

SPEND THE SUMMER

AT

NEWPORT, Yaquina Bay

The Only Beach in the Pacific Northwest

Where the pretty Water Agates, Moss Agates, Moonstones, Carnelians, and Rock Oysters can be found.

OUTDOOR SPORTS OF ALL KINDS

Including Hunting, Fishing, digging Rock Oysters, Boating, Surf Bathing, Riding, Autoing, Canoeing and Dancing. Pure mountain water and the best of food at low prices. Fresh Crabs, Clams, Oysters, Fish and Vegetables of all kinds daily.

IDEAL CAMPING GROUNDS, with strict sanitary regulations, at nominal cost.

Low Round-Trip Season Tickets
from all points in Oregon, Washington and Idaho on sale daily

A Sunday Excursion Rate of
\$1.50

from Albany, Corvallis and Philomath, with corresponding low rates from points west, in effect all summer. Call on any S. P. or C. & E. Agent for full particulars as to rates, train schedules, etc.; also for copy of our beautifully illustrated booklet, "Outings in Oregon," or write to

WM. McMURRAY,
General Passenger Agent.
Portland, Oregon

PORTLAND LETTER.

Portland, Ore., Sept. 27. (Special)—An organization that promises to do much for Oregon, Washington and Idaho fruit is the Northwest Fruit Exchange, W. F. Gwin, Manager, with office in the Spalding, Portland. Working in co-operation with the various associations of growers throughout the three states, the exchange is directing shipments and seeking a wider market. It is planned to carry on a campaign similar to that waged by the California Orange growers and every wholesale house in the fruit trade will be reached through the exchange.

An evil that will be combated is the formation of pools among the large buyers so that prices will not be under the control of these agencies. Another plan is to ship nothing less than carload lots direct to the wholesaler. In this way it is thought the consumer will receive the benefit in the saving of freight rates by avoiding small and expensive shipments. Manager Gwin is determined that world-wide markets for Oregon fruit shall become a reality and predicts that instead of over-production calling a halt on orchard acreage, it will soon be necessary to double the present commercial orchard area in the Northwest.

A movement to stimulate hog production in the Northwest is to be started at a conference of experiment station directors, railroad officials and livestock experts to be held in Spokane, October 4. Ways and means to interest farmers in raising more hogs for market will be discussed and it is hoped to start a campaign that will result in a much increased quantity of hogs for the livestock packers. This plan is expected to add very much to the wealth of the three states. Robert Withycombe, superintendent of the Union Experiment Station, will be the Oregon representative.

GOOSE

That a wooden shoe, simple minded goose girl should plunge monarchs and monarchies into a most mysterious confusion of affairs is a novelty. Yet the lovely Gretchen, the heroine of this fascinating old world novel, did just that, for no one can deny that Ehrenstein is a land of romance. There Carmichael, the dashing young American consul, learned of the dangers of falling in love with a princess; there Herbeck, the wily chancellor, tried a master stroke, evilly designed, to change the history of a throne; there royalty in disguise wandered and plotted and learned to know fellow human beings; there the treacherous Magyar gypsies lurked in the shadows to abduct a princess. And through all the little goose girl trod her lowly way toward a fate that the magic wand of chance had destined she must fill—a fate as amazing as it is fascinating to read about.



The GIRL

France has the most interesting history, that Germany has all the philosophers and America all the money," adding a smile. "I should like to see America."

"Do you live alone?"

"No. I live with my foster mother, who is very old. I call her grandmother. She took me in when I was a foundling. And what might your name be?"

"Ludwig. I am a mountaineer from Jugendheilt."

"We are not friendly with your country."

"More's the pity. It is a grave blunder on the part of the grand duke."

"Wasn't it all about the grand duke's daughter?"

"Yes. But she has been found. Yet the duke is as bitter as of old. What is this new found princess like?"

"She is beautiful and kind."

The geese were behaving, and only occasionally was she obliged to use her stick.

He observed her critically, for he was interested. She was not tall, but her lithe slenderness gave her the appearance of tallness. Her hands, rough nated and sunburnt, were small and shapely. Her hair, in a thick braid, was the tone of the heart of a chestnut bur, and her eyes were of that mystifying hazel, sometimes brown, sometimes gray.

"How old are you, Gretchen?"

"I do not know," she answered, "perhaps eighteen, perhaps twenty."

Arriving at length in the city, they passed through the crooked streets.

"Gretchen, where shall I find the Adlerrisse?"

"I will show you. You are also a stranger in Dreiberg?"

"Yes."

They took the next turn, and the weather beaten sign Zum Schwartz Adler, hanging in front of a frame house of many gables, caused the mountaineer to breathe gratefully.

"Here my journey ends, Gretchen, at the Black Eagle," he said.

They were passing a clock mender's shop. The man from Jugendheilt peered in the window, but there was no clock in sight to give him warning of the time, and he dared not now look at his watch. He had a glimpse of the ancient clock mender himself, however, huddled over a table upon which sputtered a candle. The eyes of the two men met, but only for a moment. The mountaineer started to cross the street to the tavern.

"Good night, Gretchen. Good luck to you and your geese tomorrow."

"Thanks, Herr Ludwig. And will you be long in the city?"

"That depends; perhaps," adding a grim smile in answer to a grim thought.

He offered his hand, which she accepted trustfully. He was a strange old man, but she liked him. When she withdrew her hand something cold and hard remained in her palm. Wonders of all the world, it was a piece of gold! Her eyes went up quickly, but the giver smiled reassuringly and put a finger against his lips.

"But, herr," she remonstrated.

"Keep it. I give it to you. Do not question Providence, and I am her handmaiden just now. Go along with you."

So Gretchen in a mild state of stupefaction turned away. Clat-clat! sang the little wooden shoes. A plaintive gook rose as she prodded a lagard from the dank gutter. A piece of gold! Clat-clat! Clat-clat! Surely this had been a day of marvels.

She was regarded with kindly eyes till the dark jaws of the Krumerweg swallowed up both her and her geese.

"Poor little goose girl!" he thought. "If she but knew she could make a bonfire of a thousand hearts. A fine day!" He eyed again the battered sign. It was then that he discerned another leaning from the ledge of the first story of the house adjoining the tavern. It was the tarnished shield of the United States.

"Two weeks tramping about the country in this unholty garb, following false trails half the time, living on crusts and cold meats! Ah, you have led me a merry dance, nephew, but I shall not forget!"

He entered the tavern and applied for a room, haggling over the price.

The nights were chilly. Carmichael in order to finish his cigar on the little balcony fronting his window found it necessary to put on his light overcoat, though he perfectly knew that he was in no manner forced to smoke on the balcony. But the truth was he wanted a clear vision of the palace and the lighted windows thereof and of one in particular. He had no more sense than Tom Fool, the abettor of follies. She was as far removed from him as the most alien of the planets, but the magnet shall ever draw the needle, and a woman shall ever draw a man. He knew that it was impossible, that it grew more impossible day by day, and he rallied at himself bitterly and satirically.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

-:- 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.

Entered as second-class matter June 22, 1907, at the post office at Jacksonville, Oregon, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1910

SUBSCRIPTION: One year by mail \$1.50. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The results of the primary election appear in another column, and while we admit that in some respects we would rather it had been different, the Post will support the ticket as nominated. The candidates are one and all good, reliable men, who will no doubt fill the positions to which they aspire with credit to themselves and to the satisfaction of their constituents. Its up to all good Republicans to get in and help elect the whole ticket from Bowerman to Dox.

THE COURT HOUSE

Items of Interest to Jackson County

Tax Payers

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Bertsel L. Hobbs and Helen E. LaDue.
F. D. Akin and Mary Milligan.
W. E. Barbour and Dora Messenger.

MARRIED

AIKEN-MILLIGAN—At the court house in Jacksonville, Oregon, Friday, September 23, 1910, by Judge J. R. Neil; F. D. Akin and Mary Milligan.

PROBATE COURT

In the matter of the estate of Wilson Bowman, deceased. Order confirming final account, and decree of distribution.

Estate of W. H. Bradshaw, deceased. Report of payment of final dividend. Order discharging administrator.

In the matter of the estate of Alma N. Bullock, deceased. Order discharging administrator.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of Ralph D. Bullock, Rose Bullock, Ruth Bullock, Loveda Bullock, and Arthur Bullock, minors. Order appointing W. R. Bullock as guardian of said minors and fixing bond of guardian in sum of \$4000.

CIRCUIT COURT

NEW CASES

State of Oregon vs. H. J. Everitt. Criminal complaint. Transcript from Justice court Aehland.

D. T. Cox vs. E. A. Hefler. Action to recover money. Complaint filed. Affidavit for attachment.

Old Mill Ditch Co. vs. Barbara E. Estell. Suit to quiet title. Complaint filed.

Old Mill Ditch Co. vs. William Breeding. Suit to quiet title. Complaint filed.

M. J. Love vs. W. M. Baxter. Action to recover money. Complaint filed.

New Botanist.

Corvallis, Ore., Sept. 27—Dean Arthur Cordley of agricultural school at O. A. C. reorganized the work in plant study, separating what was formerly the Department of botany and forestry into two departments. The department of botany and plant

It Looks Bad for You

to have sore eyes. Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve will cure them. Harmless and Painless, guaranteed for 25c a tube. Sold every where.

Light Sparks.

By our Associate Editor.

Kaiser William is indulging in a bit of rough riding, too—and he is riding to a fall, most likely.

"Who is running this country, anyhow" asks the Birmingham News. Is this country on the run, really.

"Japan made no noise about the annexation of Korea" noted the Pittsburg Dispatch. And Korea did not dare make any.

By not marrying, a Cincinnati man has secured a legacy of \$850,000. Still he may marry yet if he is not wary.

Because her "hobble" skirt would not permit her to struggle, a Cleveland woman was easily rescued from drowning recently. It is true, say what one may to the contrary, that nothing in this world is absolutely without its good points.

"Atlanta's census rank", reads an editorial headline in the Atlanta Journal. Oh! we are not so sure of that 114,889 in 1910 against 89,872 in 1900 is not so bad.

"The United States is a mess of a mess at times", says the Hon. "Jeff Davis. The Senator is not a regular attendant upon his sessions, however.

Who ever knew a man who had a lot of money that he saved by not smoking?

"The great Way" murmured the grafter as he took another million from the Indians.

Pennsylvania candidates for Congress every now and then are required to retire from the race to stand trial for bribery or larceny.

While at Mountain Lake Park, Richmond P. Hibson refrained from attempting to kiss any of the Maryland belles, once more proving himself a hero.

After Shaving

Use Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve. It will prevent the face getting sore. It destroys germs and prevents contracting any disease. 25c Sold every where.

Eat Rice on Texas Rice Day.

September 30th has been selected as "Texas Rice Day" on which all citizens are asked to join the people of Texas and other Southern Rice growing States in eating rice. A delightful menu in which rice forms a prominent part will be served on all dining cars of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation and Southern Pacific Companies, and a special rice desert will be served free.

As is well known, rice is the most healthful and easiest digested food that can be prepared. Interesting literature containing recipes and other valuable information relative to rice and its uses can be obtained by writing to any O. R. & N. or S. P. Agent, or to Wm. McMurray, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.

CHAPTER I.

SOME IN RAGS.

AN old man clothed in picturesque patches and tatters paused and leaned on his stout oak staff. He had walked many miles that day. His peasant garb rather enhanced his fine head. His eyes were blue and clear and far-seeing, the eyes of a hunter or a woodsman.

The afternoon glow of the September sun burned along the dusty white highway. From where he stood the road trailed off miles behind and wound up 500 feet or more above him to the ancient city of Dreiberg.

Across a lofty jumble of barren rock and glacial cleft, now purpling and darkening as the sun mellowed in its decline, lay the kingdom of Jugendheilt. By and by his gaze wavered, and one particular patch in the valley, brown from the beating of many ironshod horses, caught and chained his interest for a space. It was the military field, and it glittered and scintillated with squadron after squadron of cavalry.

"The philosophy of war is to prepare for it," mused the old man, with a jerk of his shoulders. "France! So the matter runs. There is a Napoleon in France, but no Bonaparte." He laughed ironically and cautiously glanced at his watch, an article which must have cost him many and many a potato patch. He stepped forward. He had followed yonder goose girl ever since the incline began. Off the little wooden shoes had lagged, but here they were, still a hundred yards or more ahead of him.

The little goose girl was indeed tired, and the little wooden shoes grew heavier and heavier, and the little bare feet ached dully, but her heart was light and her mind sweet with happiness. Day after day she had tended the geese in the valley and trudged back at evening alone, all told a matter of twelve miles, and now she was bringing them into the city to sell in the market on the morrow. After that she would have little to do save an hour or two at night in a tavern called the Black Eagle, where she waited on patrons.

Presently there was a clatter of hooves, a jingle of bit and spur and saber. Half a dozen mounted officers trotted past. The peasant on the parapet instantly recognized one of the men. He saluted with a humbleness which lacked sincerity. It was the grand duke himself. There was General Duetzwith, too, and some of his staff, and a smooth faced, handsome young man in civilian riding clothes, who, though he rode like a cavalier, was obviously of foreign birth, an Englishman or an American.

When the cavalcade reached the goose girl the peace of the scene vanished forthwith. Confusion took up the scepter. The silly geese, instead of remaining on the left of the road in safety, straightway determined that their haven of refuge was on the opposite side. Gok, gok! Quack, quack! They scrambled, they blundered, they flew. Some tried to go over the horses, some endeavored to go under.

The civilian looked casually at the girl.

"By George!" he exclaimed in English.

"What is it?" asked the duke, gathering up the reins.

"The girl's face. It is beautiful."

The duke, after a glance, readily agreed. "You Americans are always observant."

"Pretty figure, too," said one of the aids, a colonel. But his eye held none of the abstract admiration which characterized the American's.

The goose girl had seen this look in other men's eyes. She knew. A faint color grew under her tan and waned.

The troop proceeded with dust and small thunder and shortly passed the city gates. It traversed the lumpy cobbles of the narrow streets, often crowding pedestrians. One among those so inconvenienced was a youth

dressed as a vintner. He was tall, pliantly built, blond as a viking, possessing a singular beauty of the masculine order. He was forced to flatten himself against the wall of a house, his arms extended on either side in a kind of temporary crucifixion. Even then the stirrup of the American touched him slightly. But it was not the touch of the stirrup that startled him. It was the dark, clean cut face of the rider. Once they were by the youth darted into a doorway.

"He? What can he be doing here? No, it is utterly impossible. It is merely a likeness."

He ventured forth presently, none of the perturbation, however, gone from his face. He ran his hand across his chin. Yes, he would let his beard grow.

The duke and his escort turned into the broad and restful sweep of the Konigsstrasse. At the end was the Ehrenstein Platz, the great square round which ran the palaces and the royal and public gardens. The halt was made in the courtyard and all dismounted.

The American thanked the duke gratefully for the use of the horse.

"You are welcome to a mount at all times, Mr. Carmichael," replied the duke pleasantly. "A man who rides as well as yourself may be trusted anywhere with any kind of a horse."

The group looked admiringly at the object of this marked attention. Here was one who had seen two years of constant and terrible warfare, who had ridden horses under fire and who bore on his body many honorable scars, for the great civil strife in America had come to its close but two years before and Europe was still captive to her amazement at the military prowess of the erstwhile inconsiderable American.

As Carmichael saluted and turned to leave the courtyard he threw a swift, searching glance at one of the palace windows. Did the curtain stir? He could not say. He continued on, crossing the Platz, toward the Grand Hotel. He was a bachelor, so he might easily have had his quarters at the consulate, but as usual with American consulates—even to the present time—it was situated in an undesirable part of the town, over a biherbale frequented by farmers and the middle class.

Where had he seen that young vintner before?

Meanwhile the goose girl, now joined by the old man, marshaled her geese and proceeded.

"What was that song you were singing before the horses came up?" he asked her.

"That? It was from the poet Heine"—simply.

He stared at her.

"Heine? Can you read?"

"Yes, herr."

A goose girl who read Heine?

"And the music?" he inquired presently.

"That is mine"—with the first sign of diffidence. "Melodies are always running through my head. Sometimes they make me forget things I ought to remember."

"Your own music? An impresario will be discovering you some fine day, and your fortune will be made."

The light irony did not escape her. "I am only a goose girl."

He felt disarmed. "What is your name?"

"Gretchen."

"What else?"

"Nothing else," wistfully. "I never knew any father or mother."

"So? But who taught you to read?"

"A priest. Once I lived in the mountains at an inn. He used to come in evenings when the snow was not too deep. He taught me to read and write. I know that Italy has all the works of art, that

France has the most interesting history, that Germany has all the philosophers and America all the money," adding a smile. "I should like to see America."

"Do you live alone?"

"No. I live with my foster mother, who is very old. I call her grandmother. She took me in when I was a foundling. And what might your name be?"

"Ludwig. I am a mountaineer from Jugendheilt."

"We are not friendly with your country."

"More's the pity. It is a grave blunder on the part of the grand duke."

"Wasn't it all about the grand duke's daughter?"

"Yes. But she has been found. Yet the duke is as bitter as of old. What is this new found princess like?"

"She is beautiful and kind."

The geese were behaving, and only occasionally was she obliged to use her stick.

He observed her critically, for he was interested. She was not tall, but her lithe slenderness gave her the appearance of tallness. Her hands, rough nated and sunburnt, were small and shapely. Her hair, in a thick braid, was the tone of the heart of a chestnut bur, and her eyes were of that mystifying hazel, sometimes brown, sometimes gray.

"How old are you, Gretchen?"

"I do not know," she answered, "perhaps eighteen, perhaps twenty."

Arriving at length in the city, they passed through the crooked streets.

"Gretchen, where shall I find the Adlerrisse?"

"I will show you. You are also a stranger in Dreiberg?"

"Yes."

They took the next turn, and the weather beaten sign Zum Schwartz Adler, hanging in front of a frame house of many gables, caused the mountaineer to breathe gratefully.

"Here my journey ends, Gretchen, at the Black Eagle," he said.

They were passing a clock mender's shop. The man from Jugendheilt peered in the window, but there was no clock in sight to give him warning of the time, and he dared not now look at his watch. He had a glimpse of the ancient clock mender himself, however, huddled over a table upon which sputtered a candle. The eyes of the two men met, but only for a moment. The mountaineer started to cross the street to the tavern.

"Good night, Gretchen. Good luck to you and your geese tomorrow."

"Thanks, Herr Ludwig. And will you be long in the city?"

"That depends; perhaps," adding a grim smile in answer to a grim thought.

He offered his hand, which she accepted trustfully. He was a strange old man, but she liked him. When she withdrew her hand something cold and hard remained in her palm. Wonders of all the world, it was a piece of gold! Her eyes went up quickly, but the giver smiled reassuringly and put a finger against his lips.

"But, herr," she remonstrated.

"Keep it. I give it to you. Do not question Providence, and I am her handmaiden just now. Go along with you."

So Gretchen in a mild state of stupefaction turned away. Clat-clat! sang the little wooden shoes. A plaintive gook rose as she prodded a lagard from the dank gutter. A piece of gold! Clat-clat! Clat-clat! Surely this had been a day of marvels.

She was regarded with kindly eyes till the dark jaws of the Krumerweg swallowed up both her and her geese.

"Poor little goose girl!" he thought. "If she but knew she could make a bonfire of a thousand hearts. A fine day!" He eyed again the battered sign. It was then that he discerned another leaning from the ledge of the first story of the house adjoining the tavern. It was the tarnished shield of the United States.

"Two weeks tramping about the country in this unholty garb, following false trails half the time, living on crusts and cold meats! Ah, you have led me a merry dance, nephew, but I shall not forget!"

He entered the tavern and applied for a room, haggling over the price.

The nights were chilly. Carmichael in order to finish his cigar on the little balcony fronting his window found it necessary to put on his light overcoat, though he perfectly knew that he was in no manner forced to smoke on the balcony. But the truth was he wanted a clear vision of the palace and the lighted windows thereof and of one in particular. He had no more sense than Tom Fool, the abettor of follies. She was as far removed from him as the most alien of the planets, but the magnet shall ever draw the needle, and a woman shall ever draw a man. He knew that it was impossible, that it grew more impossible day by day, and he rallied at himself bitterly and satirically.

I AM ONLY A GOOSE GIRL.

I lived in the mountains at an inn. He used to come in evenings when the snow was not too deep. He taught me to read and write. I know that Italy has all the works of art, that

How Much Will You Pay

to have your eyes cured; Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve only costs 25c and will cure. Good for nothing but the eyes. Sold every where.

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey

For Coughs and Colds.