

### A Battlefield Baby

By ARTHUR W. BREWSTER

Twenty years after the civil war I went south with a party to look over the battlegrounds of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. A young man accompanied our party who told us that as a baby he had been in a battle. When he had grown old enough to be told anything about himself he (the father) had been a Union soldier in the battle of Missionary Ridge and during the night, hearing a cry in some bushes, had gone there and found a baby. He took the little chap out of the fight, and when ordered to march on the baby was adopted by the company and carried along. The soldier afterward took him home and brought him up. He was now on his way to visit the battlefield with a view to learning something of his parentage.

I remained for some time at Chattanooga, and the young man, Runyan, who was looking for his ancestors remained with me. I was engaged in certain work on the battlefield of Chickamauga, and Runyan was engaged in his own search. There was an old negro in the hotel at which we stayed who did odd jobs, and I paid him to do things for me. He was a "lucubrious old fellow, and I never but once saw a smile on his face.

One day I asked him why he was so melancholy.

"Dat was a story by his own self," was his reply, with a solemn shake of the head.

"Well, uncle," I said to him, "you might as well tell me, for I'm so curious to know that I won't let you alone till you do."

He hemmed and hawed awhile and finally told the story:

"I was borned on a plantation on de redge, and my marn' wos one ob de best young men in de souf. I wos gitten to him by his fadder when he wos married. Dat wos not long befo' de wos broke out. My young marn' had a little plantation ob her own, and he wuk it with no mo' 'n a dozen niggers. I wos a house servant and, havin' belonged to de fambly fo' so long, had charge ob eberyting.

"Den de wah come on, and marn' he go fine de Confederate army. When he went away he say to me, 'Joe, my chile, wuk to leeb my wife and my chile what isn't bawn yet in yo' ear'—his voice trembled when he spoke ob de chile—and I spect yo' to gib up yo' own life befo' yo' let any trouble happen 'em."

"I tol' him dat it don't make no difference wether it no'the'n or southe'n person. I kill him if he touch a hair ob my wife's head.

"'While he wos away fightin' wos de come to missle dat he got taken sick. By dat time de baby wos born and about a year old. Missie say to me one day, says she: 'Joe, my husband am berry sick, and I got to go to him. Do yo' think yo' kin take care ob de baby till I come back?' I say, 'I sho' I kin.' So Missie told me without de baby's food and what to do when dis happen and dat happen till I don't know wether I wos on my head or my heels. Den she went away.

"Missie hadn't been gone berry long befo' dere wos fightin' at Chickamauga creek, and I wheeled de baby out to de brow ob de redge where I could see de battle goin' on. De no'the'n folks wos driven purty nigh into dis place, and atter dat de fightin' stopp'd fo' a long time. Mr. Bragg's army wos down below de redge, and den he come up on top ob de redge. Meantime missie come back, and when de southe'n army wos cumped on de redge marn' he got taken sick some mo', and she went away ag'in, leavin' me in charge ob de baby.

"One day I wos wheelin' de baby along de brow ob de redge, and I see de no'the'n folks down below all marchin' up and down 's if dey wos paradin'. Fust 't'ing I knowed a lot ob dem sojers jus' started to climb de hill de men on top wos shootin' down at 'em, and dey wos de debble to pay. I wheeled de baby back tow'rd de house as fust as I kin, but I meet some southe'n sojers, and one ob de officers say to me:

"'Heah, yo' nigger, yo' put a shoul-der to de wheel ob de gun.'

"I didn't dare disobey. I put my shoul-der to de gun, and we took it to de brow ob de redge. De Yankees come right up and took de gun, and I wos in de middle ob de fight. I tried to git back to de baby, and when I got dar whar I lef him in de bushes he wos gone."

Runyan while the story was being told was sitting by a table reading a newspaper, though he was really listening to the darky. At this point he jumped up and shouted:

"What was the name of your marn'?"

"Marn's Goodridge."

"Then Goodridge must be my real name. I was the baby you were wheeling about on Missionary ridge. What became of my father?"

"You dat baby! Dat can't be so marn'. He wa'n't no'n a foot and a half high."

Runyan, who had taken the name of the Federal soldier who had found him, was the identical baby that was lost on the battlefield. His father had died of wounds, and his mother had succumbed soon after his death. That is why no effort was ever made to find him.

When the old darky was convinced that the baby he had lost stood before him as a man he smiled for the first time in twenty years.

### Sitting on a log

A Story of College Students

By F. A. MITCHEL

Why is it that a young man—say twenty—and a young woman about the same age can't come together but that they must needs be talking sort of maudlin philosophy?

And ten to one the season which they fall into such talk is in the spring, when the birds are mating about them and they are really thinking and doing the same thing without realizing it. They suppose they are talking the one while they are really talking the other.

Margaret and I had both returned from college for the spring recess of our senior year. We were to graduate in June. The last part of college life is likely to contain philosophic ideas—ours had at least—and we were walking, so to speak, on Mount Olympus. At any rate, we thought were. We were ready to take the matter to solve the problem of the universe. The problem we were really solving was whether we should follow the example of the rest of nature, flora and fauna about us, for we were walking in the woods, where the life of another year was springing forth.

"Do you believe matter to be indestructible?" asked Margaret.

"I do. I believe what appears to be its destruction is its passage from one form to another. But this you know as well as I. Why did you ask?"

"I had an object. If matter is indestructible why should life be destructible?"

"Life is not matter."

"Scientists are now claiming that it is. At least they say that matter is alive, and recent experiments indicate—"

"That log will afford us a comfortable seat. Shall we sit down? We can discuss the problem better while resting. It involves deep thought."

We seated ourselves and when we spoke again had bridged the enormous gap between the constitution of matter and two young persons sitting on a log. The former was speculative, the latter was real. Wild flowers were springing up about us; insects were beginning to stir in the grass; a squirrel was sitting up on his haunches looking at us; a bird was carrying a feather to a branch as material for a nest. We dropped to the consideration of what the other living things about us were doing, but could not get down to it at once. We halted in our descent at abstract matrimony.

"Do you think that intellect should wed intellect?" asked Margaret.

Margaret was intellectual. I was not. I paid just enough attention to books and lectures to get a smattering of the burning things contained. Mark how quickly I got down to business.

"No," I replied. "I should like an intellectual wife."

"That was very modestly put," she said, lifting her pretty eyes to my face.

"I prefer action to books; grappling with the world as it is; to lectures. I am content that the other fellows shall take the college honors so long as I run the class parties."

"I shan't call myself intellectual, but I prefer to dwell upon such problems as what we are for and whether we are going. Every year we spin faster. The changes in a decade are greater now than they were formerly in a hundred."

She shivered and clung to me. A snake had crawled from under the log, doubtless going out, after a long winter's sleep, to see if spring had come. The shrill startled him, and he got away as fast as possible. Margaret recovered her equanimity, but not her freedom. I held on to her. She made a faint effort to disengage herself.

"I think he's coming back," I said.

"Oh, heavens!" clinging to me in terror and hiding her face against my spring cardigan jacket.

The situation was pleasant. There was a pastoral flavor in it. The springing flowers, the twittering birds, were more delicious than before. As for the snake, he had taken his hideous self out of sight. Margaret's eyes being pressed against my breast, she did not know that he was gone.

"Is he coming?" she asked with a shudder.

"I can't see him."

She spoke very low, and I did the same. That she might hear the better I bent my head down toward her ear. My cheek rested on hers.

What a descent from Olympus to sitting on a log!

It may have been a serpent that bedight trouble into the world—indeed, since I have been married I have sometimes thought it quite possible—but sitting at twenty holding Margaret in my arms I felt very grateful to the reptile that had put her there.

"Is he coming?" she asked again.

"He is crawling under the dead leaves. He may be coming this way, but I can't see him."

She shuddered and clung closer.

"There he is!"

Another shudder and a closer cling. I knew that if I pressed my lips against her cheek I would in another moment be pressing them upon her lips and then there would be the mischief to pay. But I couldn't resist. I kissed her cheek, and when she raised her face to ask "What did you do that for?" I kissed her lips.

That ended the matter.

And how did all this begin? By her asking me if I believed matter to be indestructible. "What had that to do with a kiss?" I asked myself afterward while recalling our dialogue. Ridiculous!

### How Their Story Ended

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

They were walking in a garden. The roses were in full bloom; consequently you must know that it was June.

"I wish you would tell me how you write these stories," she remarked. "I can't understand how you take persons, make them talk and do things just as if they were real."

"Anybody who tries can do it," he replied.

"I couldn't write a line."

"Suppose you try. I'll help you. Take for your characters persons you know."

"Who, for instance?"

"Well, there's Ferguson."

"And you?"

"I don't think you can make anything interesting of me, but you are welcome to use me. That's two men. Now you need either one or two girls. Since this is your first story, perhaps you had better confine yourself to a few characters. One girl will do. She shall be the heroine."

"Is it to be a love story?"

"Well, yes; a kind of love story."

"What girl of my acquaintance shall I take for the heroine?"

"Yourself. You'll do very well."

"Oh, dear! I'm afraid I shall not be able myself heroically."

"The heroine of a story is not always heroic. The words hero and heroine were used for the leading male and female characters in stories when it was the fashion to make them possess every human heroic trait. Then as a counterpart there was a villain—man or woman—whose evil acts noble persons were obliged to counteract. Our story will be a plain, uneventful love tale."

"Who is the heroine, as you call her, a love with?"

"Your question brings us to an element that is always of assistance in holding the interest of a story—curiosity. It may be well in this case to conceal her feelings from the reader for a time."

"She has only two men to choose from, you and Mr. Ferguson."

"There may be another who will enter at the climax—some one not mentioned till then—who will be a surprise."

"Is he to be a surprise to you?" asked Mr. Ferguson.

"He'll be a surprise to me, for the indications are in favor of Ferguson."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It is difficult of explanation, but I will try. When an author sets out to tell a story it is like one moving toward an object so distant that he can't take it out. It may turn out to be a bush or a windmill or—"

"An elephant."

"Just so. Now, the story in the author's mind is like that object. He may suppose it to be a windmill, and it may turn out to be—"

"An elephant."

"I see you understand my demonstration perfectly."

"Merely. Do you refer to an ordinary elephant or a white one?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"I was thinking that if the heroine took either of the characters she might get—"

"Something she didn't want?"

"There was no reply to this. He did not seem pleased with the way the story was getting on. In fact, he looked very glum. She plucked a rose that leaned toward her from "its lovely companions" and handed it to him. Quite likely this was to encourage him to go on with the construction of the story. It brought about the change in him she desired.

"If you're going to introduce a third man to come in and take the heroine at the end of the story I suppose we'd better settle on who he is to be."

"What need of that?" she asked.

"Well, you see, in story making you must suggest faintly what you're going to do. The man should be in the story, but you don't need to give away the fact that he's to win the heroine in the end."

"But if we name some one we'll know that he's a dark horse, and it will spoil the story for us."

"It wouldn't spoil it for me."

"In other words, you take no interest in whom the heroine likes?"

"There was a slight tinge of reproach in her tone as she said this.

"Not at all," he hastened to reply. "When I read other persons' stories, not my own, I always look at the end to see how it all turns out."

"But this is your story, isn't it?"

"And yours?"

"The lady, I believe, has the privilege of hearing the man's part of the story before she tells her part."

"Not when they are collaborating. They must work together. They would never get a story made in the world in that way."

"Then I'm afraid it will not be made."

"You might at least tell me who is the dark horse."

"If you go on with your story you will find out all you wish to know."

"Where does your part come in?"

"Oh, my part! I'll write the close."

They had reached a canopy formed by the drooping branches of trees, where they could not be seen or interrupted. There he told her his part of the story. She listened to it attentively and even permitted him to put an arm about her waist, to draw her to him and kiss her lips.

"Now, tell me how the story ends, he said.

"Happily."

#### Change in Southern Pacific Time Table.

Effective January 1st, 1910.

NORTH BOUND TRAINS.	
20 Portland Passenger.....	7:30 A. M.
24 Grants Pass Motor.....	10:31 A. M.
32 Grants Pass Motor.....	4:58 P. M.
14 Oregon Express.....	5:45 P. M.
16 Oregon Express.....	5:58 P. M.
23 Shasta Limited (Mail only) 2:35 A. M.	

  

SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.	
23 Ashland Motor.....	8:45 A. M.
13 California Express.....	10:52 A. M.
31 Ashland Motor.....	2:24 P. M.
15 San Francisco Express.....	3:35 P. M.
11 Shasta Limited (Mail only) 5:47 A. M.	

#### SUMMONS

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

Joseph Bonfort, Plaintiff,

vs.

Robert Bonfort, Defendant. Suit for Divorce.

To Robert Bonfort, the above named defendant: In the Name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed against you in the above entitled court and cause, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for publication of summons herein, to wit: on or before the 5th day of July, 1913, said date being the date of the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons. And if you fail to so appear and answer within said time, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his complaint.

For a decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, in accordance with an order of Hon. F. M. Calkins, Judge of the above entitled court, the care and custody of the minor child, Robert Bonfort, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Jacksonville Post, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, printed and published at Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, in accordance with an order of Hon. F. M. Calkins, Judge of the above entitled court, which order was made and signed May 21, 1913, and which order requires said summons to be so published once each week for six consecutive weeks. The date of the first publication hereof is May 24, 1913, and the date of the last publication hereof, on or before which date you are required to answer, is July 5th 1913.

D. W. BAGSHAW, Attorney for Plaintiff.

#### SUMMONS

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

Leon B. Haskins and Gertrude Haskins, husband and wife and Nannie Barr and W. H. Barr, wife and husband, Plaintiffs,

vs.

H. A. Knight, Defendant. Suit in Equity.

To H. A. Knight the above named defendant: In the Name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby commanded to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiffs against you now on file in the above entitled court and cause on or before the last day prescribed in the publication of summons herein, to-wit: on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of summons herein, which date is the 24th day of May, 1913. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to so appear and answer the complaint of plaintiffs herein, within said time, for want thereof the plaintiffs, and each thereof, will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in their complaint, which decree be entered in favor of the plaintiffs and each thereof, declaring and excluding you forever from claiming or asserting any right, title, interest, lien or estate, either in law or equity, in the following described real property, situated and being in the County of Jackson and State of Oregon, to-wit: The north-west quarter of the north-west quarter of Sec. 15, and the north-east quarter of the north-east quarter of the north-east quarter of sec. 16, all in Township 38, South of Range 2 West of the Willamette Meridian, containing 80 acres according to government survey, to which said described real property you claim an interest; that certain contract of sale of said real property from these plaintiffs to the defendant be cancelled, and for their costs and disbursements herein.

This summons is published in the Jacksonville Post, a weekly newspaper, published at Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon by order of Hon. F. M. Calkins, Judge of the said Court, which order was made and signed on or before the 18th day of May, 1913, and which order requires you to appear and answer the said complaint on or before the last day prescribed in said order for publication of this summons, to-wit, on or before six weeks from the 24th day of May, 1913, the date of first publication of this summons.

DEARMOND & DEARMOND, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

#### SUMMONS

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

Alisa Vargas, Plaintiff,

vs.

Joseph Vargas, Defendant. Suit in Equity for a Divorce.

To Joseph Vargas, the above named defendant: In the Name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby notified that you are required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause within ten days from the date of the service of this summons, if served upon you within Jackson County, State of Oregon, or if served upon you within any other county of the State of Oregon, then within twenty days from the date of such service upon you, or if served upon you personally without the State of Oregon, after order for publication of summons, then on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication thereof, namely on or before July 24th, 1913; and you will take notice that if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint within said time, plaintiff will take a default and decree against you for the relief prayed for in her complaint, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the said plaintiff and for a further decree awarding plaintiff the custody of Agnus Vargas, the sole issue of your marriage with said plaintiff.

This summons is published in the Jacksonville Post by order of Hon. F. M. Calkins, Judge of the above entitled court, which said order was made and dated on the 23rd day of May, A. D. 1913 and it is herein ordered that you appear and answer the complaint on file herein on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date prescribed in said order for the first publication of this summons.

The date of the first publication of this summons is May 24th, 1913 and the date of the last publication and on or before which date you are required to appear and answer is July 15th, 1913.

H. K. HANNA, Attorney for the plaintiff.

#### Notice of Sheriff's Sale Under Execution.

By virtue of an execution and order of sale duly issued by the clerk of the circuit court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Jackson, dated the 18th day of May, 1913, in a certain suit in the Circuit Court for said County and State, wherein Thomas McAndrew as plaintiff recovered judgment against George B. Young, A. T. Brown and Celia E. Brown, his wife, as defendants, in the sum of Six Thousand (\$6000.00) Dollars, with interest thereon from the 6th day of September, 1911, at the rate of six per cent per annum, and for the further sum of Seventy-one and 45-100 (\$71.45) Dollars, taxes, penalty and interest paid by plaintiff on the premises described in the complaint for the year 1911, and the further sum of One Hundred and One and 25-100 (\$101.25) Dollars, taxes and penalty paid by plaintiff on said premises for the year 1912, and the further sum of Ninety-three and 94-100 (\$93.94) Dollars, paving assessment and interest paid by said plaintiff on said premises that was due October 7, 1912, and the further sum of Five Hundred (\$500.00) Dollars, attorney's fees, and the further sum of Sixteen (\$16.00) Dollars, costs and disbursements:

Public Notice is Hereby Given, that I will, on MONDAY, JUNE 10th, 1913, at the front door of the Court House in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, offer for sale and will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand the following described real property, situated and being in Jackson County, Oregon, to-wit:

Lot number six (6) in Block number twenty-two (22) of the Town (now City) of Medford, according to the original official plat thereof, now of record.

This sale is made by virtue of an execution and order of sale on foreclosure of a bond for deed, decreed by the Circuit Court of Jackson County, Oregon, on May 16, 1913, to be a mortgage on said premises, which said bond for deed is a date of September 6, 1910, and is shown of record in Volume 83 at page 168 of the Deed Records of Jackson County, Oregon, and which was executed by Thomas McAndrew in favor of George B. Young, one of defendants in said suit, and assigned by him to the other defendants, and I will sell said real property or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, attorney's fees, costs and accruing costs.

Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, on this 13th day of May, 1913.

W. H. SINGLER, Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon by E. W. WISCON, Deputy.

#### SUMMONS

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

Chi-Namel for staining your old furniture. At Fred J. Fick's.—Adv.

#### SUMMONS

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

Edwin H. Williams, Plaintiff,

vs.

Oregon-California Development Co., a foreign corporation, defendant.

Suit in Equity to Foreclose a Mortgage.

To Oregon-California Development Co., the above named defendant:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby notified that you are required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, namely, on or before June 28th, 1913; or if service of summons be made upon you personally and without the State of Oregon after order for publication of summons, then on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of such service upon you; and you will take notice that if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint within said time plaintiff will take a default against you and will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit: for a judgment against you for the sum of \$432.00 with interest thereon from January 10th, 1912 at 6 per cent per annum and for judgment for the further sum of fifty dollars attorney's fees and for the costs and disbursements of this suit and for a decree foreclosing that certain mortgage of the said defendant executed to the plaintiff herein of date February 6, 1912 now of record in Vol. 30 at pages 353 and 351 of the Mortgage Records of Jackson County, Oregon and for the sale, to satisfy the aforesaid judgments, of that certain property described in and covered by said mortgage, to-wit: All of Lot Two in Section "D" of the Rogue River Valley Orchards Company's tract, situated in Township 38, South of Range 1 East of the Willamette Meridian in Jackson County, Oregon as shown upon the recorded plat thereof on record in the office of the County Recorder of said county and state.

And for such other, further and different relief as to the Court shall seem equitable.

This summons is published in the Jacksonville Post by order of the Hon. F. M. Calkins, one of the judges of the above entitled court and which said order was made and dated in Chambers on the 16th day of May, 1913, wherein it is ordered that you appear and answer the complaint on file herein on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date prescribed in said order as the date of the first publication of this summons.

The date of the first publication of this summons is May 17, 1913 and the date of the last publication and on or before which date you are required to appear and answer is June 28th, 1913.

H. K. HANNA, Attorney For the Plaintiff at Jacksonville, Oregon.

## Sell Your Property

# Property

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