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GILA MONSTERS.

Their Bite Is Sometimes Fatal and Always Dangerous.

In a recent issue of the Scientific American an article appeared written by D. Allen Willey describing the Gila monster. The statement was made in the article that scientists had questioned whether its bite was fatally poisonous, as has been supposed. W. H. Barnes of Las Vegas, N. M., claims to know of two cases, in one of which death resulted. "Mr. Barnes writes as follows: 'The first man was in Tombstone, Ariz. The Gila was tied by the leg to a saloon as a curio, and a drunken gambler named Brown was teasing it. He carelessly stuck his first two fingers into its mouth, which immediately closed down on them and could not be released until the reptile's head was cut off and the jaws cut apart. Brown suffered horrible agony for almost two days, and in spite of all efforts he died.'

"The second case was in the fall of 1890. Walter Vall started from the Empire ranch, near Benson, Ariz., to ride into town on horseback, some fifteen miles. A short distance from the ranch a monster was sluggishly dragging its way across the road. Thinking to take it in for a friend, he got down and killed it, or at least he thought he killed it. To carry it easily he tied it on his saddle behind him, and he hoped along he thought to assure himself it hadn't dropped off by reaching around behind him with his right hand and feeling for the monster. "It was there and not nearly as dead as he thought. His first finger

went into the reptile's mouth clear to the knuckle, and instantly those jaws with the long, sharp, daggerlike teeth closed on Vall's finger. With his left hand he managed to get his knife out and cut the saddle strings and then had to dissect the head and jaws to get his finger from their grip.

"Vall then spurred his horse into Benson and found an engine in the yards. A hasty exchange of telegrams with the division superintendent and Tucson took place, and in a few moments he was on the engine and racing over the road for Tucson, where an eminent surgeon resided at that time. Vall lay at death's door for two months, and that finger today is useless and shriveled up from the effect of the bite."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the tissue of the nose and completely damage the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is 10 fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. "Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price 50c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Placer blanks at the Courier office.

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The Manager Of the B. & A.

By VAUGHAN KESTER

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(Continued from last week)

Stokes and Buntick dragged their friend away by main strength. The affair had gone far enough. They didn't want a fight.

McClintock marched into the office, crossed to the water cooler and filled himself a tumbler; then he turned an unruffled front on Oakley.

"I guess we'd better chuck those fellows—fire 'em out bodily, the impudent cusses! What do you say, Mr. Oakley?"

But Dan was too demoralized to consider or even reply to this. He was



"The man who's got to go is your father."

feeling a burning sense of shame and disgrace. The whole town must know his father's history or some garbled version of it. Worse still, Constance Emory must know. The pride of his respectability was gone from him. He felt that he had cheated the world of a place to which he had no right, and now he was found out. He could not face Kerr nor Holt nor McClintock. But this was only temporary. He couldn't stand among his ruins. Men survive disgrace and outlive shame just as they outlive sorrow and suffering. Nothing ever stops. Then he recognized that, since his secret had been wrested from him, there was no longer discovery to fear. A sense of freedom and relief came when he realized this. The worst had happened, and he could still go on. How the men had learned about his father he could not understand, but instinct told him he had Ryder to thank. Following up the clew Kenyon had given him, he had carefully looked into Roger Oakley's record, a matter that simply involved a little correspondence.

He had told Branyon and Stokes only what he saw fit and had pledged himself to support the men in whatever action they took. He would drive Oakley out of Antioch. That was one of his motives. He was also bent on cultivating as great a measure of personal popularity as he could. It would be useful to Kenyon and so advantageous to himself. The congressman had large ambitions. If he brought his campaign to a successful issue it would make him a power in the state. Counting on this victory, Ryder had mapped out his own career. Kenyon had force and courage, but his judgment and tact were only of a sort. Ryder aspired to supply the necessary brains for his complete success. Needless to say, Kenyon knew nothing of these benevolent intentions on the part of his friend. He could not possibly have believed that he required anything but votes.

Oakley turned to Clarence. "Run into the carpenter shop and see if you can find my father. If he is there ask him to come here to me at once."

The boy was absent only a few moments. Roger Oakley had taken off his work clothes and had gone uptown before the men left the shop. He had not returned.

Dan closed his desk and put on his hat. "I am going to the hotel," he said to Kerr. "If anybody wants to see me you can tell them I'll be back this afternoon."

"Very well, Mr. Oakley." The treasurer was wondering what would be his superior's action. Would he resign and leave Antioch or would he try and stick it out?

Dan hurried uptown to the hotel. He found his father in his room, seated before an open window in his shirt sleeves and with his Bible in his lap. He glanced up from the book as his son passed by the door.

"Well, Dannie?" he said, and his tone was mild, meditative and inquiring.

"I was looking for you, father. They told me you'd come uptown."

"So I did. As soon as I heard there was going to be trouble over my working in the shops I left."

"Did they say anything to you?"

"Not a word, Dannie, but I knew what was coming and decided to quit work."

"You shouldn't have done it, daddy," said Dan, seating himself on the edge of the bed near the old man. "I can't let them say who shall work in the shops and who not. The whole business was trumped up out of revenge for the cut. They want to get even with me for that, you see. If I back down and yield this point there is no telling what they'll ask next—probably that the wages be restored to the old figure."

He spoke quite cheerfully, for he saw his father was cruelly hurt.

"It was all a mistake, Dannie—my coming to you, I mean," Roger Oakley said, shutting the book reverently and laying it to one side. "The world's a small place after all, and we should have known we couldn't keep our secret. It's right I should bear my own cross, but it's not your sin, and now it presses hardest on you. I'm sorry, Dannie." And his voice shook with the emotion he was striving manfully to hide.

"No, no, father. To have you here has been a great happiness to me."

"Has it, Dannie? Has it really?" with a quick smile. "I am glad you can say so, for it's been a great happiness to me—greater than I deserved." And he laid a big hand caressingly on his son's.

"We must go ahead, daddy, as if nothing had happened. If we let this hurt us, we'll end by losing all our courage."

"It's been a knockout blow for me, Dannie," with a wistful sadness, "and I've got to go away. It's best for you I should. I've gone in one direction and you've gone another. You can't reconcile opposites. I've been thinking of this a good deal. You're young and got your life ahead of you, and you'll do big things before you're done, and people will forget. I can't drag you down just because I happen to be your father and love you. Why, I'm of a different class even, but I can't go on. I'm just as I am, and I can't change myself."

"Why, bless your heart, daddy," cried Dan, "I wouldn't have you changed! You're talking nonsense. I won't let you go away."

"But the girl, Dannie; the girl—the doctor's daughter! You see, I hear a lot of gossip in the shop, and even if you haven't told me I know."

"We may as well count that at an end," said Dan quietly.

"Do you think of leaving here?"

"No. If I began by running, I'd be running all the rest of my life. I shall remain until I've accomplished everything I've set out to do if it takes ten years."

"And what about Miss Emory, Dannie? If you are going to stay, why is that at an end?"

"I dare say she'll marry Mr. Ryder. Alas, she won't marry me."

"But I thought you cared for her?"

"I do, daddy."

"Then why do you give up? You're a good man, and she is a good girl."

"I'm not her kind, daddy. It has nothing to do with this. I can't tell you the same anyhow. I'm not her kind."

Ryder Oakley turned this over slowly in his mind. It was most astonishing. He couldn't grasp it.

"Do you mean that she thinks she's better than you are?" he asked cautiously.

"Something of that sort, I suppose," dryly. "I want you to come back into the shops, father."

"I can't, my father. I'm sorry if you wish to see me, but I can't. I want to keep out of sight. Don't ask them they pardoned me every one knew, and I didn't want to mind, but here it's not the same. I can't face it. It may be cowardly, but I can't."

CHAPTER XII.

OAKLEY had told his father he was going to call at the Emorys'. He wanted to see Constance once more. Then it didn't much matter what happened.

As he passed up the street he was conscious of an impudent curiosity in the covert glances the idlers on the corners shot at him. With hardly an exception they turned to gaze after him as he strode by. He realized that an unenviable distinction had been thrust upon him. He had become a marked man. He set his lips in a grim smile. This was what he would have to meet until the silly wonder of it wore off or a fresh sensation took its place. And there would be the men at the shops. There intercourse had hitherto been rather pleasant and personal, as he had recognized certain responsibilities in the relation which had made him desirous to be more than a mere taskmaster.

The thought of his theories as used him to smile again. He bantered them and received a lot from which it would not recover in many a long day.

The hands already turned him as a

tyrant and probably argued that his authority was impaired by the events of the morning, though how they arrived at any such conclusion was beyond him, but he had felt something of the kind in Branyon's manner. When the opportunity came it would be a satisfaction to undeceive them, and he was not above wishing this opportunity might come soon, for his mood was bitter and revengeful when he recalled their ignorant and needlessly brutal insolence.

Early as he was he found, as he had anticipated when he started out, that Ryder was ahead of him. The editor was lounging on the Emorys' porch with the family. He had dined with them.

As Dan approached he caught the sound of Constance's voice. There was no other voice in Antioch which sounded the same or possessed the same quality of refinement and culture. His heart beat with quickened pulsations and his pace slackened. He paused for an instant in the shadow of the lilac bushes that shut off the well kept lawn from the street. Then he forced himself to go on. There was no gain in deferring his sentence. Better have it over with. Yet when he reached the gate he would gladly have passed it without entering had it not been that he never abandoned any project simply because it was disagreeable. He had done too many disagreeable things not to have outlived this species of cowardice.

The instant he saw him the doctor rose from his seat on the steps and came quickly down the walk. There was no mistaking the cordiality he gave his greeting, for he intended there should be none. Mrs. Emory, too, took pains that he should feel the friendliness of her sentiment toward him. Constance, however, appeared embarrassed and ill at ease, and Dan's face grew very white. He felt that he had no real appreciation of the changed conditions since his father's story had become public property. He saw it made a difference in the way his friends viewed him. He had become hardened, and it had been impossible for him to foresee just how it would affect others, but to these people it was plainly a shock. The very kindness he had experienced at the hands of the doctor and Mrs. Emory only served to show how great the shock was. In their gracious, generous fashion they had sought to make it easy for him.

Oakley and the editor did not speak. Civility seemed the rankest hypocrisy under the circumstances. A barely perceptible inclination of the head sufficed, and then Ryder turned abruptly to Miss Emory and resumed his conversation with her.

Dan seated himself beside the doctor on the steps. He was completely crushed. He hadn't the wit to leave, and he knew that he was a fool for staying. What was the good in carrying on the uphill fight any longer? Courage is a fine quality, no doubt, but it is also well for a man to have sense enough to know when he is fairly beaten, and he was fairly beaten.

He took stock of the situation. Quite independent of his hatred of the fellow, he resented Ryder's presence there beside Constance. But what was the use of struggling? The sooner he banished all thought of her the better it would be for him. His chances had never been worth considering.

(Continued on page Six.)

Bitten by a Spider.

Through blood poisoning caused by a spider bite, John Washington of Bostonsville, Tex. would have lost his leg which became a mass of running sores, had he not been persuaded to try Bucklen's Arnica Salve. He writes: "The first application relieved, and four boxes healed all the sores." Heals every sore 25c at all druggists.

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