

# Respect YOUR Stomach

GIVE it food that will not irritate or retard the performance of its natural functions, and it will reciprocate in a way agreeable and comforting.

No single ingredient contributes so largely toward wholesome, nourishing, agreeable food as Royal Baking Powder.

Royal Baking Powder's active ingredient, Grape Cream of Tartar, is the most healthful of the fruit products.

This is why Royal Baking Powder makes the food finer, lighter, more appetizing and anti-dyspeptic, a friend to the stomach and good health.

## Imitation Baking Powders Contain Alum

"The use of alum and salts of alumina in food should be PROHIBITED. The constant use of alum compounds exerts a deleterious effect upon the digestive organs and an irritation of the internal organs after absorption.

"EDWARD S. WOOD, M. D.  
"Professor of Chemistry  
"Harvard Medical School, Boston."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

**Bad Roads Did It.**  
A farmer old, so we've been told,  
With a team of horses strong  
Drove down the road with a heavy load.  
While singing his merry song.  
But his mirth in song was not so long.  
For his horses gave a leap,  
As he ran amuck in the mud he struck.  
Clear up to his axles deep.  
Bad roads did it!

And a wheelman gay went out one day  
For a joyful morning spin;  
With the weather bright, his heart was light.  
As he left the country inn,  
But he went not far when he felt a jar  
Which started his troubles and care.  
He was laid up ill, while the doctor's bill  
Came in with the one for repairs.  
Bad roads did it!

In an automobile of wood and steel  
A millionaire prim and neat  
Went out for a ride by the river's side  
In a style that was hard to beat.  
But, alas, he found that the broken ground  
And the rats and the holes no great  
Had smashed a wheel of his automobile—  
What he said we cannot relate.  
Bad roads did it!

But we're glad to see there shines a ray  
Of hope that will right the wrong.  
When in every state they will legislate  
To help the good roads along.  
So the man with his wheel or automobile  
Will never again get blues.  
And the farmer with smiles will travel  
For miles.

On a road that is fit to use,  
Good roads will do it.  
—Harry Eldred in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Placer blanks at the Courier office.



## Nothing Like a Tender Steak

for luncheon, breakfast or dinner—don't get tired of it as you do of many other meats. But—there's steak and steak. The thick cuts, juicy, easily broiled—the "fit-to-eat" kind—aren't picked up everywhere. To be had regularly at Ahlf's. And there's the skill in cutting and trimming! And the attention! All at Ahlf's.

City Meat Market  
J. H. AHLF, Propr.



**Satisfaction**  
No Prizes No Coupons  
No Crookery  
Never Sold in Bulk.  
1, 2, 2½ and 5-Pound Tins Only  
J. A. Folger & Co.  
San Francisco

# The Manager Of the B. & O. A.

By VAUGHAN KESTER

Copyright, 1901, by Harper & Brothers

The days wore on, one very like another, with their spring heat and lethargy. Occasionally Oakley saw Miss Emory on the street to bow to, but not to speak with. While he was grateful for these escapes he found himself thinking of her very often. He fancied—and he was not far wrong—that she was finding Antioch very dull. He wondered, too, if she was seeing much of Ryder. He imagined that she was, and here again he was not far wrong. Now and then he was seized with what he felt to be a weak desire to call, but he always thought better of it in time and was always grateful he had not succumbed to the impulse. But her mere presence in Antioch seemed to make him dissatisfied and resentful of its limitations. Ordinarily he was not critical of his surroundings. Until she came, that he was without companionship and that the town was given over to a deadly inertia which expressed itself in the collapsed ambition of nearly every man and woman he knew had scarcely affected him, beyond giving him a sense of mild wonder.

He had heard nothing of his father, and in the pressure of his work and freshened interest in the fortunes of the Huckleberry had hardly given him a second thought. He felt that since he had sent money to him he was in a measure relieved of all further responsibility. If his father did not wish to come to him, that was his own affair. He had placed no obstacle in his way.

### CHAPTER V.

LATE one afternoon, as Oakley sat at his desk in the broad streak of yellow light that the sun sent in through the west windows, he heard a step on the narrow board walk that ran between the building and the tracks. The last shrill shriek of No. 7, as usual, half an hour late, had just died out in the distance, and the informal committee of town loafers which met each train was plodding up Main street to the postoffice in solemn silence.

He glanced around as the door into the yards opened. He saw a tall, gaunt man of sixty-five, a little stoop shouldered and carrying his weight heavily and solidly. His large head was sunk between broad shoulders. It was covered by a wonderful growth of iron gray hair. The face was clean shaven and had the look of a placid mask. There was a curious repose in the man's attitude as he stood with a big hand—the hand of an artisan—resting loosely on the knob of the door.

"Is it you, Dannie?" The smile that accompanied the words was at once anxious, hesitating and inquiring. He closed the door with awkward care and, coming a step nearer, put out his hand. Oakley, breathing hard, rose hastily from his chair and stood leaning against the corner of his desk, as if he needed its support. He was white to the lips.

There was a long pause while the two men looked into each other's eyes.

"Don't you know me, Dannie?" wistfully. Dan said nothing, but he extended his hand, and his father's fingers closed about it with a mighty pressure. Then quite abruptly Roger Oakley turned and walked over to the window. Once more there was absolute silence in the room save for the ticking of the clock and the buzzing of a solitary fly high up on the ceiling.

The old convict was the first to break the tense stillness.

"I had about made up my mind I should never see you again, Dannie. When your mother died and you came west it sort of wiped out the little there was between me and the living. In fact, I really didn't know you would care to see me, and when Hart told me you wished me to come to you and had sent the money I could hardly believe it."

Here the words failed him utterly. He turned slowly and looked into his son's face long and lovingly. "I've thought of you as a little boy for all these years, Dannie, as no higher than that," dropping his hand to his hip. "And here you are a man grown. But you got your mother's look. I'd have known you by it among a thousand."

If Dan had felt any fear of his father it had left him the instant he entered the room. Whatever he might have been, there was no question as to the manner of man he had become. He stepped to his son's side and took his hand in one of his own.

"You've made a man of yourself. I can see that. What do you do here for a living?" Dan laughed queerly.

"I am the general manager of the railroad, father," nodding toward the station and the yards. "But it's not much to brag about. It's only a one horse line," he added.

"No, you don't mean it, Dannie?" And he could see that his father was profoundly impressed. He put up his free hand and gently patted Dan's head as though he were indeed the little boy he remembered.

"Did you have an easy trip west, father?" Oakley asked. "You must be tired."

"Not a bit, Dannie. It was wonderful. I'd been shut out from it all for more than twenty years, and each mile was taking me nearer you."

The warm yellow light was beginning to fade from the room. It was growing late.

"I guess we'd better go uptown to the hotel and have our supper. Where is your trunk? At the station?"

"I've got nothing but a bundle. It's at the door."

Dan locked his desk, and they left the office.

"Is it all yours?" Roger Oakley asked, pausing as they crossed the yards to glance up and down the curving tracks.

"It's part of the property I manage. It belongs to General Cornish, who holds most of the stock."



"Don't you know me, Dannie?"

"And the train I came on, Dannie—who owned that?"

"At Buckhorn Junction, where you changed cars for the last time, you caught our local express. It runs through to a place called Harrison—the terminus of the line. This is only a branch road, you know."

But the explanation was lost on his father. His son's relation to the man was a significant fact which he pondered with simple pleasure.

After their supper at the hotel they went upstairs. Roger Oakley had been given a room next his son's. It was the same as General Cornish had occupied when he was in Antioch.

"Would you like to put away your things now?" asked Dan as he placed his father's bundle, which he had carried uptown from the office, on the bed.

"I'll do that by and by. There ain't much there—just a few little things. I've managed to keep or that has been given me."

Then pushed two chairs before an open window that overlooked the square. His father had taken a huge blackened mackerel from his case and was carefully filling it from a leather pouch.

"You don't mind if I light my pipe?" he inquired.

"Not a bit. I've one in my pocket, but it's not nearly as fine as yours."

"Our warden gave it to me on Christmas, and I've smoked it ever since. He was a very good man, I can tell. It's the old warden I'm speaking of, not Kenyon, the new one, though he's a good man too."

Dan wondered where he had heard the name of Kenyon before; then he remembered—it was at the Emory's.

"Try some of my tobacco, Dannie," passing the pouch.

For a time the two men sat in silence, blowing clouds of white smoke out into the night.

Roger Oakley hitched his chair nearer his son's and rested a heavy hand on his knee. "I like it here," he said.

"Do you? I am glad."

"What will be the chances of my finding work? You know I'm a cabinet-maker by trade."

"There's no need of your working, so don't worry about that."

"But I must work, Dannie. I ain't used to sitting still and doing nothing."

"Well," said Oakley, willing to humor him, "there are the car shops."

"Can you get me in?"

"Oh, yes, when you are ready to start. I'll have McMillstock, the master mechanic, find something in your line for you to do."

"I'll guess Mr. Hutook can arrange that, too. I'll see him about it when you are ready."

"Then that's settled. I'll begin in the morning," with a quiet determination.

"But don't you want to look around first?"

"I'll have my Sundays for that." And Dan saw that there was no use in arguing the point with him. He was bent on having his own way.

The old convict filled his lungs with a deep, free breath. "Yes, I'm going to like it. I always did like a small town anyhow. Tell me about yourself, Dannie. How do you happen to be here?"

Dan roused himself. "I don't know. It's chance, I suppose. After mother's death—"

"Twenty years ago last March," breaking in upon him softly; then, nodding at the starlit heavens: "She's up yonder now watching us. Nothing's hidden or secret. It's all plain to her."

"Do you really think that, father?"

"I know it, Dannie." And his tone was one of settled conviction.

Dan had already discovered that his father was deeply religious. It was a faith the like of which had not descended to his own day and generation.

"Well, I had it rather hard for a while," going back to his story.

"Yes," with keen sympathy. "You were nothing but a little boy."

"Finally I was lucky enough to get a place as a newsboy on a train. I sold papers until I was sixteen and then began braking. I wanted to be an engineer, but I guess my ability lay in another direction. At any rate, they took me off the road and gave me an office position instead. I got to be a division superintendent, and then I met General Cornish. He is one of the directors of the line I was with at the time. Three months ago he made me an offer to take hold here, and so here I am."

"And you've never been back home, Dannie?"

"Never once. I've wanted to go, but I couldn't."

He hoped his father would understand.

"Well, there ain't much to take you there but her grave. I wish she might have lived. You'd have been a great happiness to her, and she got very little happiness for her portion any way you look at it. We were only just married when the war came, and I was gone four years. Then there was about eleven years when we were getting on nicely. We had money put by and owned our own home. Can you remember it, Dannie, the old brick place on the corner across from the postoffice? A new Methodist church stands there now. It was sold to get money for my lawyer when the big trouble came. Afterward, when everything was spent, she must have found it very hard to make a living for herself and you."

"She did," said Dan gently. "But she managed somehow to keep a roof over our heads."

"When the law sets out to punish it doesn't stop with the guilty only. When I went to her grave and saw there were flowers growing on it and that it was being cared for it told me what you were. She was a very brave woman, Dannie. You know that was an awful thing about Sharp."

Dan turned toward him quickly.

"Why do you speak of it? It's all past now."

"I'd sort of like to tell you about it."

There was a long pause, and he continued:

"Sharp and I had been enemies for a long time. It started back before the war, when he wanted to marry your mother. We both enlisted in the same regiment, and somehow the trouble kept alive. He was a bit of a bully, and I was counted a handy man with my fists too. The regiment was always trying to get us into the ring together, but we knew it was dangerous. We had sense enough for that. I won't say he would have done it, but I never felt safe when there was a fight on in all those four years. It's easy enough to shoot the man in front of you and no one be the wiser. Many a score's been settled that way. When we got home again we didn't get along any better. He was a drinking man and had no control over himself when liquor got the best of him. I did my share in keeping the fend alive. What he said of me and what I said of him generally reached both of us in time, as you can fancy."

"At last, when I joined the church, I concluded it wasn't right to hate a man the way I hated Sharp. For, you see, he'd never really done anything to me."

"One day I stopped in at the smithy—he was a blacksmith—to have a talk with him and see if we couldn't patch it up somehow and be friends. It was a Saturday afternoon, and he'd been drinking more than was good for him."

"I hadn't hardly got the first words out when he came at me with a big sledge in his hand, all in a rage and swearing he'd have my life. I pushed him off and started for the door. I saw it was no use to try to reason with him, but he came at me again, and this time he struck me with his sledge. It did no harm, though it hurt, and I pushed him out of my way and backed off toward the door. The lock was caught, and before I could open it he was within striking distance again and I had to turn to defend myself. I snatched up a bar of iron perhaps a foot long. I had kept my temper down until then, but the moment I had a weapon in my hand it got clean away from me, and in an instant I was fighting—just as he was fighting—to kill."

Roger Oakley had told the story of the murder in a hard, emotionless voice, but Dan saw in the half light that his face was pale and drawn.

Dan found it difficult to associate the thought of violence with the man at his side, whose whole manner spoke of

## COFFEES AND TEAS

—OF—

KNOWN QUALITY

Are Satisfactory to both buyer and seller. We have them carefully selected and graded to suit the customer

Our PEE RLESS SUNDRIED

Japan Tea

just received is an exception ally good value.

## SMYTHE'S QUALITY SHOP

J. C. GAMBLE Mgr.

Big and Sure Profit in

## FRUIT RAISING

In Rogue River Valley

In Eismann Bros.' orchard an 18-year old Newton tree bore this last season 37½ boxes of marketable apples. In the orchard of L. L. Bennett, president of the Medford Fruit Growers Union, a 15-year old Newton tree bore 33 boxes this last season of fine apples. The Grants Pass Fruit Growers Union got \$1.79 a box on their shipment of Newton apples to New York this last season. Other trees in the above orchards bore from 10 to 30 boxes each and as there are from 54 to 60 trees to the acre, the value of the crop per acre would average fully \$1000. As it costs for a medium size orchard 58 cents a box to grow and put apples on the car the profit on an orchard will beat the average gold mine and far ahead of wheat at 90 cents a bushel or hay at \$12 a ton.

Now is the time to invest in Josephine County Fruit Land at from \$5 to \$80 per acre.

In Jackson County the same quality of land and the same distance from the railroad sells readily at from \$100 to \$500 per acre. As Josephine county has the same soil, climate and market advantages as has Jackson county land here through the interest now being taken in fruit raising will soon go booming in value. The wise investor will buy now and double his money in two years.

Full particulars as to different kinds of soils, location, cost of planting and of marketing fruit given by

CHAS. MESERVE,  
Seller of Fruit Lands in all parts of ROGUE RIVER VALLEY



## BANKING

TIME FLIES

And money flies with it unless you start a Bank Account early in life and make a habit of saving money Small accounts and large are received with equal cordiality at The Grants Pass Banking and Trust Co. And every customer is treated with the utmost courtesy at all times.

Grants Pass  
Banking & Trust Co.  
GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

## F. G. ROPER

Fashionable

## TAILORING

Courier Bldg., up stairs

SUITS MADE TO ORDER

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

CLEANING AND REPAIRING

## J. E. PETERSON

(PIONEER)

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Still doing business at the old stand.

Cor. Sixth and D streets.

GRANTS PASS, OREGON.

Continued on page 62.