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General Passenger Agent,
Portland, Oregon

:-: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 8, 1910

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

We are glad to note that the city council has advanced so far with the water question that they advertise for proposals for the construction of waterworks, work to be began within ten days from the awarding of the contract. That is right gentlemen, keep the good work moving along, the people will need water next summer and need it badly too, perhaps.

One result of the city improvements already noticeable is the inquiries being made for houses to rent; four different parties were hunting houses this week and were unable to find any vacant ones. Some of our local capitalists might do well to erect a few good modern dwellings, they would soon be taken if offered for rent at a reasonable rate.

For Chapped Skin.

Chapped skin whether on the hands or face may be cured in one night by applying Chamberlain's Salve. It is also unequalled for sore nipples, burns and scalds. For sale by all dealers.

THE COURT HOUSE

Items of Interest to Jackson County

Tax Payers

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Robert R. Gleaves and Mary E. Burton.
L. M. Reynolds and Cora M. Reynolds.
John Franklin Plaisted and Ethel F. Stratton.

MARRIED

GLEAVES-BURTON - Sunday, Oct. 2, 1910, by Rev. Elbert H. Hicks; Robert R. Gleaves and Mary E. Burton.

REYNOLDS - REYNOLDS - At the court house in Jacksonville, Oregon, Saturday, Oct. 1, 1910; by Judge J. R. Neil; L. M. Reynolds and Cora M. Reynolds.

CIRCUIT COURT

Abiene N. Griffiths vs. J. J. Griffiths. Order for publication of summons.
In the matter of the application of J. D. Hooker to register title. Decree by default.

NEW CASES

Mabel Kelly vs. Stephen J. Kelly. Suit for divorce. Complaint filed. Affidavit for publication of summons. Order, and summons issued.
L. F. Washburn vs. J. R. Wood. Suit for an accounting. Complaint filed. Undertaking for restraining order. Summons and order issued.
J. C. Mason vs. Mrs. W. F. Cunningham. Action to recover money. Complaint filed.
William T. Kane vs. Mary Kane. Suit for divorce. Complaint filed.
Ella Nora Neathamer vs. J. L. Woldridge, et al. Injunction suit.

Complaint filed.

John Hakanson vs. F. G. Swedenburg. Action for damages. Complaint filed.

PROBATE COURT

In the matter of the estate of Enoch Wheeler, deceased. Administrator's final account allowed and approved. Administrator and sureties discharged.

In the matter of the guardianship of Albert S. Vance, a minor. Order to show cause why certain real property should not be sold.

In the matter of the estate of Neil Henry, missing for nine years and presumed to be dead. Order appointing G. W. Trefren as administrator and fixing bond in sum of \$100.
Estate of William E. Giggings, deceased. Order appointing day for final settlement.

In the matter of the estate of Henry L. Pegg, deceased. Inventory and appraisal filed.

Tempest in a Teapot

The agitation over the question of the fortifying of the Panama Canal is a veritable "tempest in a teapot." There is no existing treaty or understanding with other powers that would be violated by the erection of fortifications at each end of the strip of land owned by the United States, through which the canal is being built. We have guaranteed the neutrality of the canal, it is true; but it is our own property, and we have a perfect right to give it adequate protection, to do which will not in any way hinder or throw the new waterway open at all times to the traffic of the world. - Ex.

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.

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BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

Demand for Collage Graduates

Corvallis, Ore., - That the demand for college trained men to fill positions of importance for the government, for educational institutions, and for big agricultural enterprises is greater than can readily be supplied at present is proven by the number of vacancies which the Oregon Agricultural College has had to refuse men for because those fitted for them were already placed.

In the past two years many graduates have received appointment in government departments or elsewhere. One went to the University of Idaho as professor of horticulture; five more became assistants in experiment station work, including a horticulture instructor in the University of Maine, another in Washington State College, and others in the Canadian Department of Agriculture, the Hermiton Experiment Station, and that at Union, as well as expert for the U. S. Department of Agriculture in horticultural work. Seven are now orchard foremen, and a number more have obtained instructional appointments at their alma mater at Corvallis.

A large majority of the graduates of the college have refused remunerative offers of the sort, and instead have returned to the farm to apply in actual practice of the knowledge gained in their studies.

The Poultry Yard

The way one keeps his fowls is generally by the way the fowls keep him. The day of crossing breeds is a thing of the past. We now have utility pure breeds.

Work up a strain of hens that will lay. Save the eggs from the best layers, and set them.

The fowls that are small for their age should go now. Their room is of more value than their company.

Hens dread to get into dirty nest boxes. They won't do it if they can help it. Why don't you see to this, right off?

Never change to a new breed simply because extravagant claims are given. It is better to try to improve the old ones.

No one can consistently be a fancier and a marketman at the same time. The branches are antagonistic to each other.

The experienced poultryman breeds only from his best winter layers. It is then when prices are at their best, and profits are to be counted upon in the poultry business.

Start the trapnets so that it can be known which are the best winter layers. Almost any old hen will lay in spring and summer; it takes a good hen to lay in late fall and winter.

This is a good season for disposing of all the surplus old hens. Better get rid of them while they will fetch a good price as roasters. The prices are good up to about November 20th.

A good coating of whitewash on the inside of each house will help considerably in getting rid of vermin. Take several inches of dirt out of the houses and replace with new, clean earth.

Rake up the litter and rubbish that have accumulated in the runs, and then spade or plow them up. If there are double runs to each house, sow one of them into rye for winter green feeding. Don't delay the sowing of rye much longer.

Do not allow the pullets to roost in the coops where they were raised. The cooler the weather gets the worse they will crowd. They will suffer from the heat, and when let out these cool mornings are apt to take cold, and roup is the next thing on the programme. The pullets expected to lay this month should be brooding in a comfortable house at this time. - From October Farm Journal.

PORTLAND LETTER.

Oregon to exhibit at Chicago Land Show--Tillamook and Bay City improve harbors

Portland, Or., Oct. 6, (Special) - Under the auspices of the Harriman lines, W. E. Benton is interesting Oregon communities in making exhibits at the United States Land and Irrigation Exposition, to be held in Chicago November 19 to December 4. Mr. Benton was engaged by Mr. McMurray, general passenger agent for the Harriman lines, who is familiar with the work of the former in handling the state exhibit at the Lewis and Clark fair and also the Oregon exhibit at the A. Y. P. Exposition. Features of the showing at Chicago:

will be fruit, grain, dairying and hogs. Each section of the state should take the fullest possible advantage of this opportunity to exploit its resources. It is intended to make the showing strongly representative and the individuality of the various communities will be preserved. Each section will receive valuable advertising in proportion to the interest shown. This is certainly a chance to get valuable publicity in the East without expense, other than the cost of collecting an exhibit, and all Oregon communities will, no doubt, fully co-operate with Mr. Benton in this work.

The Forest Service plans the seeding of between 5000 and 6000 acres of burned-over lands at a cost of approximately \$20,000. About 700 acres situated at the Bull Run watershed, the source of Portland's water supply, will be reforested in this way. The largest amount of planting will be done in the Mt. Hebo district south of Tillamook, which was burned over in 1847 and never reforested. On most of this area Eastern hardwoods will be planted.

Tillamook and Bay City have taken effective steps to secure the improvements of their harbors. The port commissions of these two cities will co-operate with the national government in the work and will add to the fund provided for the purpose in the rivers and harbors appropriation. It estimated that the work of improvement will cost about \$2,000,000. The preliminary examination of the Tillamook waterways has just been made by Major Jay J. Morrow, the government engineer in charge of this district, and work on the improvement will be begun as soon as feasible.

Oregon leads the whole country in apple production this season, according to the latest report of the Department of Agriculture, which deals with orchard conditions up to September 1. The condition of the state's apple crop at that time was given as 93 per cent of a full crop, while its nearest competitor could show but 90 per cent. The condition of the crop throughout the whole country was given as 46.8 per cent of a full crop. The Northwest states make the best showing of all.

A remarkable telescope that enables men stationed at Fort Stevens to detect the approach of an enemy while they are still more than 22 miles off shore has just been installed there. By its aid the range of the approaching fleet can be obtained and the mechanism is so adjusted that it overcomes the effects of the curvature of the earth on an ordinary telescope.

Congratulates Winner.

The following congratulatory letter from J. J. Cambers, one of the defeated candidates for State Senator has been received at this office.

Ashland, Ore., Sept. 30th. 1910.
Hon. H. Von der Hellen,
Wellen, Ore.

Dear Mr. Von der Hellen,
Accept my hearty congratulations on your nomination for State Senator for Jackson County.

If elected, I know you will be in your chair when measures of vital importance are to be decided.

Very truly yours,
J. J. Cambers.

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey For Coughs and Colds.

The Weather.

Following is the report of U. S. Volunteer Cooperative Observer, E. Britt, for Jacksonville, for month of Sept. Latitude 42 deg. 13. min. north; longitude 123 deg. 5. min. west.

DATE	MAX. NUM.	MIN. NUM.	PRECIP. IN.	CH. OF DAY
1	83	54		clear
2	88	47		clear
3	88	50		clear
4	83	45		clear
5	83	45		clear
6	72	46		clear
7	74	36		clear
8	78	38		clear
9	79	43		clear
10	73	44		clear
11	73	38		clear
12	77	43		partly cloudy
13	64	48	.40	cloudy
14	77	39		clear
15	82	42		clear
16	70	48		partly cloudy
17	66	44		cloudy
18	68	48	.10	cloudy
19	67	45	.15	cloudy
20	59	49	.41	partly cloudy
21	71	49		clear
22	80	45		clear
23	80	50		clear
24	80	47		clear
25	82	38		clear
26	81	42		clear
27	81	43		clear
28	81	42		clear
29	82	41		clear
30	85	45		clear

Temperature--mean max. 77.46; mean min. 44.7; mean 61.93; Max. 89 on 23. min. 35, on 7th; greatest range 44. Precipitation--Total for month, .93 inches. Greatest in 24 hours, .40 inches.

PATENTS

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The

Goose Girl

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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(CONTINUED.)

He sighed and teetered his legs. Carmichael sighed for the Princess Hildegarde, understanding. It was sigh or curse, and the latter mode of expression wastes more vitality.

Arthur Carmichael was Irish. He was born in America, educated there and elsewhere—a little while in Paris, a little while at Bonn—and, like all Irishmen, he was banished with the wandering foot, for the man who is homeless by choice has a subtle poison in his blood. He was at Bonn when the civil war came. He went back to America and threw himself into the fight with all the ardor that had made his forbears famous in the service of the worthless Stuarts. It wasn't a question with him of the mere love of fighting, of tossing the penny. He knew with which side he wished to fight. He joined the cavalry of the north and hammered and fought his way to a captaincy. He was wounded five times and imprisoned twice. At the end of the conflict he returned to Washington.

Without any influence whatever save his pleasing address and his wide education he barneyed the state department out of a consulate. They sent him to Ehrenstein at a salary not worth mentioning, with the diplomatic halo of dignity as a tall to the kite. Two years in any one place was not in reckoning as regarded Carmichael, yet here he was, caring neither for promotion nor exchange. So, then, all logical deductions simmered down to one—cherchez la femme.

The dreamer is invariably tripping over his illusions, and Carmichael was rather boyish in his dreams. What absurd romances he was always weaving round her! What exploits on her behalf! But never anything happened, and never was the grand duke called upon to offer his benediction.

It was all very foolish and romantic and impossible, and no one recognized this more readily than he. No American ever married a princess of a reigning house, and no American ever will. This law is as immovable as the law of gravitation. Still, man is master of his dreams, and he may do as he pleases in the confines of this small circle.

"How the deuce will it end?" musing half aloud. "I'll forget myself some day and trip so hard that they'll be asking Washington for my recall. I'll go over to the gardens and listen to the band."

He was standing in front of the hotel when he noticed a closed carriage hard by the fountain in the Platz.

"Ha, a fare!"

A woman in black, thoroughly veiled and cloaked, came round from the opposite side of the fountain. She spoke to the driver. The lady stepped up his ancient Bucephalus and went clichey-clack down the Konigsstrasse toward the town. To Carmichael it was less than an incident. He twirled his cane and walked toward the public gardens. The band struck up again, and he drifted with the crowd toward the pavilion.

Within a dozen feet of him, her arms folded across her breast, her eyes half shut in the luxury of the senses, stood the goose girl. He smiled as he recalled the encounter of that afternoon. It was his habit to ride to the maneuvers every day, and several times he had noticed her and her beauty.

"Why couldn't I have fallen in love with some one like this?" he cogitated.

Colonel von Wallenstein of the general staff approached her from the other side. Wallenstein was a capital soldier and a jolly fellow round a board, but beyond that Carmichael had no real liking for him. There were too many scented notes stuck in his pockets. The colonel dropped his cigarette, leaned over Gretchen's shoulder and spoke a few words. At first she gave no heed. The colonel persisted. Without a word in reply she resolutely sought the nearest policeman. Wallenstein, remaining where he was, laughed. Meantime the policeman frowned. His excellency could not possibly have intended any wrong. The law of redress in Ehrenstein had no niche for the goose girl.

"Good evening, colonel," said Carmichael pleasantly. "Why can't your bandmaster give us light opera once in awhile?"

The colonel pulled his mustache in chagrin. "Light operas are rare at present," he replied, accepting his defeat amiably enough.

And then a pretty woman rose from a chair near by. She nodded brightly at the colonel, who bowed, excused himself to Carmichael and made off after her.

Carmichael looked round for Gretchen. She was still at the side of the policeman. She came back.

"Did you get your goose together without mishap?" he asked of her.

The instinct of the child always remains with the woman. Gretchen smiled. This young man would be different, she knew. "They were only frightened." "We don't have goose girls in America," he said.

The magic word America, where the gold came from, flamed her curiosity. "You are from America?" she asked. "Yes." "Are you rich?" "In fancy, in dreams," humorously. "Oh, I thought they were all rich. Did you fight in the war?" "Yes. Do you like music?" "Were you ever wounded?" "A scratch or two. But do you like music?" "Very, very much. When they play Beethoven, Bach or Meyerbeer—ah, I seem to live in another country. I hear music in everything—in the leaves, the rain, the wind, the stream."

It seemed strange to him that he had not noticed it at first, the almost Hanoverian purity of her speech and the freedom with which she spoke. The average peasant is ignorant, diffident, with a vocabulary of few words.

"What is your name?" "Gretchen."

"It is a good name. It is famous too."

"Goethe used it."

"So he did." Carmichael ably concealed his surprise. He was willing to swear that she was making fun of him. Was she a simple goose girl? Was she not something more, something deeper? War clouds were forming in the skies. They might gather and strike at any time. And who but the French could produce such a woman spy? Ehrenstein was not Prussia, it was true, but the duchy, with its 20,000 troops, was one of the many pulses that beat in unison with this man Bismarck's plans. He was certainly puzzled, but a glance at her hands dissolved his doubts. These hands were used to toll. They were in no way disguised.

"You have been to school?"

"After a manner. My teacher was a kind priest. But he never knew that, with knowledge, he was to open the gates of discontent."

"Then you are not happy with your lot?"

"Is any one, herr?" quietly. "And who might you be and what might you be doing here in Dreilberg, riding with the grand duke?"

"I am the American consul."

Gretchen took a step back. "What did Colonel Wallenstein say to you?" he asked.

"Nothing of importance. I am used to it. I am perfectly able to take care of myself," she answered.

"What did the policeman say?"

"What would he say to a goose girl?"

"Shall I speak to him?"

"Would it really do any good?" skeptically.

"It might. The duke is friendly toward me, and I am certain he would not tolerate such conduct in his police. My name is Carmichael. Now, listen, Gretchen—if at any time you are in trouble you will find me at the Grand hotel or at the consulate next door to the Black Eagle."

"I shall remember. Sometimes I work in the Black Eagle."

"Good night," he said.

Gretchen extended her hand, and Carmichael took it in his own, inspecting it.

"It is a good hand. It is strong too," he said.

"It has to be strong, herr. Good night."

Carmichael raised his hat again, and Gretchen breathed contentedly as she saw him disappear in the crowd. Suddenly she felt an arm slip through hers. Her head went round.

"Leo?" she whispered.

It was the young vintner whom Carmichael had pushed against the wall that day.

"Who was that?" he asked.

"Herr Carmichael, the American consul."

"Carmichael!" he gasped.

"What is it, Leo?"

"Nothing, only I grow mad with rage when any of these gentlemen



"IT MIGHT. THE DUKE IS FRIENDLY TOWARD ME."

speak to you. Gentlemen! I know them all to well. Ah, how I love you!" Gretchen thrilled.

"To me the world began but two weeks ago. I have just begun to live," he whispered warmly.

"I am sad and lonely tonight," she said gloomily.

"Why, indeed?"

"Leo, as much as I love you, there is always a shadow."

"What shadow?"

"It is always at night that I see you, rarely in the bright daytime. What do you do during the day? It is not yet vintage. What do you do?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]