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## Jacksonville Post

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

Published every Saturday by the Post Publishing Co.  
J. B. BARNES, Editor.

Admitted as second class matter at Jacksonville, Oregon.

SUBSCRIPTION  
One year, by mail.....\$1.50

RATES FOR ADVERTISING  
One inch, one column, per month. \$ .50  
One inch up to 15 inches per month per inch..... .50  
Over 15 inches and up to 20 inches. .45  
20 inches and up to 50 inches. .40  
50 inches and up..... .35

The space can be used in one, two, three, four, five or six columns wide. Copy should be in as early as possible. Not later than Thursday noon to insure publication in the following issue.

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Local readers will be charged for at the following rates:  
First insertion per line.....\$ .10  
Subsequent insertions..... .05  
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.

### THE WEB OF LIFE.

A pitiful piece of patches and shreds—  
But stay your passionate grieving—  
Is it late to pick up the broken threads  
And change the pattern of weaving?

The warp was dyed in the wool and drawn  
To the loom without your willing;  
Put the shuttle that flies from dawn to dawn  
Carries the thread of your filling.

The fabric of life by which you are known  
Is not, perhaps, of your choosing;  
But the matter which gives it light and tone  
Is the color you are using.

Over the dingy ancestral dyes,  
Over and under, and over,  
The gold of your shuttle flits as it flies  
The blenish it may not cover.

Forward and onward; you may not pause,  
In your own work disbelieving,  
For still by the force of its unseen laws  
The loom goes on with its weaving.

And your inmost thought is caught in the snare  
By a law that no man knoweth;  
And your purpose, be it false or fair,  
Shows in the web as it groweth.

Well for you and well for us all, sweet friend,  
When, at last, our shuttles falter,  
If the weavers beginning where we end  
Find naught in the pattern to alter.  
—Youth's Companion.

## Mr. Montagu's Marriage

Robert Montagu walked slowly down the quiet country road. He was within a few miles of the great metropolis, but in this peaceful Hertfordshire village he felt a thousand miles from the hub of the universe. And yet he had but lately returned from a very distant country—the western part of Canada—where things had prospered exceedingly with him. He had, in short, come home with his pile—a rich man at last, and had returned to the old country for a well-earned rest, with an idea at the back of his busy mind that it might be very pleasant to settle down at home—if he could find someone to settle down with!

He looked about him with interest as he made his way down the deserted road, which he remembered so well, many, many years ago; and when he came in sight of a square, ugly white house standing on a little eminence, approached by a handsome carriage drive and surrounded with prosperous-looking outbuildings and a big garden, he slackened his pace a little.

So this was where Adela was living. Things had gone well with her and her stockbroker husband evidently. How would they receive him? He glanced down at his clothes, which though neat were by no means new. His heart yearned for a little affection; he had lived so long without it. Adela had a string of children; perhaps some of them might take him to their hearts, though if they resembled Adela, his elder sister—well, she had never cared for him.

The gay strains of the newest waltz floated up to the top story of the Henderson abode and penetrated to the schoolroom, where, in rather a dismal light and beside a very poor fire, Margaret Verney was trying to concentrate her attention on a book which lay on her lap. But it was not easy to read with that seductive music filling the air, and almost unconsciously her foot beat time softly to the delightful rhythm which she loved so well. If only she could have joined the dancers! A smile touched Margaret Verney's pretty lips as she thought of the past—not so very far from her—when she had danced and done all the things girls love, and had not known a care or any anxiety. Well, that was all changed now. She had to fight her way in the world.

Perhaps she was not the only unhappy person in that house, for, from what she had heard one of the girls say about their newly arrived uncle, it was very evident that he was by no means a welcome guest.

"Imagine him coming now of all times," Amy had said, in her high fretful voice, "bringing disgrace on us all, and making Arthur think what queer relations we have! He must be kept in the background as much as possible."

And the sharp words had reached the uncle's ears; Margaret Verney had caught sight of him at that moment, and she knew the bitter speech had stung him. A great pity and sense of comradeship seized her at that moment, and the smile with which she had looked at him was perhaps the only welcome he had received.

The fire blazed up with a pleasant burst of flames, and Margaret Verney—lost in her own dreams, gazing into the heart of the fire—did not hear the door open quietly, and she started violently when a hand touched her softly and a voice said, with a familiar accent:

"Moping all alone, Miss Verney? That's too bad. You ought to be dancing with the rest."

The girl got up with a little shudder of dislike as her eyes fell on the tall, good-looking young man who had stolen in upon her. She cordially disliked her employer's nephew, who had chosen on more than one occasion to pester her with his unwelcome and insolent atten-

tions, but young Henderson was quite impervious to snubs.

"I have told you before, Mr. Henderson, that I will not be pestered with your insulting attentions. If you do not immediately leave the schoolroom I shall summon assistance."

The man colored darkly, and before Margaret was quite aware of his intention he had seized her in his arms.

"You'll keep your distance, you young cur," said a quiet voice, and a strong hand flung him aside with astounding ease, while Margaret Verney drew a long breath of relief.

"He didn't hurt you?" asked Montagu, turning to her.

"No, thank you so much. I—I—"

"And you'd better clear out," said Montagu wheeling round and facing the infuriated young man, "unless you wish to be—horsewhipped. Get out!"

"And leave the field clear for you, eh? Well, I wish Miss Verney joy of the returned prodigal—the beggar man from Canada," muttered Henderson, maliciously; but he went out of the room all the same.

"Does he annoy you often?" asked Montagu sharply. "Because if so I will lodge a complaint with my sister."

"Well, it is not the first time Mr. Henderson has tried to annoy me," she confessed; "but please, Mr. Montagu, don't trouble about it. He will be leaving in a few days, and then—it will be all right."

"And you don't join the rest downstairs?" he asked suddenly, after a short silence.

"Oh, no; I have other things to do." "And you're happy?"

"Well—as a rule, yes. Of course, one has dreams—"

"Yes. We all have dreams," he said; "some of us realize them—some don't. What are your dreams, Miss Verney?"

"To get back my old home. It is in the market now; we were obliged to sell the place when my father died leaving me and my sister almost penniless. That is why I am here, and I long so for the wild moorland of my native Yorkshire and the free country life."

"I see. And I can understand. Where was your home exactly? You and I should be friends, Miss Verney, for we are both rather in the same boat. Nobody seems to want me much."

That was the pleasantest evening Margaret Verney had known since her coming into the Henderson household.



and a friendship sprang up in that short hour between her and the beggarman uncle—as the children called the newly returned relative—which time would only cement. And to Montagu himself some new and altogether delightful thing had come into his life during that short hour.

He was very busy for some weeks after that, but he managed to see a good deal of Margaret Verney. And all the time his plans were maturing and the property on which Miss Verney's early youth had been spent—the home she loved so well—passed secretly and quietly into the hands of the latest millionaire. And then, when everything was quite ready, he asked Margaret Verney to be his wife.

"You don't know much about me, perhaps," he said ruefully, "but I can promise you a happy life, sheltered and cared for. I love you dearly—I will be good to you always—if you can only care a little, when I care so much. Would you be content to marry a poor man, Margaret?"

"If I loved him I would," she said, very low.

"And you care just a little?" he said eagerly.

"Oh, I care so much," she whispered. The rest was silence.

They were married very quietly a few weeks later. And later in the day the newly married couple set off on their journey to Yorkshire.

"We will visit the vicinity of your old home," Montagu said to his wife, and it was with a strangely fluttering heart that in the warm summer evening the girl found herself alighting at the familiar little station.

A handsome motor with a couple of men in dark livery stood in the station yard, and Margaret, to her amazement, found herself being hurried into it, while her modest luggage was put into a luggage cart, in charge of a smart groom.

"But where are we going?" she asked in amazement, as the car glided swiftly away to where Hallenby Hall reared its gray mass from out of a sheltering plantation facing the limitless sea.

"We are going home," said Montagu, tenderly. "Are you glad my own?"

"But I don't understand," she said, faintly. "I—thought you were a poor man, and—"

"Well, my sister and her family made the same mistake," said Montagu, quietly. "You see, they took it all for granted—and so did you. I had my own reasons for not wishing to unde-

ceive them for the present, and—here we are at home, Margaret."

And that was how Margaret Montagu came back to her old home—London Tri-Bits.

### INITIATING A SENATOR.

Page Shows Him How to Get Around the Capitol Quickly.

There are many ways in which the new Senator learns when he gets past the Vice President's desk, and one of the most fruitful and unreserved sources of information is the Senate page, says the Washington Herald.

The Senate page is an institution without a parallel. The dozen or so young Americans who enjoy the honor of running errands for the solons are bright and by no means backward, and they are philanthropically ready at any moment to impart information to the new Senator.

The new member of the Florida delegation, Senator Milton, who was sworn in recently, took a lesson from one of the youthful Mercuries that day, accompanied with an actual demonstration of its effect.

Mr. Milton found his way about lunch time to an elevator, intending to refresh the inner man in the dining room down in the basement. When he reached the shaft a sprightly young American in blue serge Norfolk jacket and a pair of bloomer trousers stood there. The boy immediately started in to get acquainted. Delicately imparting the information that he knew the Senator was a "new one," the page proceeded to show him how to ring for an elevator.

"You see," he said, "three rings means that a Senator wants the lift, and that he don't have to wait long, either. No matter who or how many may be in the car, the elevator man starts for the Senator's floor and takes him up or down, wherever he wants to go. Then he lets the other people off where they want to go. See—this way."

Three rings flung through the corridor and the elevator was there, with half a dozen passengers.

"We want to go down," said the page, with a familiar flourish of his hand toward his protégé. And in they stepped—Senator and page—and down they went.

IN NELL GWYNNE'S OLD HOME.

Lady Churchill Penning Her Reminiscences at Salisbury Hall.

Mrs. George Cornwallis West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill, practically lives the life of a recluse at the present time in Salisbury Hall, St. Albans, where she is completing her reminiscences, which began some months ago in the Century Magazine. The splendor of the beautiful house in which this literary work is being carried on must be seen to be appreciated. The last home of Nell Gwynne, the place is crowded with interests and associations of King Charles' favorite. Outwardly the residence is much the same as it was in the olden days. Its walls are closely covered with creper and the lawns and drive and doorways are unpretentious as one approaches from the road, says the New York World.

Within the house everything is in direct contrast to the stately exterior. Hall and stairs are paneled with some remarkable tapestries which Nell Gwynne left. The drawing room, dining room and bed rooms are paneled with brocades which Mrs. West picked up in Italy and Paris. These fabrics are all old and in thorough accord with the low ceilings and old-world air of the house itself.

Mrs. West's own bathroom is the finest of its kind in England. To make it she threw two large bedrooms into one. The floor is covered with rose pink carpet specially woven of double texture and softness. Plain pink satin walls harmonize with the floor covering and mezzotints of great rarity are hung at intervals all round. In the center of the carpet three marble steps descend into a white marble bath, which is kept covered. No faucets, pipes or things of that kind are to be seen, as they are manipulated from the floor below. Around the bath glass shelves are fitted. Beneath them crystal bowls for soaps extend right round three sides. The shelf is covered with crystal bottles with pomades, essences and sweet oils to perfume the bath, and, above all, rows of crystal covered boxes filled with gigantic powder puffs and sweet-smelling powders.

Talk that Sells Well.

They were a group in the St. Francis lobby talking Rawhide prospects, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

"Let's go up to Bonneau's room," suggested one of the gathering. "Too many people down here listening to everything we say."

"And you claim to be a Nevada mining man?" asked Frank Bonneau, in a low voice. "Talk like this means sales, man. We stay right here as long as there are interested listeners."

Then, resuming his normal voice, he laughed and continued: "Well, right after he made that lucky strike he flashed a new suit which was a wonder. He had hooped it out to Nevada without a bean. Now look what he's worth. Front of a saloon one day a fool practical joker slipped up behind and lighted his celluloid collar. Jury brought in 'justifiable homicide' and he gave the joker's family a cool \$50,000, which was big money for them, but nothing for him, with his rock running \$600 to the ton."

Even a cheap young man may cost his parents a lot of money.

It's a wise dentist who knows his own teeth.

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