

My Career

By EDNA WOOLWORTH

In these days poor girls fit themselves for a life of labor because they expect to be obliged to support themselves, and wealthy girls—at least some of them—because they don't relish a choice between matrimony and idleness. I belong to the latter class. One autumn not many years ago I, then twenty years old, thoroughly imbued with the belief that all men were selfish and if I wedded the man I married would take me for my fortune and, having spent it, desert or ill treat me, decided to go to the city and prepare myself for a career.

I belonged to several societies in my native town, one of which was devoted to the cause of temperance. Our badge was a bit of blue ribbon tied in the buttonhole of the men members and somewhere on the corsage of the women. I was an enthusiastic advocate of the temperance cause and always wore my colors.

The day I alighted from the train on my quest for a career a young man with a pleasing face and as pleasing a smile on it stepped up to me and, taking from me a satchel I carried, said: "Here you are, Cousin Bess!"

Now, my name happened to be Elizabeth. Had it not been so I should have probably told the young man that he was mistaken in the person. As it was, I thought for a moment that some of my numerous cousins living in the city whom I had never seen had got wind of my coming and had concluded to meet me.

"You are"—I asked.
"I'm Ned Elliott. We received your letter mentioning the blue ribbon. Everything is prepared for you. We have succeeded in getting a position for you in the high school. You're to teach history. I believe that's what you wanted, isn't it?"

We were moving with the throng and by this time had reached the station exit. There was something so ingenuous, so kindly, as well as dignified, in the young man's face and manner that my heart went right out to him. I was seized with a curiosity to know what he would do with me. I hesitated a few moments whether I would inform him of his mistake or delay. Meanwhile he called a cab, and the driver came dashing up to the curb.

"Are you sure?" I began and stopped. "Quite so. Mother said I was to bring you straight home. Get in."

I yielded. After all, was not this a relative? At any rate, I would act for awhile as if he were. Perhaps he was. He drove me to a modest dwelling standing well back from the street, with very white curtains and some well polished brass at the front door. An old lady, with a lovable face and snow white hair, backed by two young girls, received me, welcoming me with a kiss.

"Why, Cousin Bess," exclaimed the elder girl, "how you've changed! You don't look at all as you did when we played together ten years ago."

"Elizabeth must be tired and hungry. Helen, show her to her room. Dinner will be ready in half hour."

I was glad to escape, for that time at least, from my awkward position. Helen left me to think over what I should do. I had gone so far that any course I might pursue would result in mortification. I would not be able to make these kind persons believe that I had been drawn into their brother's mistake. I was sure there was a mistake, for just before going upstairs I had been asked how I had left my stepmother, and I had no stepmother.

I was too confused to make much of a toilet. I employed my time trying to think of a way out of my dilemma. Not finding any way to suit me, I resolved to await a favorable opportunity to make it appear that I had been taken up by relatives that I had never seen. When the half hour had passed I went downstairs, and there in traveling dress stood the real Bess, the mother, the son and the two daughters regarding her as if not knowing what to make of her. As I entered the room they looked at me, equally dumfounded. I saw that the announcement had come. I noticed that my double wore a blue ribbon.

"Which of you is Elizabeth?" asked the mother.
"Elizabeth what?" I asked.
"Elizabeth Stanton, of course."
"I am Elizabeth Elliot," I said.
"And I am Elizabeth Stanton," said the newcomer.

For a moment I affected to be much puzzled, then said: "I had my doubts about the gentleman being my cousin, but I have relatives in the city. I have never seen you, but I shall be glad to see you. I shall be glad to see you. I shall be glad to see you."

"You took away my escort," said the other Cousin Bess, smiling, "and I have been obliged to find my way here alone. I see you wear the blue ribbon agreed upon."

"That is a society decoration," I informed her.
"Young ladies," said the mother, "dinner is waiting. Come and partake of it, both of you."

AN INVENTION LOST

By DOROTHEA HALE

Ned Forsythe was the son of an inventor who had not the business capacity to reap the profit on his inventions. Perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say that the elder Forsythe had not the capital to put the novelties he produced on the market. At any rate, he died, leaving his widow and her only child, Ned, in poverty, as they had always been.

But Ned understood that just before his death his father had invented an explosive that would prove far more valuable than any that had yet been produced, being especially available in gunnery. He had offered his invention to the government, had given an exhibition of its working and had received an order for a large supply, to be followed by other orders at a price that would make him rich. Furthermore, a company with an established plant capable of manufacturing the stuff had the contract to produce the goods. Nothing remained but to pass over the recipe for the explosive when the inventor fell on the floor of his laboratory and died without speaking a word.

After his father's death Ned hunted high and low for the formula. He first went through the laboratory, searching every nook and cranny, examining every scrap of paper, but without success. Then he looked through the house in which the family lived, a little frame dwelling on the outskirts of a city, with no better success. There was no other place to look, and Ned and his mother, from a prospect of stepping from poverty into affluence, found themselves worse off than they had ever been before.

But Ned did not give the matter up. He had heard his father tell his mother that he was puzzled how to keep his secret till he had made all his copies, traces and must give it to the manufacturer.

Forsythe knew that should he be suddenly taken away his wife and child would be cut off from the benefits of his invention. He had once parted with the secret of an invention and thereby made another person rich without reaping any benefit himself. He had then vowed that he would never part with another such secret until the last moment. He told his wife shortly before his death that he had decided to put the recipe for the manufacture of his explosive into cipher. But as to what he was to do with the cipher or the key he said nothing.

A month passed after the inventor's death when Mrs. Forsythe received a letter addressed to her in the well known hand of her late husband. On the envelope was written "Via San Francisco, Hongkong, Aden, Naples, New York." The letter bore the postmarks of these cities and had evidently been around the world. The recipient tore off the envelope, and there, on the paper inclosed, was written a jumble of words. Below was written:

Before you receive this I shall have told you where the key is to be found.

The poor woman had received another disappointment. Her husband had, under fear of losing his secret, deprived his wife of that which he desired her to possess. What was there in these incoherent words of any value without the key? The letter, however, had a different effect upon her son. He vowed that he would decipher the recipe if he spent his whole life in doing so.

Several months passed, and it seemed that the receipt of the letter had been for worse instead of better. Ned made no headway in deciphering the word puzzle. Having his father's fear of giving away the secret, he would not intrust any one else with it and spent so much of his time on it that he was useless at anything else. He and his mother were near the point of starvation when a brother of the late inventor was summoned and asked for the whereabouts to purchase something to eat.

He was told about the invention and the cipher recipe. Having asked to see the latter, it was shown to him. As soon as he looked at it his eyes lighted with interest.

"Your father," he said to Ned, "was during the war for the Union a member of the staff of a general officer. This you know as well as I, but you may not know what your father told me—that when telegrams were sent by his commander it was his duty to put them into cipher and when they were received to decipher them. He kept some of these dispatches for awhile after the war and showed them to me and the principle on which they were built. I think he has used that principle in this case." The recipe has, I believe, been written in a certain number of columns, down one, up another, proceeding till every column is filled. Here are check words having no meaning, thrown in doubtlessly to make the matter more complicated.

Sitting down, Ned's uncle wrote out a message in columns and gave Ned the plan. What had been a jumble of words became a perfectly coherent message. Ned grasped the idea, and the two went to work to decipher the recipe.

They failed at the time, but Ned worked on and at last produced an intelligible reading. The matter was again taken up with the manufacturer, the recipe produced, and Ned and his mother are now rich.

A Tall Story.

The long leggedest man we know is our friend H. Bingham Palmer. He can take steps above five feet long. In spite of which he is devoted to horse-back riding.

Recently he came into the office to chat awhile, and we noticed that he kept.

"Corn?" was asked sympathetically.
"None—accident," he answered, as answers one who doesn't care to talk about something. That aroused our curiosity, and we couldn't help showing it, probably, for he sighed and confessed:

"I was ridin' through the park Monday, and I was just ridin' along and ridin' along and not thinkin' of anything in particular, and my foot slipped out of the stirrup."

"Well?"
"Well—the darn horse stepped on it!"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dirigible Balloons.

The dirigible balloon is by no means a modern invention, as many people seem to think. As a matter of fact, as long ago as 1784 General Meusnier proposed the construction of an elongated balloon which might be propelled through the air. Experiments were made with it by two brothers named Robert, who made several ascents and attained a speed of three miles an hour, though the method of propulsion was only aerial oars worked by hand. Nothing further was attempted until 1852, when Henri Giffard built dirigibles which, by means of a light steam engine, he propelled at nearly seven miles an hour, and since then various experiments have been made which ultimately ended in the wonderful triumph of Zeppelin.—New York Press.

Borax in the Laundry.

The uses of refined borax are manifold. It is infinitely better than soda for washing purposes. It may be used in the proportion of a large handful to ten gallons of boiling water, and will effect a great saving in soap. If you are about to wash delicate laces or cambric use an extra quantity of powder. The effect of borax is to soften the hardest water, and, being a neutral salt, it does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of linen or any other delicate material washed with it. —New York Globe.

The Youths Companion in 1914

Seven college presidents and a number of college instructors, including ex-President Taft, will contribute to The Youth's Companion during 1914. Then there is Gene Stratton Porter whose stories of Indiana woods swamps have made her famous, and Kate Douglas Wiggin, who never wrote a dull line in her life, and Mrs. Burton Harrison, who remembers when conversation was really an art as practised in Washington and in the manor houses of Virginia. And this is just a beginning of the list.

If you know The Companion, you have a pretty clear idea of what is in store for next year's readers. If you do not know, ask us to send you sample copies—for instance, those containing the opening chapters of Arthur Stanwood Pier's fine serial—"His Father's Son." Full Announcement for 1914 will be sent with the sample copies.

For the year's subscription of \$2.00 there is included The Companion Practical Home Calendar for 1914, and all the issues of the paper for the remaining weeks of 1913, dating from the time the subscription is received.

The Youth's Companion, 144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass. New subscriptions received at this office.

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE FARMERS' WEEK

December 8 to 13, 1913

This will be a notable event in the educational history of Oregon. Farmers' Co-operation will be the leading topic of a stimulating series of lectures. The week will be crowded with discussions, and demonstrations in everything that makes for the welfare of the farmer and home-maker.

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If you want to buy, or sell anything, advertise in the Post.

FOR SALE at a Bargain—House and lot on Oregon street, near City Hall. Must be sold soon. Call on Rogue River Realty Co. Adv.

Weather Report.

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

DATE	MAX. MUM	MIN. MUM	PREC. TATN	CHARACTER OF DAY
1	82	41		clear
2	81	46		clear
3	86	49		clear
4	85	56		clear
5	80	33		part cloudy
6	81	37	.23	clear
7	85	44	.54	cloudy
8	85	45	.11	part cloudy
9	88	37		clear
10	87	33		clear
11	72	38		clear
12	71	41		clear
13	67	40		clear
14	58	37		part cloudy
15	59	30		part cloudy
16	53	43		part cloudy
17	68	45		clear
18	70	40		clear
19	70	42		clear
20	78	42		clear
21	79	42		clear
22	74	44		clear
23	71	44		clear
24	71	35		clear
25	69	39		clear
26	71	42		clear
27	73	37		clear
28	72	39		clear
29	67	39		clear
30	67	39		clear
31	62	47	.02	cloudy

Temperature—mean max. 66.48; mean min. 40.06; mean 53.27. Max. 82 on 1. Minimum, 30, on 15th. Greatest daily range, 41. Total precipitation .90 inches. Greatest in 24 hours, .54 in., on 7th. Number of days with .01 inch or more precipitation, 4, clear, 20; partly cloudy, 5; cloudy, 6.

Summons.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR JACKSON COUNTY
Bertha S. Barnum, Plaintiff,
vs.
Joseph Dame and Annie E. Dame, Defendants,
Suits in Equity to Quiet Title.

To Joseph Dame and Annie E. Dame his wife, the above named defendants:

You and each of you are hereby required to appear in the above entitled Court and cause and there answer the complaint of the plaintiff in file therein against you within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, if served within Jackson County, Oregon, or if served within any other County of Oregon, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, or if served by publication or out of the state after an order of publication then on or before the last day prescribed in the order for the publication of the said summons, which last day is the 23rd day of December, 1913, and you will take notice that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint plaintiff will apply to the Court above named for a decree in favor of plaintiff decreeing that she is the owner of lots seventeen and eighteen in block twenty-three in the City of Medford, Jackson County, Oregon, and that said defendants and each of them be forever enjoined and debarred from asserting any claim whatsoever in or to any of the said property so owned by plaintiff or any part thereof adverse to plaintiff and for such other and further relief as to the Court shall seem just and equitable.

This summons is published in the Jacksonville Post, a weekly newspaper published and of general circulation in Jackson County, Oregon, by order of the Hon. F. M. Calkins, Judge of the above entitled Court, dated November 3rd, 1913, which order directs this summons to be served upon you by publication thereof in said newspaper once a week for six consecutive weeks from and after the date of the first publication, which first date of publication is the 8th day of November, 1913, and last date of publication being the 20th day of December, 1913. And said order requires you and each of you to answer on or before the last day prescribed in the order for the publication of said summons and that in default thereof a decree will be entered as prayed for.

CHARLES PRIM,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Summons for Publication in Foreclosure of Tax Lien.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR JACKSON COUNTY.
Geo. W. Stevens, Plaintiff,
vs.
D. R. Hunt, Defendant.

To D. R. Hunt, the above named defendant, In the Name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby notified that Geo. W. Stevens, the holder of Certificate of Delinquency numbered 134, issued on the second day of November, 1910, by the Tax Collector of the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, for the amount of Four and 19/100 Dollars, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for taxes for the year 1909, together with penalty, interest and costs thereon upon the real property assessed to you, of which you are the owner as appears of record, situated in said County and State, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit: 33 1/2 acres in north-west quarter of north-east quarter of Section 7 in Township 36 south of Range 1 east of the Willamette Meridian, in Jackson County, Oregon.

You are further notified that said Geo. W. Stevens has paid taxes on said premises for prior or subsequent years with the rate of interest on said amounts as follows:

Year	Date Paid	No.	Amount Interest	Rate of Interest
1910	Nov. 1, 1911	188	\$3.57	15 per cent.
1911	Oct. 14, 1912	6710	\$1.28	15 per cent.
1912	Oct. 16, 1913	13559	\$1.54	15 per cent.

Said D. R. Hunt as the owner of the legal title of the above described property as the same appears of record, and each of the other persons above named are hereby notified that Geo. W. Stevens will apply to the Circuit Court of the County and State aforesaid for a decree foreclosing the lien against the property above described, and mentioned in said certificate. And you are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the first publication of this summons exclusive of the day of said first publication, and defend this action or pay the amount due as above shown together with cost, and accrued interest and in case of your failure to do so, a decree will be rendered foreclosing the lien of said taxes and costs against the land and premises above named.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable F. M. Calkins, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Jackson, and said order was made and dated the 29th day of October, 1913, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 23rd day of October, 1913.

All process and papers in this proceeding may be served upon the undersigned residing within the State of Oregon, at the address hereafter mentioned.

M. PURDIN,
Attorney for Plaintiff

Address Medford, Ore.

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Change in Southern Pacific Time Table.

Effective November 13, 1913.

NORTH BOUND TRAINS.

14 Portland Passenger.....8:27 A.M.
24 Grants Pass Motor.....10:22 A.M.
32 Grants Pass Motor.....4:27 P.M.
16 Oregon Express.....5:20 P.M.
12 Shasta Limited (Mail only) 2:44 A.M.
Extra fare train.

SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.

23 Ashland Motor.....8:35 A.M.
13 California Express.....10:32 A.M.
31 Ashland Motor.....2:24 P.M.
15 San Francisco Express.....4:00 P.M.
11 Shasta Limited (Mail only) 5:22 A.M.
Extra fare train.

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