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Jacksonville Post

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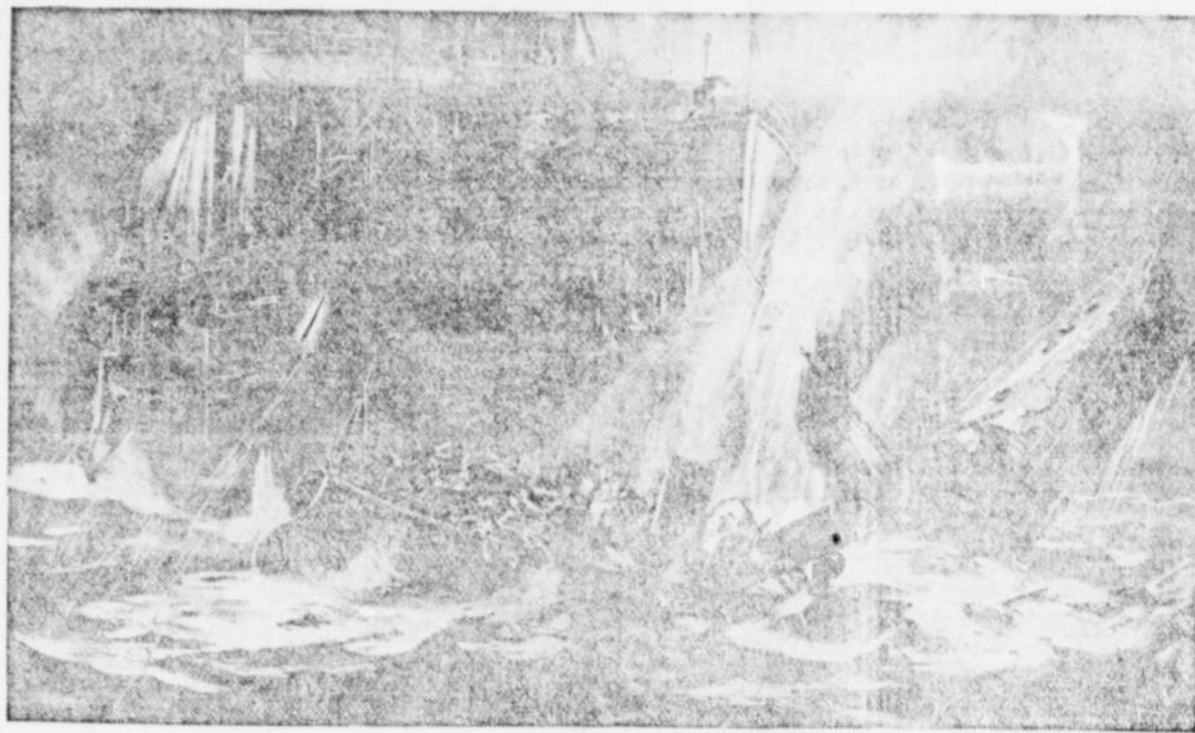
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LOCALS

Local readers will be charged for at the following rates:
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Church announcements, resolutions of condolence, births, marriages, deaths and general news items will be published free. Anything pertaining to the good of the county will be cheerfully published. We reserve the right to correct all grammar defects in copy sent in. All communications must be signed by the party sending them in. Don't be abusive in your communications, but give good news.

LOSS OF THE TORPEDO-DESTROYER TIGER AND THIRTY-SIX LIVES.



THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE TIGER AND THE CRUISER BERWICK.

The illustration depicts the terrible collision naval disaster which recently occurred off the Isle of Wight. During some night operations, carried on without lights, off the south coast of the island, the destroyer Tiger ran across the bows of the armored cruiser Berwick. Both vessels were going at full speed, and the destroyer was cut in two between the second and third funnels. The forepart, on which the commander and most of the deck hands were stationed, tilted perpendicularly and went down with all hands. The men in the stern part promptly ordered up from below, were able to throw themselves clear of the rest of the vessel, and some kept afloat on oars, spars, and wreckage; but nearly every man saved belonged to the engine room staff. The Berwick and Gladiator sent boats to the rescue, with the result that twenty-two persons were saved. At the moment of the collision a great sheet of flame shot up from the furnaces.

Novelty Suits For Spring and Summer

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE
International Tailoring Co.
OF CHICAGO, ILL.

We are now prepared to take your measure and deliver a tailor made suit at the same figure you will be obliged to pay for hand-me-down clothing.

A FIT GUARANTEED

There is no necessity for your clothes to be untidy when you can get a suit to fit from \$14 to \$40.

A Complete Line of Men's, Women's and Children's Oxfords, Ties, Bals.

Our footwear is the most complete in the city with a wide range of makes.

OUR PRICE

For worthy goods is lower than can be found in any city in the state.

MINERS AND FARMERS

We have an excellent shoe for the miner. It is not water-proof but as near so as leather can be made.

ULRICH BROS.

General Merchandise

BANK OF Jacksonville

JACKSONVILLE

OREGON

This bank endeavors to promote the interest of its customers along whatever line it is practicable for it so to do. With a large capital, a strong Directory and an experienced staff of employees we are prepared to handle all business entrusted to us. We solicit your business upon the basis of sound and progressive banking, liberal and courteous treatment.

Through the Night

Hot with resentful retrospect, Tom Sardon leaned heavily upon the parapet of the bridge. All around the silent streets, the absence of life, the darkness, accentuated more than illumined by the even-spaced gas lamps, seemed to convey the idea of a deserted city—as if man, awed by the devastation he had wrought on fair Nature's face, had fled from his grim handiwork. Like virgin souls engulfed in a mire of sin, the snowflakes fell silently and vanished in the grimy-looking water that flowed sullenly underneath the bridge.

"I beg your pardon,"
The lurch of a heavy body against the brooding man brought him back sharply to the present. A belated traveler, the sound of his footsteps deadened by the mantle of snow which by this time had turned sidewalk and roadway into one level highway, had slipped in a snow-tipped heel and fallen against the loiterer on the bridge. The latter, so brusquely aroused to time and place, started at the sound of the other man's voice, and peered, with set eyes, into his face. The recognition was mutual.

"Lionel!"
"Tom!"
The tones of their voices differed; one was of glad amazement, the other of bitter intensity.
"My dear lad, who'd have thought of meeting you here?"
Lionel held out his hand, but the proffered mark of friendship was unheeded. With body erect and taut, in a voice which a blend of bitterness and anxiety made to tremble, Tom asked:
"Did you marry Miss Arley?"
"Yes," returned the other.
"Then I wish you much happiness!" snapped out the angry Tom, and, turning on his heel, strode off, not noticing, in his hot mood, that he was going in the direction which Lionel had been pursuing.

For a few moments the latter stood looking at his brother's retreating figure, then with a smile of comprehension he hurried after the wanderer.
"Come along home with me, Tom. Let us have a talk about old times."
"Do you imagine I have any desire to discuss the past? My father drove me from his presence with a bitter taunt. You married the one girl—"
"Come now, old fellow, look here; let us deal plainly with each other as man to man. Nay, you shall hear me. Where are you going to? What are you doing now? Down on your luck, eh?"
"What is that to you? I want no sympathy, not even justice, from any of my own kin."
He staggered and, but for his brother's upholding arm, would have fallen.
"Steady, old chap, we're nearly home. You've been running yourself too fine. Here we are!"
By this time they had reached a house which stood, an oasis of home life, amidst the desert of warehouses, printing offices, and the like. The ponderous, polished knocker, the wide steps, the arched fanlight over the door, the solid aspect of the building, told of a time when merchants were content to live amidst the scenes of their labors. With his left hand Lionel unlocked the door and then supported and helped Tom up the steps into the hall and caused him to sit in a chair. Quietly refastening the front door, he turned into a small room on a level with the hall. After lighting the gas he poked the fire, which had been left burning for him, into a blaze, placed a small kettle on the fire, and returned to Tom, who sat, white and tired, looking at the portrait of a gentle-faced lady hung opposite to him.

"Now, we're right," said Lionel. "Come in here, Tom."
He helped his brother to a cosy armchair near the fire and busied himself with setting out some bread and cold meat, which was ready cut, from a cup-

board, talking rapidly and vivaciously all the while.

"This is my sanctum. I'm left here undisturbed. I am hungry. Traveling makes you so, doesn't it? Will you join me in a little snack? Six o'clock in the morning is a funny time for a meal, but I believe in eating when you are hungry. There, now. You take the head of the table, as befits you. Come—a toast! You won't refuse that, will you? To my wife!"

He held out his glass toward the portrait of a lady which stood in the center of the mantelpiece. With fierce eyes Tom looked at the picture of a gentle lady sitting enthroned as a happy mother, with her two children, one standing by her side, the other nestling in her arms.

"That—your wife?" said Tom. Amazement was followed by a quick gleam of hope. "You told me that you married Miss Arley!"
"So I did," Lionel's eyes twinkled. "A health! To my wife!"
"Your wife!" and wonderingly Tom drank the toast. Lionel kept his brother served with the simple meal, and under the influence of his surroundings and the badly needed food, Tom seemed to forget everything else but to satisfy the craving of his hunger.

Lionel went to a desk, unlocked it and took out a square, blue envelope, sealed and addressed in a firm, clerky hand.



TOM TOOK OUT THE LETTER.

to "My Son Thomas." Handing it to Tom, he said:
"Now, I'll leave you for a minute or two while you read your epistle. I shan't be long away."
Softly closing the door, he crept upstairs, chuckling to himself at every step.

"What a lark! Poor old Tom!"
Tom waited till his brother had closed the door, and then ripped open the envelope and took out the letter:

"My Son—You and I parted in anger. You have gone away, I know not where, leaving your father and your brother without a good-bye. You have not written, and now in my last days I find myself cut off from communication with my eldest son. But before I die I wish to set down some particulars of which I feel you are ignorant. Jacob Arley was my enemy. The only crime he could ever accuse me of was that I married your mother—the girl he professed to love, but who did not love him. Three times he tried to ruin me in business, but failed. When you told me that you loved his daughter and wished to marry her, I forbade you, on pain of my displeasure, to think of such a thing. When you persisted—you were always stubborn—I threatened you with loss of my favor and esteem, and to disavow you—for I loved you, my son—I informed you that your brother Lionel had a claim upon Miss Arley's affections. So he had, but not upon the Miss Arley whom you and I quarreled about. The woman your brother loved and has just married is Miss Arley's cousin, and bore the same name. I ask you to let the traitorous designs of your father's enemy be the excuse for my deception. I have since repented of it. Before I go to join your mother I wish you to know, should this letter ever

fall into your hands, that the headstrong course you pursued in leaving home after our quarrel has darkened the closing hours of my life. Some day you will learn that it is the privilege of the old to remonstrate with the young and the duty of the young to listen in patience to admonishment. The warehouse and the business I have left to you. Your brother holds it in trust till you return. He will be a good steward, for he is upright and generous, and has such an affection for you that I trust you will return it in some measure. May the peace that well doing brings be yours. Accept my blessing. But, oh! my lad, why did you ever leave your well-meaning but blundering father?"

Thomas Sardon.

"Good news, old man?"
"Yes, too good for me. I'll not let you read the letter, L. It is too sacred. But I am off again, L. I'll write this time to tell you how I get on."
"Not without your breakfast, my son. My wife will be down soon, and she will be disappointed if you go away without seeing her. I told her the good news of your arrival."
"Well, all right. But after breakfast I must say good-bye."
"Perhaps," said Lionel.

He led his brother upstairs and, with rare tact, left him after giving him the key of the ancient oak clothes chest where their mother had kept their stock of household linen, their little baby shoes, and other trifles of fond remembrance. Tom unlocked the chest and with trembling hands drew out the clothes that he had left behind in his hurried departure from his home some years before. Then, after tubbing, he dressed himself and waited.

The gong sounded. Lionel appeared and led the way downstairs to the breakfast room. A pleasant faced lady there was introduced as Lionel's wife. With womanly intuition she greeted him as if he were an old acquaintance, and busied herself attending to the wants of a little boy and girl who were clamoring for "Aunt Bessie."

"Tom wheeled at the name.
"Do you take tea or coffee?" asked his hostess; but she received no reply. Her brother-in-law had half risen from his chair, his eyes riveted on a lady who stood in the doorway, her hands pressed to her breast, her bosom, gray-haired figure outlined against the door's dark background, and swaying with agitation. For a moment a dead silence fell on the room. Then, with a glad cry, Tom broke the spell of astonishment which enfolded him, and rose up in his place.

"Bessie!"
"Tom!"
He strode up to her.
"You waited for me, then—through all these years?"
"Yes, Tom. I would have waited forever."
The simple words went home. He drew her to him, till her head sank upon his breast. Brokenly he murmured:

"This is too much happiness. I am not deserving."
Lionel, who was almost choking himself in his efforts to continue his breakfast, at last cried out:

"Come along, you two! Breakfast is getting cold."—LONDON TRIBUNE.

Slightly Different.
"Miss Gabbie seems like a pleasant person to talk to."
"Indeed? She doesn't seem to think so."
"Why, how do you mean?"
"She seems to think she's a pleasant person to listen to."—PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

Driven to It.
"Drinking is a matter of habit with him, is it not?"
"Exactly; he goes on a tear every time his wife buys a new hat."—HOUSTON POST.

Grass widows are never as green as they pretend to be.