

ahead of the bridal party two years before. Yetive was finally obliged to place her hand on the enthusiastic visitor's lips.

"Peace," she cried, blushing. "You make me feel like a—what is it you call her, a dime novel heroine?"

"A yellow back girl? Never!" exclaimed Beverly severely.

Visitors of importance in administration circles came at this moment, and the princess could not refuse to see them. Beverly Calhoun reluctantly departed, but not until after giving a promise to accompany the Lorrays to the railway station.

The trunks had gone to be checked, and the household was quieter than it had been in many days. There was an air of depression about the place that had its inception in the room upstairs where sober faced Halkins served dinner for a not overtalkative young couple.

"It will be all right, dearest," said Lorry, divining his wife's thoughts as she sat staring rather soberly straight ahead of her. "Just as soon as we get to Edelweiss the whole affair will look so simple that we can laugh at the fears of today. You see, we are a long way off just now."

"I am only afraid of what may happen before we get there, Green," she said simply. He leaned over and kissed her hand, smiling at the emphasis she unconsciously placed on the pronoun.

Beverly Calhoun was announced just before coffee was served and a moment later was in the room. She stopped just inside the door, clicked her little heels together and gravely brought her hand to "salute." Her eyes were sparkling and her lips trembled with suppressed excitement.

"I think I can report to you in Edelweiss next month, general," she announced, with soldierly dignity. Her hearers stared at the picturesque recruit, and Halkins so far forgot himself as to drop Mr. Lorry's lump of sugar upon the table instead of into the cup.

"Explain yourself, sergeant!" finally fell from Lorry's lips. The eyes of the princess were beginning to take on a rapturous glow.

"May I have a cup of coffee, please, sir? I've been so excited I couldn't eat a mouthful at home." She gracefully slid into the chair Halkins offered and broke into an ecstatic giggle that would have resulted in a court martial had she been serving any commander but Love.

With a plenteous supply of southern idioms she succeeded in making them understand that the major had promised to let her visit friends in the legation at St. Petersburg in April, a month or so after the departure of the Lorrays.

"He wanted to know where I'd rather spend the spring—Washington or Lexington—and I told him St. Petersburg. We had a terrific discussion, and neither of us ate a speck at dinner. Mamma said it would be all right for me to go to St. Petersburg if Aunt Josephine was still of a mind to go too. You see, auntie was scared almost out of her boots when she heard there was prospect of war in Graustark, just as though a tiny little war like that could make any difference away up in Russia, hundreds of thousands of miles away!"

"And then I just made auntie say she'd go to St. Petersburg in April, a whole month sooner than she expected to go in the first place, and!"

"You dear, dear Beverly!" cried Yetive, rushing joyously around the table to clasp her in her arms.

"And St. Petersburg really isn't a hundred thousand miles from Edelweiss!" cried Beverly eagerly.

"It's much less than that," said Lorry, smiling. "But you surely don't expect to come to Edelweiss if we are fighting. We couldn't think of letting you do that, you know. Your mother would never!"

"My mother wasn't afraid of a much bigger war than yours can ever hope to be!" cried Beverly resolutely. "You can't stop me if I choose to visit Graustark!"

"Does your father too?" "But you contemplate such a thing?" asked Lorry, returning her hand when a doubtfully into the scheming but eyes of his wife.

"No, he doesn't," admitted Beverly, a trifle aggressively.

"He could stop you, you know," he suggested. Yetive was thoroughly silent.

"But he won't know anything about it," cried Beverly resolutely.

"I could tell him, you know," said Lorry.

"No, you couldn't," said Beverly, decisively.

mean as that," announced Beverly. "You're not that sort."

CHAPTER III.

A PONDROUS coach lumbered slowly, almost painfully, along the narrow road that skirted the base of a mountain. It was drawn by four horses, and upon the seat sat two rough, unkempt Russians, one holding the reins, the other lying back in a lazy doze. The month was June, and all the world seemed soft and sweet and joyous. To the right flowed a turbulent mountain stream, boiling savagely with the alien waters of the flood season. Ahead of the creaking coach rode four horsemen, all heavily armed; another quartette followed some distance in the rear. At the side of the coach an officer of the Russian mounted police was riding easily, jangling his accoutrements with a vigor that disheartened at least one occupant of the vehicle. The windows of the coach doors were lowered, permitting the fresh mountain air to caress fondly the face of the young woman who tried to find comfort in one of the broad seats. Since early morn she had struggled with the hardships of that seat, and the late afternoon found her very much out of patience. The opposite seat was the resting place of a substantial colored woman and a stupendous pile of bags and boxes. The boxes were continually toppling over, and the bags were forever getting under the feet of the once placid servant, whose face, quite luckily, was much too black to reflect the anger she was able otherwise, through years of practice, to conceal.

"How much farther have we to go, lieutenant?" asked the girl on the rear seat plaintively, even humbly. The man was very deliberate with his English. He had been recommended to her as the best linguist in the service at Radovitch, and he had a reputation to sustain.

"It another hour is but yet," he managed to inform her, with a confident smile.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "a whole hour of this!"

"We soon be dar, Miss Bev'ly. Jes' yo' mak' up yo' min' to res' easy-like, an' we'll be there in no time."

But the faithful old colored woman's advice was lost in the wrathful exclamation that accompanied another dislodgment of bags and boxes. The wheels of the coach had dropped suddenly into a deep rut. Aunt Fanny's growls were scarcely more potent than poor Miss Beverly's moans.

"It is getting worse and worse," exclaimed Aunt Fanny's mistress petulantly. "I'm black and blue from head to foot, aren't you, Aunt Fanny?"

"Ah, cain' say as to de blue, Miss Bev'ly. Hit's a mos' monstrous bad road, sho' nough. Stay up dar, will yo'?" she concluded, jamming a bag into an upper corner.

Miss Calhoun, tourist extraordinary, again consulted the linguist in the saddle. She knew at the outset that the quest would be hopeless, but she could think of no better way to pass the next hour than to extract a mite of information from the officer.

"Now for a good old chat," she said, beaming a smile upon the grizzled Russian. "Is there a decent hotel in the village?" she asked.

They were on the edge of the village before she succeeded in finding out all that she could, and it was not a great deal, either. She learned that the town of Balak was in Aphelin, scarcely a mile from the Graustark line. There was an eating and sleeping house on the main street, and the population of the place did not exceed 200.

When Miss Beverly awoke the next morning, sore and distressed, she looked back upon the night with a horror that sleep had been kind enough to interrupt only at intervals. The wretched hostelry lived long in her secret catalogue of terrors. Her bed was not a bed; it was a torture. The room, the table, the—but it was all too odious for description. Fatigue was her only friend in that miserable hole. Aunt Fanny had slept on the floor near her mistress' cot, and it was the good old colored woman's grumbling that awoke Beverly. The sun was climbing up the mountains in the east, and there was an air of general activity about the place. Beverly's watch told her that it was past 8 o'clock.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "It's nearly noon, Aunt Fanny. Hurry along here and get me up. We must leave this abominable place in ten minutes." She was up and racing about excitedly.

"Befo' breakfast?" demanded Aunt Fanny weakly.

"No, you couldn't," said Beverly, decisively.

"Goodness, Aunt Fanny, is that all you think about?"

"Well, honey, yo'll be thinkin' moughty serious 'bout breakfasts' long to'ads 'le'en o'clock. Dat lil' tum-my o' yours'll be pow'ful mad 'cause yo' didn'—"

"Very well, Aunt Fanny, you can run along and have the woman put up a breakfast for us, and we'll eat it on the road. I positively refuse to eat another mouthful in that awful dining room. I'll be down in ten minutes."

She was down in less. Sleep, no matter how hard earned, had revived her spirits materially. She pronounced herself ready for anything. There was a wholesome disdain for the rigors of the coming ride through the mountains in the way she gave orders for the start. The Russian officer met her just outside the entrance to the inn. He was less English than ever, but he eventually gave her to understand that he had secured permission to escort her as far as Ganlook, a town in Graustark not more than fifteen miles from Edelweiss and at least two days from Balak. Two competent Aphelinian guides had been retained, and the party was quite ready to start. He had been warned of the presence of brigands in the wild mountainous passes north of Ganlook. The Russians could go no farther than Ganlook because of a royal edict from Edelweiss forbidding the nearer approach of armed forces. At that town, however, he was sure she easily could obtain an escort of Graustarkian soldiers.

As the big coach crawled up the mountain road and farther into the oppressive solitude Beverly Calhoun drew from the difficult lieutenant considerable information concerning the state of affairs in Graustark. She had been eagerly awaiting the time when something definite could be learned. Before leaving St. Petersburg early in the week she was assured that a state of war did not exist. The Princess Yetive had been in Edelweiss for six weeks. A formal demand was framed soon after her return from America requiring Dawsbergen to surrender the person of Prince Gabriel to the authorities of Graustark. To this demand there was no definite response, Dawsbergen insolently requesting time in which to consider the proposition.

Aphelin immediately sent an envoy to Edelweiss to say that all friendly relations between the two governments would cease unless Graustark took vigorous steps to recapture the royal assassin. On one side of the unhappy principality a strong, overbearing princess was exiling Graustark to fight, while on the other side an equally aggressive people defied Yetive to come and take the fugitive if she could. The poor princess was between two ugly alternatives, and a struggle seemed inevitable. At Balak it was learned that Aphelin had recently sent a final appeal to the government of Graustark, and it was no secret that something like a threat accompanied the message.

Prince Gabriel was in complete control at Serros and was disposed to laugh at the demands of his late captors. His half brother, the dethroned Prince Dautan, was still hiding in the fastnesses of the hills, protected by a small company of nobles, and there was no hope that he ever could regain his crown. Gabriel's power over the army was supreme. The general public admired Dautan, but it was helpless in the face of circumstances.

"But why should Aphelin seek to harass Graustark at this time?" demanded Beverly Calhoun in perplexity and wrath. "I should think the brutes would try to help her."

"There is an element of opposition to the course the government is taking," the officer informed her in his own way, "but it is greatly in the minority. The Aphelinians have hated Graustark since the last war, and the princess despises this American. It is an open fact that the Duke of Mizrox leads the opposition to Princess Volga, and she is sure to have him beheld if the chance affords. He is friendly to Graustark and has been against the policy of his princess from the start."

"I'd like to hug the Duke of Mizrox," cried Beverly warmly. The officer did not understand her, but Aunt Fanny was scandalized.

"Good Lawd!" she muttered to the boxes and bags.

As the coach rolled deeper and deeper into the rock shadowed wilderness Beverly Calhoun felt an undeniable sensation of awe creeping over her. The brave, impetuous girl had plunged gayly into the project which now led her into the deadliest of uncertainties with but little thought of the consequences.

(To be continued.)

There is No Reason

why your baby should be thin, and fretful during the night. Worms are the cause of thin, sickly babies. It is natural that a healthy baby should be fat and sleep well. If your baby does not retain its food, don't experiment with colic cures and other medicines, but try a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge, and you will soon see your baby have color and laugh as it should. For sale by National Drug Co., and Rotermond.

Posters, placards, doggers, all sizes and kinds, printed at the Courier office.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate woman's organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in renewed comeliness. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native American, medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers, or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nerve tonic, nicely adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments.

Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Always Was Sick.

When a man says he always was sick—troubled with a cough that lasted all winter—what would you think if he should say—he never was sick since using Ballard's Horehound Syrup. Such a man exists. Mr. J. C. Clark, Denver, Colorado, writes: "For years I was troubled with a severe cough that would last all winter. This cough left me in a miserable condition. I tried Ballard's Horehound Syrup and have not had a sick day since. That's what it did for me." For sale by National Drug Store and Rotermond.

SUMMONS.
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Josephine County.

Herbert Smith, Trustee of the Estate of E. L. Case, Bankrupt,

Plaintiff,

vs.

Emma M. Doyle, John M. Doyle and J. F. Burke,

Defendants.

Do Emma M. Doyle, and John M. Doyle:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer complaint filed herein within six weeks from the first publication hereof and if you fail so to appear or answer, plaintiff will apply to the above entitled court for judgment as prayed for in said complaint against you, to-wit: for the sum of Six Hundred Dollars (\$600) with interest at 8 per cent from March 22, 1905, together with costs and disbursements, and attorney's fees and for an order of sale to sell the following described real property, to-wit:

Lots 12, 13 and 17 in Central Addition to the City of Grants Pass.

Also beginning at a stake 435.6 feet West from a stake 60 feet from the North Bank of Rogue River on the West line of 5th street, running thence northwesterly 214.6 feet on a line parallel with 5th street, thence west 190 feet, thence south 214.6 feet and thence east 190 feet to the place of beginning, situate in Central Addition to the City of Grants Pass.

This summons is published by order of Stephen Jewell, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, and for Josephine County, made on the 16th day of November, 1907.

The date of the first publication of this summons is November 16th, 1906, and the last day of publication is December 28th, 1906. Said publication will run for six consecutive weeks.

HOUGH & BLANCHARD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Katherine Keenan, administratrix of the estate of Nancy Loy, deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within six months from the first publication of this notice, to said administratrix at her residence on the corner of 8th and J streets, Grants Pass, Oregon, or at the office of Hendricks and Johnston, opposite post office. The same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate.

Dated November 16, 1907.
KATHERINE KEENAN, Administratrix.
Hendricks & Johnston, Attorneys for the administratrix.

OFFICE HELP WANTED
THE SCHOOL THAT PLACES YOU IN A GOOD POSITION.
HOLMES BUSINESS COLLEGE
WASH. & TENTH STS.
PORTLAND, OREGON

Write direct to Principal, Room 612

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon.

In the Matter of the Estate of Nickolas Thoes, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the above entitled estate with the will annexed, by order of the above entitled court dated October 19, 1906, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned at the law office of H. D. Norton at Grants Pass, Josephine County, Oregon, verified as by law required, on or before six months from the date of this notice.

Dated October 26, 1906.
JOSEPH MOSS, Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Josephine County.

In the Matter of the Assignment of the Southern Oregon General Hospital, a Charitable Corporation.

Notice is hereby given that the Southern Oregon General Hospital, a Charitable Corporation, organized under the laws of the State of Oregon, has made an assignment to the undersigned, J. E. Peterson, for the benefit of all of its creditors, and all persons having claims against said insolvent corporation are hereby notified to present the same, properly verified, to the undersigned assignee, at the law office of H. D. Norton, at Grants Pass, Josephine County, Oregon, within three months from the date of this notice.

Dated October 5, 1906.
J. E. PETERSON, Assignee for the Southern Oregon General Hospital, a Corporation.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. United States Land Office. Roseburg, Oregon, Oct. 9, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

ATTWOOD A. KIRBY of Pomeroy, County of Garfield, State of Washington has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7159 for the purchase of the SW 1/4 or E 1/2 of SW 1/4 and lots 3 and 4, of section No. 18 in Township 34 South, Range No. 3 W, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before John M. Booth, United States Commissioner, at his office at Grants Pass, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 8th day of January, 1907.

He names as witnesses: Wesley B. Sherman, of Grants Pass, Oregon; John Hillis, of Wimer, Oregon; Mary Thompson of Tacoma, Wash., and Orro S. Blanchard of Grants Pass, Ore.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 8th day of January, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. United States Land Office. Roseburg, Oregon, Sept. 10, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

GEORGE J. ATKINS of Marietta, County of Lancaster, State of Pennsylvania, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7096, for the purchase of Lots 6, 7 and 8 and SW 1/4 NW 1/4 NE 1/4 SW 1/4 of Section No. 10 in Township No. 35 South, Range No. 7 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Arthur Conklin, United States Commissioner, at his office at Grants Pass, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 8th day of January, 1907.

He names as witnesses: George R. Halsey of Marietta, Pennsylvania; Willard Green of Grants Pass, Oregon; Wesley B. Sherman, of Grants Pass, Oregon, and H. Adolph Rotermond of Grants Pass, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 8th day of January, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

In the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon.

In the Matter of the Estate of Newton M. Jennings, Deceased.

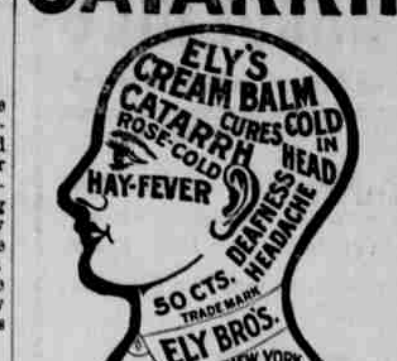
Notice is hereby given that J. Martin Moody, the administrator of the above entitled estate, has filed his final account of his administration, and the said Court has fixed Monday, November 26, 1906, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. at the court house at Grants Pass in Josephine County, Oregon, as the time and place for settling said account, and all persons are hereby notified to file or present their objections to said account on or before the date last above stated.

Dated October 26, 1906.
J. MARTIN MOODY, Administrator.

Be Charitable
to your horse as well as to yourself. You need not suffer from pains of any sort—your horse need not suffer. Try a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment. It cures all pains. J. M. Roberts, Bakersfield, Mo., writes: "I have used your liniment for 10 years and find it to be the best I have ever used for man or beast." For sale by National Drug Co., and Rotermond.

The Courier gives all the county news.

CATARRH



ELY'S CREAM BALM

This Remedy is a Specific, Sure to Give Satisfaction. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE. It cleanses, soothes, heals, and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Easy to use. Contains no injurious drugs. Applied into the nostrils and absorbed. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail. ELY BROTHERS, N. Y.

Favored by Both Parties.

Republicans and Democrats alike praise Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and all throat and lung diseases, as no other remedy can compare with it. It is safe and sure. F. T. Slater, merchant, 171 Main St., Gloucester, Mass., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar cured me of a very bad cough which I had for three months though other remedies failed to benefit me. I can highly recommend it for coughs and colds." For sale by H. A. Rotermond.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

Notice is hereby given that I have been appointed administrator of the estate of J. H. Ross, deceased. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to file the same properly verified, with my attorney at Grants Pass, Oregon, within six months from the 19th day of November, 1906.

CHARLES F. ROSS, Administrator.

Oliver S. Brown, Attorney for Administrator.

Fine wedding stationery at the Courier office.

House Moving

If you have a building that you want moved, raised or leveled up, call on or address

A. E. Holloway. Residence 2 miles west of city, north side of river.

F. G. ROPER

Fashionable TAILORING

Harmon Bldg., up stairs

SUITS MADE TO ORDER

Promptly and of the best material and in the latest style.

CLEANING AND REPAIRING

GRANTS PASS

WALL PAPER and PAINT SHOP

W. P. Sharman and E. F. LeMieux

SOUTH SIXTH STREET, NEAR J

Full stock of Wall Paper—all designs quality and prices.

Paints, Varnishes, Oils, Brushes—Painters and Artists supplies.

Mail orders promptly filled.

Palace Barber Shop

NATE BATES, Prop.

Shaving, Hair Cutting, Baths, Etc.

Everything neat and clean and a work First-Class.

Front Street west Palace hotel

GRANTS PASS, OREGON, 11

TRY US.

We collect everywhere and make no charge unless collection is made. We please our clients.

ASK THEM.

Address Morgan Mercantile Co., Fenton Bldg., - Portland, Oregon.

CITY MEAT MARKET

J. H. AHLF & SON, Props.



6th St. near G

BIGGEST STOCK OF

Best Grades of Fresh and Smoked Meats

Phone 144

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. This signature, E. H. Brown

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. on every box. 25c.

Cures Grip in Two Days.

on every box. 25c.