

# :-: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, NOVEMBER 12, 1910

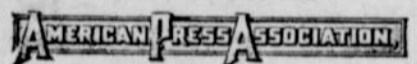
SUBSCRIPTION: One year by mail \$1.50. Advertising rates furnished on application.

Reports from the eastern states indicate that the Democrats will have a majority of 21 in the next congress, the first time since the passage of the Wilson tariff law by the 43rd congress. As the Wilson bill was the cause of the downfall of the Democrats, so the failure of the Republican congress to redeem its pledges regarding revision of the tariff has caused the defeat of the Republican candidates in the present election. The time for blind loyalty to parties is past: the voter has learned a lesson; when he demands relief from his party and fails to get it, he now turns elsewhere. The result of the elections in the eastern states is not to be considered as a Democratic victory so much as an expression of the dissatisfaction of the rank and file of the Republican voters with the dilatory and antiquated methods of their party. "The world do move."

In Jackson county the republican ticket with the exception of sheriff was elected. Mr. Jones, the democratic candidate, and present sheriff has held the office one term and felt that he was entitled to re-election. He has made a good officer, and that the people are satisfied with him was proven by the handsome majority which he received Tuesday.

The defeat of Bowerman and the election of West as governor is a stinging rebuke to the advocates of assemblyism, the Oregonian to the contrary notwithstanding. The verdict of the people is plain and the party managers will do well to take heed as to nominations in future.

THIS PAPER REPRESENTED FOR FOREIGN ADVERTISING BY THE



GENERAL OFFICES NEW YORK AND CHICAGO BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

## Cheap Imitations

Owing to the immense sale and popularity of Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey there are many cheap imitations on the market under similar sounding names, but you can always get the genuine by looking for the bell on the bottle.

## THE COURT HOUSE

Items of Interest to Jackson County

### Tax Payers

### MARRIAGE LICENSES

O. N. Nelson and M. L. Dox. Wm. M. Watson and O. C. Doyle. John Edwin McCain and Bertha B. Smith.

Edward Wendt and Augusta Walter. Fred W. Cornett and Iva Ingram. Will Vaughan and Hazel Williams.

### COUNTY COURT

Regular November session, convened Wednesday, Nov. 2, 1910. Present: Hon. J. R. Neil, commissioners Joshua Patterson, James Owens; Clerk W. R. Coleman; Sheriff W. A. Jones.

The usual number of bills for labor, supplies, salaries, etc. were audited and ordered paid.

Plats of Western Addition to Medford; Queen Anne Addition, Medford; and Ruby addition to Medford, were approved.

Plat of Richmond addition to Medford was held for further consideration at December term.

Plat of Capitol Hill addition to Medford was approved.

### CIRCUIT COURT

Scott Davis vs. Chas. M. Meeker. Decree by default.

In the matter of the application of Eliza J. Lewis to register title. Order of review.

Alfred Smith vs. City of Medford. Order for judgment.

Hugh Elbers vs. C. C. Beekman et al. Application to register title, default.

In the matter of the application of Elmira May to register title. Default and decree.

William Brunswig vs. Mt. Pitt Hydraulic & Quartz Mining Co. Transcript of judgment docket filed.

### NEW CASES

Mamie E. Heggins vs. Charles B. Hoggins. Suit for divorce. Complaint filed, summons.

Ella Fenton et al vs. C. B. Dyar et al. Suit to quiet title. Complaint filed.

Isabel Fansher vs. Lloyd W. Fansher. Suit for divorce. Complaint filed.

State of Oregon vs. Milton Carter. Criminal complaint. Transcript from

Justice's Docket, Jacksonville precinct.

Trail Lumber Co. vs. J. E. Culver. Action to recover money. Complaint filed.

W. M. Smith vs. A. Weatherby et al. Action to recover money. Complaint filed.

D. J. S. Pearce et al. vs. W. A. Ramsay. Suit to foreclose contract. Complaint filed.

G. G. Shirley vs. All whom it may concern. Application to register title.

Articles of incorporation of the Rogue Magazine filed, Lynn Purdin, Arthur Brown, and F. B. Waite, incorporators.

Ralph B. Aitken vs. George Carter. Laborer's lien filed.

Articles of incorporation of Medford Golf Club, filed.

Joseph Bristow vs. George Carter. Laborer's lien filed.

Medford Sash & Door Co. vs. Myron W. Tuttle and George Tuttle. Material man's lien filed.

Articles of incorporation of the First State Bank of Woodville, filed.

### MARRIED

WATSON-DOYLE—At the Baptist parsonage in Medford, Oregon, Friday November 4, 1910, by A. A. Holmes; Wm. M. Watson and O. C. Doyle.

McCAIN-SMITH—At the Presbyterian church, Medford, Oregon, Sunday, November 6, 1910, by Rev. W. F. Shields; John Edwin McCain and Bertha B. Smith.

WENDT-WALTER—At the residence of Henry Wendt, in Jacksonville, Oregon, Sunday November 6, 1910, by Rev. Chas. H. Johnston; Edward Wendt and Augusta Walter.

### Sick headache.

This distressing disease results from a disordered condition of the stomach, and can be cured by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Free samples at all dealers. Try it.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Is Proper Place to Celebrate Opening of Panama Canal

Some very clear and forceful reasons why San Francisco should be preferred to New Orleans as the proper place to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal in 1915 are given by Elbert Hubbard (Fra Elbertus) in the Denver Post of Sept. 24th. Among the points made by Mr. Hubbard are the following:

"The year 1915 is the centennial of Napoleon Bonaparte. Napoleon was a Dictator—a beneficent tyrant. And, by the way, all tyrants have ever regarded themselves as beneficent.

"The year 1915 is to mark the Rule of the People.

"It is to commemorate the completion of the [greatest engineering feat

ever attempted—a work of the People, by the People for the People.

"The building of the Chinese Wall is the only engineering feat in history that actually rivals it. The French are supposed to lead the world as civil engineers. They made their plans for a Panama Canal; they spent untold treasure and twenty years' time and then abandoned the attempt as impossible.

"The Panama Canal will be the actual realization of the short passage to India, sought by sailors and navigators for centuries.

To commemorate this mighty achievement is worthy of our highest, noblest and most dignified efforts.

"No Mardi Gras Carnival, with its dancing clowns, prancing nymphs and showers of confetti will suffice.

"Archimedes, who invented and holds a patent on the lever said: 'Give me a place upon which to stand, and I'll move the world.'

"San Francisco has a lever and she has a place upon which to stand. She has moved the world to admiration for her recovery from calamity, and she will now, with the help of the world, give the world the greatest object lesson in science, economics, art and industrial betterment that it has ever seen.

"She has money, the location, the climate, the water, the sunshine, the men and women—the willing brain and the strong and helpful hands.

"San Francisco now asks Congress for official permission to invite the world to come to her House Party in 1915.

"San Francisco does not ask Uncle Sam for either an appropriation or a loan.

"All she asks for is his smile and nod of recognition.

"San Francisco has now pledged and at her command Seventeen Million Dollars to finance the Panama World's Exposition.

"This is a larger sum than any World's Fair has ever had, and the Centennial Exposition had only about one-fourth as much.

"In mineral wealth Louisiana has nothing. Her one and only great engineering feat is a sewer above grade. In live stock—horses, cattle, sheep and swine—Louisiana has nothing to offer. People coming from Europe and South America, with an idea of emigrating here, would go to New Orleans and depart with a poor impression of what the United States has to offer. People who do not know Colorado do not know America.

"I want the East to be siphoned through Denver as a matter of education.

"New Orleans has her shipping trade, her wholesale interests and farm products, but beyond these industries there is little to interest the economist, and even those are as nothing to people who know New York, Chicago or Boston.

"She has fruits and flowers, but not in such quantities nor variety as California has.

"Of mineral wealth New Orleans knows nothing, while San Francisco is the financial metropolis for the biggest mining and mineral interests in the world. Gold, silver, copper, lead and the semi-precious stones are on every hand, and their actual production is an object lesson which once seen is never forgotten.

### For Colic

or any bowel trouble Dr. Bell's Anti-Pain acts like magic, relieves almost instantly. Also good for all external pains. Sold by City Drug Store.

A New and Complete Line of Graniteware

Just received at T. L. DeVore's

A fine line of Furniture, Household Goods, Stoves, Ranges, Harness, Whips, Graphophones and Records always on hand.

See the Art Stove

Examine this stove and be convinced of its superiority over any cook stove on the market.

T. L. DeVore 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.

*The*  
**Goose Girl**  
By HAROLD MACGRATH  
Copyright, 1909, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

(CONTINUED.)

Carmichael and Grumbach crossed the Platz leisurely.

"How did you come by that Bavarian passport?" asked Carmichael abruptly.

"It is a forgery, my friend, but his excellency will never find that out."

"You have me all at sea. Why did he bring in the head gardener and leave him standing there all that while?"

"He had a sound purpose, but it fell. The head gardener did not recognize me."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes. He is my elder brother."

The ambassador from Jugendheim, Baron von Steinbock, was not popular in Dreiberg, at least not among the people who still held to the grand duke's idea that the kingdom had been behind the abduction of the Princess Hildegarde. Never a hot headed Dreiberger passed his house without a desire to loot it, to scale the piked fence and batter in the doors and windows.

The king of Jugendheim was to marry her serene highness. The menials in and about the embassy felt the new importance of their positions. So then imagine the indignation of the majordomo when, summoned at dusk one evening to the carriage gates three or four days after the portentous news had issued from the palace, he found only a ragged and grimy carter who demanded peremptorily to be admitted and taken to his excellency at once.

"Go away!" The majordomo spun on his heels contemptuously.

"I will skin you alive," vowed the carter, striking the iron with the butt of his whip, "if you do not open these gates immediately. Open!"

"If you do not stop hammering on those bars I shall send for the police."

The carter thrust a hand through the grill. There was a ring on one of his fingers.

"Imbecile, set your eye on that and admit me without more ado!"

The majordomo was thunderstruck. He threw back the bolts, and the carter pushed his way in. That ring on the carter's finger!

"Take me to the baron."

Vastly subdued, the majordomo preceded the carter into the office of the embassy and went in search of the baron, who was in his study.

"Your excellency, there is a man in the office who desires to see you quickly. A carter!"

The ambassador jumped to his feet.

"One moment, your excellency. He wore a ring on his finger, and I could not refuse him."

The majordomo whispered two words. The ambassador rushed from the study. It was dark in the embassy office. Quickly the ambassador lighted some candles. Gas would be too bright for such a meeting.

"Well, your excellency?" said a voice from the leather lounge.

"Who are you?"

"Who are you?" For this was not the voice the baron expected to hear.

"My name at present does not matter. The news I bring is far more important. His majesty emphatically declines any alliance with the house of Ehrenstein."

"Damnation!" swore the ambassador.

"The exact word used by the prince. Now then, what's to be done?"

"This means war."

"War! It looks as if you and I, baron, shall not accompany the king of Prussia into Alsace-Lorraine."

"This is horrible!"

"But what possessed the prince to blunder like this?"

"The prince really is not to blame. Our king, baron, is a young colt. A few months ago he gave his royal uncle carte blanche to seek a wife for him. Politics demanded an alliance between Jugendheim and Ehrenstein. There have been too many years of useless antagonism. On the head of this bolt from heaven comes the declaration of his majesty that he will marry any other princess on the continent."

"They will pull this place down."

"Let them. We have 10,000 more troops than Ehrenstein."

"You young men are a pack of fools!"

"Softly, baron."

"Where is the king?"

The carter smiled. "He is hunting, they say, with the crown prince of Bavaria."

"But you, why have you come dressed like this?"

"That is a little secret."

"But what's to be done?"

"Tell lies. They will suspend the catastrophe till we are ready to meet it. The marriage is not to take place till spring. That will give us plenty of time. After the coronation his majesty may be brought to reason. This marriage must not fall through now. The grand duke will not care to be

come the laughingstock of Europe. The prince's advice is for you to go about your affairs as usual. Only one man must be taken into your confidence, and that man is Herbeck. If any one can straighten out his end of the tangle it is he."

"Where is the prince?"

"Wherever he is he is working for the best interests of the state."

"There is the Bavarian princess," remarked the ambassador musingly.

"Ha! A good thought! But the king is romantic. She is older than he and ugly."

"You are not telling me everything," intuitively.

"I know it. I am telling you all that is at present necessary."

"You make me the unhappiest man in the kingdom! I have worked so hard and long toward this end. When did the king decline this alliance?"

"Evidently the moment he heard it. I have his letter. Listen:

"My illustrious and industrious Uncle-I regret exceedingly that at this late day I should cause you political embarrassment, but when I gave my consent to the espousal of any of the various princesses at liberty surely it was understood that Ehrenstein was not to be considered. I refuse to marry the daughter of the man who privately strove to cover my father with contumely, who dared impute to him a crime that was any man's but my father's. I realize that certain policies called for this stroke on your part, but it cannot be. My dear uncle, you have dug a fine pit, and I hope you will find a safe way out of it. I refuse to marry the Princess Hildegarde. This is final. It can be arranged without any discredit to the duke or to yourself. Let it be said that her serene highness has thrown me over. I shan't go to war about it."

"FREDERICK.

"Observe 'My illustrious and industrious uncle,'" laughed the carter without mirth. "Our king, you will see, has a graceful style." He gained his feet. He was young, pleasant of face, but a thorough soldier.

"You are Lieutenant von Radenstein!" cried the ambassador. "I recognize you now."

"Thanks, your excellency."

"You are in the royal household, the regent's invisible arm. I have heard a good deal about you. I knew your father well."

"Again, thanks. Now, the regent has heard certain rumors regarding an American named Carmichael, a consul. He is often seen with her highness. Rather an extraordinary privilege."

"Rest your mind there, lieutenant. This Carmichael is harmless. He can be eliminated at any time."

"This is reassuring. You will see the chancellor tonight and show him this finger."

"I will."

"One word more, and then I'm off. If a butcher or a baker or even a mountaineer pulls the bell cord and shows this ring admit him without fail. He will have vital news."

For half an hour the ambassador remained staring at the candlesticks. He wanted no dinner. He rang for his hat and coat, and twenty minutes later he was in the chancellor's cabinet.

"You seem out of health, baron," was the chancellor's greeting.

"I am indeed that, count. I received a letter today from the prince regent. It was sent to him by his majesty, who is hunting in Bavaria. Read it, count, but I pray to you to do nothing hastily."

The chancellor did not open the letter; he merely balanced it. His accustomed pallor assumed a grayish tinge.

"So his majesty declines?" he said evenly.

"You have already heard?" cried the amazed ambassador.

"Nothing. I surmise. The hour, your appearance, the letter—to what else could they point? I was afraid all along. Ah, if his majesty could but see her! Is she not worthy of a crown?"

"Herbeck, nothing would please me better than to see this marriage consummated."

"I believe you. We two peoples should be friendly. It has taken me months to bring this matter round. The duke rebelled; her highness scorned the hand of Frederick. Still, if you saw all the evidence in the case you would not blame the duke for his attitude."

"But those documents are rank forgeries!"

"So they may be, but that has not been proved. What remedy do you suggest?" asked the chancellor.

"I suggest that the duke must not know."

"Agreed. Go on."

"You will put the matter before her highness."

"That will be difficult."

"Let her repudiate the negotiations. Let her say that she has changed her mind. His majesty is quite willing that the humiliation be his."

"That is generous. But suppose she has set her heart on the crown of Jugendheim. What then?"

"In that event the affair is no longer in our hands, but in God's."

"Is there no way of changing the king's mind?"

"Read the letter, count," said the ambassador.

Herbeck read the letter. It was the work of a rather irresponsible boy.

"May I take this to her highness?" asked the chancellor. "I promise its contents will not go beyond her eye."

"I will take the risk."

Herbeck consulted his watch. It was half after 8. Her highness did not dine till 8.

"I shall go to her highness immediately, baron. I shall return the letter by messenger, and he will tell you the result of the interview."

"God be with you," said the ambassador, preparing to take his leave, "for all women are contrary."

After the baron was gone the chancellor paced the room with halting step. Then toward the wraith of his ambition he waved a hand as if to ex-

plain how futile are the schemes of men. He proceeded to the apartments of her highness. Would she stoop aside this crown or would she fight for it? He found her alone.

He saluted her hand respectfully. "I have here a letter. I have given my word that its contents shall not be repeated to the duke, your father. If I let you read it will you agree to that?"

"And who has written this letter?"

"His majesty the king of Jugendheim," slowly.

"A letter from the king!" she cried, curious. "Should it not be brought to me on a golden salver?"

"It is probable that I am bringing it to you at the end-of-a-bayonet," solemnly. "If the duke learns it contents the inevitable result will be war."

A silence fell upon them.

"He declines the honor of my hand—that not it?" she finally said.

The chancellor assented.

"Ah!" with a note of pride in her voice and a flash in her eyes. "And I?"

"You will tell the duke that you have changed your mind," gravely.

"And if I refuse to change my mind?"

"I am resigned to any and all events."

"War!" Her face was serious. "And what has the king to suggest?"

"He proposes to accept the humiliation of being rejected by you."

"Why, this is a gallant king! Puff! There goes a crown of thistlesdown." Then she laughed. There was nothing but youth in the laughter—youth and gladness. "Listen to me. I declare to you that I am happier at this moment than I have been in days. To marry a man I have never seen, whose looks, character and habits are unknown—why, I have lived in a kind of horror. I am free!" And she uttered the words as with the breath of spring.

The chancellor's shoulders drooped a trifle more, and his hand closed down over the letter.

"There will be no war," resumed her highness. "I know my father. Our wills may clash, but in this instance mine shall be the stronger."

"But this is not the end."

"You mean that there will be other kings?"

"Yes, there will be other kings. I am sorry. What young girl has not her dream of romance? But princesses must not have romances. Yours, my child, must be a political marriage. It is a harsh decree."

"My highness will or will not marry, as she pleases. Am I a chattel that I am to be offered across this frontier or that?"

The chancellor moved uneasily.

"You will, then, tell the duke that you have changed your mind, that you have reconsidered?" he persisted.