

INDIGESTION'S RECORD



HOLLAND
Roy Wells was in Holland one day this week on business.
The snow has gone and warm rains are making the grass grow.

Mrs. J. F. Kellogg and Mrs. T. A. Glenn and children were in Holland Saturday.

Frank Fowler, manager of the Gold Pick Mines Co., returned from Kerby where he had been on business.

J. B. Griffin and wife and Mrs. F. S. Coates and daughter, Alene, spent Saturday, March 17th, in Holland.

A. J. Fulk came in last week from the Briggs mine at the head of Sucker creek and reports six feet of new snow and still snowing.

A Scientific Wonder.
The cures that stand to its credit make Bucklen's Arnica Salve a scientific wonder.

The cures that stand to its credit make Bucklen's Arnica Salve a scientific wonder. It cured E. R. Mulford, lecturer for the Patrons of Husbandry, Waynesboro, Pa., of a distressing case of Piles. It heals the worst burns, sores, boils, ulcers, cuts, wounds, chilblains and salt rheum. Only 25c at all drug stores.

Fine wedding stationery at the Courier office.

For Sale by Dr. J. C. Smith.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

All matter for this column is supplied by the Grants Pass Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

A large number of the big magazines are dropping the whisky advertisements through the advice and protests of their readers. This is taken to mean that the majority of magazine readers have no love for liquor and take the liberty of telling the publishers their sentiments.

Friday afternoon, March 23, was observed by the union here as Neal Dow or Prohibition Rally day. Neal Dow the "Father of Prohibition" is honored everywhere and by means of the written word "He being dead yet speaketh."

But returning to the subject of the afternoon. Mrs. Savage had prepared a program which at the close was declared to be one of the best we have had for some time, and that many more should have been present to enjoy it.

Mr. Robbins took the other side of the question, saying in his apology to prepare a paper on that subject, but in a profession demanded that he should defend criminals of all kinds, and as his principles are well known we can understand the plea.

"Speaking of the torture to which some of the savage tribes in the Philippines subject their captives, reminds me of the intense suffering I endured for three months from inflammation of the kidneys," says W. M. Sherman, of Coalinga, Me. "Nothing helped me until I tried Electric Bitters, three bottles of which completely cured me."

The Courier is the farmers' paper for Rogue River Valley.
Cured Consumption.
Mrs. B. W. Evans, Clearwater, Kan., writes, My husband lay sick for three months. The doctors said he had quick consumption.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.
Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles, Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50 cents.

The End of the Season

Translated from the French by Lawrence B. Fletcher.

IX, Autumn. The cosmopolitan crowd of visitors is rapidly thinning. An elegant young man, surrounded by flower beds that have lost their glory, and lawns dotted with fallen leaves.

Lynne (flattered) - Oh! with a cousin of the emperor! How absurd! Besides, to speak frankly, his royal highness is rather - mature. No. I am one of those rare and peculiar women who do not believe in marriage without love.

Lynne (glancing at the sparse promenaders on the avenue) - Well, this is the end, and we have another reason to our credit.

Mme. d'Avila - To our debit rather. Another failure! The third this year, counting Spa and Houlgate.

Lynne - It isn't my fault, I am sure. I have done the impossible, almost, to win the prize - a husband!

Mme. d'Avila - And so have I.

Lynne - Yes. You have done too much. Several times, when I thought I had more than a nibble, you arrived on the scene and pulled on the line so hastily that the trout slipped off the hook and got away.

Mme. d'Avila - Oh, yes! Insult your mother after all the sacrifices! Lynne - Were they not partly for yourself - chiefly, I should say, seeing that even if we had caught one of your old reprobates, it was not you, but I, that would have had to marry him?

Mme. d'Avila - My dear, I had perfect confidence in your ability to tame the worst of them after marriage. But we never got that far!

Lynne - And we never shall, with your system. Your ideas are too grand. You aim too high.

Mme. d'Avila - Oh, I admit that I made a sad mistake, but there is no use in quarrelling about it now. It is time for action. Something must be done at once. You saw our bank statement this morning?

Lynne - Of course. Twenty thousand francs. Say eight months' respite. Then the altar, or - Ah! There is M. de Sully with his hat in the air. You don't know much about him, do you?

Mme. d'Avila - No. I have inquired of several people, but their answers were contradictory and unconvincing. Lynne - He is not bad looking, at all events. I could learn to love him so much better than your old cripples. But, perhaps, as you know nothing definite about him, he is crippled too - financially.

Mme. d'Avila - Well, it is the last chance and it may be worth trying. Have you had any conversation with him?

Lynne - Only trivialities. We have met two or three times. He asked me for a waltz the other evening. He is coming this way. You must contrive to leave us alone for a few minutes.

(Hat in hand, M. de Sully approaches and pays his respects to the ladies.)

Mme. d'Avila (after the conventional civilities have been exchanged) - Are they still playing in the card room?

De Sully - I think so. It is almost the only thing left.

Mme. d'Avila - I feel a mad longing to hazard a few louis. Allow me to confide my daughter to your care, M. de Sully.

Lynne - Oh, mamma!

Mme. d'Avila (going) - A few minutes, only. Just long enough to lose - say 500 francs.

Lynne (aside) - Neatly done! (Aloud) - What makes you smile, monsieur? De Sully - Your mother's words.

Lynne (uneasily) - The 500 francs? De Sully - No, her confiding you to my care.

Lynne - You will be a faithful guardian, I trust?

De Sully - Oh, the honesty of the guardian, you know, depends upon the value of the treasure.

Lynne (ostentatiously changing the subject) - Have you been here long? De Sully - Let me see. Ten days ago I had the honor of being presented to you by my friend Marcellin. I had arrived the day before. Have you spent the whole season here?

Lynne - Almost. My mother and I are very fond of Aix, and are among the last to leave, as you see.

De Sully - Are you going back to Paris?

Lynne - No. We are going first to Touraine, for the hunting. Mamma bought a chateau there last year.

De Sully (tentatively) - Touraine? I know the country thoroughly. What part of Touraine?

Lynne (embarrassed) - A few miles from Tours, near Valençay. (Quickly and gushing) Oh, how I love the grand, free, open-air country life, with its horses, dogs, sports of all kinds. Are you interested in the country, monsieur?

De Sully - Very much so. The care of my estates occupies much of my time.

Lynne (with a good deal of curiosity) - Then your estates must be extensive.

De Sully - Yes, very; and, as I am an only son, I have the entire care of them. In addition, I have one passion, yachting.

Lynne - I have the same. I adore the sea. When I lived in Brazil I often went out on my uncle's vessels.

De Sully - You are a Brazilian, then?

Lynne - Yes. Do I not show it but too plainly? My father, whom I lost a few years ago, made his fortune in the diamond mines. But you must know all this already.

De Sully - No. How should I? Lynne - Oh! watering place gossip - or your friend Marcellin.

De Sully - He met you first at Spa, you remember, and only passed through Aix. I saw scarcely anything of him.

Lynne - Why have you waited so long before coming to - to have this friendly little chat with me?

De Sully - How about the grand duke? Lynne - Which grand duke? De Sully - Come! You spoke of gossip. It seemed to be entirely occupied with your approaching marriage to his royal highness.

Lynne (flattered) - Oh! with a cousin of the emperor! How absurd! Besides, to speak frankly, his royal highness is rather - mature. No. I am one of those rare and peculiar women who do not believe in marriage without love.

De Sully - Then you ought not to have interrupted my - paradox, as you called it.

Lynne - Were you going to speak of love? It is easy to talk about, but difficult to demonstrate.

De Sully - Meaning that you would not have been convinced by my demonstration?

Lynne - Even if I had been convinced I could not with propriety, considering the shortness of our acquaintance, have confessed that the demonstration was agreeable.

De Sully (sadly) - What a pity it is! Lynne - What is it?

De Sully - That one's wild dreams cannot be realized. (In an altered voice) I do not know, mademoiselle, whether we shall ever meet again - especially after what I am going to tell you - but since you wish proofs, I will make two avowals. The second of them will be the proof of the first.

Lynne (coquettishly) - Begin with the second, then.

De Sully - It is not so easy or so pleasant as the other, and the fact that I make it shows how strongly you have interested me. Your words of encouragement have made me reflect that I was on the point of acting very dishonorably - and I cannot so act toward you. (Speaking with effort.) Except that I am a man of honor within the meaning of the code, I am in no respect what I appear or profess to be.

Lynne (amazed) - How?

De Sully - My name is not De Sully, but Marnier. I have no estates, no yacht, no fortune. I am a poor man, my only heritage being a few thousand francs which I am squandering as economically as possible in places where hussies congregate, in the hope of finding one credulous enough or sufficiently in love with me to marry me. There is my honest confession. I hope you will pardon my former words, which were simply professional falsehoods.

Lynne - Why do you tell me this? De Sully - Because - and this is the first avowal, which you would have last - because I love you.

Lynne - Since this morning? De Sully - I loved you at first sight. I have loved you a little more every time I have met you, and I have tried to meet you every day. But in love I am a skeptic, almost an atheist, and that I have dared to tell you my love shows how completely it has mastered me. This is, perhaps, the first time in my life that I have acted uprightly. Do not be too angry with me.

Lynne (much affected, dreamily) - You are right. It is a pity.

De Sully - That we are now so far apart?

Lynne - No, but that we are too near together. I am in the same position as yourself. I have neither chateau nor horses, neither yachts nor diamond mines. I am hunting for a rich husband in the same covert that you are beating down for a dowered wife, and I am not very patiently awaiting the portion of happiness or misery that fate may bring me. I am tired of playing the role of candle to decrepit moths with golden wings. I am pretty, you see, too pretty, and so I have no right to anything but what I may fetch in the market. I am only a chattel like a railway bond or a Sevres vase. Your frankness deserves a return, and it shall have it. I, too, have another confession to make. It will be as harmless as yours, since our two impetuous fates can never be one. In the short time that I have known you I have guessed, from various trifling signs, that you were not enormously rich, but still I believed you had - oh, how shall I express it?

De Sully - A modest competence, as people say?

Lynne - That is it. And on this foundation I built a romance - the first heartfelt romance of my life. I gave up pining for the stars, and was happy in dreaming of a modest, simple existence - with you.

De Sully (sadly) - We were designed for each other, but destined never to realize the design.

Lynne - Like so many others in this queer world!

De Sully - And, loving each other, we shall each contract the most stupidly conventional of marriages with some one else.

Lynne - And regret it all our lives. (A long silence. Then their hands clasp as if by instinct.)

Lynne (in a choking voice) - Is it adieu?

De Sully - Au revoir, rather, for who knows? Are you doing Nice this winter?

Lynne - Yes, and you?

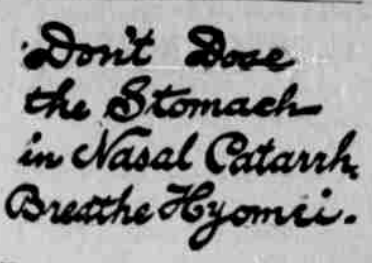
De Sully - Of course. Perhaps we can help each other.

Lynne (more cheerfully) - Agreed! Au revoir, then.

(De Sully presses her hand and is gone.)

Mme. d'Avila (returning) - Well! How about De Sully? Is he coming on?

Lynne - Oh, mamma, mamma! He is a - colleague. - N. Y. Post.



Don't Dose the Stomach in Nasal Catarrh. Breathe Hyomei.
No dangerous drugs or alcoholic concoctions are taken into the stomach when Hyomei is used. Breathe through the inhaler, the balsamic healing of Hyomei penetrates to the most remote cells of the nose and throat, and thus kills the catarrhal germs, heals the irritated mucous membrane and gives complete and permanent cure.

Hyomei is the simplest, most pleasant and the only guaranteed cure for catarrh that has been discovered. Complete outfit \$1.00; extra bottle 50 cents.

For sale by Rotermann.
Miners' blanks at the Courier office.

TIE CONTRACTS
Bids for furnishing 45,000 fir ties, bowed on two sides and bark striped or square sawed, not less than five inches of heart, to be delivered at points to be designated along the right-of-way of The California & Oregon Coast railroad between Grants Pass and Love's Station; said ties to be of the following dimensions: 8x7 in. by 8 ft. No bid will be considered for less than 1000 ties and the company reserves the right to reject any and all bids. For further information apply to the company's assistant engineer, John F. Richardson, Grants Pass, Oregon.

T. WALN-MORGAN DRAPER, 3 23-24 General Manager.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.
In the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon.

P. H. Harth, Plaintiff vs. J. F. Cochran, Defendant

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Josephine County in an action wherein P. H. Harth is plaintiff and J. F. Cochran is defendant, commanding me to sell Lot 5 in Block 3 in the town of Napoleon, commonly called Kerbyville, in Josephine County, Oregon, to satisfy the sum of \$134.35 United States Gold Coin, with interest in like gold coin at the rate of ten per cent per annum from January 19, 1906, and the further sum of \$74 costs and disbursements and accruing costs.

Now therefore, in the name of the State of Oregon and in compliance with said writ, I will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in Grants Pass, Josephine County, Oregon, on Monday, April 9, 1906, between the hours of nine o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., to-wit: at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, for terms cash in hand, all the right, title and interest of the above named J. F. Cochran in and to the aforesaid real property.

Dated at Grants Pass, Oregon, this 9th day of March, A. D., 1906. GEORGE W. LEWIS, Sheriff of Josephine County, Oregon.

CITATION.
In the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon.

In the matter of the Estate of James Lyttle, Deceased.

To Liza Lyttle, Jane Lyttle, Hannah Lyttle, Peggy Lyttle, Robert Lyttle, John Lyttle and all other heirs and next of kin and other persons interested in the estate of James Lyttle, Greeting:

In the name of the state of Oregon, you and each of you are hereby cited to appear in the above entitled court and cause on Monday, April 2, 1906, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. at the Court House at Grants Pass in Josephine County, Oregon, at the regular April term of said Court, then and there to show cause, if any, why an order should not be made for the sale of all the right, title and interest of the above entitled estate in and to the S. 1/2 of the N. E. 1/4 of the N. 1/2 of the S. E. 1/4 of the N. E. 1/4 of the N. W. 1/4 of Lots 3 and 4, Sec. 16, township 41 S. R. 9 W. of Willamette Meridian in Josephine County, Oregon.

This citation is published by order of the Hon. J. O. Booth, Judge of said Court, dated March 2, 1906, requiring publication thereof in the Rogue River Courier, a newspaper published at Grants Pass, Oregon, for a period of four successive weeks prior to the date of such hearing.

Witness the Hon. J. O. Booth, Judge of said Court, and the seal of said Court affixed hereto this 24 day of March, A. D., 1906.

S. F. CHESHIRE, County Clerk for Josephine County, Oregon.

NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that the District Boundary Board of Josephine County, will meet in the court house in Grants Pass, at 1:30 o'clock, p. m. on Thursday, April 5, 1906, to act on a petition to change the boundary line between school districts Nos. 6 and 43 to read as follows: Beginning at the point where the west boundary line of District No. 6 cuts the north side of R. S. Tolin's place in Section 17, Township 38 South of Range 7 West. Thence running east to the west line of Section 16; thence south three miles to the southeast corner of Section 34, Township 38 South of Range 7 West, which will give district No. 43 all of Sections 21, 22, 27, 28, 33 and 34, the east half of Sections 20, 29 and 32 and all that part of the east half of Section 17 that is north of the line of R. S. Tolin's place. All in Township 38, South of Range 7 West.

LINCOLN SAVAGE, Secretary Board.

Dated in Grants Pass, Ore., this 24th day of March, 1906.

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Nearly thirty years of experience in the Marble business warrants my saying that I can fill your orders in the very best manner.
Can furnish work in Scotch, Swede or American Granite or any kind of Marble.
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