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West of flour mill, near R. R. track  
Turning, Scroll Work, Star Work, Band  
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**IRA TOMPKIN**  
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Will furnish information of  
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**WILSON'S CURE FOR  
CONSUMPTION**  
25 CENTS

**A Real Lady Bountiful.**

While Christmas festivities and good cheer are barely past, and we stand upon the verge of a new year, with spirit and courage to meet the probabilities and possibilities of the future and while we are anticipating to make our coming '98 full days the greatest in the history of Oregon's statehood, let us not forget to pause and pay our respects to the 40 greatest and noblest lady in our midst. It is perhaps needless to say that she is a high born princess of the realm, who gazes about her courts, high and low, rich and poor alike. From every land and clime, she entertained great scholars and titles, both diplomatic and scientific and newly open her doors to the poor and needy, whom she has fed, clothed and with cheerful assurance, started them on the road to success. Many a storm has she braved, while the winds were howling and tearing around the mountain peaks and crags, piling up huge drifts in the high canyons, and then descending with a mighty rush to the foothills below, where many a noble fir or sugar pine succumbed to its invisible power and went crashing to mother earth. While the steady downpour of the rain swelled every mountain draw and valley, their waters rushing downward, mingling together, making creek and mighty rivers, that go rushing over rocks and through fallen timber, rapids after rapids, now with a mighty leap through space, they shot downward, hundreds of feet to the unprotected rocks in the canons below. Onward, still onward they go, growing larger every minute, jumping, whirling, bounding, roaring until they become a boiling, seething mass of foam in their mad rush to the sea. No storm, no flood, no sweltering heat or choking dust has ever stayed her errands of mercy.

For many years has she at yuletide, visited the mansions, cottages, cabins and shacks of our country. There has been no chimney too small, no hearth too poor but her footprints of love were found in the ashes. She has distributed fruit from her orchards and vineyards and filled larders from her gardens and ranch. There are nuts in her grove for the children, fish in her ponds and game in her park for the nimrod. She owns thousands of acres of land, comprising meadows, fields of grain, orchards, pastures, parks, forests and rugged mountains. She has pockets of gold and veins of mineral which she gives to the finder. She looks with favor upon enterprise and extends a glad hand to the home builder. Many years ago she donned a dress of green velvet, which fades not by the heat of summer or the rains of winter. She bares her head to Sol's scorching rays in summer and sleeps beneath the cool evergreens at night, where fair Luna often looks on and smiles, and when winter comes with its three months of rain, she begins her daily ablutions, her laundry work, washing, ironing and mending are all done up for a year ahead while at the same time she scatters words of hope and comfort to her children and when the mists have been chased away by the advance of spring, she comes forth smiling radiantly, looking younger and more beautiful than ever.

The season of 1908 will find her absorbed in her mission more busily than ever. There will be more people to care for, more homes to build, more influx of capital and enterprise, more mines to be opened up, more orchards and vineyards to plant, more experiments to make more of every-thing and this fair lady will be the leading predominant spirit through all. Listen to the cadence of her voice as she bids welcome to the home seeker, watch the glow of pride in her face as she shows him the work of her hands and the product of her climate and soil. How gladly she hastens to welcome the tourist and skips lightly along to show him the marvelous beauties of nature that adorn her estates, caves of mammoth size, lofty peaks, deep canyons, innumerable cascades, rushing river, placid pools and and—will the list ever run out?

Oh, fair lady of our land, Thou art greater than any crowned queen, more lovely and emblematical to us than the Goddess of liberty that stands in Castle Garden. Men of our country fall in line, right about face! Uncover your heads! Attention! Now salute your Josephine.

EBEN.

He Escaped.  
"I have a friend who is writing an Indian version of 'The Star Spangled Banner'"  
"I s'pose it begins, 'Ozage, can Ute see?" inquired the cheerful idiot, dodging immediately into a convenient doorway.—Kansas City Journal.

It is not permitted to the most equitable of men to be a judge in his own case.—Parker.

Quarts blanks at the Courier office.  
Quick delivery.—The Weekly Oregonian.

**VALUE OF GOOD ROADS**

**How They Increase Home Trade in the Bad Weather Season.**

**ADVICE FROM A NEW DRUMMER**

**He Tells the Local Merchant Why Business is Dull During the Winter and Spring—Farmers' Wives Buy Through the Mail.**

The new drummer entered the office of the Grand Central hotel with a scowl on his face and several smothered imprecations just inside his lips. He had the appearance of a man who wanted to use extremely hot language, but the sight of the Methodist church just across the way and the Baptist church down the street restrained him. In other words, he was swearing mad.

He was really an old drummer, though new to this particular town. This was the first time he had "made" the place. The drummer had come in overland from the county seat, twenty miles away, in a spring wagon hired from the livery stable. His two sample trunks were in the back part of the wagon. They were splashed with mud. There was mud even on the seat cushion, and the drummer's clothes were yellow with mud. The driver's apparel was simply caked with it, but he did not appear to mind a little thing like that. He was used to it. The horses also were caked with mud, and the wheels of the vehicle carried several pounds each of the yellow stickiness.

"Well, I never," ejaculated the drummer as he wiped the mud from his fingers before taking up the pen to register his name. "This is the worst I ever struck. Why don't you folks around here build some decent roads? You've got plenty of material right at hand. There's rock enough along the roadside to make the finest roads in the land if you would only put it where it will do the most good."

"Oh, we don't worry," said the hotel clerk, marking room No. 23 opposite the new guest's name. "We've put up with muddy roads from the beginning and got along fairly well, and I reckon we can continue to navigate."

"Navigation—that's the row, all right," said the drummer. "You ought to hire boats instead of wagons in this section. Why, some of the places we came through today would float a skiff."

The local newspaper editor was standing by the desk. He smiled grimly.

"I've been preaching good roads to the people of this neighborhood for years," he said, "but they don't seem to take to the idea. They are pretty good people, too, but they've formed the habit of putting up with mud in the muddy season and don't kick much. They say their fathers were content to drive through the mud when necessary or stay at home till the roads dried out, and they think they ought to be content to do the same."

"Hub!" the drummer growled. "How's business here in the winter and spring?"

"Mighty poor," replied the dry goods merchant—"mighty poor, for a fact. People out in the country don't seem to do any trading except in summer."

"When the roads are good," continued the drummer, "I thought as much—that is, they don't do much trading with you here in town. But country people are always buying something somewhere when times are as good as they are now. That you may put down as a fact. Where do they buy from?"

"Well, certainly not from me," said the merchant.

"Of course not, because the women can't get into town. It's the women who do most of the buying. You know that. The farmers' wives come to town only once a month or so during the winter, owing to your miserable roads. They do buy things, though, and I can give you a little tip. They buy them by mail. They read these large and luscious catalogues sent to them by the big city mail order firms, and they order through the catalogues. Did it ever occur to you that if you had decent roads you would get a much larger winter trade from the country? No? Well, think it over. I have just been reading some figures. The state of Iowa, for instance, has 2,250,000 population. It has 100,450 miles of public roads—what they call roads—but only 150 miles are of macadam and passable every month in the year. What do you think of that? Then take Missouri. That state, according to these figures, has more than 3,000,000 people, with 80,000 miles of public roads. It has only about a thousand miles of well built highways. Illinois is still worse off for good roads. Most of the states line up just about the same. What can you expect?"

"It's a new idea," said the merchant meekly, "and I'm going to think it over and talk it over with some of the other town people. We've been thinking our editor here is a good roads crank, but I'm inclined to the opinion now that he has more common sense than the rest of us."

BURR JOYCE.

Scotland Yard.  
The headquarters of the London metropolitan police force is called Scotland Yard on account of the fact that a palace was built there for the kings of Scotland, to be used by them when visiting England. It is said to have been originally given to King Edgar to keep his harem in, and when he came to London to pay homage.

**MISSOURI FLAT**

Mrs. H. L. Reed held services at the Missouri Flat school house last Sunday.

Geo. W. Meek made a business visit to Grants Pass one day last week.

Miss Bessie A. Doney, who was a resident of Missouri Flat, but now of Provoit, is to be married to a man from Gazelle, Cal. We wish them a happy married life.

Sheriff Russell was out from Grants Pass Sunday visiting relatives.

Mrs. K. J. Kohli was the guest of Mrs. W. B. York Sunday.

Joe York and John Meek are trapping this winter. We wish them good success.

Vernon Bailey is home from Gold Hill, visiting friends and relatives during the holidays.

Mr. Berry of Missouri Flat paid Grants Pass a visit Tuesday.

We have been having some pretty stormy weather of late.

Mr. F. M. Miller will soon be ready to go to mining in his placer mine.

LILAX

**INGLETS AND JESTS.**

**Inspiration.**  
Some time, methinks, some simple little thing  
Will make me write the noblest stang of earth.  
The crudest chrysalids of thought give birth  
To butterflies of speech that wing and wing  
About my fancy till at last they bring  
Rare inspirations of the highest worth  
Where once of thought had been a sorry dearth.  
From such strange sources do our classics spring.

One day, while musing posefully beside  
My desk, I ran my fingers through my hair  
And then, before me, on my paper spied  
A single silvered strand, frost touched  
and fair.  
"Age draweth near; I must make haste!"  
I cried  
And wrote this splendid sonnet then and there.  
—Nixon Waterman in Puck.

**Where They Went.**  
"It's strange they never find any eggs sealed up in those Egyptian mummy tombs."  
"No, it isn't. All their eggs went into cold storage. I'm almost positive I had one of them for breakfast this morning."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Now In His Glory.**  
His life was full of big mistakes.  
Somehow he could not stop it.  
He made mistakes to beat the band.  
So Uncle Sam took pity and—  
Made him weather prophet.  
—Detroit Tribune.

**One or the Other.**  
She—How do you like your part in the new play?  
He—Not for a cent. I die in the first act.  
She—Well, I suppose it had to be you or the audience.—Judge.

**The Killing Pace.**  
There once was a fair Christmas shopper  
Who spent all her cash, as was proper.  
Then her stern parent spoke,  
"I am glad she is broke,  
For only bankruptcy could stop 'er."  
—Washington Star.

**Wasted Time.**  
Grandma—Have you wasted any time today, Margaret?  
Margaret—Yes, indeed. I played bridge all the afternoon with only one pack of cards.—New York Life.

**Advice.**  
Don't while away your time, my son,  
In wooing fortune's smile,  
For when you win it, ten to one,  
It isn't worth your while.  
—Philadelphia Press.

**A Depleted Treasury.**  
Wife—Haven't you any change about you?  
Husband—No, my dear. This morning the president of my bank borrowed my last quarter.—New York Life.

**Curious.**  
A dollar's hard to understand.  
Its methods often cause dismay.  
It's no good when it's loafing and  
When working often fades away.  
—Houston Post.

**Universal Fad.**  
Gunner—I wonder what will be the first communication we receive from Mars?  
Guyer—Oh, a souvenir postal, of course!—Chicago News.

**The New Verb.**  
The butchers have a saying that  
I hasten to repeat.  
They speak about their customers  
As "people that we meat!"  
—Lippincott's.

**Rapid.**  
Knicker—Has Jones got quick as sets?  
Bocker—Very. They are so quick they always fall before he can sell them.—New York Sun.

**High and Low.**  
Those days of servants frequent fights  
Remind our belles and beauties  
That oftentimes hymeneal rites  
Lead to blow, mental duties.  
—Puck.

**Cruel Deception.**  
"He says a girl deceived him cruelly."  
"Yes. She led him to believe she was a great a fool as he was."—Kansas City Times.

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Is a Claen Safe COAL OIL  
and makes a bright, even  
light. : : Sold in bulk  
A FINE GRADE. SOLD  
IN FIVE GALLON TINS  
Our highest grade in 5 gallon  
cans. There is no finer COAL  
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Household Goods and my stock is quite complete...If you  
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From Every Ounce of Fuel  
When the mercury drops out of sight, and  
you just can't keep the house warm, you'll  
find it wonderfully convenient to use a  
**PERFECTION  
Oil Heater**  
(Equipped with Smokeless Device)  
It's very light—carry it about—heat any cold  
room. Turn the wick high or low—no  
danger—no smoke—no smell. Easily cared  
for and gives nine hours of  
cozy comfort at one filling of  
brass font. Finished in  
nickel and japan. Every  
heater warranted.

The **Rayo Lamp**  
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—read or sew by it—won't tire your eyes. Latest improved central  
draft burner. Made of brass, nickel plated. Every lamp warranted.  
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