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Jacksonville Post

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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.

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

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

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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.

A TRICK OF MEMORY.

Memory is one of the most useful and least trustworthy of our faculties. "I mind it weel, but I hae ma doots o' ma mind!" said a canny Scotchman in the witness box. A wholesome charity for the mistakes of others was learned by a certain woman from her own experience. She was about to cross the continent for a three months' visit. On the day of her departure she went to the safety deposit vault where she kept her valuables, and said to the manager that she wanted to take her box, with its contents, to her lawyer's office for an hour. Could he arrange that for her? The manager assented, and wrapped the box in a newspaper, that it might make an inconspicuous bundle.

The day passed and the woman did not return. The next morning, inquiry revealed the fact that she had gone on her journey. The manager was curious enough to ask her lawyer if he knew anything about the box.

"She left here intending to take it directly to you," said the lawyer. "That was enough to justify a telegram, as soon as the woman had reached her destination, six days later. Telegram: 'Where did you put your safety deposit box?' Answer: 'In the vault where it belonged.' Telegram: 'It is not there. Return at once.'"

Another week passed in wretched suspense for everyone concerned. When the woman arrived, she was in a state of nervous rage, and ready to accuse the officials of every crime in the calendar. She declared she had driven straight from her lawyer to the vault. The manager had himself let her in, and talked with her. Her story was complete in all its details. But the

quite correct," she beamed, with definite finality, "and one might just as well be out of the world as out of the style, you know. Of course they're sweet and pretty and fragrant, and all that," she said, giving them a vigorous shake, as though they needed a course in gymnastics. "But who wants anything like that, indeed?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes some men, the old-fashioned kind, that wear silk hats and say 'thank you,' occasionally buy them, and then, too, when a girl is in mourning and can't wear anything else, there is a slight demand, but to send violets to a girl!—she held up her hands in horror.

"Why, I am sure she'd give them to the cook."

"Well, what do they like?" I asked. For answer I was treated to a glance that would have been a credit to an emigrant inspector.

"Like?" echoed sharp-eyed Sybil. "Why, anything that stands out, shows off; lets everybody know that you're wearing them, speaks for themselves; that's what they want."

She swept by a bower of roses, dusky with velvet beauty, and pointed to a great patch of gaudy orchids.

"There! there!" she exclaimed. "That's the kind that makes the hit; just look at them. There won't be one left after the ball to-night. Of course, I'll have to fall back on the roses to help out, but it'll be those bright ones there," she pointed to a crimson blot staining some snow-white hyacinths in the case beyond. "You know," she added, "I do believe some girls would wear sunflowers if they were only fashionable. Those chrysanthemums and bright flowers do make an awful hit, and as for orchids—I followed her forefinger trying to find some mythical meaning other than a loud plea for dollars and cents. "Those, of course,

FRENCH MAKE MONEY REARING ANGORA RABBITS.



COMBING THE HAIR, PICKING IT, AND PACKING FOR MARKET.

Thrifty French men and women make tidy sums of money rearing Angora rabbits, and selling their hair or fleece, which is woven into a superior quality of cloth much like silk, and is worn next the skin by those afflicted with rheumatism, who say they derive beneficial results. The better the animal is nourished and cared for, the longer, finer and thicker is the hair. The rabbits are also consumed for food. It is said that with proper care each rabbit may be made to yield a net profit of three dollars a year, and the occupation is very pleasant.

records of the deposit company did not substantiate it. That cast doubt enough on it so that it seemed worth while to look up the cabman who had driven the woman on that fateful day.

He was found. He remembered the circumstance well.

Had he any recollection of stopping anywhere else? Scratching his grizzled head, he slowly retraced the course, and then said, "Why, yes! We stopped at the hakeshop on the corner of 3d street, and you went in."

Here was the clew. A hasty visit to the bakery revealed the newspaper bundle tucked away on a high shelf, with its precious contents undisturbed. There it had stood for a fortnight, while a woman and a half-dozen men were staying awake by night and fretting by day, accusing each other of lying and stealing, all because one woman's intention got ahead of her performance and imprinted a lie on the tablets of her memory.—Youth's Companion.

NO LONGER LOVED.

Violets Purchased Only by Old-Fashioned Men Who Say "Thank You."

If a straw may show which way the wind blows, says a well-known newspaper writer, then a violet may also serve as a vane to indicate the passing zephyrs of society.

In the present vanishing of the violet, there is no better indicator of this radical change between the woman our fathers used to call "mother" as she stitched and sewed and smiled upon her little brood, supremely happy with the bouquet of violets that sometimes graced her gown, and the smart, up-to-date Mrs. B.

Formerly when flowers were distinctly emblematic, deep with esoteric meaning, there was no greater compliment than to be presented with a bunch of violets. Poets the world over, since Adam delved and Eve went violeting, have rhapsodized over the womanly significance of its quiet fragrance. From first reader ditties about the "mossy dell where the humble violets grew," to Napoleon's eloquent tribute as he plucked it as the springtime emblem of his return from Elba, and also of Josephine's devotion, everywhere from garret to throne, it has nodded its lowly head, with a success undreamed of by haughty garden beauties. Modesty, sweetness, innate gentility—these glowed in the deep blue of each fragrant messenger. But, gracious alive, who wants to be that nowadays?

"Violets? Dear me! Don't get those," said the florist with a prescient glance like an up-to-date Sybil with a fat bank account. "They're way out of style. No one ever buys violets any more! They're too little, too modest," she pointed to a few meager bouquets that looked very modest indeed, drooping on their wilted stems.

"They're not half showy enough, not

are most expensive, and therefore best of all."

"Violets," she shook her head, "beautiful and fragrant and tenderly sincere, if you like, but old-fashioned, dreadfully old-fashioned, and not even to be considered, you know."

CATHEDRAL MADE OF MATCHES.

A coal miner named Wilhelm Lempertz arrived here a few days ago with a cathedral—a cathedral made of matches. He came from Port Arthur, Texas, where he had been employed until recently. The cathedral represents two years of Lempertz's labor, such painstaking labor as few men are capable of performing.

For 20 years Lempertz has been a coal miner. He worked in the mines of Germany and America, but a few years ago he had to give up mining on



BUILT OF 2,000,000 SPLINTERS.

account of ill health. While he was ill he did various things to while away the time. One day he started to build a toy cathedral patterned after a picture he saw in a magazine. His building materials were matches and glue, his tools a pocket knife and a glue brush. The plan was laid out for a building 14 feet high, 14 feet long and 7 feet wide. He worked with remarkable patience, oftentimes putting in all his waking hours at his task. After two years of almost continuous application the job was finished.

The walls of the cathedral, the towers and turrets, the galleries and steeples, the ornaments—all are of matches. It took more than 2,000,000 matches to build the church and more than 100 pounds of glue used in fastening the 2,000,000 matches securely.—New York Press.

After an affecting scene at a play the men all blew their noses vigorously, and the women pat their eyes. A man's way of crying is to blow his nose.

If there is one thing a garrulous man detests more than another it is a talkative woman.



"I understand the new magazine has a high standard." "Indeed it has. It will run about a block, and then stop.—Yonkers Statesman.

Authoress—I'm very happy in my married life. I find my husband such a help. Friend—Indeed! Does he cook, or write?—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Maude was afraid the girls wouldn't notice her engagement ring." "Did they?" "Did they! Six of them recognized it at once."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I hear yer frien' Tamson's marriet again." "Aye, so he is. He's been a dear frien' tae me. He's cost me three weddin' presents an' twa wreaths."—London Tit-Bits.

"Is your husband voracious in his appetite, madam?" "I can't say as he is, doctor. He'll eat anything and everything as long as there's anything to eat."—Baltimore American.

He—if you refuse me I shall go on, and hang myself to the lamp-post in front of your house. She—Now, George, you know father said he wouldn't have you hanging around here.—Life.

"Ever seen Congress in session?" "No," replied Farmer Coboss, "but I know how it looks. I hev a hired man who kin git as busy doing nothin' as anything on earth."—Washington Herald.

Mr. Newlywed—But, my love, why are you weeping? Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, John! John! I just peeped into the kitchen and saw that cook has on her traveling gown.—Harper's Weekly.

"I want a man to do odd jobs about the house, run on errands, one that never answers back and is always ready to do my bidding." "You're looking for a husband, ma'am, not a man."—The Jewish Ledger.

Hi Tragedy—Yes, we opened in Oshkosh. Lowe Comerdy—And what did your audience think of your "Hamlet"? Hi Tragedy—Wey—er—he went out before I had a chance to ask him.—Philadelphia Press.

"Cheer up, old man," said the consoling friend. "You know love laughs at locksmiths." "Yes, I know," replied the dejected lover. "But her father ain't a locksmith; he's a boilermaker."—Detroit Free Press.

He—So your father thought I wanted to marry you for your money. What did you say? She—I persuaded him that you didn't, and then he said if that was the case you didn't have any sense.—The Jewish Ledger.

"Willie, did you put your nickel in the contribution box in Sunday school to-day?" "No, mamma! I ast Eddy Lake, the preacher's son, if I couldn't keep it an' spend it for candy, an' he gave me permission."—Denver News.

"Young man," said the pompous individual, "I did not always have this carriage. When I first started in life I had to walk." "You were lucky," chuckled the youth. "When I first started in life I couldn't walk."—The Catholic News.

Nell—He doesn't know anything about the little niceties of paying attention to a girl. Belle—Why, I saw him typing your shoestring. Nell—Yes; but he tied it in a double knot, so it couldn't come untied again.—Philadelphia Record.

"What you want is a stenographer who is rapid and absolutely accurate." "Well," answered Mr. Bliggus, "rapidity is all right, but as to accuracy—well, I don't want to be held down strictly to my own ideas of grammar."—Washington Star.

Miss Cutting—I see by the paper that all the swell set was at the Assembly hall last night. Miss McBluff—Yes; I expected to be there, but was prevented.—Miss Cutting—The idea! I hope the doorkeeper wasn't rough with you, dear.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Tommy—Do you believe it is fortunate to be the seventh son? Mickey—Naw! I'm the seventh son. Tommy—But the fortune tellers say the seventh son has all kinds of luck handed down to him. Mickey—Huh! All I have handed down to me is me six brothers' old clothes.—Chicago News.

First Gentleman (entering the apartment of second gentleman)—About a year ago you challenged me to fight a duel. Second Gentleman (sternly)—I did, sir. First Gentleman—And I told you that I had just got married, and I did not care to risk my life at any hazard. Second Gentleman (haughtily)—I remember, sir. First Gentleman (bitterly)—Well, my feelings have changed; any time you want to fight, let me know.—Human Life.

Copper to Steel Wire.

A Parisian metallurgical engineer claims to have perfected a process of welding copper to steel wire so as to make a non-corrosive coating. Many advantages, it is said, will result from the use of this new wire, such as high tensile strength and elasticity, combined with smaller surface exposed to wind and sleet than would be the case with iron wire of the same conductivity. This wire is especially useful over long spans, as pole intervals may be much greater when it is used.