



### Case 36 H.P., 10-Ton Road Roller

The name of the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company, Inc., Racine, Wis., is known in every household in the Great West and Middle West, where the products of this company have been distributed for many years. There are thousands of Case products in use through the country, and there are thousands of other buyers who would demand them were they only aware of the high standards of efficiency and general durability that they represent.

The Case 36 H.P., 10-ton Road Roller is a very desirable piece of machinery for road contractors and builders. It is an absolutely efficient machine, which has proven its ability as to quality and quantity of work to many owners. This road roller is sold \$2,200 f.o.b. Racine, Wisconsin, with simple cylinder, and for \$2,300 with compound cylinder. These are payment prices.

This company also sells the well known line of Troy Dump Wagons and Dump Boxes, also Road Scrapers, Road Drags, Road Routers, Stone Crushers, Rotary Stone Screens and Road Sprinkling Wagons. The attention of government contractors and other officials is called to these excellent products. Army engineer officers and other readers of this paper, who are connected with road construction in any branch, should write to the Road Machinery Department, J. I. Case Threshing Machinery Co., Local Agency Jacksonville, Oregon, for the Contractor's General Purpose Engine and Municipal Tractor catalog and mention this paper.

### Luy & Collins,

Local Agents, Jacksonville, Ore.

## :-: 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 21, 1911

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

The Good Roads cause deserves support and success. The announced intention of the Oregon Good Roads Association to promote an energetic campaign for the making of a good roads system in each county can have only practical benefits for the people of the counties. Good roads are always an investment. They are never a loss. The point is well taken that by issuing bonds to meet the cost of construction the improved highways themselves pay, in use, both principal and interest by means of increased property values and accelerated development of all kinds. The thought of giving work to men out of work, making them producers and wealth builders for the community instead of burdens, should not be forgotten. The utilization of convict labor in road making from city, county and state prisons will remove another burden. There is, in short, presented now for acceptance of the Oregon legislature a series of measures that together constitute an effective plan for providing Oregon with permanently built highways. These adopted, the way will be opened to a greater and broader development of this state than has ever before been possible. Public duty suggests the serving of the need in effective and unselfish ways.

The legislature now in session at Salem would do well to bear in mind the fact that a few good laws properly enforced are far preferable to a multiplicity of enactments which cannot or will not be enforced. The Oregon Code, like that of many other states, is crowded with acts many of which are conflicting or incapable of enforcement and could be stricken out without any loss to the people of the state.

#### THE COURT HOUSE

Items of Interest to Jackson County

##### Tax Payers

MARRIAGE LICENSES  
James A. Martin and Pearl Bass.  
Ellis Newlon and Nellie Estes.

##### CIRCUIT COURT

##### NEW CASES

Analgamated Film Exchange vs. N. E. Hemphill. Action to recover money. Complaint filed. Affidavit and undertaking for attachment. Geo. A. Peters and W. J. Moore, attorneys for plaintiff.

State of Oregon vs. R. Watson. Criminal complaint. Transcript from justice's docket, Woodville District.

Triplet & Son vs. W. M. McCormick et al. Action to recover money. Complaint filed. Affidavit and undertaking for attachment. Colvig & Williams for plaintiff.

Alice Trask vs. W. A. Jones. Action to recover money. Complaint filed. Neff & Mealey attorneys for plaintiff.

Hazel Colvig vs. Fred L. Colvig.

Suit for divorce. Complaint filed, summons issued. Wm. I. Vawter and Mahlon Purdin for plaintiff.

John Huntley et al. vs. Estate of Abel D. Helman et al. Suit to quiet title. Complaint filed. G. F. McAlister and J. A. Harvey, attorneys for plaintiffs.

Robert Boswell vs. Louvena Boswell. Suit for divorce. Complaint filed. Colvig & Reames, attorneys for plaintiff.

##### PROBATE COURT

In the matter of the estate of Sylveste Scudder deceased. Order discharging administrator and bondsmen.

Estate of George Brown, deceased. Order granting further time in which to file inventory.

In the matter of the estate of George W. Magerle, deceased. Order making an allowance for the support of widow and minor children.

Estate of Gustin Martin, deceased. Order setting time and place for final hearing.

Estate of Fred F. Downing, deceased.

Order appointing O. M. Murphy as administrator of said estate and fixing bond in the sum of \$13,400.

In the matter of the guardianship and estate of Francis Winnifred Quigley, a minor. Order appointing appraisers.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of the estate and guardianship of Frieda Fischer and Milton Fischer, minor heirs of Blanch Fischer, deceased. Order authorizing guardian to sell certain real property.

Estate of Clay Charley, deceased. Order appointing L. C. Charley, Geo. Brown, and George Nichols, appraisers of said estate.

In the matter of the guardianship of John Peninger, an insane person. Order dismissing the petition for removal of guardian.

In the matter of the estate of Merritt D. Wilson, deceased. Order appointing appraisers.

#### MARRIED

NEWLON-ESTES - At the M. E. church in Jacksonville, Oregon, Wednesday, Jan. 18, 1911, by Rev. Chas. H. Johnston; Ellis Newlon and Nellie Estes.

#### DIED

OSGOOD - At his home in Medford Oregon, Sunday evening, Jan. 8, 1911, Geo. E. Osgood, a native of the state of Maine, aged 64 years.

VON EWEGAN - At Medford, Ore., Sunday, Jan. 8, 1911, John Von Ewegan aged 62 years.

#### Eczema, Ringworm,

Tetter, chapped hands or lips, boils, sores and all skin diseases are quickly cured by the use of Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve. 25c a box at all dealers. A creamy snow white ointment.

#### FOR GOOD ROADS.

#### Five Measures Proposed by Good Roads Association.

Many issues of public importance are to be considered by the coming legislature, but none is more vitally related to the interests of the people of this County, or to the general development of the state than the matter of Good Roads. The necessity for good roads in Oregon is at last realized. The demand for them was voiced at the polls in the November election. The constitutional bar to good roads building which heretofore existed was forever lifted as a result of that election.

The Good Roads convention, composed of men from every part of Oregon who have studied the state's needs, meeting in Portland, decided that the five measures which were prepared for submission to the legislature will, if adopted, furnish a method for permanent highway construction.

Neither the need for permanent road, nor the demand for them should be forgotten by the legislature in their consideration of these five measures; by virtue of the fact that in the appointment of a State Highway Board and a Highway Commissioner the actor of personal contact with the situation is obtained. This bill should be considered first of all as most important, but the bills contemplating the use of Convict Labor on roads, the division of the burden of road building between the state and the counties, and the Bonding Act which makes it possible for each county to pledge its credit to get money for road building should not be forgotten. Let the legislature at least see to it that their opportunity to provide Oregon with the development influence of permanently constructed highways is neither wasted nor lost.

#### Millions of Bottles

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Office in Ryan Building, California St.

##### Upstairs

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Four full quarts KENTUCKY ROSE WHISKEY (Two stamped) \$4  
No other small order house has an equal to it.

Four full quarts of PERFECTION \$3

**BROWN MERCANTILE CO.**  
7th and Burnside Streets  
PORTLAND, OREGON

## The Goose Girl

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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[CONTINUED.]

"I do not recognize any of these persons," he said to Carmichael.

"Your highness does not recognize me, then?" asked the clock mender.

"Come closer," commanded the duke. The clock mender obeyed. "Take off those spectacles." The duke scanned the features, and over his own came the dawn of recollection. "Your eyes, your nose—Arnsberg, here and alive? Oh, this is too good to be true!" The duke reached out toward the bell, but Carmichael interposed.

"Your highness will remember," he warned.

"Ha! So you have trapped me blindly? I begin to understand. Who is this fellow Grumbach? Did I offer immunity to him?"

"I am Hans Breunner, highness, and I ask for nothing."

"Breunner! Breunner! Hans Breunner, brother of Hermann! And you put yourself into my hands?" The tone developed into a suppressed roar. The duke took hold of Hans by the shoulders and drew him close. "You dog! So you ask for nothing? It shall be given to you. Tomorrow morning I shall have you shot! Hans Breunner! God is good to me this night! Thanks, Herr Carmichael, a thousand thanks! And I need not ask who that damnable scoundrel is who has the black face and heart of a gypsy."

"Your highness," said Von Arnsberg quietly, "all I have left in the world are these two withered hands, and may God cut them off if they ever wronged you in any act. I am innocent. Those letters purported to have been written by me were forgeries. Tonight I shall leave this palace a free man, and you shall ask pardon for the wrong you have done me."

There was no fear in the voice. The duke glared at the speaker somberly, recalling what Herbeck had often said.

"What you say still remains to be proved. Now, what is at the bottom of all this?" was the demand.

Hans crossed the room to the duke's desk and spread out his treasures under the flickering candlelight. The duke, with a cry of terror, sprang toward the secret drawer. His first thought was that the shoes and cloak, upon which only his eyes ever rested now, had been stolen. Nothing was missing. He was overwhelmed, but he steadied himself. He came back to the desk and fingered the locket. The duke opened the locket, looked long and steadfastly at the portrait and shut it. Then he went to the drawer again and returned with the counter-parts. He laid them side by side. The likeness was perfect in all details.

"Carmichael," he said, "will you please help me? Do I see these things or do I not? And if I do which is mine, and what does this signify?"

Grumbach answered: "This, highness. I took these from the little princess with my own hands. They have never been out of my keeping. Those you have I know nothing about."

The duke rubbed his eyes. "My daughter?"

"The Princess Hildegarde is not your daughter, highness," said Hans.

"Gott! The duke smote the desk in despair. "Herbeck! I must send for Herbeck!"

"Not yet, highness; later."

"But if not Hildegarde—I believe I must be growing mad!"

"Patience, your highness," said Carmichael.

"Patience!" wearily. "You say patience when my heart is dying inside my breast! Patience! Who, then, is this woman I have called my child?"

"God knows, highness," Hans stood bowed before this parental agony.

"But what proof have you that she is not? What proof, I say?"

"Would there be two lockets, highness?"

"More proof than this will be needed. Produce it."

"Speak," said Hans to the gypsy.

"Highness," said the gypsy, bowing, "he speaks truly. He came with us. For fear that the little highness might be recognized as we traveled, we changed her clothes. He took them, together with the locket. One day the soldiers appeared in the distance. We all fled. We lost the little highness, and none of us ever knew what became of her. She wore the costume of my own children."

"We shall produce that in time," said Von Arnsberg.

"Damnably wretch!" said the duke, addressing the gypsy.

The other shrugged. He had been promised immunity. That was all he cared about unless it was the bag of silver and gold this old clock mender had given him a few hours gone.

"I am summoning her highness," said the duke as he struck the bell.

"And, highness," added Grumbach, "dispatch some one for Gretchen, who lives at 40 the Krumerweg."

"The goose girl? What does she know? Ah, I remember. She is even now with her highness. I shall send for them both."

Gretchen? Carmichael's bewilderment increased. What place had the goose girl in this tragedy?

"Now, while we are waiting," resumed the duke, his agitation somewhat under control, "the proof, the definite proof."

"Her highness stumbled one night," said Hans, "and fell upon the fire. I snatched her back, but not before her left arm was badly burned."

The gypsy nodded. "I saw it, highness."

And that was why Grumbach went to the military hall with opera glasses; Carmichael was round eyed. But Gretchen?

"The Princess Hildegarde has no scar upon either arm," continued Grumbach. "I have seen them. They are without a single flaw."

"More than that," reiterated the duke. "That is not enough."

They became silent. Now and then one or the other stirred. The duke never took his eyes off the door through which her highness would enter.

Hildegarde came in presently, tender with mercy, an arm supporting Gretchen, who was red eyed and white.

"You sent for us, father?"

How the word pierced the duke's heart! "Yes, my child," he answered, for, it mattered not who she was, he had grown to love her.

"I am sorry you sent for Gretchen," said Hildegarde. "She is ill."

Gretchen sighed. To her the faces of the men were indistinct, and, besides, she was without interest, listless, drooped.

"My child, will you roll up your left sleeve?" said the duke.

"My sleeve?" Hildegarde thoughtfully looked around.

"I cannot roll up this sleeve, father," blushing and a trifle angry at so strange a request.

Hans opened his knife and laid bare her left arm. She tried to cover the arm.

"Let me look at it, Hildegarde," requested the duke. To him she presented her arm. But there was neither mole nor scar upon the round and lovely arm.

"Why do you do this, father?"

No one answered. Hans unceremoniously ripped open Gretchen's left sleeve. The ragged scar was visible to them all. And while they gazed around the astonished goose girl they heard her highness cry out with surprise.

"What is this?" she said, pointing to the two pairs of shoes and the two cloaks. She held up the locket, the twin of which hung around her neck.

"Where did these come from?"

"My child," the duke answered, unashamed of his tears, "only God knows as yet what it means. But the outward sign testifies to a strange and horrible blunder. The locket you hold in your hand was taken from you when you were an infant. The one you wear around your neck is, according to the statement of one of these men, not genuine."

"And the significance?" She grew tall, and the torn sleeve fell away from her arm.

"I know you to be brave. Strengthen your heart then. These men say that you are not my daughter."

"And that Gretchen is?" spoke Hans.

"I?" Gretchen drew closer to Hildegarde.

The duke studied the portrait of the mother and then the faces of these two girls. Both possessed a resemblance, only it seemed now that Gretchen was nearest to the portrait and Hildegarde nearest to the doubt.

"You say she wore the costume of a gypsy child when you lost her?" said the duke.

"Yes," Von Arnsberg took from under his coat a small bundle, which he opened with shaking fingers. He had been in the Krumerweg that afternoon.

"Why, those are mine!" exclaimed Gretchen excitedly.

"You see?" said Von Arnsberg. "Would you not like to be a princess, Gretchen?"

A princess! Gretchen's heart fluttered. A princess! She laid her head on Hildegarde's shoulder. She was weak, and this was some dream.

"But who, then, am I?" asked Hildegarde.

"Tell what you know," said Hans to the gypsy. "Highness, he alone knows the man who brought about all this."

"The archplotter of this damnable conspiracy?" The duke's eyes became alive, his face, his whole body. Every beat of his heart cried out for vengeance. "Who is he? Tell me! Give him to me, man, and all of you shall go free. Give him into these hands. His name?" The duke's hands worked convulsively as if they were already round the throat of this unseen, implacable enemy. He was terrible in this moment.

The gypsy produced a letter. It had to be held carefully, as it was old and tattered. The duke read it. Beyond that it made the original offer it was worthless. The handwriting was palpably disguised. The duke flung the missive to the floor.

"Fool! Is that all you have? Tell me what you know, man, or I shall have you shot in the morning, immunity or no immunity! Quick!"

"Highness," said the gypsy, thoroughly alarmed, "this is how it happened. My band was staying at the time in Dreilberg. We told fortunes and exhibited an Italian puppet show. The letter came first. I was poor and sometimes desperate. I was to take her away and leave her with strange people."

"Ah!" interrupted the duke, with a despairing gesture toward Grumbach.

"Why did you not leave us all in peace?"

"Highness, a great wrong has been done, and God brought me here to right it."

"You are a brave man," darkly.

"I am in your hands, highness," sturdily. "In a mad moment I committed a crime. I would not accept till I had talked personally with him. He came at last. His face was hidden and his voice muffled. But this I saw—when he gave me the first half of the money

I was certain I should know him again."

"How?"

"By his little finger, highness."

"His little finger?" Von Arnsberg repeated.

The two women, large eyed and bewildered, clung to each other's hand tensely. Those were heartbreaking times. Gretchen's mind, however, absorbed nothing, neither the words nor the picture. Her thoughts revolved around one thing—if she were a princess she could be happy. But the other, from under whose feet all tangible substances seemed to be giving way, she was possessed by two thoughts which surged in her brain like combatants. If not a princess, what was she? If not a princess, she was free. She stole a swift glance at Carmichael, who seemed far removed from the heart of this black business, and had been looking at her he would have seen the gates opening into Eden.

"What was this little finger like?" asked the duke, shuddering.

"One time it had been cut or mangled."

"The man was tall?"

"Yes, highness."

The duke silently toyed with the little yellow shoes. Suddenly he laughed, but it was the terrible laughter of a madman.

"Come, all— you, Gretchen, and you, Hildegarde; come, Carmichael, and you, Arnsberg, all of you! Let us go and pay a visit to our good friend Herbeck."



"THE MAN WAS TALL!"

#### The Weather.

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

| DATE | MAXIMUM | MINIMUM | PRECIPT. TATN | CH. OF DAY    |
|------|---------|---------|---------------|---------------|
| 1    | 52      | 34      |               | clear         |
| 2    | 56      | 45      |               | cloudy        |
| 3    | 52      | 40      | 1.43          |               |
| 4    | 48      | 34      |               |               |
| 5    | 43      | 34      |               |               |
| 6    | 43      | 35      |               | cloudy        |
| 7    | 43      | 33      | .74           |               |
| 8    | 46      | 35      | .18           |               |
| 9    | 45      | 41      | .43           |               |
| 10   | 48      | 41      | .09           |               |
| 11   | 51      | 44      |               | partly cloudy |
| 12   | 49      | 41      |               | clear         |
| 13   | 47      | 31      |               |               |
| 14   | 42      | 29      |               |               |
| 15   | 47      | 32      |               |               |
| 16   | 48      | 35      |               | cloudy        |
| 17   | 45      | 35      |               |               |
| 18   | 37      | 28      |               |               |
| 19   | 38      | 23      | .10           |               |
| 20   | 36      | 22      |               |               |
| 21   | 37      | 28      |               |               |
| 22   | 40      | 32      | trace         |               |
| 23   | 37      | 29      | .15           |               |
| 24   | 40      | 32      |               |               |
| 25   | 41      | 32      |               |               |
| 26   | 37      | 29      |               |               |
| 27   | 37      | 29      |               |               |
| 28   | 36      | 30      |               |               |
| 29   | 37      | 29      | .15           | partly cloudy |
| 30   | 44      | 32      |               | cloudy        |
| 31   | 44      | 31      |               |               |

Temperature—mean max. 43.35; mean min. 33. mean 33.18; Max. 56 on 2. min. 22, on 20th; greatest range 16.

Precipitation—Total for month, 3.41 inches. Greatest in 24 hours, 1.43 inches.

#### Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve

Is good for anything for which salve is indicated—Such as pimples, blackheads, sores, chaps, ulcers, sunburn and all skin affections. 25c at the City Drug Store

#### H. K. HANNA

##### Lawyer

Office in Bank of Jacksonville Building  
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

#### GUS NEWBURY

##### Attorney-at-Law

Will Practise in All Courts in the State  
MEDFORD, OREGON.

#### D. W. BAGSHAW

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER

##### Fire Insurance

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