

PLUCK.

By Laura E. Richards.

"Yes," said the ironmaster, "first honesty, and then pluck—those are the things needful. Speaking of pluck—" He stopped to answer the summons of the telephone, said "Yes," and "No," by turns for five minutes, and then resumed:

"Speaking of pluck, as you were doing just now, reminds me of a story, the beginning and end of which is that one word."

"We settled ourselves in our chairs. We were sitting in the office of the iron works, and the air was full of the sound of great hammers, crashing and pounding; of the sharp hiss of molten metal, and the clear ring of muffled steel."

"I was sitting here in this very chair," the ironmaster began, "one day about seven years ago, or maybe eight. Time goes so fast I hardly try to keep count of it in these days. At any rate, here I was sitting, reading the newspaper, when there came a knock at the door."

"Come in!" I said; and in walked a stranger. He was a young man, about 25 years old, dressed like a gentleman, though his clothes had seen a good deal of service. Tall, with his head held up, and gray eyes that met mine fair and square.

"Always look first at a man's eyes, my boy! If he looks you in the eye, he is worth trying. If his eyes shift about here and there, as if they didn't know where to look, or were afraid of seeing something they didn't like—have nothing to do with him! That's my experience!"

"Well, this young man came up to my desk, and spoke without waiting for me; yet it was no want of manners, for his manners were good. "Good morning, sir!" he said; and his voice had a clear ring to it that I liked. "I want work. Can you give me any?"

"I shook my head. We never took strangers in that way, and I don't recommend the practice at any time. "No, sir!" I said. "We have no work here. Sorry I can't accommodate you!" I took up my paper again, and looked to see him go out without more words, but he stood still. "I must have work!" he said. "I would try to give you satisfaction, sir, and I tell you I must have it!"

"My good sir," I said, putting the paper down, "there is no vacancy in the place. If you will give me your name and references, I will make a note of them, and some day when we do have a job to dispose of I will remember you. That is the best I can do for you to-day."

"The young man shook his head. That won't do!" he said. "Think again, sir. Surely in this great place there must be something a strong, willing man can do. It is useless to talk of waiting till a vacancy occurs. I must have work now, to-day! It is absolutely necessary!"

"It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him that it was absolutely necessary for him to leave that office and that the door after him; but I looked at him again, and didn't say it."

"I saw that he was telling the truth, and that he must have work. It wasn't that he looked shabby, or that there was any suspicion of whining or snivelling about him. If there

went into that hole as if it was an evening party, sir."

"Well, I went back to the office. I couldn't be hanging round watching the men, or the boss would have been making trouble; but my new hand stayed on my mind, somehow, and I strolled round by the wreck two or three times in the afternoon, making some errand, you understand, in that direction."

"That man was working, sir, like a—like a house afire. The Italians are good workers, none better, as a rule—but his pick went in and out three times for their twice, and there was no chattering in his corner of the hole. He had little breath to talk, if he had wanted to, for though he was a muscular fellow, you could see with half an eye that he had never done such work in his life before."

"The sweat poured down his face like rain, but he never stopped, never looked up, or knew that I or anyone else was near—just plodded away, swinging that pick as if there were nothing else in the world."

"That's pluck!" said I to myself. "If he doesn't die he'll do!"

"For all that, I thought he would give out after the first day—didn't think his strength would last. When he came in for his pay at night, he was shabby and pretty tired-looking; had been out, he would have gone in pretty quick time. But there was a look in his eyes—well, I hardly know how to describe it, but the man was desperate, and had some reason for being so."

"What kind of work do you want?" I said, putting down the paper again. "Any kind."

"You mean that?"

"I do. Anything that will put bread in the mouths of—" he choked a little, and stopped. Then, "I came from Canada two days ago, with my wife and three children, and was robbed in the train of my wallet. I have not a penny!"

"Come with me!" I said. And he followed me out of the works. His story might be true, or it might not, but I had thought of a way to test the metal of which he was made."

"The Stark mill, in which I had some interest, had been partly burned a few days before, and I had a gang at work, clearing away the rubbish. A dirty job it was; the men were up to their waists half the time in mud and water, and the whole place was a muddle of rusty iron and burnt timbers and what-not—looked like the end of the world, and the wrong end at that."

"The gang I had on were mostly Italians—it was too dirty work for a Yankee to touch, and even the Irish were shy of it. They were little, dark, monkey-looking fellows, working away, and chattering in their unearthly gibberish. I glanced from them to my gentleman, with his clear white skin and hands which showed that, whatever trade he had worked at, clearing away wreckage hadn't been part of it—though he looked like one who might have taken a good deal of exercise in athletic sports."

"Here is a job!" I said. "The only one I know of. How do you like it?"

"Well enough," he said, as cool as possible. "You'll get a dollar and a half a day," I told him. "You'll get your death, too, probably. When will you go to work?"

"In an hour," he said. Well, off he went, and I hardly expected to see him again. But before the hour was out he was back again, in a flannel undershirt and a pair of old trousers. He took his pickax, and down he

but he said never a word; just took his pay with the rest, and thanked me, and went off."

"The next morning I was very busy, and although I thought of my gentleman once or twice, I didn't manage to get down to the wreck till noon, soon after the whistle had blown for knocking off work."

"When I got there I saw the Italians lying round on the ground or squatting on the fences, eating their black bread and sausage, and chattering away as usual; but no sight of my gentleman in the flannel shirt."

"Oh!" said I to myself. "One day was enough for him, was it? And I thought it would have been enough for me, too. When you are not used to the swing of a pick, the way it takes you in the back is something beyond belief. I turned to come away, and lo! there he was, sitting off in a corner by himself, all crouched up, with a great bunch of bread in one hand and a book in the other."

"I strolled up behind him and looked over his shoulder at the book. It was an Italian grammar, sir!"

"My shadow falling on the book startled him, and he looked up. I suppose I must have looked as astonished as I felt, for he smiled and said: 'I couldn't afford to lose such an opportunity! The boss is very friendly, and I have learned several phrases. Buon giorno, signore!'"

"Are you a schoolmaster," I asked, "and working down in that hole?"

"No," he said, quietly. "I am a bookkeeper. It is a great advantage for a bookkeeper to be able to read and answer foreign letters, and although I have some knowledge of French, I have never come in my way to hear Italian spoken. So now is my chance. I got this grammar for 15 cents; he added, turning it over, with a smile—the book was pretty ragged and one cover was gone—and I am getting on pretty well."

"Why in the name of everything foolish didn't you apply for a position as bookkeeper," I asked, "instead of this kind of thing?"

"Nobody will take a bookkeeper without references. I shouldn't think much of a firm that did, I suppose," he said, frowning. "My references were in my wallet that was stolen, and it will be a week and more before I get new ones, as my native town is off the main lines and letters take a good while to get there. I've always been fond of open air and exercise," he added, with a quizzical look at the hole where he had been digging, "and now I am getting lots of it!"

"Back stiff?" I suggested.

"So, so! I'll manage, though—often been worse after a day's rowing—and this is just as good bread as any other," and he took a bite out of his lunch and looked at his book, as much as to say he had talked enough and wanted to be back at his grammar."

"I walked off and didn't see him again till he came for his pay in the evening, shabby again, but smiling as if he had had an excursion down the harbor. So it went on till the fourth day. Every day I looked to see him give out; but his pluck kept him up, and it's my belief he would have worked in that hole and got stronger and stronger—if something hadn't turned up."

"The fourth day I was sitting in the office, when the door opened and in came Green, from the boiler works over the way. "Morning," he said. "Do you know of a bookkeeper? Our poor fellow, who's been sick for so long, died yesterday. I have to think about getting another."

"I shook my head, but an idea came to me. "Will you take a man on trial?"

"What kind of a man?" asked Green. "Well, I hardly know," said I. "I think he's a pretty good kind, but I've only known him four days. I can answer for his power of work," and I told the man's story."

"Green went out with me, saw the young man, liked his looks and engaged him on the spot. He finished his day's work, came out of his hole in the mud, shook hands with me and the next day found a home for the rest of his life."

"That is seven or eight years ago, and he has been at the boiler works ever since. If he's not to be made a partner soon I've been misinformed to-day—and that is what put him into my head when you were talking about pluck just now. That man, sir, had the real article; and when a man has the real article, and is honest to boot, don't talk to me about his not succeeding in life. Good luck to you in your new venture, and let your watchword be—'Pluck!'"

Saved Her Sons Life. The happiest mother in the little town of Ava, Mo., is Mrs. S. Rupee. She writes "One year ago my son was down with such serious lung trouble that our physician was unable to help him, when, by our druggist's advice I began giving him Dr. King's New Discovery, and I soon noticed improvement. I kept this treatment up for a few weeks when he was perfectly well. He has worked steadily since at carpenter work. Dr. King's New Discovery saved his life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure by all druggists. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

Worked Like a Charm. Mr. D. N. Walker, editor of that spicy journal, the Enterprise, Louisiana, Va. says: "I ran a nail in my foot last week and at once applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve. No inflammation followed; the salve simply healed the wound." Heals every sore, burn and skin disease. Guaranteed at all drug stores. 25c.

The Courier gives all the county news.

ENGLISH ETCHINGS.

How do Americans pronounce the name of their country? The head master of a school in England says it is "Um-mur-ruck-uh."

In the east end of London it is now the fashion of men to wear an engagement button in the coat lapel bearing a portrait of the lady. It is called a "love button."

A sea captain named Wenlock has been elected mayor of Brightlingsea, Essex, England, the ceremony taking place in the church belfry, according to immemorial custom.

Since 1830 Liberal governments have been in office forty-two years and have created 232 peers. Conservative ministries have been in power thirty-four years and have created 181 peers.

A woman applied to the Eton union guardians in England recently for the wooden leg which was worn for years by her uncle, who died in the workhouse. Her request was granted, and the woman took the leg home with her.

The London Jewish Chronicle, the most influential of all the English publications of its class, has been acquired by L. J. Greenberg, a well known barrister of London. Mr. Greenberg is a prominent leader in the Zionist movement, and it is believed that the Chronicle will become the organ of English Zionism.

SHORT STORIES.

It takes 108,000 flaxseeds to weigh a pound. There is an exhibition in Bronx park, New York, a tortoise reputed to be aged 306 years.

Medals of honor for distinguished gallantry in war in which the United States was engaged are held by 458 Americans. In the recent campaign against the brown tail moth in York, Me., over 120,000 nests were destroyed by boys in a single day.

Two wells in the rear of the San Francisco mint bored many years ago and about 175 feet deep have become "artesian" since the earthquake of last April. Flowing freely over their tops.

An artesian basin occupies practically the whole of South Dakota. A well drilled at Pierre contains water that has a temperature of over 120 degrees and is accompanied by a strong flow of gas.

Wax is not a skin food; neither is spermaceti, yet both find places in many recipes. They make the skin stiff, yellow and coarse. Benzoin, storax and myrrh are not skin foods, but are often used as "introducers" because of their astringent character.

EDITORIAL FLINGS.

Everybody will concede that the fox ought to be pure. It costs enough, Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Harriman, it is said, has "refined" in Wall street. But did an body ever have a "friend" in Wall street?—Kansas City Star.

In the next congress there will be 4 Senators Smith and a Senator Brown. If that doesn't make the Joneses sit up and take notice, they have lost their spirit of rivalry.—Washington Post.

What with its parks and squares and royal embassies, London is said to be the greenest city in the world. American mining promoters have thought that for a long time.—Los Angeles Times.

Farmers, make your wants known by inserting a few lines in the Classified Ad Column. 25 cents spent in this manner will sometimes do more than a whole day's talking.

COMMON SENSE

Leads most intelligent people to use only medicines of known composition. Therefore it is that Dr. Pierce's medicines, the makers of which print every ingredient entering into them upon the bottle wrappers and attest its correctness under oath, are daily giving in favor. The composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines is open to everybody. Dr. Pierce being desirous of having the responsibility of his medicines rest fully upon his formulae, he publishes the same in the public domain, and in the hands of the people, where they can be made of the active medicinal principles extracted from native forest roots, by exact processes original with Dr. Pierce, and without the use of a drop of alcohol, triple-refined and chemically pure glycerine being used instead in extracting and preserving the curative virtues residing in the roots employed, these medicines are entirely free from the objection of doing harm by creating an appetite for either alcoholic beverages or habit-forming drugs. Examining the formula on their bottle wrappers—the same as sworn to by Dr. Pierce, and you will find that his "Golden Medical Discovery," the great blood-purifier, stomach tonic and bowel regulator—the medicine which, while not recommended to cure consumption in its advanced stages (no medicine will do that), yet does cure all those catarrhal conditions of head and throat, weak stomach, torpid liver and bronchial troubles, weak lungs and hang-on-coughs, which, if neglected or badly treated, lead up to and finally terminate in consumption.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. United States Land Office. Roseburg, Oregon, Dec. 8, 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,

CORA E. CHAPMAN of Wahpeton, County of Richland, State of North Dakota, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 7660, for the purchase of the W 1/2 of NW 1/4 and N 1/2 of SW 1/4 of Section No. 32 in Township No. 35 South, Range No. 4 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 her claim to said land before Charles E. Maybee, United States Commissioner, at his office at Grants Pass, Oregon, on Monday, the 8th day of April, 1907.

She names as witnesses: A. W. Sibley of Grants Pass, Oregon; William Spaulding of Grants Pass, Oregon; Ella K. Chapman of 1803 7th Ave., Seattle, Washington, and Elbert V. Kellogg 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 April, 1907. BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. Roseburg, Oregon, November 19, 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,

FRANCIS L. KENNY, of Roseburg, County of Douglas, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7581, for the purchase of the NE 1/4 of Sec. 34, in Twp. No. 34 S. Range No. 5 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 the Register and Receiver at this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 3d day of April, 1907.

He names as witnesses: L. S. Shipley, of Roseburg, Robert Medley, of Roseburg, Oregon; Frank Kennedy, of Roseburg, Oregon; E. P. Tynan, of Roseburg, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 3d day of April, 1907. BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 19, 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,

OLLIE F. MAJOR, of Placer, County of Josephine, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 7609 for the purchase of Lots 5, 6, 7 and SE 1/4 of NW 1/4 Section No. 6 in Township No. 35 South, Range No. 5 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 her claim to said land at this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 10th day of April, 1907. She names as witnesses:

Henry O. Williams of Placer, Oregon; William T. Turnham of Grants Pass, Oregon; Henry H. Conger of Placer, Oregon; W. A. Long of Placer, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of April 1907. BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

CONTEST NOTICE.

United States Land Office. Roseburg, Ore., March 1, 1907. A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by D. R. Warner, contestant against Homestead entry No. 9621, made November 14, 1899, for SE 1/4 Section 8, Township 37S, Range 7 W, by John M. Julien contestee, in which it is alleged that said John M. Julien has abandoned said homestead and has failed to reside upon and improve the same according to law; that he has been absent for a period of three years or more; that said alleged absence has not been due to employment in the military or naval service of the United States, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on April 15, 1907 before the county clerk of Josephine county at his office at Grants Pass, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on April 30, 1907 before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roseburg, Oregon.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed March 1, 1907, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication. BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Ora Hood, has been appointed administratrix of the Estate of Thomas A. Hood, deceased, by order of the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon, duly made and entered on Saturday, March 2, A. D., 1907, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified, to said administratrix at the law office of H. D. Norton, at Grants Pass in Josephine County, Oregon, on or before six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, which date of first publication is Friday, March 8, 1907. ORA HOOD, Administratrix.

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Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Ora Hood, has been appointed administratrix of the Estate of Thomas A. Hood, deceased, by order of the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon, duly made and entered on Saturday, March 2, A. D., 1907, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified, to said administratrix at the law office of H. D. Norton, at Grants Pass in Josephine County, Oregon, on or before six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, which date of first publication is Friday, March 8, 1907. ORA HOOD, Administratrix.

ENJOY EATING

Good Digestion Can Be Readily Gained With Mi-o-na Stomach Tablets.

If you cannot eat and enjoy three good, hearty meals a day without a feeling of discomfort, your stomach is weak and needs to be strengthened with Mi-o-na tablets.

The remarkable curative and strengthening powers of Mi-o-na in stomach disorders is attested by the guarantee which Demaray gives with every 50c box. "We refund the money if Mi-o-na fails to cure."

If you suffer from indigestion, distress after eating, specks before the eyes, headaches, pains in the back and side, sleeplessness, or any of the other symptoms of stomach troubles begin the use of Mi-o-na stomach tablets at once. Demaray sells them in 50c boxes with a guarantee to refund the money unless they cure.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

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ELLA K. CHAPMAN of Seattle, County of King, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 7659, for the purchase of the SE 1/4 of Section No. 30 in Township No. 36 South, Range No. 4 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 her claim to said land before Chas. E. Maybee U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Grants Pass, Oregon, on Monday, the 8th day of April, 1907.

She names as witnesses: A. W. Sibley of Grants Pass, Oregon; William Spaulding of Grants Pass, Oregon; Cora E. Chapman of Wahpeton, North Dakota; and Elbert V. Kellogg 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 April, 1907. BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon. In the matter of the estate of Hannah Murray, deceased. Notice is hereby given that J. E. Hair has been appointed administrator of the estate of Hannah Murray, deceased, by the above entitled court, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified to the undersigned administrator at the law office of H. D. Norton, at Grants Pass, Josephine County, Oregon, on or before six months from the date of the first publication of this notice. Date of first publication, March 15, 1907. J. E. HAIR, Administrator.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX

SALE OF REAL PROPERTY. Notice is hereby given that Ora Hood, the duly appointed, qualified and acting administratrix of the Estate of Thomas A. Hood, deceased, has been duly licensed and commissioned by order of the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon, dated March 20, 1907, to sell all the right, title and interest of said estate in and to the real property hereinafter described, and that pursuant to said order, I will, after April 19, A. D., 1907, sell at private sale, to the highest and best bidder, on terms not less than \$1000 cash, and the remainder of the purchase price due three years after date of sale, with interest at 7 per cent per annum, payable annually, and subject to confirmation of said court, all the right, title and interest of the estate of Thomas A. Hood, deceased, in and to the following described real property, to-wit:

Commencing at the S. E. corner of the Albert Hood land, thence run east 27 rods; thence north 23 rods; thence west 27 rods; thence south 23 rods to the place of beginning, containing four acres, more or less, in Section 17, Township 36 South, Range 5 West of Willamette Meridian in Josephine County, Oregon. Dated this 23d day of March, A. D., 1907. ORA HOOD, Administratrix.

A Baby

should be sunshine in the home and will be if you give it White's Cream Vermifuge, the greatest worm medicine ever offered to suffering humanity. This remedy is becoming the permanent fixture of well resulted households—A mother, with children, can't get along without a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge in the house. It is the purest and best medicine that money can buy. For sale by National Drug Co. and by Demaray.

Don't Complain.

If your chest pains and you are unable to sleep because of a cough, buy a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup, and you won't have any cough. Get a bottle now and that cough will not last long. A cure for all pulmonary diseases. Mrs. J. J. Galveston, Tex., writes: "I can't say enough for Ballard's Horehound Syrup. The relief it has given me is all that is necessary for me to say." For sale by National Drug Co. and by Demaray.

ANTI-LEAN DR. MORROWS ANTI-LEAN MAKES LEAN PEOPLE FAT through the nervous system. It's a purely Vegetable compound, contains no oils or fats or any drugs that is injurious or liable to produce a habit. It's the greatest Tonic in the world. Each bottle contains a month's treatment and costs \$1.50 at any Drug Store. Prepared by the ANTI-LEAN MEDICINE CO., Portland Ore.

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS J. B. PADDOCK, Proprietor. I am prepared to furnish anything in the line of Cemetery work in any kind of Marble or Granite. Nearly thirty years of experience in the Marble business warrants my saying that I can fill your orders in the very best manner. Can furnish work in Scotch, Swede or American Granite or any kind of Marble. Front street, next to Green's Gunshop.

THE FASHION LIVERY... FEED AND SALE STABLES GILMORE & BOREN, Proprietors. 11 Street between Fifth and Sixth Phone 881 Grants Pass, Oregon