

A HUSTLING TIME

By M. QUAD

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Five men sat around a supper table in a farmer's kitchen after a hard day's work in the cornfield.

There was Moses Bright, the father, fifty-five years old and a widower; there was Abraham, aged thirty; there was Leviticus, aged twenty-seven; there was Philetus, aged twenty-five; there was Aaron, aged twenty-two. Not a son had left home yet.

"Abraham," said the father as the meal was finished, "there's a widdier woman named Parsons bought the Taylor place. She brought with her a span of hoeses, four cows, sixty sheep, eight hogs and fifty hens. She's a hustler. She can mow and plow and chop wood."

"What of it?" asked Abraham.

"You wash up, grease your boots and hair and go down and ask her to marry you. You are thirty years old, and it's time you were married."

Abraham got ready and departed. Moses Bright was boss around that house. The young man arrived as the widow was straining the last pail of milk. He sat down on the doorstep with his back toward her and said never a word. He was in greater fear than as if a bull had been chasing him across the meadow. The widow took notice of him at once and then ignored him for a long ten minutes. Then she stopped singing to say to him:

"Get out!"

Those were blessed words to Abraham. He got. He fairly flew for the first forty rods. When he reached home he found his father sitting in the door, pipe in mouth, and sat down on the nearby wash bench. His brothers had gone to bed. It was five minutes before the father took the pipe from his mouth to query:

"What'd she say?"

"Get out!"

"That was all. There was more corn planting next day, but half an hour before quitting time the father said to Leviticus, who was working next to him:

"Abraham don't know enough to crawl under a haystack when it's raining pitchforks. You go over there tonight and spark that widdier."

After supper Leviticus went. It was either suicide or go. He found the widow milking the last of her four cows. She looked up as he entered the barnyard, but neither spoke. The young man stood with his back to the fence and chewed on a straw, and she hummed the air of a hymn as she milked. When she had finished she rose up and asked:

"Any more idiots in this neighborhood?"

"Yes—no—yes!" stammered the young man as he made for the highway and home.

It was potato planting next day. At the supper table the father reached for a third slice of fried pork and said:

"Philetus, lie up and grease up. Four cows, sixty sheep, eight hogs."

Philetus turned pale and lost his appetite, but he obeyed. He found the widow uprooting burdock in the front yard, and before he could say anything she asked:

"Ain't there another kid named Aaron?"

"Yes."

"Then run home and send him along and I'll start an infant asylum with him!"

Aaron went and came back to shake his head and hear his father call him a dinged idiot. That night the four sons entered into a conspiracy, and it was at the breakfast table that Abraham said:

"Father, the Widdier Parsons is a hustling widdier woman. Two hoeses, four cows, sixty sheep, eight hogs and fifty hens."

"Waal, what of it?" was asked.

"It's your turn to go sparking."

"Boy, don't gimme any sass!"

"No use to bluff, father. You either go sparking or we quit the farm."

The old man was given the day to consider the matter. When supper was over and without a word to any one he slipped up a bit and took the highway. The widow sat on her doorstep, smoking her pipe. She bowed and made room beside her. Not a word was said for a long minute. Then Moses cleared his throat and remarked:

"Them four dough headed sons of mine seem to think I'd better get married ag'in. And being as you appear to be alone in the world and being I think I'd be happier—"

"Oh, I don't know," interrupted the widow, drawing away a bit. "I'm alone in the world, but I seem to be having a purty good time."

"But them fool sons o' mine!"

"Yes, I know. It's dreadful to have a lot o' idiots around. You don't say it's love at first sight, do you?"

"N-o-o, not skassily, but I'm a hustling man, and you are a hustling woman, and—"

"And you think we ought to hustle in this case?"

"That's about it."

"Then you come along three days from now, after I finish planting my taters."

And when the father got home and found his four sons waiting and grinning he said:

"Two hoeses, four cows, sixty sheep, eight hogs—"

"But what of the widdier?" was asked.

"She's mine, and as she don't like children every last one of you can prepare to hustle out o' this and take care of yourselves!"

GREAT NATURAL BRIDGE.

Justice Marshall Called It "God's Greatest Miracle In Stone."

The great Natural bridge, which is one of the natural wonders of the United States, overlooks the James river valley, being on the western slope of the Blue mountains. It is just about the center of the state. It approaches Niagara in grandeur and exceeds it in height and awful mystery. It is a single block of limestone, with many shades of color. The walls are smooth, as if cut with chisels, and there is no sign of displacement.

The visitor follows a tumbling cascade down a deep fissure in the mountain under some of the largest arborescent trees in the world and, turning down a line of steps cut into the precipice, suddenly finds himself by a swift stream in a dark canyon and the great bridge far above him.

Washington when a surveyor for Lord Fairfax visited the Natural bridge and carved his name, where it may still be seen. The original bridge tract was granted by King George III. to Thomas Jefferson in 1774. After he was president Jefferson visited the place, surveyed it and made the map with his own hands. Jefferson spoke of the place as "a famous place that will draw the attention of the world." Chief Justice Marshall wrote of the bridge as "God's greatest miracle in stone." Henry Clay wrote of "the bridge not made with hands that spans a river, carries a highway and makes two mountains one."

FOOT OF THE BEE.

Strong Claws and Flexible Pads For Rough and Smooth Surfaces.

The seeming miracle of insects walking nonchalantly on a ceiling is explained by Tickner Edwards, chairman of the British Beekeepers' association. In his book on "The Lore of the Honeybee." Insects owe such power, it appears, to an ingenious device which is well illustrated in the foot of the bee.

She has a pair of short, strong double claws, which will take her securely over all but the smoothest and shiniest surfaces, and it is with these claws that bees form themselves into dense clusters and knots and cables within the hive, holding hand to hand, as it were, in all directions. But when there is nothing for the claw to hold by another part of the foot comes into play. This is a soft, flexible pad, which is always covered by a thick, oily exudation. In walking the bee puts her feet down three at a time, the pads adhering instantly they come into contact with the smooth surface.

At the next step the other three pads come into play, while the first three are stripped off. But each foot is capable of attaching and detaching itself independently of its fellows.

In this case, we learn, "the stripping is accomplished by downward pressure of the claws of the same foot."

Saxons.

Saxon is from "sax," a sword, and so the "Men of the Sword." In the early days the Saxons took for themselves such names as "Bloody Ax," "Skull Cleaver," "Death's Head," names which in no way belied their original character. The "berserker rage" of the old Vikings spread death and destruction all around the coasts which they haunted, and by the terror of their name they led the Christians to put into their litany the prayer, "Deliver us, O Lord, from the fury of the Northmen." Very terrible were these old Saxons, and to this day the most dreadful of all the people on the face of the earth, when they are thoroughly roused, are the descendants of the same Men of the Sword.—New York American.

End of Altruism.

Because he was too soft hearted to ask his poverty stricken landlady to buy new rugs for his room the altruistic young man bought several small rugs and spread them over the floor. Immediately after the next sweeping day she presented a bill for the week's expenditures: Items—Room rent, breakfasts, laundry and beating rugs, 25 cents.

"Hello!" said the altruistic young man. "What does this mean?"

"Just what it says," she returned. "If folks must cover their floor with extra rugs they'll have to pay for beating 'em, that's all. I can't afford to do it for nothing."

And from that moment altruism lost a disciple.—New York Times.

Persian Ware.

True porcelain was never produced in Persia, but hard paste porcelain in Persian forms and styles of decoration was made in China for the Persian market. Wine ewers with powder blue glaze and gold overglaze decoration, small vases, and bowls with bronze luster glaze and designs reserved in white are found in collections of Persian ware, but these are unquestionably of Chinese origin.—Argonaut.

Homelike.

Mamma—Why are you hiding from your little brother, Lizzie? Lizzie—Oh, we are just playing. I'm the lady of the house, and Tommy is the butcher come with his bill.—Chicago News.

Woman's Intuition.

Mrs. Crabshaw—I can't understand why I didn't see those faults in you before we were married. Mr. Crabshaw—it's quite plain, my dear. I don't possess them.—Judge.

Property has its duties as well as its rights.—Thomas Drummond.

Long Widowhood.

In 1753, in the ninety-sixth year of her age, died Jenn Countess of Roxburgh. She was not a very remarkable woman, but her memory is preserved on account of her long widowhood, which lasted seventy-one years. Her father, the first Lord Tweeddale, fought at Marston Moor in 1644. This Countess of Roxburgh's long widowhood is insignificant when compared with that of a certain Agnes Skinner. According to an inscription in Camberwell church this worthy woman died in 1439 at the age of 119 years, having survived her husband only eight years less than a century.—London Telegraph.

The Intelligent Oyster.

It was Mr. Justice Darling who once defined a sheriff as something halfway between an oyster and a lord mayor. But Thackeray anticipated him in attributing human intelligence to oysters. "I was walking with him one evening from the club," wrote Edmund Yates, "and, passing a fish shop in New Street, he noticed two different tubs of oysters, one marked 'I shilling a dozen' and the other '1s. 9d. a dozen.' 'How they must hate each other?' said Thackeray, pointing them out."—London Telegraph.

Salt Sold by Postmasters.

At Beviex (Old Bex), among the Alps, the railroad passes the rock salt mines from which the Swiss government procures most of the salt whose sale is a government monopoly and often sold only by the local postmaster, who deals not only in stamps, but in salt. At this point a toothed rail is brought into play, and the gradient rapidly increases, as the cars pass through woods of walnuts and chestnuts, here an important item of the diet and income of their owners.—National Magazine.

Necessary.

First Lieutenant—I congratulate you, old chap. Your fiancée is charming.

Second Lieutenant—Rather. I have already begun a course of pistol practice.—Megadogger Blatter.

Not a Connoisseur.

Butler—I hear that the boss 'as been a' bought another o' them old masters. Chief—Bah! He geeve me ze pain. He knows nossing of art. He cannot tell ze Meissonier from ze mayonnaise.—Life.

Easy Terms.

"I bought this armchair on the installment plan."

Easy terms?

"Rather! A dollar down and a dollar whenever the collector can catch me."—Boston Transcript.

Wrong Place.

Parson to youngster indulging in Sunday morning fishing—I am surprised to find you fishing here, my boy. Boy—Why? Dye know any place where they bite better, guv'nor?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Cause of the Quietness.

"That new cook I secured is certainly quiet," said Mr. Dubbs happily.

"One would never know she is about the place."

"She isn't," chimed in Mrs. Dubbs. "She left this morning."—Satire.

Too Ready With Assistance.

Smith—Goldmore is a very generous old fellow. Do you know, he's always helping somebody out. Jones (sadly)—Yes, I know. I was down to see his daughter the other night, and he helped me out too.—Stray Stories.

LEGAL BLANKS

We have on hand for sale the following blanks viz:

- Lease,
 - Mortgages,
 - Bill of Sale,
 - Agreements,
 - Warranty Deeds,
 - Quit claim Deeds,
 - Hattel Mortgage,
 - Acknowledgements,
 - Real Estate contract,
 - Location Notice—Placer,
 - Location Notice—Quartz,
 - Satisfaction of Mortgage,
 - Real Estate Agents contract,
 - Notice Application for Liquor License
- At reasonable prices. We intend adding other blanks as fast as possible until the line is complete. Blanks of special form printed to order at short notice
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Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon.

Notice is hereby given that John A. Horn, of Jacksonville, Oregon, who, on October 10, 1904, made Homestead Entry Serial No. 3393, for N¹/₂ S¹/₂, Section 4, Township 38 N., Range 3 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. Carson, United States Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon, on the 15th day of March, 1912.

Claimant as witness: Leo Black, of Jacksonville, Oregon; John Pardo, of Jacksonville, Oregon; Tob. St. me, of Jacksonville, Oregon; Sam Caughman, of Jacksonville, Oregon.

BENJAMIN F. JONES,
Register.

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon.

Notice is hereby given that Harley H. Hall, of Jacksonville, Oregon, who, on August 11, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 64207, for SW¹/₄ NE¹/₄, SE¹/₄ NW¹/₄, NE¹/₄ SW¹/₄ and NW¹/₄ SE¹/₄, Section 34, Township 28 S., Range 2 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. Carson, United States Commissioner at Medford, Oregon, on the 8th day of March 1912.

Claimant names as witnesses: Samuel Carpenter, of Jacksonville, Oregon; Samuel Coffman, of Ruch, Oregon; William Smith, of Ruch, Oregon; Lewis Ulrich, of Jacksonville, Oregon.

BENJAMIN F. JONES,
Register.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale of Real Property Under Execution.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION AND ORDER OF SALE duly issued by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the County of Jackson, State of Oregon dated the 13th day of January, 1912, in a certain action in the Circuit Court for said County and State wherein Elizabeth Whalen as plaintiff recovered judgment against F. P. Benson for the sum of fourteen hundred dollars (\$1400.00) and the sum of ninety-eight dollars (\$98.00) interest and the further sum of twenty-three and 10/100 dollars taxes advanced by plaintiff and one hundred twenty-five dollars attorney fees and the sum of seven and 60/100 dollars costs and disbursements on the 11th day of December, 1911.

Public notice is hereby given that I will, by virtue of said decree, execution and order of sale, on the 19th day of February, 1912, at the front door of the Court House in Jacksonville, in said County at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following described real property, to-wit:

The south half of the northwest quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter of Section Twenty-two (22) in Township thirty-seven (37) Fourth of Range Three (3) West of the Willamette Meridian, in Jackson County, State of Oregon, and containing 160 acres.

Taken and levied upon as the property of the said F. P. Benson or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment in favor of said Elizabeth Whalen against said F. P. Benson, with interest thereon, together with all costs and disbursements that have or may accrue.

Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, January 12th, 1912.

W. A. JONES,
Sheriff.

By R. E. DOW,
Deputy.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF JACKSON COUNTY, OREGON.

In the Matter of the Estate of George W. Magerle, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that Ida M. Magerle, the administratrix of the estate of George W. Magerle, deceased, has filed in the above entitled court and cause her final account, and that Saturday, February 17, 1912, at the hour of two o'clock P. M., at the County Court Room at the Court House at Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, has been fixed by order of the court as the time and place for hearing said final account, and all persons having objections to said account are hereby notified to file and present the same on or before said date.

Dated this 19th day of January, 1912.

IDA M. MAGERLE,
Administratrix.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

In the matter of the estate of James A. Baird, a deceased person.

Notice is hereby given that H. K. Hanna Jr., the administrator of the estate of James A. Baird, deceased, has rendered, presented and filed for settlement in the above entitled court and matter his final account and report of his administration of said estate, and that Saturday the 26th day of January 1912, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the courtroom of said court at the court house in Jacksonville, Jackson County, State of Oregon, has been duly appointed and fixed by the order of the Judge of the above entitled court as the time and place for hearing objections to said account and report and for settlement thereof and of said estate.

All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified that all objections to said account and report or any item thereof must be filed on or before the date and time fore-said, to-wit: January 26th, 1912 at 10 o'clock a. m.

Date of first publication hereof is December 23rd 1911. Date of last publication is January 20th 1912.

H. K. HANNA JR.,
Administrator of the estate of the above named decedent.

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon.

December 13, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that Florence Maxzen Wade, whose post-office address is 23 South Helena Avenue, Tacoma, Washington, did on the 26th day of March 1910, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 6922, to purchase the NE¹/₄ & S¹/₂ W¹/₄, Section 2, Township 41 S., Range 4 West, Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, \$250.00 the timber estimated 170,000 board feet at \$1.00 per M., and the land \$80.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 1st day of March, 1912, before Register and Receiver United States Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

BENJAMIN F. JONES,
Register.

Here is a woman who speaks from personal knowledge and long experience, viz., Mrs. F. H. Brogan, of Wilson, Pa., who says, "I know from experience that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is far superior to any other cough remedy. For a cough there is nothing that cures so fast as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy."

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J. W. Copeland, of Dayton, Ohio, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for his boy who had a cold, and before the bottle was used the boy's cold was gone. Is that not better than to pay a five dollar doctor's bill? Sold by all dealers.

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