

Trust to Nature.

A great many Americans, both men and women, are thin, pale and puny, with poor circulation, because they have ill-treated their stomachs by eating or drinking too much, by consuming alcoholic beverages, or by too close confinement to home, office or factory, and in consequence the stomach must be treated in a natural way before they can rectify their earlier mistakes.

THEN AND NOW.

A crumbling fort creaks the plate Where iron ball and leaden rain, With thunder of artillery, Once wrought war's worst of misery; Yet over me while musing there Such calm was brooding, and the air From breast of roses was so sweet, I thought of swords to plowshares bent.

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 foul 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 I could have poked my finger against the flabby blubber, up rose the giant nose—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 noise like a thunder-clap at our very toes.

A MODEL HOTEL CLERK.

He Has a Phenomenal Memory and His Cheery Manners Gladly His 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. I 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 239 again? All right. Front! 289. Hello, 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 typical 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 Mugged 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 with shame. "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 drew 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 Cuticle Covering Provided for a Small Chicago Boy.

A dispatch from Chicago to the New York World says: After five 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 body.

His father, Rev. William K. Weaver, pastor 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 body, and now they have the satisfaction of being told by the physician, Dr. A. E. Diminon, if at their sacrifice has borne fruit and that the new coat of skin which they have furnished the child will enable him to live.

The child's entire body and limbs were seared 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 21,374 telephones, or 62 per 1,000. In Europe, Copenhagen is probably the best telephone city, with 15,311 telephones to its 212,829 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 proportion 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.

Keen in the Profession.

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 have got tired and quit.—Detroit Free

Justice blanks at the Courier office.

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 serene In grace and beauty, safe apart From tumult of the busy mart.

Nor is the fane forgotten here 'Till the heart devout more dears Than grandest mansion wealth rears high. But shrining poor mortality— While on that day of all the best, Thrilled strangely once by the hehmet To arms, the scene is of release. Old foes now friends in vows of peace.

In this slow-crumbing fort I see Type of a fray waged bitterly. Yet whose remembered 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 your bloom Often as doth the Maytime come. —W. E. Bole, in Springfield (Mass.) Republic.

WHALE HUNTING By MARK SULLIVAN.

HE was a Norwegian, but his English was as good as the king's. He 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 Claus—without 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. For 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 northern 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 harpoon gun from the bow of his whaler; and with these improvements conducted a business that will soon make the few surviving 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 Okhotsk sea. Only a minute later, it seemed, I bumped my 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 shoes nor for other clothes than those he slept in, but bounded up the steps, shouting orders as he ran. While I dressed I could 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 captain had one hand on the gun, swinging it about on its pivot. With the other he was making signals to the engineer to stop, to go forward a little, or to go back. Following his eyes, I caught sight of our game. It looked like a huge, cigar-shaped piece of 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 smooth water. With alternate rising and dipping he was gliding smoothly forward, without apparent exertion, but with tremendous speed, and in a perfectly straight line. We 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 mouth 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 had never caught a whale before. One of them touched me on the shoulder and pointed silently a mile away, where a dozen other whales were spouting fine columns of vapor. When I turned again to our whale he had risen once more, and we were within 30 feet of him. Every person on the ship was in a state of tiptoe alertness. Suddenly came the crash of the gun. I saw a hideous red zigzag 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 vital. On deck there was a convulsive pandemonium. The captain, in the delirium of the hunter at the death of his quarry, was shrieking shrill staccato orders. The crew were leaping to their posts. Suddenly I felt the bow of the vessel give a jerk beneath me, then tremble a moment, and slowly dip.

The whale had gone straight downward. The ball attached to the harpoon shot over the bow so fast that the eye could not follow; where it touched the wood a curling column of smoke arose. The windlass spun round like a boy's top. It hummed and buzzed with the noise of a fly in a locomotive.

J. M. CHILES The Pioneer Grocer

RELIABLE GOODS AT RELIABLE PRICES

A Specialty FARM-CURED BACON

THE FINEST EVER BROUGHT TO GRANTS PASS

Dried Fruits of All Kinds

The Popular Barber Shop Get your tonsorial work done at IRA TOMPKINS' On Sixth Street — Three chairs Bath Room in connection

Southern Oregon Contracting & Construction Co.

Estimates and bids furnished on Ditches, Dams, Bridges, Tunnels, etc.

Office, Room 3 Masonic Temple.

GRANTS PASS, OREGON

N. E. McGREW, PIONEER TRUCK AND DELIVERY Furniture and Piano Moving GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

All the World men are enns the Ballard's Snow Liniment work a has no superior for Rheumatism, em Oregon Joints, Cuts, Sprains, Lumbago opened up as i pains. Buy it, try it and you Heretofore thys use it. Anybody who been operated by Ballard's Snow Liniment is electric power roof of what it does. All you is to get a trial bottle. you is \$5 and \$1.00 at National and Hotelman's. Courier is the best paper of the County.

CORSET COVER 39c The Needlecraft Shop 802 Washington St., Portland, Or.

I Buy and Sell Real Estate 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.

Yours for bargains, JOSEPH MOSS, The Real Estate Man HELLO 393 Office, 611 Residence. 516 E Street Grants Pass, Ore.

Coollest Route East

Is via Puget Sound, any direct line to Minneapolis and St. Paul, then over the Burlington's picturesque Mississippi River Scenic Line to Chicago or St. Louis.

There is no better summer route, no matter where you are going east.

Information as to rates, routes, points of interest, etc., will be given free of charge by



R. W. FOSTER, Passenger and Ticket Agent, Burlington Route, Cor. 3rd & Stark Sts., Portland, Ore.

KODAK



FOR SALE BY A. E. Voorhies

Club Stables

FRANK HECK, Proprietor Successor to Hayes & Heck

Special attention given to mining men and commercial travelers.

Sixth street, Grants Pass, Oregon

THE FASHION LIVERY ... FEED



AND SALE STABLES

C. A. DICKISON, Proprietor.

H Street between Fifth and Sixth PHONE 881 Grants Pass, Oregon

Miners' blanks at the Courier office.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Cures Grip in Two Days. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.