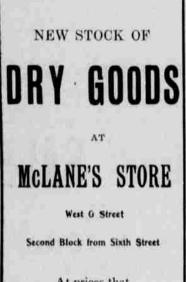
ROGUE RIVER COURIER. GRANTS PASS, OREGON, MARCH 16, 1900.

READ AND YOU WILL LEARN

That the leading medical writers and practice enderse and recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every of the force of colden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspegna, charged lent entering into the composition of Dr. Flerce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspegna, charged lent entering into the composition of Dr. Flerce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach dyspegna, charged lent entering into the composition of Dr. Flerce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspegna, completing the cure of weak stomach dyspegna, completing entered to all such charged by the source region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such charges of iong standing cases of catarrhal affections, and their resultants, as bronchial, throat and hung diseases texcept consumption accompanied with source conditions by such and their resultants. As bronchial, throat and hung diseases texcept consumption accompanied with source conditions of a state colds and country between the source of a state colds and country between the source of the sou That the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice endorse and recommend, in the



At prices that make bargains.

FARMERS FEED STABLE J. E. KERLEY, PROPR.

Last stable south on Sixth street. Room under cover for 150 horses and 40 wagons. Box stalls. Corrall 1 a

bose stock. Only the best hay, clean grain and alfalfa fed. Rolled barley and other

grain. running water, and trough cleaned

every day. Waiting room and tollet room where ladies can leave wraps and arrange their toilets,

THE SHELVING OF MISS BECKY. Copyright, INR. BY M. GRACE POPE.

SCISSORS, needles, thimbles and tongues were unusually busy that afternoon. The Pimlico Sewing society had a reputation for promptness, and the Thanksgiving box of clothing for the "deserving poor" was not ready. Mrs. Parkinson was the president of

the Pimilico Sewing society. Mrs. Parkinson had always been its president. She was a woman of the Napoleonic order, to whom a kindly fate had as yet brought no Waterloo. In all social affairs the village had tacitly accepted her dictatorship since the day her first husband, Rev. Joshua Higgins, installed her as mistress of the old red brick manse among the elms. Rev. Joshua had succumbed to heart disease a few months after his advent in the

village, and, although Mr. Parkinson was only a grocer in a small way, the good lady had ever exacted a full meed of honors due her former exalted position.

At first the conversation was desultory in character. But like the preliminary skirmishing that ushers in the real battle, it but preluded the discussion of matters pertaining to the gen-cral welfare of Pimlico and its inhabitants.

Mrs. Parkinson had something of importance to communicate. Sundry little hints and the bobbing of her head, and the pursing of her thin lips evidenced the fact. Even the decided snip of Mrs. Parkinson's seissors carried its note of warning.

The president of the Pimlico Sewing society did not seize an opportunity to ddress her sister workers; like her illustrious prototype, she created opportunities.

"Mrs. Blythe isn't coming to-day, not bein' very well. I've had no word from Miss Becky, so I suppose she'll be here. Before Miss Becky comes-" here she lowered her voice impressively-"I've a word I just want to say to the ladies here. I haven't a thing to say against Miss Becky, except just this: Miss Becky is a-gettin' along in years, and it makes me down sick to see a woman of her age a-goin' on so. Why, she's 30 if she's a day, and she's a-goin' out to parties an' havin' young men company like she waan't more than 18. feel like a woman o' her age ought to have more sense than to be wearin' hats with all kinds o' flowers an' feath ers on 'em. But, if she hasn't, why some one just ought to tell her. That's

what I think." Mrs. Parkinson had grown excited. Her low, mysterious utterances had risen to full oratorical crescendo. She wiped her glasses deliberately, put them on and looked around.

Mrs. Morrow's seissors had ceased cutting. She possessed only one pair and they always squeaked.

"Mis' Parkinson, ye hev jest give ut-t'rence to what I've been a-thinkin' this four years back. Becky'll be 31 nex' spring, 'cause I know she wuz born the very day old Deak'n Toutelotte's calves died, fer I remember ez though twuz yest'day how the deak'n-"

Mrs. Morrow had a reputation. Some one considerately rescued the meeting from the intricate mazes of one of her reminiscent tales.

"My mother wasn't married till she wuz 32, but la! she hadn't wore posies in her bunnet for so long fore thet time she felt ez though ev'ryone in the meetin' house wuz eyein' her when she wore her weddin' bunnet with a

seen to exchange glances, for it was quite well known in the village that the eldest son of the Widow Jenkins had been refused by Miss Rebecca the week before he married Marindy Flint. By this time, although no vote had Jeff Lindso been taken, it was plainly demonstration his place. ed that Miss Rebecca Blythe was to be summarily relegated to the ranks of

the elderly unmarried ladies of Pimlico. The president's heroic face fairly

beamed. Despite the readiness with which the sisters of the sewing society always responded to her calls, she had counted on some opposition. Miss Blythe was a popular young woman.

"Well," she said with a self-satisfied smile, "Mrs. Tracy an' me talked it all over some days ago, an' we decided then that Miss Becky has been behavin' like a cost in her teens long enough, an' we are going' to give her a hint she can't help takin'. Squire Larkin's sister, Jane Best, has a stepson a-comin' here to visit the squire; an' the squire's wife bein' but poorly, she wants we an' the girls to get up a party for him. use on his place. Say, that is easy I don't know whether you've ever work beside the old mattack. heard Mis' Larkin speak o' Dr. Summerton. He comes from out west, an' this is his first visit. They say he is doin' real well out west. Bettie an' Evvie are goin' to give a big dance fer him in their pa's new barn Thanksgivin' night. All the young people's to get invites to-morrow; but I just told the girls to leave out Miss Becky, an' they done so."

"I guess Miss Becky's pretty apt to tek a hint. Becky ain't been much of a fool ez I kin see." This time it was the owner of the musical scissors who spoke. "Well, good land alive! if there ain't Miss Beeky herself a-comin' right in; an' she's got a strange man a-wait- days of last week and found a in' fer her at the gate. Wonder who it can be!'

And then Miss Rebecca Blythe came in, looking happy and rosy, and not a day over 25. She wore a trim winter coat, and two bright yellow wings were stleking straight up in the little jaunty felt hat that perched defiantly above the wind-blown waves of Miss the yellow metal. His Winter with a good ontput of the yellow metal. Foxy. No. 494. 240 acres. Good three room house house and all other out buildings. 30 acres force Rebecca's shining black hair.

his uncle and aunt. Nothing would do but that I must take him around this afternoon to see his old friends." Honey and Tar stops the cough and heals the lungs, and prevents seriors results from a cold Refuse substitutes.

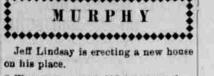
Mrs. Parkinson's face was a study She said nothing; but Miss Flint had a malicious light in her eye as she asked: "What air ye goin' to do, Becky, on Thanksgivin'?"

"It is our turn to go to Sister Martha's this year. We'll take the train in the morning, you know, and come back the next day.

Then Miss Rebecca laughed merrily, as she added: "Oh, just let me tell you, Brother Tom actually made that man promise to spend Thanksgiving with Sister Martha to taste her cake. You your busy day. know what a famous cake-maker Martha always has been. But I must hurry away. You all look so cozy in here, and so industrious; it makes me feel quite good for nothing." Miss Blythe left; and a hush fell up-

on the assembly.

Then there was a rush for the win-Various complimentary remarks Pass. were made about the personal appear- I do not purpose to make any referance of the doctor from the west, and a few uncomplimentary things said dry wood handy. Everyone knows about the deep laid scheme of his de-



. We are seeing candidates every day, first one, then two.

We are having a new school house built, which was badly needed.

Stock are coming through the Winter finely without very much feed.

Chas. Borkhalter and crew are busy placer mining on Oscar creek this Winter.

Zeb Hyde and Oscar have been mining on Nine Mile on Williams this Winter.

Miss Ella Williams returned to her home on Applegate after a brief stay in Grants Pass

Arch Bunch has a stump puller in work beside the old mattack.

Everyone seems pleased over the prospect of getting telephones and are waiting to say "Hello, Central."

There was a dance in the new school house last Friday night which was well attended and all enjoyed a good

Hurrah for March! He is acting the lion alright; snow six inches deep Phone 484 and still falling. Farmers will have to stop making garden now and go to cutting their Winter's wood.

The writer was out on a trip two country that is not any better than our own. Murphy is the paradise of Oregon. Pently of fruit, hay and corn and lots of pretty girls, too.

Cured Hemorrhages of the Lungs

Rebecca's shiring black hair. • "I can't stay today," she announced. "I am sorry, for I know how much there is to be done; and mother was not well enough to come. But, you know, Squire Larkin has a nephew just come to town to spend the holidays. We did not know him; but it seems he met brother Tom out west, and so he came to see us as soon as he had seen his uncle and aunt. Nothing would do



Mrs. H. S. Wynant and daughter visited with her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Walter, Sunday,

Don't let the politicians use you, if they come pestering you when you have work on hand, tell them it is

Mr. Champlin has lost one of his horses, it having strayed from his farm. She is branded on the shoulder with the letter C in a half circle and has two white hind feet and white tace; finder will please drop a postal addressed to Frank Champlin, Grants

ence to the necessity of having good, that the way to a mau's heart is signing companion. These last did Miss Rebecca great injustice: for she had never even heard of the existence will allow his wife to pick up chins good meal for him, basa't a heart worth reaching.





Seven-room story and a half house A BARCAIN FOR QUICK SALE. J. D. DRAKE.

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No. 490. 320 acres on the Applegate, 100 acres good bottom Ed Swinden is working his mine land Good irrigating ditch with 100 inches of water. 26 acres in

No. 494. 240 acres. Good three room house, small barn, smoke house and all other out buildings. 30 acres fenced. 20 acres in cultivation. Small orchard. Plenty of good timber. Living water. \$5.00 per acre.

No. 497. 217 acres. 100 acres in cultivation. Fine natural meadow. Good clover and altalfa land, with good water right. Plenty of good timber. Fair house, good barn, grainery and all other outbuildings. \$30.00 per acre for the next sixty days only.

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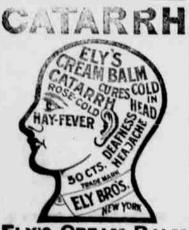




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OIVES RELIEF AT ONCE. It cleanses, soothes, heals, and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Sentores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Easy to use. Contains no infurious drugs, Applied into the nestrils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

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warron St., New York.

The Best Cough Syrup.

'S. L. Apple, ex-probate judge, Otawa, Kanaas, writes: "This is to my that have I used Ballard's Hore-bound Syrap for years, and that I do bound Syrup for years, and that I do not besitate to recommend it as the bast cough syrup I have ever used." Sic, 500 and #1.00, at Rotr uund's bis best syrup I have ever used." Sic, 500 and #1.00, at Rotr uund's and here sectal of the bast of the sector and here sectal of the bast of the sector and here sectal of the bast of the base of the bast of the base of the bast of the base of the bast of th

hunch o' white flowers on it." "I've been keerful about savin'

invthing thet might cause trouble by comin' to the years o' Mis' Blythe an Beeky," Mrs. Rigge remarked, "but I hey been thinkin' fer some time thet fer a woman clost to 30, all that dressin' up could scarcely be favorable in the eyes o' the Lord. But I said nothin' about it."

"Near 30!" old Mrs. Tracy exclaimed. with some scorn; "Beeky'll never see 30 again. She's one age to my Joe, an' he's been married goin' on nine years now. Why, Becky an' Jane Thompson air the same age, an' Jane's been wearin' nothin' but gray an' brown fer years; an' she's gettin to look real old.

"But, mother," young Mrs. Tracy aid, "surely you do not think Miss Beeky looks old?"

too.

"No; I must say Becky does not show her age; but she's a-gettin' along all the same. An' las' summer, after I saw them red flowers, I jest made up my mind to speak to Becky, an' says 1: 'Don't ye think red is jest a little gay for ye?' says I, an' ske laffed. 'Why, I'm not a grandmother, ye know,' says she. A grandmother! An' she not even keepin' steady company ez fur ez I know. But it's the way she has young men a-comin' to see her thet I don't like. There wuz Seth Adams a-settin' up reg'lar with her all las' winter, an' ev'ryone thought they'd be married, an' nothin' ever come of it. An' Mis' Clark's nephew, he took to goin' there fer another spell, an' nothin' come o' thet, either."

Then Miss Flint-no one seemed to remember the time when this good old woman was young-spitefully bit off the end of her thread, and peered through her glasses at the irregular stitches she was putting in the apron of some poor child who presumably would prefer the useful to the beautiful.

""Twouldn't be no surprise to me," she said, "if Miss Beeky didn't keep a

light burnin' in the parlor ev'ry Sunday night o' purpose to make folke think she was havin' company."

"Twouldn't surprise me none," the Widow Jenkins assured the ladies. "I

of the doctor from the west, until his Inl green wood out of the rain with unceremoniaus entrance into her which to build a fire in order to get a father's house an hour before.

Mrs. Parkinson and the meek-looking lady scorned to "put themselves out" by going to the window for a prep. at Miss Dlythe's gallant event. announcement regarding the disposition of the village guest on Thanksgiving had so broken into the plans of the good president that amizement and Indignation stilled her volce: but there was a heightened color in her cheeks, and the accelerated speed of her needle told its own story. The meeting adjourned at an earlier

hour than usual, much to the relief of the ladies. On the whole, the afternoon had been an uncomfortable one.

But Mrs. Parkinson did not acknowledge defeat. Early the following morning she "ran in" to consult with Mrs. Tracy, one of her stanch supporters. As a result of this conference the Thanksgiving dance was postponed for several days, and the doctor received an invitation, which, however, he did not accept. The young people on their way to the party saw him walking with rapid strides in the direction of Deacon Blythe's; and it was known that Miss Rebecca had a new silk waist and a large knot of pink ribbon for her hair.

That was only the beginning. All efforts to entice the young man from the dangerous Miss Rebecce proved unavailing. Indeed, he appeared to spend far more time at the Blythe home than he did with his good uncle and aunt. He had even been seen out snow-balling with Miss Rebecca's two young nephews. For once the bold plans of Mrs. Parkinson failed.

Her principal coadjutor had the hardihood to advocate a change in the line of operations. This lady's daughters sent out invitations for the big Christmast sleighride, and for the first time in weeks, Miss Rebecca received a card.

"They want you so much they are willing to take me, too." she said, with one of her merriest peals of laughter-laughter in which Dr. Summerton joined heartily, when he noticed the date on the invitation.

"The very day of our wedding, dear." he said. "Why, we shall be on the way to our new home by that time."

BUSINESS POINTERS.

Send your family washing to the Steam Laundry, All rough dry work 25 cent per dozen. Phone 373.

Your clothes called for and delivered and all flatwork that goes through the mangle washer, ironed at 25c per dozen. Grants Pass Steam Laundry. Phone 373.

Letcher has just received another stock of lenses and can fit all kinds of eyes. His apparatus for the testing of vision is all up-to-date and the most reliable kind.

Curtis & Co. for Watches, Clocks, Gold Rings and Jeweiry, fine watch repairing, engraving, Goods sold at reasonable prices. Come and see us. I. O. O. F. Building, Grants Pass; Oregon.

Having bought a new lot of cloth at a bargain, the Grants Pass Tailoring a bargain, the Grants Pass Tailoring company is now able to make a first-class suit at almost half the former price. Call and examine our goods and get prices Number 512, West G street, opposite Depot. 12-15 tf Petalama Incubators and Brooders st Cramer Bros. A Lively fusile. With that old enemy of the race, con-stipation, often ends in appendicitis. To avoid all serious trouble with stomach, liver and bowels, take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They per-fectly regulate these organs, without pain or discomfort. 25c at all drug-gists.

gists.

Women's Kidneys

Women are more often afflicted with kidney disorders than men, but attribute the symptoms to disease pe-culiar to their sex, while in reality the kidneys are deranged. Nervous-ness, headache, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, pain in the back, are signs of kidney trouble that mus not be ignored, or a serious malady will result. Foley "KidneyCure has restored the health of thousands of weak, ner-vous, broken down women. It stops irregularities and strengthens the urinary organs. It purifies the blood furnities the whole system. For Moving sale by H. A. Rotermund. Furniture and Piano

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