

## 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.

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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.

*Three Day Saturday to Monday Rate*

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

## NEW BARBER SHOP

I am here to stay  
Give me a call.

-- DICK JOHNSTON --

## -- 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 15, 1910

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

The sale of the waterworks bonds at a premium indicate that shrewd investors recognize not only the present status of our city and the property therein as a security for the investment, but are also impressed with the prospect of future growth and prosperity. At the outset the revenue derived from the water rents will not be sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds to say nothing about the expenses of operating and maintaining the plant. But these men do not buy bonds for pleasure but for the profit resulting therefrom, keeping an eye open as to the chances of collection at maturity of the bonds. The fact that five different firms offered bids for these bonds shows that men in financial circles believe in the future of our city and should cause our own people to "sit up and take notice," at least.

Judging by the advertising matter published in the different newspapers the liquor question seems to attract more attention than all the other matters to be decided by votes cast at the election next month. The issue seems to be whether the option shall be local, each town to decide for itself; or whether it shall be general, that is; shall the vote of the entire state be taken as to whether license shall be granted anywhere within the state or not.

The bonds are sold, plans are completed, right of way for reservoirs and pipe line secured, and bids for the construction of the water system are asked for; in fact everything points toward an early completion of the proposed water works. Let us hope that there will be no further delay in the matter.

THE COURT HOUSE	
Items of Interest to Jackson County	Complaint, affidavit and undertaking filed. Injunction order.
Tax Payers	Thomas Bartholomew vs. Edith Bartholomew. Suit for divorce. Complaint filed. Affidavit and order for publication of summons.
CIRCUIT COURT	
NEW CASES	
State of Oregon vs. A. K. Earhart.	Criminal. Transcript from justices docket Jacksonville Dist.
State of Oregon vs. Elizabeth Herberger.	Criminal. Transcript from justice's court, Jacksonville Dist.
L. A. Rose vs. Jennie Rose.	Suit for divorce. Complaint filed.
Big Pines Lumber Co. vs. Lillian Polk.	Action to recover money. Complaint filed, summons issued.
Same vs. Same.	Suit for injunction.
	PROBATE COURT
	In the matter of the estate of Giles Wells, deceased. Order approving final report and discharging administratrix.
	Estate of Mary Stewart Sisemore, deceased. Order appointing day for final settlement.
	In the matter of the estate of David A. Schoneman, deceased. Order ap-

pointing G. H. Henry as administratrix, and fixing bond in sum of \$4000.

### MARRIAGE LICENSES

Walter E. Newcombe and Mae S. Malt.

Sterling C. Minnick and Frances E. Jack.

Frances E. Murphy and Basile Lamkin.

Oscar E. Wilbur and Talma Zetta Henry.

### MARRIED

MINNICK-JACK—At the court house in Jacksonville, Oregon, Monday, October 10, 1910, by Judge F. M. Calkins; Sterling C. Minnick and Frances E. Jack.

MURPHY-LAMKIN—At the house of C. Florey, Monday, October 10, 1910, by Rev. Chas. H. Johnston; Francis E. Murphy and Bessie Lamkin.

### More than Enough is Too Much.

To maintain health, a mature man or woman needs just enough food to repair the waste and supply energy and body heat. The habitual consumption of more food than is necessary for these purposes is the prime cause of stomach troubles, rheumatism and disorders of the kidneys. If troubled with indigestion, revise your diet, let reason and not appetite control and take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and you will soon be all right again. For sale by all dealers.

### Constitutional Amendment

Section 19 of Article XI of the Constitution, reads as follows:

"Section 10; Article XI: No county shall create any debts or liabilities which shall singly or in the aggregate exceed the sum of five thousand dollars, except to suppress insurrection or repel invasion, but the debts of any county at the time this constitution takes effect shall be disregarded in estimating the sum to which each county is limited."

It is proposed to amend this section so as to read as follows:

"Section 10; Article XI: No county shall create any debts or liabilities which shall singly or in the aggregate exceed the sum of \$5,000.00 except to suppress insurrection or repel invasion, or to build permanent roads within the county, but debts for permanent roads shall be incurred only on approval of a majority of those voting on the question."

The amendment grants to the people of each county the power to pledge the credit of their county for money to build permanent public roads. The question whether or not a county should pledge its credit to raise money for building any permanent road would be submitted to a vote of the people of that county and would be decided by a majority vote. The people of any county may issue bonds or warrants, or any form of obligation they desire, for such length of time and at such rate of interest as they may determine; in short, this amendment is but an additional grant of power to the people of each county to manage their own business.

### Unsightly

Sores, boils, eruptions, pimples, blackheads and all skin affections are very quickly cured by the use of Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve. 25c Sold every where.

### Highest Class Grades

The following pupils stood first in their class for month ending Oct. 7.

B 1—Mary Ryon.....	93 per cent.
A 1—Sarah Greaves.....	94 " "
A 1—Herbert Hogsett.....	94 " "
2—Etta Grieve.....	95 " "
3—Bernice Puhl.....	92 " "
4—George Hoffmann.....	92 " "
5—Charley Schumpf.....	96 " "
6—Anna Neidemeyer.....	97 " "
7—Dan Bagshaw.....	93 " "
8—Don Newbury.....	94 " "

### The Weather.

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

DATE	MAX. TEMP.	MIN. TEMP.	PRECIP.	WIND DIRECTION	CH. OF DAY
1	83	64			clear
2	88	67			
3	88	59			
4	85	45			
5	82	45			
6	82	46			
7	74	36			
8	78	38			
9	79	43			
10	73	44			
11	77	38			
12	77	35			partly cloudy
13	64	48	.40		cloudy
14	77	39			clear
15	82	42			
16	70	48			partly cloudy
17	66	44			cloudy
18	65	48	.10		
19	67	45	.15		
20	69	49	.21		
21	74	49			partly cloudy
22	85	45			clear
23	89	53			
24	80	47			
25	82	38			
26	81	42			
27	81	43			
28	81	52			
29	82	44			
30	85	49			

Temperature—mean max. 77.46; mean min. 44.7; mean 61.08; Max. 89 on 23. min. 33, on 7th; greatest range 44. Precipitation—Total for month, .96 inches. Greatest in 24 hours, .40 inches.

## The Goose Girl

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Copyright, 1909, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

[CONTINUED.]

"Will you trust me a little longer, Gretchen, just a little longer?"

### CHAPTER II.

#### FOR HER COUNTRY.

COUNT, must I tell you again not to breach that subject? There can be no alliance between Ehrenstein and Jugendheit."

"Why?" asked Count von Herbeck, chancellor.

"One of my reasons is that I do not want any alliance with a country so perfidious as Jugendheit. What! I make overtures—I, who have been so cruelly wronged all these years? You are mad."

"But what positive evidence have you that Jugendheit wronged you?"

"Positive? Have I eyes and ears? Have I not seen and read and heard?"

"Your highness knows that I look only to the welfare of the country. In the old days it was a foregone conclusion that this alliance was to be formed. Now, you persist in averring that the late king was the chief conspirator in abducting her serene highness, aided by Arnsberg, whose successor I have the honor to be. I have never yet seen any proofs. Show me something which absolutely convicts them and I'll surrender."

"On your honor?"

"My word."

The duke struck a bell.

"My secretary and tell him to bring me the packet marked A. He will understand."

The duke was frank in his likes and dislikes. He hated secrets, and he loved an opponent who engaged him in the open. It was this extraordinary rectitude which made the duke so powerful an aid to Bismarck in the days that followed. The man of iron needed this sort of character as a cover and a buckler to his own duplicities. Herbeck was an excellent foil. He was as silent and secretive as sand. He moved, as it were, in circles, thus always eluding dangerous corners. He was tall, angular, with a thin, immobile countenance, well guarded by his gray eyes and straight lips. He was a born financier, with almost limitless ambition, though only he himself knew how far this ambition reached. Twice had he saved Ehrenstein from the dragnet of war and with honor.

The secretary came in and laid a thin packet of papers on the chancellor's desk.

The secretary bowed and withdrew.

The duke stirred the papers angrily, took one of them and spread it out with a rasp.

"Look at that. Whose writing, I ask?"

Herbeck ran over it several times. At length he opened a drawer in his desk, sorted some papers and brought out a yellow letter. This he laid down beside the other.

"Yes, they are alike. This will be Arnsberg. But"—mildly—"who may say that it is not a cunning forgery?"

"Forgery?" roared the duke. "Read this one from the late king of Jugendheit to Arnsberg then if you still doubt."

Herbeck read slowly and carefully. Then he rose and walked to the nearest window, studying the letter again in the sharper light.

Herbeck returned to his chair. "I wish that you had shown me these long ago. You accused the king?"

"Certainly, but he denied it."

"In a letter?"

"Yes. Here, read it."

Herbeck compared the two. "Where did you find these?"

"In Arnsberg's desk," returned the duke—"Arnsberg, my boyhood playmate, the man I loved and trusted and advanced to the highest office in my power. Is that not the way? Well, dead or alive, 10,000 crowns to him who brings Arnsberg to me dead or alive."

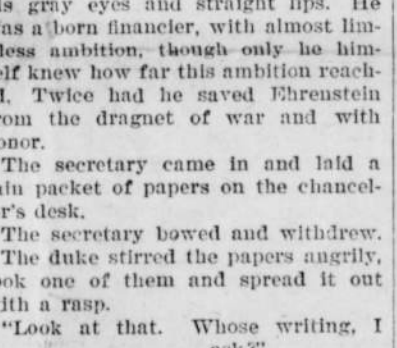
"You are very bitter," said Herbeck. "And have I not cause? Did not my wife die of a broken heart, and did I not become a broken man? You do not know all, Herbeck—not quite all. Franz also sought the hand of the Princess Sofia. He, too, loved her, but I won. Well, his revenge must have been sweet to him."

"But your daughter has been restored to her own."

"Due to your indefatigable efforts alone. Ah, Herbeck, nothing will ever fill up the gap between, nothing will ever restore the mother." The duke bowed his head.

Herbeck opened another drawer and took forth a long hood envelope creased and sealed.

"Your highness, here is a letter from the prince regent of Jugendheit formally asking the hand of the Princess Hildegarde for his nephew, Frederick, who will shortly be crowned. My advice is to accept, to let bygones be by-



gones.

"Write the prince that I respectfully decline."

"Do nothing in haste, your highness. Temperize. Say that you desire some time to think about the matter. You can change your mind at any time. A reply like this commits you to nothing, whereas your abrupt refusal will only widen the breach."

"The wider the breach the better."

"No, no, your highness; the past has disturbed you. We can stand war, and it is possible that we might win, even against Jugendheit, but war at this late day would be a colossal blunder. Victory would leave us where we began thirty years ago. And an insult to Jugendheit might precipitate war."

"Have your way, then."

The duke departed, stirred as he had not been since the restoration of the princess. He sought his daughter. She was in the music room. "My child," he began, taking Hildegarde's hand and drawing her toward a window seat, "the king of Jugendheit asks for your hand."

"Then I am to marry the king of Jugendheit?" There was little joy in her voice.

"Ah, we have not gone so far as that! The king, through his uncle, has simply made a proposal."

"It is for you to decide, father. Whatever your decision is I shall abide by it."

"It is a hard lesson we have to learn, my child. We cannot always marry where we love. Diplomacy and politics make other plans. But fortunately for you you love no one yet, and the king is young, handsome, they say, and rich. Politically speaking, it would be a great match."

"I am in your hands. You know what is best."

The duke was poignantly disappointed. Why did she not refuse outright, as became one of the house of Ehrenstein?

"What is he like?" she asked.

"That no one seems to know. He has been to his capital but twice in ten years. The young king has been in Paris most of the time. That's the way they educate kings these days. They teach them all the vices. Your father loves you, and if you are inclined toward his majesty, if it is in your heart to become a queen, I shall not let my prejudices stand in the way."

She caught up his hand with a strange passion and kissed it.

"Father, I do not want to marry any one," wistfully. "But a queen?" she added thoughtfully. "Would it be for the good of the state?"

Here was reason. "Yes; my objections are merely personal," said the duke.

"For the good of my country I am ready to make any sacrifice."

"Very well, but weigh the matter carefully. There is never any retracing a step of this kind." He paused and then said:

"You are all I have, girl."

"My father?" She stroked his cheek.

The restoration of the Princess Hildegarde of Ehrenstein had been the sensation of Europe, as had been in the earlier days her remarkable abduction. For sixteen years the search had gone on fruitlessly. In a garret in Dresden the agents of Herbeck found her, a singer, in the chorus of the opera. The newspapers and illustrated weeklies raged about her for awhile, elaborated the story of her struggles, the mysterious remittances which had from time to time saved her from dire poverty, her ambition, her education which by dint of hard work she had acquired. The duke accused Franz of Jugendheit. Search as they would, the duke and the chancellor never traced the source of the remittances. The duke held stubbornly that the sender of these benefactions was moved by the impulse of a guilty conscience and that this guilty conscience was in Jugendheit.

And was the girl happy with all her new grandeur, with all these lackeys and attendants and environs? Sometimes she longed for the freedom and lack care of her Dresden garret, her musician friends, the studios, the crash and glitter of the opera.

She was lovely enough to inspire fervor and homage and love in all masculine minds. She was witty and talented. Carmichael said she was one of the most beautiful women in all Europe.

She was still in the window seat when the chancellor was announced.

"Your highness," he said, "I am come to announce to you that there waits for you a high place in the affairs of the world."

"The second crown in Jugendheit?"

"Your father?"

"Yes. He leaves the matter wholly in my hands."

"It is for the good of the state. A princess like yourself must never wed an inferior."

"Would a man who was brave and kind and resourceful, but without a title—would he be an inferior?"

"Assuredly politically. And I regret to say that your marriage could never be else than a matter of politics."

"I am, then, simply a certificate of exchange?"

"The king of Jugendheit is young. I do not see how he can help loving you the moment he knows you. Who can?" And the chancellor smiled.

"But he may not be heart whole."

"He will be politically."

"Politics, politics—how I hate the word! Sometimes I regret my garret."

The chancellor wrinkled his lips.

"Will you consent to this marriage?"

"Would it do any good to reject it?"

"On the contrary, it would do Ehrenstein great harm."

"Give me a week," averily.

"A week?" There was joy on the chancellor's face now, unmasked, unconcealed. "Oh, when the moment

comes that I see the crown of Jugendheit on your beautiful head all my work shall not have been in vain. There is one thing more, your highness."

"And that?"

"There must not be so many rides in the morning with his excellency Herr Carmichael."

"There was a sinister note of warning in the chancellor's voice."

The Black Eagle (Zum Schwartzten Adler) in the Adlersgasse was 200 years old and had been in the Bauer family all that time.

Had the manager, Frau Bauer, or Frau Wirtin, as she was familiarly called, been masculine she would have been lightly dubbed Bauer VII. She was a widow. She was thirty-eight, plump, pretty and wise.

Tonight the main room of the tavern swam in a blue haze of smoke, which rose to the blackened rafters, hung with many and various sausages, cheeses and dried vegetables. Dishes clattered, there was a buzzing of voices, a scraping of feet and chairs, a banging of tankards.

Gretchen came in, a little better dressed than in the daytime, the change consisting of coarse stockings and shoes of leather, of which she was correspondingly proud.

"Will you want me, Frau Wirtin, for a little while tonight?" she asked.

"Full 9. Half a crown as usual."

Gretchen sought the kitchen and found an apron and cap. These half crowns were fine things to pick up occasionally, for it was only upon occasions that she worked at the Black Eagle. In an obscure corner sat the young vintner. His face brightened as he saw the goose girl. In the very corner itself was the mountaineer who possessed a Swiss watch and gave golden coins to goose girls. He was busily engaged in gnawing the leg of a chicken.

Carmichael was often a visitor at the Black Eagle. Later he stepped into the big hall in his evening clothes. "Good evening, Frau Wirtin."

"Good evening, your excellency."

She was quite fluttered when this fine young man spoke to her. "What is on your mind?"

"Many things." He saw Gretchen. "The goose girl," he murmured suddenly. "Is Gretchen one of your waitresses?"

"She comes in once in awhile. She's a good girl. I'm glad to help her."

Gretchen saw Carmichael and nodded.

"I shall be at yonder table," he said, indicating the vacant chair. Carmichael made his way to the table. Across the room he had not recognized the vintner, but now he remembered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Half a Million Insane.

An interesting article is contributed to the October American Magazine by H. Addington Bruce, entitled "The New Mind Cure Based on Science," in which the author tells of the many new cures that are being made by eminent physicians by mental treatment. Speaking of the rapid increase of insanity of this country, especially during the past 10 years, Mr. Bruce says:

"When you realize the appalling rapidity with which mental and nervous diseases are increasing throughout the civilized world, and perhaps nowhere more rapidly than in the United States, this new system of curing is particularly significant."

"Thirty years ago the asylums of this country had only 40,000 inmates. Today this number has increased to 250,000. Here are some figures, compiled by the Census Bureau:

"Population of asylums, 40,492 in 1880; 74,028 in 1890; 150,151 in 1903, the time when the latest census of institutions for the insane was taken. Or, an increase by 85 per cent from 1880 to 1890, and by more than 100 per cent from 1890 to 1903, as against an increase by less than 30 per cent in the total population of the United States during the same 13 years.

"Moreover, the census of 1890 enumerated no fewer than 32,457 insane who were not inmates of asylums, but were cared for at home by relatives and friends. No attempt was made in 1903 to ascertain the number of non-asylum insane, but the ratio of increase in this class cannot be much less than among the asylum insane.

"Consequently it would not be at all surprising were the census of 1910 to reveal the presence in the United States of close upon half a million insane persons!"—Telegram.

### A Bath a Year.

The bath, it is said, is the measure of civilization. He who bathes once a day must be a better human being than he who bathes once a week, once a month or, like the Mexican Indians, once a year. There is a belief among these people that to bathe is to court sickness and death. There was a sick boy in a hut where a friend of mine stopped one day, and my friend suggested to the father that a bath might cure him. The father held up his hands in horror.

"A bath! That would kill him!" he exclaimed. "I never bathed in my life, and my children never bathed and never will."

Down in the Low Countries, however, they do bathe once a year.—Outing.

### Contradictory Attitudes.

"Figures won't lie."

"No, nor will they always stand."—Baltimore American.