Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is a powerful, invigorating tonic, imparting health and strongth in particular to the organs distinctly feminine. The local, womanly health is so instinately related to the general health that when diseases of the delicate womanly organs are cured the whole body gains in health and strength. For weak and sickly women who are "worn-out," "run-down" or debilitated, especially for women who work in store, office or schoolroem, who sit at the typewriter or sewing machine, or bear heavy household burdens, and for nursing mothers. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proven a priceless benefit because of its health-restoring and strength-giving powers.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine. "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea, or St. Visus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womanly organs. It induces refreshing aleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Curea obstinate cases. "Favorite Pre-

the womanly organs. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Curae obstinate cases. "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of "femals weakness," painful periods, irregularities, prolapsus or failing of the pelvic organs, weak back, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration.

Dr. Pierce's medicines are made from harmless but efficient medical roots found growing in our American forests. The Indians knew of the marvelous curative value of some of these roots and imparted that knowledge to some of the friendlier whites, and gradually some of the more progressive physicians came to test and use them, and ever since they have grown in favor by reason of their superior curative virtues and their safe and harmless qualities.

Your druggists sell the "Favorite Prescription" and also that famous alterative, blood purifier and stomach tonic, the "Golden Medical Discovery." Write to Dr. Pierce about your case. He is an experienced physician and will treat your case as confidential and without charge.

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PROFESON KILLEMOFFSKI.

Professor Killemoffski had but one su-

preme delight.

Which was to find some certain way in which to win a fight.

He cruised right round that thought until he made a gun so great

And powerful that it could sink a navy while you wait.

And when he had that gun complete so it would send a shot Right through an armored vessel's side and sink it on the spot.

He set himself about it just as firmly to

create
create
A warship made of stuff no gun could ever
penetrate.

And finally he built a boat, and did his work so well

That gun of his could never drill a window through its shell.

Its sides were some new kind of steel so tough and firm and stout.

That all the gune in Christendom sould never knock it out.

And yet he was not satisfied, but studied And yet he was not satisfied, but studied day and night;
He lunched on smokeless powder and he dined on dynamite.
The fierce expression on his face was proof beyond a doubt.
That there were other problems still for him to figure,out.

He west away off by himself and built a

secret mill.

Twas "fifteen miles from nowhere," and
he camped right there until

Re found a new explosive so all-powerful

and flerce
That it could send a shell through steel no other shot could pierce.

He still kept on inventing; every gua be made would shoot Ten times as far as all the rest and twice

as straight to boot.
Until, at last, he made a gun that shot so far, ainck!
The ball went clear around the world and hit him in the back.

But maybe it was for the best, for, had he
lived, full soon

He must have made a gun with which to
shoot away the moon

And Venus, Saturn, Mercury, and Jupiter
and Mars,

And on and on and on until he shot out all
the stars.

Nixon Waterman, in Saturday Brening
Post.

He Did Not Come Back.

A Bear Story from the Wilde

Now who'd ever 'a' thunk that a bear would 'a' come back so tremendous quick as that un did, arter the dose o' buckshot that I socked into him?" said Sizer Slocum, who, with his twin brother Charles, lived on a little clearing beyond Berrylot Hill Barren, near the head waters of Bear creek, Pennsylvania.

"Who'd ever a thunk it?" repeat-ed Sizer, who had come in with a

load of baskets.
"I don't know, Size," said Sim Bowers, the storekeeper who buys the Slocum baskets. "What was there

about it?" "Tut!" exclaimed Sizer. "Hain't it

got down here yit, about that bear?"
"Guess not. Size," replied Bowers.
"Well, 'y jocks!" said the basket
maker. "That's tremendous queer. Why, it was 'way back in corn shock-in' time when it come to pass about that bear, Simeon.

"Me an' Charles had jee cut that field o' corn an' shocked it up, ag'in gettin' at it arter awhile an' huskin' of it out. Next day arter we got that

corn shocked up, I says to Charles: "'Charles,' I says, 'our apple crop ain't prophesyin' a very cheerin' win-ter,' I says."
"'No, it ain't,' says Charles. 'It

On Sixth Street - Three chairs won't squeeze out more'n two bar'ls

o' cider, if it does that,' said he. "An' you know yourself, Simeon, that only two bar'le o' cider to winter over on ain't no cheerin' pros-

" 'But, anyhow, Charles,' I says, 'T'll go down to the orchard an' get the Estimates and bids fusnished on crop together for squeezin'. An' Ditches, Dams, Bridges, Tunnels, you better go up in the swale.' I says, 'an' chop out some staddles for splintin' baskets."

"An' I went to the orchard an' Charles went to the swale. I hadn't been gatherin' apples more'n a little while when along comes Dan'l Swart, that lives at the foot o' Berrylot.

"'Hullo, Size,' he says. 'Good mornin'. I see you've got your corn eut an' shoeked, you an' Charles,' he says.

"Yes,' I says. " 'Well,' says he, 'you didn't hire no hear to unshock it an' husk it for you, did you?' says he.

Well, scarcely, I says. " Didn't you? says Dan't. 'Well. there's a bear in your field a-doin' of it, as busy as bees. A tremen-

dous big one, too! says be. "Then Dan'l clucked to his hose an' rid on. I run to the house, got the gun, an' started for the cornfield to shoot at the bear.

"When I got in that field, Simeon, an' see that bear a-cavortin' mongst the corn shocks I'd 'a' give nine dollars fer a gover'ment cannon, an' I'd a-planted it there an raked him fore an' aft. I was so conteminated mad that I just rushed ag'in him with a yoop an' a yell ap' fired the old gun at him. jeet as if he was only a groun hog.

"The bear quit his foolin' an'looked over his shoulder at me. He seen I was tearin' mad, an away be went into the woods. I skited as fast as I could up to the swale where Charles was choppin' out staddles.

"'Charles,' I says, 'a bear has ben unshorain' our corn, an' snatehin' off the care an' scatterin' of 'em like chaff,' I says. 'It'll take us two days to gether 'em up ag'in!' I says.
"'Not a bear!' says Charles. 'You

'A bear,' I says, 'as big an' sassy. 'y jocks, as ever that un was that come down outen the wilderness as snatched the boys baldheaded fer

sasain' old Father 'Lijah!' I says. "Charles leaned on his ax a minute, an' then he says:

"'Sizer,' he says, 'that bear ain't through yet. We can't work in that cornfield with no weapon but that old gun,' he says. 'We must borry a

"So me and Charles went up to Joe Gould's an' borried his rifle an' a han'ful o' buckshot fer our old gun. Then we went back to the cornfield to begin getherin' up our

corn the peaky bear had scattered.
"Simeon, there he stood!' The
bear! There he stood aga'n slashin' away at the shocks o' corn, an' sletherin' it around like chips offen • planin' mill!

'Take that for your impudence!' I hollers, an' I turned the ol' gun loose on him with such a belching o' buckshot as never slid out of any gun before nor since. Down went the bear, an' down went me, moren't ten foot back'ards, into a corn shock, the kickin' o' the old gun was so hefty. The bear got up before I did, an' went limpin' an' howlin' away, follered by a bullet from Charles' borrowed rifle.

"'If the front end o' this old gun was as all-pervading as its hind end, Charles', I says, rubbin' my shoul-der, 'that bear won't be alive more'n a few minutes to be uncomfortable in,' I says.

"'Looks to me as if you mowt be right, Sizer,' says Charles, 'an' I consider that we kin stack our arms, now, an' go getherin' up the corn,' anys he, an' he won't bother us no more.' says Charles.

"The bear had gone on into the woods an' out o' sight. Charles, he took his gun an'walked over amongst the corn shocks to look the ground over, an' I got up an' sot on a pile o' corn investigatin' my shoulder.

"I guess it was mebbe ten minutes 'fore I looked up, an' when I looked up I come as nigh faintin' as could be an' not do it. As soon as I got my wind and tongue, I began to yell to Charles.

"'Charles!' I hollers. 'Come here with your gun! The bear's back! He's back, worse than ever!'

Cause there he stood, not 20 foot away, legrin' at me 'round a shock o Charles started as soon as he heerd me holler. I riz up to try an load my old gun, an' when the bear heerd Charles comin' amongst the shocks, he got skeert, an' he made a dash to get away.

"As Charles was comin' up in the rear o' the bear, the bear thought it'd be safer to come my way than to go t'other way, an' he run right on to me, howled me over as if I was a tenpin an he was a ball, an walked right over me from one end o' me to t'other, an' put in his best licks for the woods. Just then Charles came in sight of him.

"'Lay still, Sizer!' he hollers. 'Lay still, an' i'll bore him like tappin a maple tree! Lay still! Charles hollers

"I laid still, Simeon, an' I couldn't 'a' done nothin' else if I'd 'a wanted to. the bear had stamped me so deep down in the dust. So I laid still, an' Charles was as good as his word. "He banged away an' bored the bear

from end to end, an' the bear didn't take more han a dozen steps further. He fell dead among the shocks. "'Hut great Hickory Jackson. Charles!' says I. 'Who'd'a' thunk that

bear'd a come back so quick arter that done o' buckshot I give him?' says I. "'Nobody,' says Charles.

"An' who would 'a' thunk it, Simeon?" said Sizer. "'Lord a'mighty, Siger!" exclain

Sim Bowers; "nobody would!"

" 'Of course they wouldn't, y' jocks!" said Sizer Slocum. "Of course nobody 'd 'a' thunk the bear would 'a' come back like that! An'hedidn't neither!" "Sizer Slocum!" said Storekeeper Bowers, indignantly, "I got somethin' else to do than sittin' herean, listenin'

to your triffin' yarns!" "Simeon " said Sizer, "folks would 'a' had good reason not to think that the bear would 'a' come back like that, an they'd 'a' ben right, for the next day arter Charles bored the bear Joe Gould's boy was goin' through the woods, half a mile from that field of our'n, au' he comes onto a dead bear lavin' in there, so riddled with buckshut that it was 'most ready for mincement; so it was plain enough that there wa'n't no ground at all for any one a-thinkin' that the bear would 'a' come back, Simeon."

You don't mean to say, Strer Sloeum,

"I mean to say, Simeon, that the bear Charles bored from end to end was another bear - an' it's a tremendous queer thing that nothin' about it hain't got down here 'fore this! An' he was such a big feller, too!"-N. Y. Sun.

Doctors Said He Would Not Live.

Peter Fry. Woodruff, Pa., writes After doctoring for two years with the best physicians in Wanesburg, and still getting worse, the doctors advised me if I had any business to attend to I had better attend to it at growth by showering daily. Give a once, as I could not possibly live an- remove to a cooler place. Keep up the o her month as there was no cure for shower bath, and be sure that the roots me. Foley's Kidney Cure was recom- are always moist. In the spring put mended to me by a friend, and I im- the plants out of doors, and leave them medately sent my son to the store there until September or October, alfor it and after taking three bottles I began to get better and continued to improve until I was entirely well." For sale by H. A. Rotermand.

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The Courier gives all the county

THOUGHT HIM A PREEZER.

Bright Girl's Mistake About Traveling Companion Who Was Really Very Kind After AM.

The girl was in shades of brown. Her head covering was one of those lady-like hats which assume a perfect entirety, yet contain no element of the grotesque. It was brown, of course. Her gown was a serviceable brown cheviot, which shaded off into her bronze hair. From hat to shoes she was a well dressed girl, and, besides, she had a wholesome look about her which was enticing. Every man in the car but one noted her healthy color and well-poised sienderness. The exception was an Englishman who didn't ook as if he knew what a smile was. He sat bolt upright in his seat and looked straight ahead in self-satisfied glumness. He rolled his eyes toward the girl as she came opposite without turning his head. She had traveled much, but she felt his disapproval. A wonder came into her head as to what it could be for, relates the New York

scross the aisle, half of which was occupied by a sensible-looking chap, with a good, square jaw and a pair of honest eyes. The girl felt uncomfortable because of the Englishman's giance as she sat down. She, too, stared traight ahead for half an hour or so. Then she looked around for some amusement. The man who sat in the other half of the seat saw her glance at the window.

"Would you like this end of the seat?" he said, and rose to his feet. The Englishman turned a withering

slow fire glance upon her as she replied with alacrity: "Thank you. It is dull."

The ice was broken. The young man gave her a magazine and asked her what she thought of Abbey's Holy Grail pictures. She was an enthusiast He was interesting. They chatted like two children as the train sped onward into the dusk.

At first she forgot all about the Engishman; then she caught a cornerwise glance of him and decided his disapproval was mountainous. A spirit of perverse mischief entered her soul. She confided to the man in the seat the fact that she was uncomfortable, and then flirted audociously for the benefit of her bugbear. Now and then she looked at him only to feel that somehow she was a very extraordinary, a very brazen girl. Down in her heart she knew it wasn't a bit the truth; she was just a jolly United States girl, but the Englishman was simply freezing all her naturalness up.

The other man in the meantime had made himself as agreeable as a man could, magazines, papers, lunch, everything which could help to lighten the tedium of the journey he had supplied. At last he reached his station. The girl had three hours more to travel.

"By George, I forgot to get any fruit," he said, as he buttoned up his overcoat. "The afternoon has fairly flown. I hope you'll arrive at your sta-tion safely and find your friends waitng.

He was gone. The girl felt lonesome. One more glance she took at the Englishman. What she saw in the way of disapproval piled up, heaped up, sent a numbness over her soul. She drew herself up very straight and assumed a frigidity of manner which hid the discomfort she was enduring internally.

Suddenly she was startled by a voice, a deep bass voice which wasn't un-pleasant but dreadfully atern.

"Madam." it said. She turned her head a little. "O dear," she thought. "He's going to preach. He must be some kind of a missionary. If he says anything rude I'm going to fight."

"Madam," repeated the voice. The girl turned toward him. He held a paper bag in his hand, and spoke

"Would you like an orange?" The only comfort the other chap had forgotten the Englishman had remembered. Her breath escaped in a little surprised gasp as she mechanically accepted the orange.

Even a girl sometimes makes a mistake in a man.

Baked Tonet.

Pare rather thick slices of stale bread and toast; dip each slice in boiling, saited water (level tenspoonful of sait to a quart) - a mere dip is necessary, but the water must be boiling. Arrange the dipped toast in a pudding dish, sprinkle each layer with a dust of salt and dot with butter; cover the whole with boiling milk (a little cream is better); cover and set in a quick oven for 15 minutes. The peculiar richness of this dish is due chiefly to the baking; it will tempt the most capricious appetite and is easily digested.—American Queen.

What to Do with Amiles

Azaleas ought to make their annual growth shortly after flowering. As soon as the flowers fade put the plants in a warm, close place, and encourage weak fertilizer. When growth ceases

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