met Job Doyle. Job was as eccentric and absent-minded as Pudd'n' Head Wilson, and with a bookworm of the worst kind. This morning he was full of the missing book and as indignantly as Sprague himself at the turn affairs had taken.

"John, my son," said he, "what fuddle-headed piece of business is this? If I could get hold of that constable I believe I'd cast him! I do. Why, the fool, to think Barbara—I mean Miss Myles—took it. The angel Gabriel might steal it, but she wouldn't. See here, John, I suppose I ought to tell you something, seeing you are the only living relative she's got. For in love with that little woman—yes, yes, I am—and, by Jove, I'm going to marry her myself. I'm going to marry her myself, I say yes. Meanwhile we'll get her out of this scrape, you and I."

"Mr. Doyle," said Sprague, "am I sur-

prised. Go in and win, though. I'll do all I can to help things along. But this is no time to talk of such things. I've been to Barrie's and we had a scrap, and he's forbidden me the house."

"Poor boy!" replied Doyle: "and Marian—how does she feel?" "I haven't seen her since she got here, but it's easy to imagine how she will treat me."

"That reminds me, I went to see Barrie myself this morning, and a new maid came to the door whom I never saw, and when she asked me my name I couldn't tell her. No, sir; I couldn't, and she thought she'd got a lunatic, I guess, because she slammed the door in my face, and I couldn't think what my name was till I got round the corner. But about the book. Of course the thing has been mislaid, and I'll make Barrie amart for this. Why, darn it all, I was reading the book myself that afternoon, and I went home with Barbara—I call her that—this time without the Miss—and she didn't have it. Put it back? Why, certainly; I always do. Of course. Fuddle-headed fool! I'll come him."

John went straight to his aunt's, determined not to tell her of the futile interview with Barrie and his ending. But Cupid ruled otherwise. He found Marian Barrie in the house, and, realizing how hopeless his love must be now was hardly civil to her. Even his aunt noticed it, and said:

"Why, John, Marian has been my only comfort, except always you, since this happened, and you act as if you were angry with her. O, what are they going to do with me, John? What did Mr. Barrie say?"

And John could keep in no longer. It all came in a rush of passionate words restrained only by Marian's presence. As she listened the color left her face, and a great tear filled each eye. She loved her father, but now she realized that she loved John Sprague more, and as she realized it, her eyes told the story.

Barbara had stolen from the room, and they were alone. John finished with: "And that's why I have little to say to you, Miss Barrie."

"Miss Barrie! Ah, no, John, not that; I— and she blushed and hesitated. "I don't agree with father, John."

Ten minutes later they sought Barbara Myles to assure her that neither "agreed with father."

"Now, John," said Marian, "I believe that you and I can fathom this. Of course, the most natural theory is that some enemy of Miss Myles has put this book here in this house. But there are two facts against that. No one has been in the house but old Job Doyle, and Miss Myles hasn't any enemies. But there was the book."

"Where was it found?" asked John. "In the box under the seat here by the fireplace," answered Barbara. "How could it have come there unless after I had left here the morning I found it was gone, some one had come here and placed it in the settle?"

"Were there any signs of anyone's coming in, Aunt Barbara? Tell us the whole story again from the last time you saw the book," said John.

"When I came home to lunch the book was there in its accustomed place. That was the last I saw of it. O, no, Job Doyle had it that afternoon."

"Yes, he told me so when I met him. Did he put it back?" "Why, John, you don't think—? Of course he put it back."

"Did you see it after you saw it in his hands? Think hard, now."

The poor little woman blushed and looked uncomfortable and finally said: "No, Mr. Doyle was waiting outside for me and it was storming fiercely. So I just put out the remaining lights and I do believe I did not look to see if the Walton were safe."

"Yes, yes," said John. "What then?" "Why, we walked home together," she said shyly, "and I asked Job to have a cup of tea, and he took off his coat and put it—"

"Where?" demanded John. "Why—why in the settle—why— John, you don't think. Why, where are you going, John?"

John rushed out of the house, saying something as he went, about "that absent-minded chap will forget where he lives next."

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THE THANKSGIVING DAY
More Generally Observed Than in Former Years.

Thanksgiving Day was very fully observed in Grants Pass. Business was generally suspended and the day was given to family reunions and quiet enjoyment. That every home had a dinner in keeping with the custom for the day is certain for Grants Pass is a prosperous town and there are none of its residents but what can secure the means for supplying their table with a good repast.

A union Thanksgiving service was held at the Baptist church at 10:30 a. m. Rev. Clark Brown, of the Christian church presided and Rev. H. H. Brown of the Presbyterian church gave the invocation. Rev. J. H. Austin, of the Baptist county mission church, read the scripture lesson and Rev. F. C. Williams, of the Episcopal church, read the President's Thanksgiving proclamation, and also the proclamation of the governor of Oregon. The sermon was delivered by Rev. C. O. Beckman, of the Newman M. E. church. It was conceded to be a most scholarly address and one of the finest ever delivered in Grants Pass on a similar occasion, and it was listened to with the closest attention by the congregation, which was so large as to fill every seat in the large auditorium, and which was a representative gathering of the city. The musical selections were well given and a large collection was taken. The proceeds of which were to be used for charity work.

The usual Thanksgiving football game was played the contesting teams being the Grants Pass High School team and the Ashland High School team. It was a clean, well played game with no brutal or rough features and ended with a score of 12 to 0 in favor of Grants Pass. There was a fair sized crowd to witness the game, and the elements that usually get noisy and sometimes create disturbances were very quiet, owing to the strict enforcement of order by the police.

There was little stir on the streets, and the elements that usually get noisy and sometimes create disturbances were very quiet, owing to the strict enforcement of order by the police.

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Chicago	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	5:25 p.m.
Portland	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	7:15 a.m.
St. Paul	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	8:00 a.m.
Fast Mail	St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	8:00 a.m.

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For San Francisco—Every five days at 5 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.

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