

the expression here of his opinion." Oakley's face was crimson. He raised irresolutely. He saw the Jeer of Ryder's lips, and the desire possessed him to tell these people what his wife were to listen to the cheap, empty patriotism of the demagogue on the stage.

He rested a hand on the back of the chair in front of him and leaned forward with an arm extended at the speaker, but his eyes were fixed on Mrs. Emory's face. She was smiling at him encouragingly, he thought, bidding him to speak.

"This is doubtless your opportunity," he said, "but I would like to ask what earthly interest you have in Antioch beyond the votes it may give you?"

Kenyon smiled blandly and turned to one kneeling instant to wink at Ryder. "And my reply is this: What about the twenty million dollar speculation of American manhood who is hanging around London on the money made here in this state, yes, and in this town? He's gone to England to break his way into London society, and, incidentally, to marry his daughter to a title."

A roar of laughter greeted this sally. "That may be," retorted Oakley hotly, "but Antioch has been getting its share of his money too. Don't forget that. There's not a storekeeper in this audience whose bank account will not show in hard American dollars what General Cornish does for Antioch when Antioch is willing to let him do for it. But, granted that what you have said is true, can you best afford to meet the present situation, General Cornish or these men? On whom does the hardship fall heavier, on them or on him?"

"That was not the spirit which prevailed at Bunker Hill and Lexington," he said, "our fathers did not stop to count the cost, and we have our duties today just as vital to the cause of humanity, and I for one would rather see the strong arm of labor wither in its socket than submit to wrong or injustice!"

Oakley choked down his disgust and moved toward the door. There were applause and one or two cat calls. Not seeing them, he made his way from the building. He had reached the street when a detaining hand was placed upon his arm. He turned sullenly, but it proved to be only Turner Joyce, who stepped to his side, with a cheerful "Good evening, Mr. Oakley. They seem to be having a very gay time in there, don't they?"

"Have you been in?" demanded Oakley grimly.

"Oh, no! I have just been taking a picture home!"

"Well," said Oakley, "I have just been making a fool of myself. I hope that is something you are never guilty of, Mr. Joyce." Joyce laughed and asked his hand through his companion's arm.

"Doesn't every one do that occasionally?" he asked.

Dan shook off his bitterness. Recently he had been seeing a great deal of the little artist and his wife, who were about the only friends he or his father had left in Antioch. They walked in silence. Joyce was too tactful to ask any questions concerning his friend's affairs, so he ventured an impersonal criticism on Kenyon, with the modest diffidence of a man who knows he is going counter to public sentiment.

"Neither Ruth nor I had any curiosity to hear him speak tonight. I heard him when he was here last. It may be bringing up, but I do like things that are not altogether rotten, and I'm afraid I count him as sort of decayed." Then he added, "I suppose everybody was at the rink tonight?"

"The place was packed."

"It promises to be a lively campaign, believe, but I take very little interest in politics. My own concerns occupy most of my time. Won't you come in, Mr. Oakley?" for they had reached his gate.

On the little side porch which opened off the kitchen they found Ruth. She came with a pleased air of animation when she saw who was with her husband. Oakley had lived up to his reputation as a patron of the arts. He had not forgotten, in spite of his anxieties, a promise made Joyce months

before, and at that very moment safely bestowed in Mrs. Joyce's possession were two formidable looking strips of heavy pink paper, which guaranteed the passage of the holder to New York and return.

"I hope this confounded strike is not going to interfere with you, Mr. Joyce," said Oakley as he seated himself. He had discovered that they liked to talk about their own plans and hopes, and the trip east was the chief of these. Already he had considered it with them from every conceivable point of view.

"It is aggravating, for, of course, if people haven't money they can't very well afford to have pictures painted. But Ruth is managing splendidly. I really don't think it will make any special difference."

"I am determined Turner shall not miss this opportunity. I think if it



"I would like to ask what earthly interest you have in Antioch?"

wasn't for me, Mr. Oakley, he'd give up most everything he wants to do or has set his heart on."

"He's lucky to have you, then. Most men need looking after."

"I'm sure I do," observed the little artist, with commendable meekness. He was keenly alive to his own shortcomings. "I'd never get any sort of prices for my work if she didn't take a hand in the bargaining."

"Some one has to be mercenary," said Ruth apologetically. "It's all very well to go around with your head in the clouds, but it doesn't pay."

"No, it doesn't pay," agreed Dan. There was a long pause, which a cricket improved to make itself heard above the sweep of the night wind through the treetops. Then Ruth said: "I saw Miss Emory today. She asked about you."

Mrs. Joyce and her husband had taken a passionate interest in Oakley's love affair and divined the utter wreck of his hopes.

"Did she? I saw her at the rink, too, but of course not to speak with."

Turner Joyce trod gently but encouragingly on his wife's foot. He felt that Oakley would be none the worse for a little cheer, and he had unbounded faith in his wife's delicacy and tact. She was just the person for such a message.

"She seemed—that is, I gathered from what she said, and it wasn't so much what she said as what she didn't say." Dan laughed outright, and Joyce joined in with a panic stricken chuckle. Ruth was making as bad a botch of the business as he could have made.

"I am not at all sensitive," said Dan, with sudden candor. "I have admired her immensely; I do still, for the matter of that."

"Then why don't you go there?"

"I can't, Mrs. Joyce. You know why."

"But I think she looks at it differently now."

Oakley shook his head. "No, she doesn't. There's just one way she can look at it."

"Women are always changing their minds," persisted Ruth. It occurred to her that Constance had been at her worst in her relation with Oakley. If she cared a scrap for him, why hadn't she stood by him when he needed it most? The little artist blinked tenderly at his wife. He was lost in admiration at her courage. He would not have dared to give their friend this comfort.

The conversation languished. They heard the strains of the band when the meeting at the rink broke up and the voices of the people on the street, and then there was silence again.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE hot days dragged on. Dan and his father moved down to the shops. Two cots were placed in the pattern room, where they slept and where Roger Oakley spent most of his time reading his Bible or in brooding over the situation. Their meals were brought to them from the hotel. It was not that Dan suspected the men of any sinister intentions, but he felt it was just as well that they should understand the utter futility of any lawlessness, and, besides, his father was much happier in the solitude of the empty shops than he could have been elsewhere in Antioch. All day long he followed McClintock about, helping with such odd jobs as were necessary to keep the machinery in perfect order. He was completely crushed and broken in spirit. He had aged too.

At the office Dan saw only Holt and McClintock. Sick of Kerr's presence and exasperated at his evident sympathy for the strikers—a sympathy he was at no pains to conceal—he had laid him off, a step that was tantamount to dismissal. Miss Walton was absent on her vacation, which he extended from week to week. It was maddening to him to have her around with nothing to do, for he and Holt found it difficult to keep decently busy themselves now the shops had closed.

Holloway, the vice president of the road, visited Antioch just once during the early days of the strike. He approved—being of an approving disposition—of all Oakley had done and then went back home to Chicago, after telling him not to yield a single point in the fight.

"We've got to starve 'em into submission," said this genial soul. "There's nothing like an empty stomach to sap a man's courage, especially when he's got a houseful of hungry, squalling brats. I don't know but what you'd better arrange to get in foreigners. Americans are too independent."

But Oakley was opposed to this. "The men will be glad enough to accept the new scale of wages a little later, and the lesson won't be wasted on them."

"Yes, I know, but the question is, do we want 'em? I wish Cornish was here. I think he'd advise some radical move. He's all right."

Oakley, however, was devoutly thankful that the general was in England, where he hoped he would stay. He had no wish to see the men ruined. A wholesome lesson would suffice. He was much relieved when the time arrived to escort Holloway to his train.

All this while the Herald continued its attacks, but Dan no longer minded them. Nothing Ryder could say could augment his unpopularity. It had reached its finality. He never guessed that, indirectly at least, Constance Emory was responsible for by far the greater part of Ryder's present bitterness.

She objected to his partisanship of the men, and this, so it seemed to increase his vested independence, but, in spite of the antagonism of their views, they remained friends. Constance was willing to endure much from Ryder that she would have resented from any one else. She liked him, and she was sorry for him; he seemed unhappy, and she imagined he suffered as she herself suffered and from the same cause. There was still another motive for her forbearance.

"I hope so," said Ryder tersely. "I should hate to think my energy had been entirely wasted."

(To be Continued)

Fine wedding stationery at the Courier office.

which, perhaps, she did not realize. The strike and Oakley had become a mania with the editor, and from him she was able to learn what Dan was doing.

The unpopularity of his son was a source of infinite grief to Roger Oakley, the more so as he took the burden of it on his own shoulders. He brooded over it until presently he decided that he would have a talk with Ryder and explain matters to him and ask him to discontinue his abuse of Dan. There was a streak in the old convict's mind which was hardly sane, for no man spends the best years of his life in prison and comes out as clear headed as he goes in.

As he pattered about the shops with McClintock he meditated on his project. He was sure if he could show Ryder where he was wrong and unfair he would hasten to make amends. It never occurred to him that Ryder had merely followed in the wake of public opinion, giving it definite expression.

One evening—and he chose the hour when he knew Antioch would be at supper and the streets deserted—he stole from the shops without telling Dan where he was going, as he had a shrewd idea that he would put a veto on his scheme did he know of it.

With all his courage his pace slackened as he approached the Herald office. He possessed unbounded respect for print and still greater respect for the man who spoke in print.

The door stood open, and he looked in over the top of his steel bowed spectacles. The office was dark and shadowy, but from an inner room, where the presses stood, a light shone. While he hesitated the half grown boy who was Griff's chief assistant came from the office. Roger Oakley placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Is Mr. Ryder in, sonny?" he asked.

"Yes, he's in the back room, where you see the light."

"Thank you."

He found Ryder busy making up by the light of a single dinky lamp, for the Herald went to press in the morning. Griff gave a start of surprise when he saw who his visitor was. Then he said sharply, "Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

It was the first time the old convict and the editor had met, and Roger Oakley, peering over his spectacles, studied Ryder's face in his usual slow fashion. At last he said, "I hope I am not intruding, Mr. Ryder, for I'd like to speak with you."

"Then be quick about it," snapped Griff. "Don't you see I'm busy?"

With the utmost deliberation the old convict took from his pocket a large red and yellow bandanna handkerchief. Then he removed his hat and wiped his face and neck with elaborate thoroughness. When he finally spoke he dropped his voice to an impressive whisper. "I don't think you understand Dan, Mr. Ryder, or the reasons for the trouble down at the shops."

"Don't? Well, I'll be charmed to hear your explanation." And he put down the rule with which he had been measuring one of the printed columns on the table before him.

Without being asked Roger Oakley seated himself in a chair by the door. He placed his hat and handkerchief on a corner of the table and took off his spectacles, which he put into their case. Ryder watched him with curious interest.

"I knew we could settle this, Mr. Ryder," said he, with friendly simplicity. "You've been unfair to my son. That was because you did not understand. When you do I am certain you will do what you can to make right the wrong you have done him."

A vicious, sinister smile wreathed Ryder's lips. He nodded. "Go on."

"Dan's done nothing to you to make you wish to hurt him, for you are hurting him. He doesn't admit it, but I know."

"I hope so," said Ryder tersely. "I should hate to think my energy had been entirely wasted."

(To be Continued)

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A Square Deal

Is assured you when you buy Dr. Pierce's family medicines—for all the ingredients entering into them are printed on the bottle-wrappers and their formulas are attested under oath as being complete and correct. You know just what you are paying for and that the ingredients are gathered from Nature's laboratory, being selected from the most valuable native medicinal roots found growing in our American forests and while potent to cure are perfectly harmless even to the most delicate woman and children. Not a drop of alcohol enters into their composition. A much better agent is used both for extracting and preserving the medicinal principles used in them, viz—pure glycerine. This agent possesses intrinsic medicinal properties of its own, being a most valuable antiseptic and antiferment, nutritive and soothing demulcent.

Glycerine plays an important part in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and weak stomach, attended by sour rising, heart-burn, foul breath, coated tongue, poor appetite, gnawing feeling in stomach, biliousness and kindred derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Besides curing all the above distressing ailments, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a specific for all diseases of the mucous membranes, as catarrh, whether of the nasal passages or of the stomach, bowels or pelvic organs. Even in its ulcerative stages it will yield to this sovereign remedy if its use be persevered in. In Chronic Catarrh of the Nasal Passages, it is well, while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" for the necessary constitutional treatment, to cleanse the passages freely two or three times a day with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. This thorough course of treatment generally cures the worst cases.

In coughs and hoarseness caused by bronchial, throat and lung affections, except consumption in its advanced stages, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most efficient remedy, especially in those obstinate, hanging coughs caused by irritation and congestion of the bronchial mucous membranes. The "Discovery" is not so good for acute coughs arising from sudden colds, nor must it be expected to cure consumption in its advanced stages—no medicine will do that—but in the obstinate, chronic coughs, which, if neglected, or badly treated, lead up to consumption, it is the best medicine that can be taken.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. Roseburg, Ore., March 21, 1907. 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,

MARY R. JOHNSON of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 7898, for the purchase of the NE 1/4 of section No. 33 in Township No. 35 South, Range No. 4 West of W. M., 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 Joseph Moss, U. S. Commissioner at his office at Grants Pass, Oregon on Monday, the 10th day of June, 1907.

She names as witnesses: A. W. Silsby of Grants Pass, Ore., William Spalding of Grants Pass, Ore., Nellie Spalding of Grants Pass, Ore., William J. Johnson of Oakland, Cal.

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 June, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

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WILLIAM J. JOHNSON of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7900, for the purchase of the SE 1/4 of section No. 18 in Township No. 35 South, Range No. 4 West of W. M., 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 Joseph Moss, U. S. Commissioner at his office at Grants Pass, Ore., on Tuesday, the 11th day of June, 1907.

He names as witnesses: A. W. Silsby of Grants Pass, Ore., William Spalding of Grants Pass, Ore., Nellie Spalding of Grants Pass, Ore., and Walter J. O'Connell of Oakland, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 11th day of June, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

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WALTER J. O'CONNEL of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7899, for the purchase of the SE 1/4 of section No. 6 in Township No. 35 South, Range No. 4 West of W. M., 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 Joseph Moss, U. S. Commissioner at his office at Grants Pass, Ore., on Tuesday, the 11th day of June, 1907.

He names as witnesses: A. W. Silsby of Grants Pass, Ore., William Spalding of Grants Pass, Ore., Nellie Spalding of Grants Pass, Ore., and Walter J. O'Connell of Oakland, Cal.

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MARGUERITE RIDDLER of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 7901, for the purchase of the E 1/4 of the SE 1/4 of section No. 32 in Township No. 35 South, Range No. 4 West of W. M., 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 Joseph Moss, U. S. Commissioner at his office at Grants Pass, Ore., on Tuesday, the 11th day of June, 1907.

He names as witnesses: Ed Hatfield of Dryden, Ore., Marion F. Crooks of Dryden, Ore., George B. Morgan of Grants Pass, Ore., and Eugene E. Morgan 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 11th day of June, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. Roseburg, Oregon, March 21, 1907. 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,

FIRMAN S. CRUMP of Medford, County of Jackson, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7901, for the purchase of the E 1/4 of the SE 1/4 of section No. 32 in Township No. 35 South, Range No. 4 West of W. M., 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 Joseph Moss, U. S. Commissioner at his office at Grants Pass, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 11th day of June, 1907.

He names as witnesses: Ed Hatfield of Dryden, Ore., Marion F. Crooks of Dryden, Ore., George B. Morgan of Grants Pass, Ore., and Eugene E. Morgan 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 11th day of April, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

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 \$1500 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 24 rods; thence west 27 rods; thence south 24 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 22d day of March, A. D., 1907.

ORA HOOD, Administratrix.

EFFECT OF THE FOOD LAW

Driving Many Worthless Catarrh Medicines Out of Existence.

Many worthless remedies that have been advertised for the cure of catarrh have been driven out of existence by the Pure Food Law.

This has naturally increased the sale of reliable remedies, and those that fulfill the provisions of the law. Hyomei, for example, has a larger sale than before, and Demary still sells it under a guarantee that it will cure catarrh or the money will be refunded.

Breathe Hyomei three or four times daily through the neat pocket inhaler that comes with every outfit, and its healing air will reach the most remote parts of the nose, throat and lungs, killing all catarrhal germs and soothing and healing any irritation in the mucous membrane.

The complete Hyomei outfit costs \$1, extra bottles, if needed, 50c and sold by Demary under the guarantee that it will cure or cost nothing.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

In the County Court for Josephine County, Oregon.

In the matter of the estate of Margaret Hughes, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Marguerite Riddle, the administratrix of the above entitled estate, has filed her final account in said estate, and that Saturday, June 1, A. D., 1907, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the county court room at the courthouse at Grants Pass in Josephine County, Oregon, be and it is hereby fixed as the time and place for hearing said final account, and all persons having objections thereto are hereby notified to file and present the same on or before said date.

Dated this 3d day of May, A. D., 1907.

MARGUERITE RIDDLER, Administratrix.

Largest stock of watches and chains ever in town can be found at Letcher's. Everything in the Jewelry line

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