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PROLONGED LAWSUITS.

Germany Holds Record with One Settled After 478 Years. The celebrated chancery suit of Jarndyce against Jarndyce no longer holds the record for duration, according to the London Express. A case which has lasted at least 100 years was mentioned in the law courts recently.

Among a number of motions before the divorce court judge for leave to presume the deaths of different persons was one in the name of C. S. Pulteney.

Counsel asked that the death of C. S. Pulteney might be presumed to have taken place in the year 1780.

"When?" demanded Sir Gorell Barnes in amazement.

"In 1780," repeated counsel, amid loud laughter.

"Mr. Pulteney," he explained, "was married about 1770, and had a daughter. In 1780 he left England. He has been advertised for, but he has never been heard of since. In 1799 a sum of £1,000 was paid into court and it now amounts to £1,900."

"What has it been doing there all this time?" the judge inquired.

Counsel replied that legal proceedings were started in 1799, but nothing further was done until 1899.

"Why not?" asked the judge.

"I do not know," counsel answered.

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Sir Gorell Barnes. "Who wants it now?"

"I am afraid a good many people want it now," said counsel. "The present applicant is a great-grandson of the wife of the brother of Charles Pulteney."

"Certain persons," he added, "claim the sum and proceedings are being taken in the Chancery Court. The death of C. S. Pulteney is the only link wanting in the title."

"I have not much hesitation in presuming the death of Mr. Pulteney," the judge stated. "I am quite sure he is dead."

Germany, however, has beaten even this record.

A lawsuit between the local authority of Frieemar, a suburb of Gotha, and certain mill owners in a neighboring village was amicably settled recently after 478 years of constant litigation, say a Central News Berlin telegram.

COALING APPARATUS.

Modern Method of Transferring Fuel from Lighter to Steamer.

The immense amount of work required to coal the modern ocean-going steamer or warship is not realized by the average layman. The present custom consists in transferring the coal by derrick from lighters in bags or buckets, requiring many days. A New

York man has seized upon this opportunity to devise an up-to-date apparatus which immensely simplifies the operation and does away with much of the hard labor now necessary. As shown in the illustration, the coal is drawn up an inclined elevator and dropped into a chute, where it runs by gravity into the hold of the vessel. Within the elevator are numerous buckets attached to a movable chain. The buckets are filled as they reach the end winding drum and automatically dump the contents into the waiting chute when they reach the top.

Carelessness of the Hens.

The Bridles had been in their new country house for scarcely a week before the girl who went out to hunt for strictly fresh eggs came back empty handed.

"Where are the eggs, Ellen?" asked Mrs. Bridle.

"Sure, mum, Oi couldn't foind a wan."

"Did you look in the henhouse?"

"Yis, mum."

"And in the haymow?"

"Oi went all over the place."

"And the manger?"

"They warn't there, mum."

"Well, sometimes Henry collects the eggs in a basket and hangs it under the cow shed."

"Oi found the basket, but it wuz empty. Oi hunted all over the place and, high nor low, sorra a sign of thim eggs could Oi foind anywhere."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Bridle absently. "I hope they haven't been mislaid!"

—London Scraps.

Giving Sister Away.

Little Kitty (entertaining him)—Mintie thinks a lot of you, Mr. Wellon.

Elderly Suitor—Does she, dearie? How do you know?

Little Kitty—She says you'll be the darlinest old meal ticket that ever happened.—Chicago Tribune.

Thoughtless.

"His wife has been mad at him for over a week."

"What about?"

"He said that Helen of Troy was doubtless the most beautiful woman that ever lived."—Houston Post.

Careless.

Two Irishmen, meeting one day, were discussing local news.

"Do you know Jim Skelly?" asked Pat.

"Faith," said Mike, "an' I do."

"Well," said Pat, "he has had his appendix taken away from him."

"Ye don't say so?" said Mike. "Well, it serves him right. He should have had it in his wife's name."—Everybody's Magazine.

A young man is apt to believe that he has friends who would die for him

Old Favorites

Barbara Allen.

(English Version.)

In Scarlot Town where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
And every youth cried, "Well away,"
And her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds were a-swellin';
Young Jimmie on his death bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she did dwell in;
Saying "you ride to my master,
If your name be Barbara Allen.

"For death is printed on his face,
And over his heart is stealin';
Oh! haste away to comfort him,
Oh! you lonely Barbara Allen."

Slowly, slowly, she rose up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
And all she said when there she came:
"Young man, I think you're a-dyin'.

"Recollect, recollect, recollect young man,
When I boarded at your tavern;
You drank, you walked with the ladies
round,
And you slighted Barbara Allen."

"Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, oh yes,
When you boarded at my tavern,
I made the health go round and round,
My love to Barbara Allen."

He turned his face unto her then,
With deadly sorrow sighin';
Saying, "Come, pretty maid, and pity me,
For I'm on my death bed lyin'."

"If you on your death bed lie,
What need the tale you're tellin';
No better will you ever be,
For your bonnie Barbara Allen."

As she was cruising over the field,
She heard the death bell knellin';
And every stroke did seem to say,
"Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turned her body round and about,
She spied the corpse a-comin';
"Lay down, lay down the man," she said,
"And let me gaze upon him."

With a sorrowful eye she looked down,
Her cheeks with sorrow swelling;
While her neighbors cried all in a moan,
"Unworthy Barbara Allen."

When he was dead and in his grave,
She was stricken down with sorrow;
"Mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow.

"Mother, mother, go dig my grave,
And dig it both long and narrow;
Young Jimmie has died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."

When she on her death bed lay,
She begged to be buried by him;
And sorrowfully repented of the day,
She ever did deny him.

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fate I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fate,
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

Young Jimmie was buried in one church yard,
And Barbara in another,
And out of her grave sprung a rose
And out of his sprung a brier.

They grew and grew to the church top,
Until they could grow no higher,
They locked and tied in a true love knot,
The rose and the brier.

(Scotch Version.)

It was in and about Martmas time,
When the green leaves were a-fallin';
That Sir John Graham, in the west country,
Fell in love wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwellin',
"Oh, haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

Oh, slowly, slowly rose she up,
To the place where he was lyin',
And when she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think ye're dyin'."

"It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very sick,
And it's a' for Barbara Allan;
Oh, the better, for me ye've never be
Though your heart's blud were a-spillin'."

"Oh, dinna ye mind, young man," she said,
"When ye was in the tavern a-drinkin'
That ye made the healths gae round and
round,
And slightit Barbara Allan?"

He turned his face upon the wa'
And death was with him dealin',
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And slowly, slowly rose she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighin' said, she could not stay,
Since depth of life had reft him.

She hadna gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell ringin',
And every jow the deid-bell g'ed,
It cried, "Woe to Barbara Allan!"

"Oh, mother, mother! mak' my bed,
And mak' it saft and narrow;
Since my love died for me to-day
I'll die for him to-morrow."

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Two Irishmen, meeting one day, were discussing local news.

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TOMBS OF SPANISH ROYALTY.

Most Gorgeous Burial Vaults—Marble Effigies of Children.

The escurial in which for nearly three centuries the Kings and Queens of Spain have been buried is said to be the most gorgeous burial vault in the world.

It is an octagonal chamber, 36 feet across, with its walls, save where the coffins stand, entirely overlaid with precious marbles. The staircase which leads to it is of marble with Jasper walls. The general effect is unspeakably splendid. In the midst of this magnificence are the massive black marble caskets let into the walls, containing the bodies themselves. They are all exactly alike, inscribed simply with the names of the different kings and queens. There is room for just six more monarchs and their consorts.

Another character altogether is the vault devoted to Spain's royal children—princes and princesses. Here white marble rules, and very charming are some of the effigies over the tombs. The local name for the vault is "the place of the little angels," and though many of the princes who lie here were not at all angelic in their lives the impression left by the white marble wings of the statues is one of spotless purity.

One unfortunate Spanish king, Don Jaime II. of Aragon, is daily on view in the cathedral of Palma, in Majorca. The sacristan of the place takes you to a yellow marble monument in the choir, opens a cupboard, and pulls out a very ordinary coffin with a glass lid. As poor Don Jaime died in the fourteenth century, he is not now at all a lively spectacle. His mummy is made gay, however, with imitation royal robes—cottony ermine, and so forth.—Tit-Bits

Jaundice, or icterus, is not a disease, but only a symptom, occurring in the course of other diseases; but it is so striking a symptom, and one so easily recognized, that it is often regarded as a disease in itself, while the underlying condition of which it is a symptom is looked upon as its cause.

It consists in a staining of the skin, the eyes, and indeed all the tissues of the body, with the coloring-matter of the bile, which is not cast out, as it should be, but is taken up by the blood and carried to all parts of the body.

It is produced in one of two ways: by obstruction to the outflow of bile or by the action of some poisonous substance which alters the constitution of the bile. The first form, "obstructive" jaundice, is the result of more or less complete closing of the channels through which the bile escapes from the liver. This obstruction may be due to plugging of the passages by gall-stones, to the presence of a tumor pressing upon the passages, or to inflammation and the resultant swelling of the mucous membrane lining these passages.

The other form, called "toxic" jaundice, is an accompaniment of certain general diseases, such as malaria or yellow fever, of poisoning by phosphorus and other chemical substances or of acute atrophy of the liver.

The color of the skin varies, according to the intensity of the jaundice, that is, according to the amount of bile coloring matter circulating in the blood, from a light lemon to a bright saffron hue, or even a dark yellowish green. The eyes are frequently the first to show the yellow color, and in mild cases may be the only parts where the jaundice is visible. The saliva, perspiration, and other excretions are usually stained yellow.

There is generally an increase of perspiration. Itching also is very common, and this, like the perspiration, may be general, or limited to certain parts of the body, and grows worse at night.

Sufferers from jaundice, unless fever is present, usually have a slow pulse. Headache, and sometimes dizziness, is complained of, and the patient is likely to be exceedingly irritable.

There is no treatment for the jaundice itself. An endeavor must be made to discover the cause, and if this can be removed, the skin will speedily resume its natural color, and with this will disappear the itching, the headache and the other symptoms so often associated with the jaundice.

Too Seastick to Eat.

"Yes," said the steamship agent, "that's our best price for a second cabin passage to Liverpool."

"But," asked the prospective tourist, "don't you make any rebate?"

"For what?"

"Well, say, for nine meals. I'm always sick the first three days out."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Drawing the Line.

"Ches, men, I gan be your gook oof you gan mit proken English pe satisfied."

"Very well; I can endure broken English, but I wish you to understand that I shall draw the line at broken china."—Houston Post.

Some people seem to make a specialty of thinking second-hand thoughts.

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