

DIED SUDDENLY

OF HEART DISEASE.

How frequently does a head line similar to the above greet us in the newspapers. The rush, push and strenuousness of the American people has a strong tendency to lead up to valvular and other affections of the heart, attended by irregular action, palpitation, dizziness, smothered sensations and other distressing symptoms.

Three of the prominent ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made are recommended by some of the leading writers on *Materia Medica* for the cure of just such cases. Golden Seal root, for instance, is said by the UNITED STATES DISPENSATORY, a standard authority, "to impart tone and increased power to the heart's action." Numerous other leading authorities represent Golden Seal as an unsurpassed tonic for the muscular system in general, and as the heart is almost wholly composed of muscular tissue, it naturally follows that it must be greatly strengthened by this superb, general tonic. But probably the most important ingredient of "Golden Medical Discovery," so far as its marvelous cures of valvular and other affections of the heart are concerned, is Stone root, or *Collinsonia Can.*, Prof. Wm. F. Payne, author of *Paine's Epitomy of Medicine*, says of it:

"I, not long since, had a patient who was so much oppressed with valvular disease of the heart that his friends were obliged to carry him up-stairs. He, however, gradually recovered under the influence of *Collinsonia* medicinal principle extracted from Stone root, and is now attending to his business. Heretofore physicians knew of no remedy for the removal of so distressing and so dangerous a malady. With them it was all guess-work, and it is hardly to be credited that death was near at hand. *Collinsonia* unquestionably affords relief in such cases, and in most instances effects a cure."

Stone root is also recommended by Drs. Hale and Ellingwood, of Chicago, for valvular and other diseases of the heart. The latter says: "It is a heart tonic of direct and permanent influence."

"Golden Medical Discovery," not only cures serious heart affections, but is a most efficient general tonic and invigorator, strengthening the stomach, invigorating the liver, regulating the bowels and curing catarrhal affections in all parts of the system.

Dr. Pierce's Pills cure Constipation.

HEALTH TO THE FIGHTING MAN.

A health to the fighting man! The man with a red glint in his eye—
A glint that glows to a tender gleam for the old flag in the sky.
To the man who dares—and the man who cares for the good old U. S. A.
Who bears the brunt in the battle front and hurries to the fray.
A health to him—our soldier grim—with the warlight in his eye.
Who tunes his life to the thrilling rife and knows the way to die.

A health to the fighting man! The man all innocent of sham.
Who pays the due of a loyal heart at the shrine of Uncle Sam;
Who bears our load on the weary road that leads to a distant peace,
And asks no halt till he finds the fault, and the roars of cannon cease;
May he throb and thrum of the rolling drum be promise to his ears
Of the joyous day when he'll come away to hear a nation's cheers.

A health to the fighting man! The man with impulse clean and clear;
Who holds him right as a gallant knight without reproach or fear.
When the bugle sings and the bullet rings and the saber flashes bright,
May he feel the aid of the prayers prayed to guard him in the fight;
May good luck ride on either side and save him for the grasp
Of the friendly hand in his native land that's yearning for the clasp.
—Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

"Did not know that Laurence was married? That is strange," laughed she; "yet perhaps not strange, either, for he is so reticent regarding his own affairs. Why, we have been married 15 years, though were it not for my son and daughter, both of whom will soon be as tall as I am, I could hardly realize it had been so long by half," and again she laughed merrily.

It was with difficulty that Horace restrained his astonishment, and as the scene at the florist's two months before flashed across his mind, his indignation knew no bounds. But by an effort he quietly made a few more commonplace remarks, bade her good night and returned to the hotel.

"The scoundrel!" thought he, "to be untrue to such a fine little woman as that, and the mother of his children, too, just because he has been attracted by the pretty face of some young girl, while his wife's hair is gray, like his own! I feel like shooting him!"

He sought his room and bed, but it was nearly dawn before sleep visited his eyelids, so wrought up was he over his discovery of the evening. He felt he ought to warn her, the poor little, unsuspecting, wronged wife, and yet he dreaded to be the executioner of the love and trust with which her face was radiant while speaking of her husband. At length he dropped into a troubled sleep, to dream that Mrs. Mayhew, pale-faced and wan, stood by his side piteously saying:

"Oh, why didn't you tell me? If you had it might have been in time for me to have led him back out of the snares that wicked girl laid for him. And now—he is gone, gone, and my heart is broken!"

Late in the morning he awoke, more impressed than ever that it was his duty to warn the wronged wife, disagreeable though it might be. So he secured writing material, and after destroying sheet after sheet of paper, he finally composed a note in which he told her, in as gentle a manner as possible, of the episode at the florist's, and closed by begging her not to think ill of him for being the bearer of such news, as he very greatly regretted the necessity he felt he was under to warn her, and expressing the hope that with her knowledge of the affair, an influence might be brought to bear that would counteract any evil toils into which her husband had—probably unconsciously—fallen, and that happiness might once again be hers. This note he dispatched by the bell boy, about the time he judged she might have returned from church. A half hour later a white inclosure was handed in at his door. He tore it open and read:

"Mr. Horace Worth—Dear Sir: To say that I was amazed at the contents of your note falls far short of expressing my feelings. If not asking too much of you, will you please call at my home at four o'clock this afternoon? I appreciate your intended kindness. I reserve all else to say to you in person. Sincerely yours,
"AGATHA MAYHEW."

The writing showed signs of agitation, and it was with quickly beating heart that Mr. Worth presented himself at Mrs. Mayhew's door, at the appointed hour. He was admitted by the maid and shown into the parlor, where he was at once joined by Mrs. Mayhew. The pallid face and swollen eyes, for which he was prepared, were absent. Instead she greeted him with smiling countenance.

"Mr. Worth," said she, "I sent for you, not as you probably supposed—to question you farther concerning my dear husband, but to free your mind from the unjust charges which I give you the credit of honestly believing. At first I was angry over your intimation, but I believe you to be a gentleman, and that you took the course that you did from a sense of duty. Fifteen years ago the 20th of last March we were married. On that never-to-be-forgotten day, I wore a bunch of violets, and the table where the simple luncheon was spread was decorated with the same. Since that day, the 20th of March has never failed to bring from my dear, thoughtful husband, a fragrant cluster of violets; and two months ago, as usual, when he is absent at that time, there came by express a box of the sweet flowers, containing this card," and she held out the well-remembered bit of Bristol board, on which was written, "To my darling, with a heart's best love—Laurence."

"The next mail," continued she, "brought his usual daily letter, in which he told the joke of your supposing he was a bachelor, how you asked if he was sending flowers to his best girl, and of his reply. That is just like Laurence, to have a little quiet fun at your expense, by never correcting your erroneous supposition. I hope you will forgive him for it, just as I have forgiven you for your slanderous thoughts of my husband," and she, smilingly extended her hand.

Just how Mr. Worth managed to take her hand and bow over it, stammer out his sincere apologies, and get out into the street, he never could clearly remember. But it is a fact that when he finally found refuge in his room at the hotel, he feelingly remarked to himself:

"I wish I had three feet, so I could stand on two of them, and kick myself with the other!"—*Lumber Review.*

A Cluster of Violets
By ELLA S. WITHERILL.

LAURENCE MAYHEW was the quietest of all the traveling men connected with the firm of Knight, Powers & Co. the most prosaic, un-sentimental, matter-of-fact fellow one would find in a month's search. So when Horace Worth, another drummer for the same house—one raw, chilly day in March, chanced to step into Frantz Karter's, the florist's, just in time to hear Mr. Mayhew say: "Now, Mr. Karter, do not fail to get the violets off by to-day's express. Same address as usual, you have it, I suppose. And here, put this card in the box; my train leaves in 15 minutes, or I would stay until you got them packed," and when Worth accidentally saw that the card bore the inscription: "To my darling, with a heart's best love—Laurence," to put it mildly, he was astonished.

"Hello, old fellow," said he, "sending violets to your best girl, eh?"

"Yes, I thought they would surely be appreciated such a dismal day as this."

"Well, you are the last man I would ever suspect of being guilty of falling in love; a confirmed old bachelor like you, with plenty of gray hairs. But they say when a man of 40 or over does get hit with Cupid's arrow he is hit hard."

"At any rate," laughed Mayhew, "in this instance I confess it is true, I am 'hit hard,' as you say, and my 'best girl' is the dearest girl on earth," and he hastened away to the depot, where his sample case had preceded him.

Worth had only entered the employ of Knight, Powers & Co. six months before, but during the time he had met Mayhew several times and had liked him from the first, mentally dubbing him a good fellow, with a keen sense of humor, ready to take or give a joke in his quiet way, but seldom entering into the story-telling of his brother knights of the grip, when—as was occasionally the case—some of them met at the end of their several trips; and he had never been heard to boast of the pretty girls he had met, or flirted with, as some of the others were wont to do. So the above incident impressed itself upon the memory of Horace Worth, who, although a voluble, easy-going man, was kind hearted almost to a fault, and possessed of a strict sense of honor.

Two months later Mr. Worth happened to be spending Sunday at a small town some 50 miles out from the city. Saturday evening the ladies of one of the churches were serving ice cream and strawberries in a hall near the hotel where Worth was stopping, and to while away an idle hour as much as to help in a good cause, he strolled in about nine o'clock, and took a seat at one of the tables.

A bright little woman came forward to serve him, and he instinctively noted her plain, but attractive face, lit up by large gray eyes, and crowned with a wealth of hair, once dark brown, but now thickly threaded with silver. The rush of the earlier part of the evening being over, he was the only one at that table, while disposing of the daintily served refreshments the little woman flung in response to his request; so, seeing that he was a stranger in town, and seemed to know no one, she remained by the table pleasantly chatting in a manner that showed her to be a lady in every sense of the word.

Soon some one called, "Oh, Mrs. Mayhew, please come here a minute," and saying "Excuse me," she hastened away.

Five minutes later she returned, Mr. Worth not yet having paid for his refreshments. As he handed her the amount he said: "Pardon me, but I heard your name called, and it is a familiar one to me, as another traveling man with the firm I represent bears it. Mr. Laurence Mayhew. Is he a relative of yours?"

Quickly smiling, she said: "Oh, do you know Laurence? Why, he is my husband. I am glad, sir to meet a friend of his; may I ask your name?"

"Horace Worth, at your service," replied he, bowing, "but you surprise me. I did not know that Mr. Mayhew had married; may I inquire how long since the happy event took place?"

GRAVE

The weather has changed again and is threatening rain.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Clark made Grave a visit last Sunday.

Miss Cushing has started a dress making establishment at Grave.

Mr. George can't quite keep up with Mr. Will and Mr. Jack making hay.

Clarence Farleigh has returned home from his work down Grave Creek.

Wanted—A good bill poster as our worthy stage driver has more than he can attend to.

H. L. Wilson's father and mother have come from Kansas to make their home in Southern Oregon.

Ed Light is running a butcher wagon again. We're all glad to see him back again at his old trade.

The Grave school has closed and our teacher, Miss Pearl Lewis, has returned to her home at Wilderville.

A. A. Porter's house is being erected very fast under the management of A. L. Penwell and J. Clark.

A grand celebration is to be given by the Placer people the 4th of July and a dance in the evening and everybody welcome.

Rennions don't seem to agree with Wide Awake. We heard he had a jolly time. Did any of the other writers see him?

Farmers have been making hay while the sun shone. Mr. Will and Mr. Jack have made more hay than any other two (?) on Grave creek.

Cale Corder was called to Umatilla county on account of two of his little children being very sick. We all extend our heartfelt sympathy to Cale in his recent troubles.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Phillips were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clark last Sunday. Next time Mr. Phil comes he is to bring body guards along as he got very badly frightened while there.

FARMERS.

Feeling Impending Doom.

The feeling of impending doom in the minds of many victims of Bright's disease and diabetes has been changed to thankfulness by the benefit derived from taking Foley's Kidney Cure. It will cure incipient Bright's disease and diabetes and even in the worst cases gives comfort and relief. Slight disorders are cured in a few days. "I had diabetes in its worst form," writes Marion Leel of Dunreath, Ind. "I tried eight physicians without relief. Only three bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure made me a well man."

For sale by H. A. Rotermund.

Following the Flag.

When our soldiers went to Cuba and the Philippines, health was the most important consideration. Willis T. Morgan, retired Commissary Sergeant U. S. A., of Rural Route 1, Concord, N. H., says: "I was two years in Cuba and two years in the Philippines, and being subject to colds, I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which kept me in perfect health. And now, in New Hampshire, we find it the best medicine in the world for coughs, colds, bronchial troubles and all lung diseases. Guaranteed at all druggists. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free."

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Hazelwood Ice Cream

PURE RICH CREAM REAMY

is used in the manufacture of Hazelwood ICE CREAM, abundance of cream being assured for this purpose by the large volume supplied for the manufacture of Hazelwood Butter: :
Casein, gelatine or other animal or chemical compound of any character is in Hazelwood Ice Cream, in richness and smoothness being due to the actual richness of the cream of which it is manufactured. Only pure fruit, vegetable or nut flavors are used in coloring or flavoring.

Hazelwood
Ice Cream

For Sale by J. C. Smith.

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HOW IS THIS?

No. 487. 80 acres. Between 8 and 10 acres meadow with good irrigating ditch and about 8 acres of bench land seeded to grain; large box house, barn, sheds for stock and all necessary outbuildings; two horses, hack and wagon; two set of harness; 21 head of stock; 1 brood sow and pigs; poultry; all farming implements, consisting of mower, rake, plow, harrow and various other small tools; mower and rake almost new; about 9,000 feet of lumber, together with household goods. \$2500.00 takes the entire outfit. Good for 30 days only.

No. 494. 240 acres. Good three room house, small barn, moke 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.

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Kerley's Feed Stables, South Sixth Street.
Best Brand of Flour.
Hay of all kinds.
Rolled Barley, Wheat and Oats.
Clean Gray Oats for Seed.
Bedrock prices.

The Popular Barber Shop
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On Sixth Street — Three chairs
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etc.

Office, Room 3 Masonic Temple.

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The Needlecraft Shop
322 Washington St., Portland, Or.

Ancient Rome is now merely a memory of the past. Ballard's Snow Liniment is the family liniment of the twentieth century. A positive cure for Rheumatism, Burns, Cuts, Sprains, Neuralgia etc., Mr. C. H. Bunyon, Staunberry, Mo., writes: "I have used Snow Liniment for Rheumatism and all pain. I can't say enough in its praise." For sale by National Drug Co. and Rotermund.

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Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

The Courier gives all the county news.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
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