

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, MARCH 22, 1913

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COURT HOUSE NEWS

Items of Interest to Jackson County Tax Payers

MARRIAGE LICENSES

George S. Lane and Blossom L. Bosman.

C. O. Larison and Edna G. Willis. William A. Morse and Eva G. Brown.

CIRCUIT COURT

State of Oregon vs John E. Walker. Transcript from justice court Medford district.

Kate Willett vs Leonard H. Willett and Farmers & Fruitgrowers Bank. Action for recovery of personal property or for damages. Complaint filed.

Wood-Curtis Co., a corporation vs H. T. Haswell. Action for money. Complaint filed.

J. J. Jenson vs V. S. Grout and S. E. Isham, mining partners under the firm name of Grout & Isham. Suit to foreclose a lien. Complaint filed.

V. J. Emerick vs Newman Moom, Florence B. Moon and Addie A. Wheeler. Suit to declare and foreclose a mortgage. Complaint filed.

J. F. Brooks vs Williamsburg City Fire Insurance Co. Suit in Equity. Complaint filed.

The Jackson County Bank, an Oregon Corporation vs C. W. Withoff, M. T. Cyster, Carrie B. Cyster, Chas. D. Schieffelin, Rosa D. Schieffelin, C. V. Beeler. Suit to recover judgment etc. Complaint filed.

Oregon Sidelights.

A society of the Men's Brotherhood has been organized within the membership of the Federated church at Free-water.

The Crook county board of education has voted to add agriculture and domestic science to the present course of study in the Crook county high school and to reestablish the normal department, which was discontinued last year.

Madras Pioneer: An increasing number of settlers are arriving in Madras week after week and filing on homesteads in the country tributary to this city—Ashwood and Haycreek. Last evening a large party of newcomers arrived from Washington and other states.

Coquille Sentinel: The peculiar adaptability of the woods found on the mountain sides and in the valleys of this region for the manufacture of thousands of articles of commerce should attract attention and bring to us a tin-pail brigade numbering hundreds, if not thousands.

Yaquina correspondence of Toledo Leader: The organization formed by the pupils of West Yaquina school and known as the Story club, is rapidly growing. Many of the parents are interested and they have helped to make the club a success. A weekly meeting is held at the school house.

Lebanon Express: The city authorities have ordered a steel road drag and will have men and teams at work on our streets with it in the near future. We hope some of the road supervisors will do the same and get the roads running into the city in a little better condition.

Silver Lake Leader: We are informed that two of the Klamath Falls papers have been purchased by an eastern capitalist and will be consolidated under the management of O. A. Morris, a former publisher of this paper. We understood the consideration was \$80,000. He could have had the Leader for half that amount.

Estacada Progress: W. D. Henthorn has returned from a month's visit to his old town of Norton, Kan. He reports everything very quiet there; that there has been very little improvement since he left about three years ago. He also says the people there did not consider the weather bad, but it was such that he had no desire to return there to live.—Journal.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

THE Bad Man

Did He Deserve the Name?

By CLARISSA MACKIE

He rode past Fancher's place in a cloud of dust from the sun baked prairie. Nan Fancher, standing in the shade of the wide veranda, met his fierce, dark glance with frightened, timid eyes, and instantly the savage fire died out of his eyes and was replaced by a wonderful softness.

"The bad man!" shrieked little Peter Fancher from his post near the gate. "Hush, Peter!" admonished his aunt severely. "You mustn't say such naughty things."

"But he is bad," whimpered Peter as the horse and rider disappeared in the dust. "He lives all alone in a little hut over near the big mountain, and he bites little boys, Manuel has told me."

Nan related the incident to her brother and his wife at the noonday dinner. "Who is the man? He has an interesting face," she added.

"It's Gay Ransom; that's all we know about him. He's a sheep herder for Bleck beyond the mountain. The boys give him a bad reputation, and his appearance certainly bears them out."

Mrs. Fancher sent the Chinese cook into the kitchen on some errand and spoke in a low tone. "Loo Sing has told me that he lost fifteen chickens last night, Dick, and he is positive that Ransom is responsible for their disappearance."

"Anne, dear," expostulated Nan, "that man didn't look like a chicken thief, somehow."

"He's a terror of the plains, such as I used to read about in the nickel novels hidden away in the garret years ago." Dick arose from the table and passed a large bronzed hand over his sister's sunny hair. "It's mighty nice to see you out here, Nan. I wish you'd shake that old school in the east and settle down here in Texas."

"I'd love to, Dick, now that there are just the two of us left," said Nan a little sadly. "Perhaps I may buy the next ranch to yours and become your neighbor."

"The next ranch is in the next county," grinned Dick teasingly. "You wouldn't be a very near neighbor in that case. There's plenty of room for you here for a long time to come," and Anne added such an urgent plea that Nan was sorely tempted to extend her summer vacation into a permanent stay.

"I believe I'll ride over to the head of the hut and see if I find any chicken bones," remarked Dick as he left the room. "Good time to investigate while the chap's away. Want to come, Nan?"

"Yes," said the girl soberly, for the errand was not exactly her liking. She would have preferred that her first ride across the brown prairie had a more agreeable object than the ferretting out of a chicken thief, but she said nothing as she tossed on a wide gray felt hat and drew on soft leather gauntlets over her white hands.

As they rode along enveloped in the dust raised by their own progress Dick Fancher gave his sister brief sketches of the neighboring ranches and their owners.

"And, last of all, there's Bleck's place over the mountain. Bleck is an easterner with notions who came out here a year ago, bought the ranch, placed a foreman in charge and then went home to raise sheep from the office of a New York skyscraper."

"And this Gay Ransom is one of his herdsmen?"

"Yes; dropped on the country one day from nobody knows where, with a ready made reputation which was chinned far and wide by Bleck's foreman, Peterson. He says Ransom is a fire enter—shoots first and argues afterward."

"How dreadful!" murmured Nan. "And to think he would steal chickens too!"

"See any feathers?" asked Dick as they approached the door of the hut.

"Nary," sang Nan in the vernacular. Dick rode close to the hut, suddenly swooped from his saddle and plucked the limp and yellow foot of a chicken. "Not so far wrong there, my girl," he said to his sister, dangling the foot before her averted face.

The door of the hut opened suddenly and the bad man stood before them. He plucked off his hat and held it in his hand, revealing a white forehead between the tangle of his unkempt dark hair and the tan of his face.

"Howdy?" he said amiably. "Will you come in?"

"No, thanks," drawled Dick, with all the insulting emphasis he could summon. "I'm just collecting chicken feet; that's all. I've found two familiar ones right here. Maybe the rest of 'em are still holding up the chickens, eh?"

"If it's a joke I've missed it," said the other quietly. "Why are you looking for chickens around here? This isn't a chicken ranch."

"See here, Ransom, joking aside," said Dick, with an entire change of manner. "I've found a pair of my feet—my chickens' feet, I mean—here in your yard. How the chickens did they come there?" He dangled the feet so pleasantly close to Gay Ransom's face.

"I'm not surprised they came from your place," said Ransom slowly. "Because, you see, I bought them from

your cook, Loo Sing. There's one more around somewhere. I was counting on having him for my dinner, but I don't receive stolen goods, of course. Want to take him home?"

"If you've paid for him he's yours, of course," said Dick in a disbelieving tone, for which Nan could have shaken him. "I'll take the matter up with Loo Sing."

"Stop awhile, you and the lady, and I'll give you a broiled chicken dinner. I'm aiming to cook him right away."

"Not today, thank you," said Dick, with scant courtesy, and the bad man flushed under his tan at the implied insult. Nan looked down at him and met his embarrassed glance. She smiled reassuringly into his startled eyes, and there came a surprised look into her own.

As she rode away she looked back more than once at the lone figure standing in the sheep herder's hut, and the last time she looked he waved his hat in friendly farewell. After that she kept her face straight ahead, her eyes fixed on the triangular space between her horse's ears. A little smile played about her lips, and now and then dimples came and went in her pink cheeks.

At the ranch Loo Sing was closely questioned and strongly denied stealing his master's chickens. The matter was talked over at the supper table, and Dick threatened to make trouble for Gay Ransom, the bad man.

"The country is well rid of such vermin," he muttered as he went to bed. Two hours later, at midnight, there came the thunder of running hoofs on the ground without and the pounding of a revolver butt on the front door.

Dick Fancher threw up his window to find the glare of a grass fire reddening the sky with lurid flickering light and outlining the tall, graceful form of the bad man on his brown horse.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded sharply.

(Continued Next Week.)

Talent Wants Creamery.

Steps toward the establishment of a co-operative creamery at Talent will be taken at a meeting of the Talent Commercial club on March 25. There is a great deal of interest shown in the plan at Talent and vicinity and at this meeting an estimate of the number of cows owned by those who would join the association will be made.

The club will meet on Tuesday evening of this week to hear an address by Prof. O'Gara, the second lecture in a series started two weeks ago when Prof. Roemer spoke to the club.—Tribune.

Bears' Lan in Silver Mine.

Denver, Colo., March 18.—By tracking a big silver tip bear to his lair, Jack Lynch, a resident of Eagle, Colo., has located a fabulously rich silver deposit near Eagle today, according to word received here.

Lynch came upon the bear while stope digging. He chased the animal into a cave, and while awaiting for him to come out, saw traces of the silver in the rocks at his feet. A big rush to the spot is expected.

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JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

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You know what happens in a house in which the plumbing is in poor condition—everybody in the house is liable to contract typhoid or some other fever. The digestive organs perform the same functions in the human body as the plumbing does for the house, and they should be kept in first class condition all the time. If you have any trouble with your digestion take Chamberlain's Tablets and you are certain to get quick relief. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

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POLK'S OREGON AND WASHINGTON Business Directory

A Directory of each City, Town and Village, giving descriptive sketch of each place, location, population, telegraph, shipping and banking points; also Classified Directory, compiled by business and profession. H. L. POLK & CO., SEATTLE

A prominent New York physician says: "If it were not for the thin stockings and thin soled shoes worn by women the doctors would probably be bankrupt." When you contract a cold do not wait for it to develop into pneumonia but treat it at once. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is intended especially for coughs and colds, and has won a wide reputation by its cures of these diseases. It is most effectual and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

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JACKSONVILLE POST.

California Woman Seriously Alarmed.

"A short time ago I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs and caused me a great deal of annoyance. I would have used coughing spells and my lungs were so sore and inflamed I began to be seriously alarmed. A friend recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, saying she had used it for years. I bought a bottle and it relieved my cough the first night, and in a week I was rid of the cold and soreness of my lungs," writes Miss Marie Gerber, Bartlett, Cal. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.