Trust to Nature.

A great many Americans, both men and women, are thin, pale and puny, with poor circulation, because they have illitreated their stomachs by hasty eating or too much eating, by consuming alcoholic beverages, or by too close confinement to home, office or factory, and in consequence the stomach must be treated in a matural way before they can rectify their earlier mistakes. The muscles in many such people, in fact in every weary, thin and thin-blooded person, do their work with great difficulty. As a result fatigue comes early, is extreme and lasts long. The demand for nutritive aid is ahead of the supply. To insure perfect health every tissue, bone, nerve and muscle should take from the blood certain materials and return to it certain others. It is necessary to prepare the stomach for the work of taking up from the food what is necessary to make good, rich, red blood. We must go to Nature for the remedy. There were certain roots known to the Indians of this country before the advent of the whites which later came to the knowledge of the settlers and which are now growing rapidly in professional favor for the cure of obstinate stomach and liver troubles. These are found to be safe and yet certain in their cleansing and invigorating effect upon the stomach, liver and blood. There are folden Seal root, Queen's root, Stone root, Bloodroot, Mandrake roots when extracted with glycerine as a solvent make the most reliable and efficient stomach tonic and liver invigorator, when combined in just the right proportions, as in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Where there is bankrupt vitality—such as nervous exhaustion, bad nutrition—and thin blood, the body acquires vigor and the nerves, blood and all the tissues feel the favorable effect of this sovereign remedy. Although some physicians have been aware of the high medicinal value of the above mentioned plants, yet few have used pure glycerine as a solvent and usually the doctors' prescriptions called for the ingredients in varying amounts, with alloods.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is a scientific preparation compounded of the glyceric extracts of the above mentioned vegetable ingredients and contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs.

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THEN AND NOW.

A crumbling fort o'erlooks the plain Where from hall and leaden rain, With thunder of artillery, Once wrought war's work of misery; Yet over me while musing there Buch caim was brooding and the air From breath of roses was so sweet, I thought of awords to plowshares beat.

Kine were seen grasing without fear Over the sloping green-sward near. And resting when the noon had come 'Neath oaks that faced the cannon's boom Which crimsoned many a trampled clod; Now dairies fleck with anowthat sad, While white doves coo unharmed with Redoubts reared for the battle's dia.

Grim parapets no longer frown Upon a pent, beleaguered town;
The greater city in its might
And pride guards the dire conflict's site;
Sweet homes with comely lawns are seen
Crowning historic heights screene
In grace and beauty, safe apart
From tumuit of the busy mart.

Nor is the fane forgotten here.
Unto the heart devout more dear.
Than grandest mansion wealth rears nigh.
But shrining poor mortality—
While on that day of all the best.
Thrilled strangely once by the behest.
To arms, the scene is of release.
Old foes now friends in yows of peace.

In this slow-crumbling fort I see
Type of a fray waged bitterly.
Yet whose semembered cup of woe
Is yielding to time's tidal flow;
Though its dead heroes borne away
Whether in blue, or in the gray.
Claim their due share of votive bloom
Often as doth the Maytime come.

—W. E. Boles, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

WHALE HUNTING By MARK SULLIVAN.

JE was a Norwegian, but his sea English was as good as the king's was big and muscular, with a rare combination of weight and wiriness. His face and eyes were stern enough when he shouted orders from the bridge, but, when playing the host in his cabin, as merry as a Santa Clauswithout the whiskers. His skin was tanned by the salt spray and burned by the sun of every degree of latitude where ships have ever been. He had caught whales in every sea, from the Persian gulf to Baffin's bay; and a few years ago he abandoned the old way of New Bedford and all romance—the three-year-long, round - the - world cruise in a sailing vessel-to try the adaptation of steam to whaling. Por the big brick oven on the deck to boil the blubber (which all remember who know The Cruise of the Cachalot) he substituted a permanent factory for refining the oil, located on the north-ern shore of Newfoundland. From this he steamed out to the whaling grounds each morning and back at night, rarely without a prize. For the old method of throwing a harpoon by hand from a small boat he substituted a barpoon gun from the bow of his whaler; and with these improvements conducted a business that will soon make the few aurviving New Bedford sailing whalers as obsolete as wooden plows. I lay in his spare bunk, across the

narrow cabin from his own, and dropped to sleep as he finished a tale, strangely like Kipling's "Three Sealers," of a fight between rival crews for a dead whale in the Okhotskees. Only a minute later, it seemed, I bumped head against the top of the bunk to the quick awakening of an excited Norwegian craft cry from the top of the companionway. The captain leaped from his bunk. He waited not for Office, Room 3 Masonic Temple, shoes nor for other clothes than those he selpt in, but bounded up the steps shouting orders as he ran. While I dressed I stuld feel the quick stopping. the short advances and retreats of the engines, and I knew we were stalking game. When I reached the deck the TRUCK AND DELIVERY swinging it about on its pivot. With the other he was making signals to the cogineer to stop to so the captain had one hand on the gun, swinging it about on its pivot. With engineer to stop, to go foward a little, or to go back. Following his eyes, I caught sight of our game. It looked like a huge, eigar-shaped piece smooth, shiny- slate-colored India rubber, rising at regular intervals so that four or five feet of his diameter and 40 feet of his length showed like a mound on the amooth water. With alternate rising and dipping he was gliding smoothly forward, without apparent exertion, but with tremendous speed and in a perfectly straight line. were approaching him from behind at an angle, so that his course and ours were the sides of a V.

The captain on the raised platform in the bow, following with the moute of his cannon the course of the whale. was the personification of alertness. The crew were grouped behind him as eager and expectant as if they bad never caught a whale before. One of them touched me on the shoulder and pointed ellently a mile away, where a dozen other whales were spouting fine columns of vapor. When I turns again to our whale he had risen once more, and we were within 30 feet of Every person on the ship was in a state of tiptoe alertness. Suddenly came the crush of the gun. I saw a hidcous red rigrag gash on the broad side of the whale; I heard the rumbling roar of the time bomb at the point of the harpoon exploding in the whale's vitals. On deck there was a convulsive candemonium. The captain, in the debrium of the hunter at the death of his quarry, was shricking shrill staccate rders. The crew were leaping to their posts. Suddenly I felt the bow of the emel give a jerk beneath me, then tremble a moment, and slowly dip.

The whole bull gone straight down The raw strached to the harpoon shet over the how so fast that the eve could not follow; where it touched the wood a carling column of smoke have got tired and quit. Detroit Free areas. The windlass spon cound like a boy's top. It hummed and buzzed with the noise of a flying

Coil after coil of rope leaped into nothingness like a magician's flower pots Gradually the windlass ceased to spin. The whale had touched bottom. The captain signaled to back the ship, lest he should come up afoul of the propeller. The rope floated slack on the water. There was a minute or two of silent, expectant suspense. Then, right in front of the bow, so close leastdhave poked my finger against the flabby blubber, up rose the giant mose up, up, up till he towered full 35 feet above the rail! I jumped back in genuine fear that he would topple over on the deck. Then he turned a somersault with a splash and drenched us all. He rose again, churning the water white. raised his tail quite 20 feet and slapped the water with a poise like a thunderclap at our very toes. He turned round and round, wrapping the rope about his huge body, then shot straight forward on the surface, skipping from wave to wave like a swallow. He reached the end of his slack rope with

ward with him. Again the windlass whirred and whizzed, but with diminishing speed. Far out at the end of his two miles of rope, the whale churned and lashed the water and blew big blasts of hot vapor. The crew saw the end and relaxed their tenseness. They gave him half an hour or so to end his convulsions. Then the captain shouted the order to wind in

a jerk that shook the ship from stem to

stern. There was an instant tug of

war between the whale and the re-

versed engines. Then the whale won

and for a minute pulled the vessel for-

As the whale felt the pull he gave one feeble, dying jump. The men stopped a minute, then continued slowly to pull in. Pinally, the huge, inert, flabby body floated belly upward, just off the bow. They lowered a boat, passed a chain about the narrow circumference where the tail widens, and grappled him to the side of the vessel. I could see a dozen quarreling porpoises enting the tongue of the monster that had been an hour before alive and to those scavengers, invincible. The captain gave a sigh and a smile of content and leaned over the side to measure with his eye the size of his prize. The crew busied themselves with loading the harpoon gun again and putting

things in order.
All this was before five in the mornind-and before breakfast. After the meal, when we came of deck again. there had risen a heavy Iceland wind. The captain sniffed it and glanced at the choppy sea. "'Twill be a bad day for the feesh," he said; and went sloft to his bridge to watch with his glasses for another "blow." With the wind came rain, and the two did, indeed, make bad fishing. Not that the whales went in out of the wet, as an irreverent sailor must tell the guileless landsmen; there was scarce a time when we could not see a dozen "blows" within a five-mile radius. Often, when we were not prepared for them, they would swim right past us with all the dignity of an been linerapeeding past a bobbing fishing craft. They never seemed to be merely browsing idly around-they were always swimming in a straight line, and always very fast. as if they had important business mewhere on the coast of Sweden When they were close by we could follow them readily with the eye, and see them rising and dipping at regular intervals. Farther off, milestones of their course were their "blows." It is the one conspicuous mammal charac teristic remaining to this expatriated land animal who has chosen the enin so often he must breathe. And as his taking breath involves blowing a 20-foot high pillar of white vapor into the air, it is this "mark of the beast" and of the beast's natural habitat that betrays him to his enemies.

Late in the afternoon the cantain on the bridge swept the sea with his glasses, and saw no sign of a "blow. He glanced at the sinking sun and measured with his eye the 20 miles to the harbor. He dropped his glasses and gave a quiet order that meant the day's work was done. The deck was put in order, and the stocky little whaler, with her trophies grappled close to her side, set her bow towards the mainland. It was not for the want of "fish" that we had fisherman's luck that day. But the whaler was no. larger than a tugboat. The heavy sea tossed her about like a cork, and aiming a cannon with so unsteady a base as the whaler's bow was difficult business even for the expert captain Three times he fired and missed; and as it took an hour or two to relead the gun and prepare the barpoon and bomb, it was two o'clock in the afternoon before we got our second price. The process was in all remeets like the first; but there was the same fremewof excitement abourd the shin. The one appetite that never becomes satisfied the one instinct that is never satisfied. the one experience that no amount of repetition dulis, is, it seems, the instinct to hunt and kill. In primitive man it was the first law of his being; and, like the whale's breathing, it stays with him in a wholly changed

environment. The captain slowly paced the bridge and puffed a long eight in profound content. I judged by what he had told me, that his individual share in the day's catch would be a successful lawyer's income for a week.-Boston Transcript.

Room in the Procession Clara Dear isabel, you are at last

a successful artist. Isabel-Oh, Clara, I don't feel myself a success; I've just moved up a little, because a lot of older strugglers

Justice blanks at the Courier office.

A MODEL HOTEL CLERK.

His Cheery Manners Gladden Mie Guests,

The hotel clerk stood behind his little bar, and, one after another, the guests arrived. Thus, smiling affably, did the hotel clerk handle them, says the Philadelphia Record. "Mr. A., I'm glad to see you. Will you have your old room, 304, again? Good! It's vacant, fortunately. How do you do, Mr. B? There are five letters waiting for you. rather expected you to-night, so I had a fire built in the open grate in 172. You are still fond of open grates, I suppose? Mr. C., you are just in time. We engaged a new pastry cook yesterday, and the boss said he hoped you would be along soon to pass judgment on him. Would you like 289 again? All right. Front! 289. Hullo, Mr. D.! I didn't think you'd visit us this winter. One of your men told us about your typhoid fever siege. I think you're looking mighty well, all things considered.

Very wonderful was the hotel clerk's memory, and very pleasant was the effect of it upon the faces of the guests. Their worn and harried look vanished; they smiled; it delighted them to be welcomed so agreeably. And thus does the typ-ical hotel clerk of the big city conduct himself always, doing more by his tremendous memory and tremendous tact than any other employe to help his boss get rich.

A MARK FOR MAGICIANS.

The Modest, Retiring Man Is Always Singled Out as a Fit Subject for Experiments,

"I have the vaudeville habit," said a diffident, mild man, relates the Philadelphia Record. "Every week you may see me beaming in a box at some vaudeville performance, but I tremble with fear when I see by my programme that a magician is to come on

"For my nature is retiring; I love to blush unseen, but magicians invariably single me out and make me help them in their tricks.

"Last week, for instance, I stood in the front of my box for quite two minutes, holding at arm's length a huge paper bag containing an egg. My hand and wrist looked extremely red and bony; the thought that the audience was regarding their ugliness filled me

"Yesterday a female magician at this theater made tea out of sand, and began to pass it around to assure the audience of its reality. Would she tackle me? I frew back in the shadow, but her eye caught mine somehow, and she advanced to the box rail from the stage, extending her tray. 'Please try my tea. sir,' she said, and I grinned awkwardly and took one of the cups. In full view of the audience I drank it. and felt like a fool.

"Hang these magicians, I say! I don't go to the theater to make an embarrassed ass of myself in helping them to earn their pay."

WONDERFUL SKIN GRAFTING.

Almost an Entire New Cuttele Covering Provided for a Small Chicago Boy.

A dispatch from Chicago to the months of wonderful surgery and careful nursing, in which time many records for skin grafting have been surpassed, a five-year-old Chicago boy. Marion Weaver, has had his little body covered with a new suit of skin.

Upon his chest abdomen, back and sides 219 square inches of new skin have been grafted, while over 100 square inches more have been used in a vain attempt to implant them upon his small hody

His father, Rev. William K. Weaver, paster of the Ninth Presbyterian church, and his four brothers have suffered their arms and legs to be stripped of long ribbons of skin to form the new covering for the little fellow's budy, and now they have the satisfaction of being told by the abysielin Dr. A. E. Dinnison, that their surrifice has borne fruit and that the new cont of skin which they have furnished the child will enable him to

The child's entire body and limbs were scared in a fire last September.

The Best Hello City.

San Francisco seems to be the best telephone city in the world. With a population of 342.782 there are 21 724 telephones, or 62 per 1,000. In Europe Copenhagen is probably the hest tel ephoned city, with 15.311 telephones to its 372,859 of population, equal to 49 per 1,000. In Copenhagen, too, the best conditions for the public exist, although the rates are relatively as high as those in American cities. London compares very unfavorably with these figures. At the beginning of this year there were 41.111 telephones to a population of more than 5.500, 000, or a proprtion of 7 to every 1,000 people. New York, with a population of 2,350,000, had 54,647 instruments, or 26 per 1,000.

Miners' blanks at the Courier office.

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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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