

# 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, JANUARY 7, 1911

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

The muddle in regard to the contract for the construction of the water system was straightened out Tuesday evening, the board accepting a bond in the sum of \$9,000, instead of \$12,600 as specified in the advertisement. It seems that the surety companies declined to guarantee the performance of a contract in excess of the actual amount of bonds voted by the city, but were willing to issue bond covering contract of \$30,000. To meet these conditions the council has decided to cut out the distributing system for the present and allow Mr. Mears to proceed upon the balance of the contract, and will in the meantime make provision for raising funds sufficient for the construction of distributing system. This will necessitate another letting of part of the work but it seemed to be the only way out of the difficulty.

The New Year has opened up with a better outlook for the future of Jacksonville than at any previous time in her history; a system of waterworks in actual construction, brick and tile works in operation, the Opp mine running day and night, new buildings being erected and more in prospect, cement walks being laid in different parts of the city, a new telephone system put in operation, improvements planned at the court house, etc. It only needs a little determined effort on the part of the citizens to make this one of the most popular residence cities in the state. Are you going to help? If so, get busy.

The waterworks matter has been adjusted satisfactorily and it is now up to the citizens of this city to get busy and boost along "the best town in Oregon."

## Millions of Bottles

of Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey used annually is good evidence that it is a good remedy for LaGrippe, coughs, colds, and all throat and bronchial troubles. Look for the Bell on the Bottle. Sold everywhere.

## THE COURT HOUSE

Items of Interest to Jackson County

### Tax Payers

### MARRIAGE LICENSES

Mark S. Hamaker and Bessie Moore. J. R. Fleming and Emily R. Glover. Guy Jeter and Gertrude Owings. William O'Hara and Julia Kinkle. Clarence Melvin Reeve and Nellie Smith.

James W. Chiles and Ethel S. Mooter. Carl Richardson and May Ditsworth.

### CIRCUIT COURT

### NEW CASES

C. W. Mathews vs. J. E. Shearer. Action to recover money. Complaint filed, summons issued. W. Wawter and F. J. Newman, attorneys for plaintiff.

Farmers and Fruitgrowers Bank, a corporation, vs. H. R. Allen. Action to recover money. Complaint filed. Gus Newbury, attorney for plaintiff. C. W. Lake vs. Rogue River Irrigated Orchards et al. Suit for injunction. Complaint filed. Restraining order issued. Gus Newbury, attorney for plaintiff.

A. S. Bliton vs. W. W. Eifert. Action to recover money. Carlin & Taylor, attorneys for plaintiff.

### PROBATE COURT

Estate of James Berry Rodgers, deceased. Order for publication of administrator's final notice.

In the matter of the guardianship of the person and estate of Anna Stephens, an insane person. Order directing guardian to pay certain claims.

Estate of Sylvester Scudder, deceased. Order approving administrator's final account and discharging administrator and bondsmen.

### MARRIED

HAMAKER-MOORE - At Ashland, Oregon, Wednesday, Dec. 28, 1910, by Rev. H. J. Van Fossen; Mark S. Hamaker and Bessie Moore.

FLEMING-GLOVER - At the court house in Jacksonville, Oregon, Saturday, Dec. 31, 1910, by Judge J. R. Neil; J. R. Fleming and Emily R. Glover.

O'HARA-KINKLE - At the court house in Jacksonville, Oregon, Saturday, Dec. 31, 1910, by Judge J. R. Neil; William O'Hara and Julia Kinkle.

CHILES-MOOTER - At the court house in Jacksonville, Oregon, Wednesday, January 4, 1911, by Judge J. R. Neil; James W. Chiles and Ethel S. Mooter.

## The Goose Girl

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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[CONTINUED.]

"Tekla!" Grumbach murmured. He was not conscious that he had paused, but the woman was. She eyed him with the mild indifference of the bovine. Then she dropped her glance, and the shining needles clicked afresh. Grumbach forced his step onward. And for this! He laughed discordantly. The woman looked up again wonderingly. Now, why should this stranger laugh all by himself like that? Hans saw the sign of the Black Eagle and directed his steps thitherward. He sat down and ordered a beer, but did not touch the glass. And what right, he pondered, had conscience to drag him back to Ehrenstein, where he had known the bitterest and happiest moments of his life? And yet, all as he might at this invisible restraint called conscience, he saw God's direction in this return. Only he, Hans Grumbach, knew and one other. And that other, who?

Fat-Tekla was fat, and he had treasured the fair picture of her youth long years. Well, there was an end to that. Little fat Tekla, to have nearly overturned a duchy! And then Hans became aware of voices close at hand. "Yes, frau, he is at work in the grand duke's vineyards. And think, the first day he picked nine baskets."

"That is good, but I know many a one who can pick their twelve. And you are to be married when the vintage is done? You will make a fine wife, Gretchen."

"And he a fine husband." "And you will bring him a dowry too. But his own people—what does he say of them?"

"He has no parents, only an uncle, who doesn't count. We shall live with grandmother and pay her rent."

"And you are wearing a new dress," admiringly. Gretchen preened herself. Hans dropped the lid of his stein and pushed it away. His heart always warmed at the sight of this goose girl. He counted down the small change for the beer, slid back in his chair and sauntered to the bar.

"Good day to you, herr," was her greeting. "When is the wedding? I should like to come to it."

"You will be welcome, herr." "And may I bring along a little present?"

"If it so please you. I must be going," she added to Frau Bauer. Grumbach walked with her to the Krumerweg, and he asked her many questions, and some of her answers surprised him.

"Never knew father or mother?" "No, herr. I am only a foundling who fell into kind hands. This is where I live."

"And if I should ask to come in?" "But I shall be too busy to talk. This is bread day," evasively. "I promise to sit very quiet in a chair."

Her laughter rippled. She was always close to that expression. "You are a funny man. Come in, then; hat, mind, you will be dusty with flour when you leave."

Into the kitchen she led him. She was moved with curiosity. Why should any man wish to see a woman knead bread?

"Sit there, herr." And she pointed to a stool at the left of the table. Gretchen deliberately rolled up her sleeves and began work.

Upon Gretchen's left arm, otherwise perfection, there was a white scar, rough and uneven, more like an ancient burn than anything else. Grumbach's eyes rested upon the scar and became fixed.

"Where did you get that?" he asked. He spoke with a strange calm. "The scar? I do not remember. Grandmother says that when I was little I must have been burned."

"Gott!" "What did you say, herr?" "Nothing. You can't remember? Think!" tensely now.

"What's all this nonsense about?" she cried, with a nervous laugh. "It's only a scar." She patted the dough into four squares. These she placed on the oven stove.

"There! It's a fine mystery, isn't it?" "Yes." But Grumbach was shaking as with ague. "What is the matter, herr?" with concern.

"I grow dizzy like this sometimes. It doesn't amount to anything." Gretchen turned down her sleeves. "You must go now, for I have other work."

"And so have I, Gretchen." He gained the street, but how he never knew. A great calm suddenly winged down upon him, and the world became clear—clear as his purpose, his courage, his duty. They might shoot or hang him as they saw fit. This would not deter him.

The gypsy, standing in the center of the walk, did not see Grumbach, for he was looking toward the palaces. Grumbach, even more oblivious, crashed into him. Grumbach stammered an apology, and the other replied in his peculiar dialect. The jar, however, had roused Hans out of his tragic musings. There was a glint of yellow in the gypsy's eye, a flaw in the iris. Hans gave a cry.

"You? I find you at this moment of all others?" The gypsy retreated. "I do not know you. It is a mistake."

"But I know you," whispered Hans. "And you will know me when I tell you that I am the gardener's boy you ruined some sixteen years ago."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### DISCLOSURES.

CARMICHAEL sat in the office of the consulate. His letter of resignation was on its way, but it would be in November before he heard definitely from the department. By that time the great snows would have blanketed the earth and the nadir of his discontent would be reached. But what to do till that time? He could ride for some weeks, but riding without companionship was rather a lonesome affair. His own defiance of the chancellor had erected a barrier between her highness and himself. They would watch him now, evade him, put small obstacles in his path, obstacles against which he could enter no reasonable complaint. A withered leaf, a glove and a fan—these represented the sum of his romance.

Two figures moved in the garden beneath. When the two heads came together swiftly and then separated, both smiling, he realized that he had witnessed a kiss. Ah, here was the opportunity, and, by the Lord Harry, he would not let it slip. If this fellow meant wrongly toward Gretchen—and how could he mean else?—he, Carmichael, would take the matter boldly into his hands to do some caning. He laughed. Here would be another souvenir, to have caned—

He jumped to his feet, dropped his pipe on the sill of the window and made for his hat and sword cane. The clerk went on with his writing.

To gain the garden Carmichael would have to pass through the tavern. The first person he encountered was Colonel von Wallenstein. Wallenstein spoke to Frau Bauer, who answered him with cold civility. Wallenstein twirled his mustache, laughed and went into the garden. Neither Gretchen nor the vintner saw Wallenstein. He watched them with an evil smile. After some deliberation he walked lightly toward the lovers.

"A pretty picture!" he said. "Leave us, Gretchen," said the vintner, with a deceiving gentleness.

Gretchen started reluctantly down the path. As she stepped off the path to go round the colonel he grasped her rudely and kissed her on the cheek. She screamed, and this scream brought Carmichael upon the scene. He saw the vintner run forward and dash his fist into the soldier's face. Wallenstein fell back hurt and blinded. The vintner, active as a cat, saw Carmichael coming on a run. He darted toward him and before Carmichael could prevent him dragged the sword cane away. The blade, thin and pliant, flashed and none too soon. The colonel had already drawn his sabre.

"Save him!" Gretchen wrung her hands. The two blades met spitefully. Half a dozen thrusts and parries convinced the colonel that the raging youth knew what he was doing. Down swooped the sabre cuttingly. The blade of the sword cane snapped like a pipestem. The latter came on, and there was death's intent.

Meantime Carmichael had found a short hop pole. He hit the sabre with good will. Back came the steel. The colonel did not care whom or what he struck at now. When Carmichael returned the compliment he swung his hop pole as the old crusaders did their broadswords. The sabre dropped uninjured, but the colonel's arm dangled at his side. He was in agony. Carmichael's anger abated none.

"You're a fine example of a soldier! Are you mad to attack a man this way? They will break you for this, or my name's not Carmichael."

"I shall kill you for this!" "Bah! I have fought more times than you have years to your counting," with good, Yankee spirit. "But if you think I'll waste my time in fighting a duel with you, you're up the wrong tree."

"Go to the devil!" "Not just at present. There's too much for me to do."

Gretchen and the vintner had vanished. Carmichael agreed that it was the best thing for them to do. The vintner was no coward, but he was discreet. Somebody might ask questions. So Carmichael returned to the consulate, equally indifferent what the colonel did or where he went. Of the vintner he thought, "The hot headed young fool, to risk his life like that!" He would see later what he meant in regard to Gretchen. Poor little goose girl!

"Are you hurt, excellency?" asked the clerk solicitously. "Yes. I heard a woman scream and ran to the window. It was a good fight. But that fellow—ah! To run away and leave you, an outsider, to fight his battle!"

"He would have been sliced in two if I hadn't come to the front. A hop pole isn't half bad. I'll bet that lady's man has a bad arm for some time to come. As for the vintner, he had good reasons for taking to his heels."

"Good reasons?" But there was a sly look in the clerk's eyes. "No questions, if you please."

"Very well, excellency." And quietly the clerk returned to his table of figures. But later he intended to write a letter, unsigned, to his serene highness.

Carmichael, scowling, undertook to answer his mail, but not with any remarkable brilliancy or coherency.

And in this condition of mind Grumbach found him—Grumbach, accompanied by the old clock mender from across the way and a gypsy Carmichael had never seen before.

"Tell your clerk to leave us," said Grumbach. "Something serious, eh?" Carmichael dismissed the clerk, telling him to return after the noon hour.

"I have already spoken to you about it," Grumbach returned. "But I am here to ask a favor, a great favor, one that will need all your diplomacy to gain for me."

"Ah!" "For myself I ask nothing. A horrible blunder has been made. You will go to the grand duke and ask immunity for this gypsy and this clock mender as witnesses to the disclosure which I shall make to his highness. Without this immunity my lips will be sealed forever. As I said, I ask nothing for myself, nothing. There has been a



"SURELY YOUR MAJESTY WILL NOT SHOOT AN OLD FRIEND?"

great blunder and a great wrong, too, but God sent me here to right it. Will you do this?"

"But why don't you want immunity for yourself?"

"There must be some one for the duke to punish," heretically; "otherwise he will refuse."

"Still, suppose I bargain for you too?"

"When you tell him my name is Breunner there will be no bargaining."

"What has this clock mender to do with the case?"

"He is Count von Arnsberg."

"By George! And this gypsy?"

"The man who bribed me. Arnsberg is an innocent man, but this has to be proved."

"I will do what I can, Hans, and I will let you know the result after dinner tonight."

"That will be enough. But unless he concedes do not tell him our names."

"You have me a bit dazed," Carmichael admitted. "I ought to know what this blunder is to have something to stand on."

Grumbach shook his head. "Later every question will be answered, and remember at this interview Herbeck must not be present."

"Very well. I promise to see his highness this afternoon."

The three of them solemnly trooped out, leaving Carmichael bewildered. And while he was racking his mind he heard steps on the stairs. The door above shut noisily.

"By George, I'll attend to that this minute. We'll see what stuff this yellow haired boy is made of."

He mounted the stairs without sound. He grasped the handle of the door, boldly pushed it open and entered, closing the door and placing his back against it.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE KING.

THE vintner slowly lowered the pistol till it touched the table. Then he released it.

"That is better, your majesty."

"Why do you call me that?" "Your face was familiar, but I failed at first to place it rightly. It was only after you had duped me into going after the velvet lady that I had any real suspicion. You are Frederick Leopold of Jugendheit."

"I shall not deny it further," proudly. "And take care how you speak to me, since I admit my identity."

"This is Ehrenstein. Here I shall talk to you as I please."

The king reddened, and his hand closed again over the pistol. "I have saved your majesty twice from death. You force me to recall it to your mind."

The king had the grace to lower his eyes. "The first time was at Bonn. Don't you recollect the day when an American took you out of the Rhine, an American who did not trouble himself to come around and ask for your thanks, who, in truth, did not learn till days after what an important person you were or were going to be?"

"For that moment, herr, I thank you."

"And for that in the garden below?" "For that also. Now, why are you here?"

Carmichael went over to the table. He bent over it and with his face close to that of the king, "I demand to know what your intentions are toward that friendless goose girl."

"And what is that to you?" said the king angrily. "It is this much: If you have acted toward her otherwise than honorably, well—"

"Go on. You interest me."

"Well, I promise to break every bone in your kingly body. In this room it is man to man. I recognize no king, only the physical being."

The king pushed aside the table, furious. "You shall die for this insult!" said the king as quietly as his hard breathing would allow.

"I have heard that before. But how?" banteringly. "I will waive my crown—man to man!"

"Sword sticks, sabers or hop poles? Come," savagely, "what do you mean by the goose girl?"

So intent on the struggle were they that neither heard the door open and close.

"Yes, my dear nephew, what do you mean by Gretchen?"

Carmichael released the king and with feline quickness stooped and secured the pistol which had fallen to the floor. Not sure of the new arrival's purpose, he backed to the wall. He knew the voice, and he recognized its owner.

"Put it in your pocket, Mr. Carmichael, and let us finish this discussion in English since there are many ears about the place."

"His royal highness?" murmured the king. "Yes, sire! True to life!"

"A fine comedy," cried Herr Ludwig joyfully, folding his arms over his deep chest, "a rollicking adventure! Well, nephew, you have not as yet answered either Mr. Carmichael's question or my own. What do you mean by Gretchen?"

"I love her," nobly. "And well for you, my uncle, that you come as you do. I would have married her. Wrong her? What was a crown to me, who till now have never worn one save in speech? You have been the king."

"Bodies must have heads; kingdoms must have kings. I have made an experiment, and this is the result. I wanted you to grow up unfettered by power; I wanted you to mingle with peoples, here and there, so when you became their head physician you could minister to their political diseases. And all this fine ambition tumbles down before the wooden shoes of a pretty goose girl."

"Now, Mr. Carmichael, what is your interest in Gretchen?" asked the king tartly.

Carmichael trembled with joy. Here was an opening for a double shot. "My interest in her is better than yours, for I have not asked her to become a king's mistress."

His royal highness bit his lip. "Uncle!" cried the king, horrified at this revelation.

"Mr. Carmichael evidently has applied his ear to some keyhole," Herr Ludwig replied, recollecting well the day when he suggested to the beautiful young girl how easily and quickly she could secure the riches, the pretty things and the advantages she desired. It occurred in the tap room of the tavern the day he had the mysterious interview with the aged clockmaker. Yes, well did Herr Ludwig remember how he had told Gretchen that she could win the gowns, the carriages and the jewels her girl's heart craved solely through her beauty, "by the supreme right of her beauty alone."

"No, no, not through the keyhole!" retorted Carmichael. "The window was open. My clerk heard you plainly."

"Uncle, is this damnable thing true?" "Yes. What would you? You were determined to make a fool of yourself. But rest easy. She is ignorant where this offer came from, and, moreover, she spurned it, as Mr. Carmichael's clerk will affirm. Oh, Gretchen is a fine little woman, and I would to God she was of your station!"

And the mask fell from the regent's face, leaving it bitter and careworn. "Our presence is known in Dreiberg; it has been known for three days at least. And in coming up here I had another errand. Oh, I haven't forgotten it. In the street there are at least ten soldiers under the subchief of the police. Rather a curious conjunction."

The king turned white. Carmichael ran to the rear window. He shrugged. "There's half a dozen in the garden too."

"Is there any way to the roofs?" "None that would serve you."

"Mr. Carmichael," said the king, offering his hand, his handsome face kindly and without rancor, "I should be an ungrateful wretch if I did not ask your full pardon. I am indebted to you twice for my life, little as it amounts to. And in my kingdom you will always be welcome. Will you accept my hand as one man to another?"

"With happiness, your majesty. And I ask that you pardon my own hasty words."

"Thank you." "He is only young," sighed Ludwig. The king emptied the drawer, put the contents in his pack, tied the strings and put it under his arm. "What are you going to do?" asked the uncle, vaguely perturbed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JETER-OWINGS—Sunday, January 1, 1911, by Rev. Joel Milton; Guy Jeter and Gertrude Owings.

### DIED

TWOGOOD—At Boise, Idaho, Monday Jan. 2, 1911, Mrs. James H. Twogood, aged 74 years.

He Never Got His Money back. Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve cured his eyes and he did not want it. Painless and harmless. 25c. at all dealers.

## Oregon

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