

JACKSONVILLE POST

Official Paper of the City of Jacksonville, Oregon

A weekly newspaper published every Saturday at the county seat of Jackson County, Oregon. D. W. BAGSHAW, Editor.

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SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1910

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The July number of the Modern Woodman is on our desk. It is devoted almost entirely to a description of the sanitarium established by the order at Colorado Springs, Col., for the treatment of members afflicted with tuberculosis and shows what is being done by the society in its efforts to stay the encroachments of this dread disease. The expenses of the sanitarium with the exception of a small levy of ten cents for each member, are paid by voluntary contributions of the members and lodges. The paper contains a number of articles by eminent physicians, prominent statesmen, and others, commending the plan of the society for checking, and preventing the spreading of the "white plague," and is well worthy of a careful reading by all persons, whether members of this society or not.

The street commissioner put in a new bridge near the court house this week which will be a decided improvement to that street. But as the bridge is built of lumber it will be a matter of a few years only until it will need repairing or renewing at an expense equal to the original cost, where if it had been constructed of concrete, although the initial cost might have been slightly greater it would have been a permanent improvement, needing no repairs and lasting practically for all time. The taxpayers should insist that hereafter all bridges built by the city should be constructed of concrete; it will be a great saving in the end, and in fact it is possible to construct a concrete culvert for the price paid for certain wooden affairs recently built by direction of the city authorities.

Judge F. M. Calkins will be a candidate at the primary election for nomination to the office of circuit judge, and there is no good reason why he should not be nominated and elected. During the time he has occupied the bench he has "made good" in every respect. His decisions and rulings are fair and impartial, and his methods of expediting the transaction of business before the court have met with the approval of the attorneys of the district. We understand that many of the attorneys practicing in the courts have joined in a request that he stand as a candidate for re-election.

The city council will call a special election soon, to vote bonds for the water system, in place of the ones voted last fall. The former vote authorized the issuance of bonds bearing five per cent interest, but upon trial it was found necessary that they bear six per cent; hence the new election. Vote for the bonds and let us have water, by all means.

THE COURT HOUSE

Items of Interest to Jackson County

Tax Payers

MARRIAGE LICENSES

John William Lawlor and Grace E. Reeves.
George I. Schump and Edna Armstrong.
Charles W. Dorman and Missouri E. Flohr.
W. L. Edmondson and Elizabeth Helm.
Roy Ulrich and Gladys Shaw.

PROBATE COURT

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of minor heirs of Mary Yetta Pankey, deceased. Order vacating inventory and appraisal.

In the matter of the estate of George M. Needles deceased. Order discharging administrator.

CIRCUIT COURT

NEW CASES

F. P. Keenan Co. vs. W. E. Stacy. Action to recover money. Complaint filed. Affidavit and undertaking for attachment. Summons issued.

Napoleon's Grit

was of the unconquerable, never-say-die kind, the kind that you need most when you have a bad cold, cough or lung disease. Sufferers, cough syrups, cod liver oil or doctors have all failed, don't lose heart or hope. Take Dr. King's New Discovery. Satisfaction is guaranteed when used for any throat or lung trouble. It has saved thousands of hopeless sufferers. It masters stubborn colds, obstinate coughs, hemorrhages, la grippe, croup, asthma, hay fever and whooping cough and is the most safe and certain remedy for all bronchial affections. Soc. \$1.00. Trial bottle free at City Drug Store.

Every Body Satisfied
Who has tried Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey for coughs, colds, grip or any throat or bronchial trouble. Get a bottle today. Look for the Bell on the Bottle.

MARRIED

LAWLOR-REEVES—At Mefford, Oregon, Sunday, June 26, 1910, by Rev. W. F. Shields: John William Lawlor and Grace E. Reeves.
EDMONDSON-HELM—At the court house in Jacksonville, Oregon, Tuesday June 28, 1910, by H. G. Dux J. P.; W. L. Edmondson and Elizabeth Helm.
ULRICH-SHAW—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Jacksonville, Oregon, Tuesday, June 28, 1910, by Rev. Robert Ennis; Roy Ulrich and Gladys Shaw.

Chronic Sore Eyes

Are easily cured with Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It is painless and harmless and guaranteed. 25c a box. Sold by City Drug Store.

Soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, is quickly relieved by the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment is equally valuable for muscular rheumatism, and always affords quick relief. Sold by all dealers.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

HIS ASSISTANT

A Story of a Professor And a Girl Graduate
By BERTHA D. ALSOP

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Professor Erskine was a very old young man. He was thirty-two and looked ten or fifteen years older. "What can you expect," said one of the young women students, referring to his antique appearance, "of a man whose sole diet is Greek roots?"

Luella Greenfield led her class from start to finish and took every prize she competed for. She was a great favorite with Professor Erskine, who the day after her graduation said to her:

"Your career must not be that of women who are tied down to the care of children. Choose rather to devote yourself to intellectual pursuits. I can give you a fine opportunity for a beginning. I am writing a history of the barbarian kings who changed the influence of Rome in European civilization during the fourth and fifth centuries. I need an assistant to aid me in my researches. Will you join me?"

"And give up all thoughts of a home life with dear little children to comfort me when I am old?"

"You will be interested in your work, a far nobler duty than mending children's clothes and washing their dirty faces."

Luella, whether or no she was convinced, was at last induced to accept the professor's invitation. She dived into books on the Goths, while the professor bored into the past of the Huns. He found her extremely useful. Indeed, he soon learned that it would have been next to impossible to get on without her. She worked so hard that at the end of a few months she needed a rest and went away from him. Professor Erskine was not surprised that he found his work very difficult without her, but he was surprised that during her absence he had no heart in his work. Genseric, Alaric, Attila, all the barbarian kings, ceased suddenly to interest him. The libraries in which he delved had become musty. In his study there were Luella's chair and desk, but without Luella the room was unbearable. Instead of working he went out and walked back and forth on the campus.

"There's old Erskine," said a co-ed on her way to lecture, "stalking back and forth as if moonstruck. He's been doing that ever since Luella Greenfield went away. I wonder if he's dreaming of the barbarian kings or her."

"He persuaded her," said another, "to devote her life to worry books. He certainly wouldn't permit himself to think about her except as a means to dig up the past of the people he writes about."

One day a letter came to the professor from his assistant stating that he must get some one to take her place. In order to fit herself physically for the plans he had laid down for her in an intellectual field she needed a year of out of door life.

The professor's heart fell like a barometer before a sudden storm. The Goths, the Visigoths, the Huns, were forgotten in the depth of his despair at being condemned to work without Luella. As to having any one else sitting at her desk, the thought was unbearable.

The next morning the college bulletin announced that Professor Erskine, having been suddenly called away, would not lecture that day. A male student, reading the notice, remarked: "Good! I can practice pitching all day. I'll bet he's got on to a headless Jupiter and gone to buy it for the museum." A girl student followed and, with her sex's keener intuition, said: "I'm! Gone after Luella Greenfield. I knew she'd get him."

"I have come," said the professor to his assistant, "to learn if it is absolutely essential that you should give up your work for so long a period." "So my physician advises me—that is, if I am to do sedentary work. And you know how interested I am in following an intellectual life. It was you who directed me."

"I'm! Unfortunate—very unfortunate for me. It will be impossible for me to continue my present work without your assistance."

"There's Miss Peingie who was graduated last June. She's very bright. She would love the work."

"I shall give it up." "Oh, professor, don't talk that way. It will give you a great reputation."

"I can't go on with it." "Not with an able assistant?" "No."

"Why not?" "Unless I see you at your accustomed place I have no heart in it, and literary work done without heart is worthless."

Luella turned away, but said nothing. "Perhaps," the professor went on, reddening, "if I knew when I went home at night that you would be there—I mean as my wife—it might make a difference."

There was a prolonged silence, at the end of which Luella said: "That would mean an abandonment of an intellectual career for me."

The professor hung his head like a boy who had been caught robbing the sugar bowl.

"You remember what you said to me a few months ago as to the preference for an intellectual life?"

He remembered very well that it was better than "mending children's clothes and washing their dirty faces," but still he said nothing.

Suddenly she threw her arms about his neck.

A RACE WITH FIRE CARS

A Story of the Civil War
By EDWIN C. TRASK

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When one morning just before sunrise we swept down on Turnerville, taking the place by surprise, we found three locomotives and twenty freight cars standing in the railroad yard.

A train was made up, loaded with troops, and I, having been a locomotive engineer, was put in the cab. Before starting the general said to me:

"Sergeant, the success of this expedition depends upon you. Colonel Parker is in command, but has nothing to do with running the train. That's in your hands. As soon as the Confederates know we're here they'll send a force to cut us off. But they'll need the bridge at B, and I want you to get these men there before daylight in the morning to burn it. But you must keep a sharp lookout for snags. The citizens on the line you will pass over are all hostile, and they'll strain every nerve to wreck your train. Remember, not only the lives of the men in these cars, but the safety of the whole command depends upon you."

The first ten miles we did by daylight. Then it grew dark, and I had nothing to see by but the lantern, which lit the track dimly. My head was thrust far out the cab window, and my hand was on the throttle. Twice I stopped her within a few feet of a tie wedged in between a rail and the ties, and once I bumped a tree that had been felled across the track, having not quite stopped before reaching it. On an elevation I struck a junction and a lot of people standing about staring at us as we passed. I didn't like their looks. But the telegraph wires had been cut, and I didn't see how they could send word ahead. There were half a dozen freight cars on a sidetrack, but no locomotive.

Soon after leaving the junction I shut off steam and let her roll down the long declivity. I was nearly at the foot on a short upward grade when I had a break—the engine was only fit for a junk heap—and spent half an hour at a standstill while I patched it. As I remounted the cab Corporal Bob Jenkins, who was acting as fireman, pointed up the hill with a look of horror. I saw a bright light, and a moment later a short string of freight cars shot from out a cut. I knew at once what it meant. The citizens at the junction had started the cars I had seen on the sidetrack, first having set them afire, with the hope that they would smash us on catching us and if there was anything left of our train burn it. I jumped into the cab and pulled the throttle.

The grade behind us wasn't less than 30 degrees, and the fire train was coming like lightning. I had a few train lengths to go on nearly a level, then a straightaway track on a slight decline. The fire train was coming at a rate of a mile in forty-five seconds, and the best my old wheezer could do was a mile in two minutes. If I couldn't haul away far enough before the cars behind reached a place where they would lose momentum they would ruin us.

Then began the race of my life. I could have stopped, let the men out of the cars and permitted the smashup, but the bridge wouldn't be burned and our force at Turnerville would be cut off. I remembered the pressure of the hand the general had given me, and I tightly grasped the throttle, resolved to get away from those fire cars or get wrecked.

I held my eyes front, while Bob Jenkins kept me posted on the fire cars. "They're gaining on us mighty fast!" "Only a mile away!" "They'll catch us sure!" "They're coming like a streak of lightning!" These were the unassuming words Bob gave me while my locomotive puffed and sputtered and dragged along at what seemed to us a snail's pace.

Then suddenly turning a curve I saw a light ahead. Great heavens! Were we to have fire both in front and behind us? Running on a straight track, I saw men kindling a small bridge. They had got the fire well going, but I didn't believe they had burned the stringers sufficiently to let us down. At any rate, I determined to risk it. Leaving on full speed—I couldn't put on any more—I dashed into the flames. My locomotive crossed safely, and I was congratulating myself that the train was all over when I felt a shock. We went a short distance and stopped.

The bridge had gone down under the last two cars. Several men were badly injured, but no one killed. All were got out before the fire cars plunged in on the wreck and stopped there to mingle their burning with that of the other material.

The men of the last two cars got into those cars that had crossed, carrying the wounded. I mounted my engine, and we steamed on for the rest of the night, reaching the bridge at B. just before dawn. My work was done. I leaned out of the cab window, watching the men carry the wood and petroleum and distribute them along the structure. Then suddenly there was a flash, and from one end to the other all was aflame. I never looked at destruction before with such comfort and delight.

When I got back to camp I got a warm pressure of the hand from the general, and it was not long before, through his influence, I was given a commission. But the best work I did in the war was the flight before those fire cars.

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We have on hand for sale the following blanks viz:

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At reasonable prices. We intend adding other blanks as fast as possible until the line is complete. Blanks of special form printed to order at short notice.

JACKSONVILLE POST.

The Weather.

Following is the report of U. S. Volunteer Cooperative Observer, E. Britt; for Jacksonville, for month of May. Latitude 42 deg. 18. min. north; longitude 123 deg. 5 min. west.

DATE	MAX. TEMP.	MIN. TEMP.	PRECIP. TATN.	CH. OF DAY
1	68	38		Part cloudy
2	62	44	.12	cloudy
3	59	36		
4	54	39		
5	72	39		clear
6	81	43		
7	87	48		
8	89	49		
9	76	49	.73	thunder
10	64	56		part cloudy
11	74	43		clear
12	73	43		
13	76	44		
14	73	43		
15	71	37		
16	82	38		
17	87	43		
18	89	48		
19	74	41		hazy
20	78	49		clear
21	89	47		
22	90	52		
23	86	51	.04	thunder
24	76	55		cloudy
25	72	50	.30	
26	72	49		
27	71	48	.04	part cloudy
28	88	44		clear
29	87	49		
30	86	52		
31	94	58		

Temperature—mean max. 78.06; mean min. 45.42; mean 61.74; Max. 98 on 30th. min. 37, on 15; greatest range 46. Precipitation—Total for month, 1.46 inches. Greatest in 24 hours, .73 inches on 9.

Jacksonville Meat Market

JOHN DUNNINGTON, Prop.; Dealer in

All Kinds of Fresh and Cured Meats, Choice Lard, Etc.

Jacksonville. -- Oregon

TILE FOR SALE

We have now in stock at our kiln, a large quantity of first class drain tile. Sizes 3 to 8 inches. For sale at reasonable prices. Call and examine, or send us your order.

Jacksonville Brick, Tile & Lime Company.

FURNITURE

Having purchased the business formerly conducted by the Medford Furniture Co., I am prepared to fill your orders for all kinds of Furniture, Carpets, Rugs and Housefurnishing Goods in the LATEST STYLES and at prices that can't be beat

Graphophones

And a full line of new records. Second hand goods of various kinds. A fine line of Whips, Harness, Gloves, Men's Working Shoes, etc. Harness and Shoes made to order. Repairing done promptly and neatly.

New Ranges

I have just received a shipment of fine Kitchen Ranges which I offer at reasonable prices

T. L. DeVore