

**LOCAL NEWS**

H. Went was a visitor at Medford Sunday.

J. R. Neil was a visitor at Medford Monday.

Dr. Seeley of Medford was in town Wednesday.

Lester Throckmorton of Ruch was in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Ulrich were at Medford Sunday.

W. H. Venable of Ruch was a visitor in town Saturday.

Dau Ryan was a visitor at Medford Monday morning.

E. C. Hogsett of Medford was at the court house Monday.

Mrs. Walter Kentner visited friends at Medford this week.

Prof. J. P. O'Gara of Medford was a visitor in this city Friday.

Chauncey Florey was at Eagle Point the beginning of the week.

Will Hanna returned Wednesday from a trip to Evans creek.

Ira Tugate of Butte Falls was in town several days this week.

Mr. Bunch of Medford, visited his son Ray in this city, Thursday.

T. W. Osgood of Medford was at the court house Wednesday morning.

Judge Tou Velle made a business trip to Ashland Monday afternoon.

Pat Swayne of Watkins was transacting business in town this week.

Col. J. M. Williams was a business visitor at Medford Monday forenoon.

Mrs. M. C. Taylor of Menford was a business visitor in this city Saturday.

Uncle Billy Cameron of the Applegate was a recent visitor in this city.

William Loudon of Runcom was transacting business in town Thursday.

David Dorn of Watkins was transacting legal business in this city Tuesday.

Prof. U. S. Collins of Medford transacted legal business in this city Monday.

E. D. Briggs, Esq., of Ashland was a business visitor in this city Thursday morning.

Medford city council has passed an ordinance forbidding the sale of tobacco to minors.

Grand Master Taylor of Pendleton, visited the local lodge of I. O. O. F. Saturday night.

Attorney W. I. Phipps of Medford was transacting business in this city Monday forenoon.

Miss Margaret Florey of Eagle Point is a guest at the home of her brother Chauncey Florey.

E. E. Oman, the insurance man of Medford was transacting business in this city Tuesday.

PORT RENT—The Norling house on Oregon street, \$600 per month. Apply to D. W. Bagshaw.

Mrs. Coffman has opened a restaurant in the building formerly occupied by the Foodle Dog cafe.

Mr. and Mrs. David Mc Kinney of Ashland visited at the home of M. and Mrs. Lee C. Port this week.

The Bagley Canning Co. of Talent is advertising for Logan berries and cherries for putting up this season.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Epperson left Thursday morning for a short visit with friends at Eugene and Albany.

The Rebekah lodge gave an oyster supper to its members after the close of the business session Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Stephenson of the Applegate valley were transacting business in this city Monday and Tuesday.

George M. Brown, prosecuting attorney of Douglas County was transacting business at the court house Tuesday.

Miss Iessie Mc Cully who has spent the winter in New York and other eastern cities returned home Tuesday evening.

Clyde Shaw has removed with his family to Gold Hill where he is employed by the Beaver Cement Co. as blacksmith.

Mrs. J. C. F. Harrington and family of Portland arrived Saturday and remained until Tuesday visiting friends in this city.

O. P. Coshaw and Bige Eddy, two of Roseburg's prominent attorneys were attending to legal business at the court house Tuesday.

Two of Medford's fair ladies charged with fighting, were found guilty and charged \$5.00 and costs, in the police court Saturday.

The regular City election will be held Tuesday, March 3rd. A mayor, two councilmen, a recorder and a treasurer will be voted for.

The local camp of Royal Neighbors of America, held an interesting meeting at the home of Mrs. S. Walsh, Tuesday afternoon.

Mary Bagshaw, composer in this office is on the sick list with a severe cold, this week. Her place is being filled by Miss Alice Hoefs.

Mr. C. F. Hoefs who was recently operated upon at the Medford hospital has recovered from the operation and is able to be out at his work again.

E. C. Welch and W. H. Odin of Foot creek were bound over to the grand jury on the charge of obtaining money by false pretense, by Justice Taylor at Medford Tuesday.

Ashland's new army was dedicated Monday afternoon. Governor and Mrs. West and a number of other distinguished visitors were present. The military officers were in full dress uniforms.

Prof. Harrington, of Portland, a former principal of the public schools of this city joined his wife and family here Tuesday forenoon. They departed for San Francisco where they will take passage on a steamer to Chili where they will make their home for the present.

Monday was Ground Hog day and according to old saying we may expect six weeks of wintry weather to follow, all because the sun shone so that his hogship might have seen his shadow. From present indications garden making will be the popular pastime within ten days.

The family of Mr. Frendenthal arrived from San Jose, Calif. Friday night and will make their home in this city. Mr. Frendenthal has been here for a week or more and has purchased the blacksmith shop heretofore operated by Chas. H. Basye. The Post welcomes the new arrivals and wishes them prosperity in the home of their choice.

Pioneer Methodist Church, Rev. A. S. Jenkins, Pastor, Sunday School 10 a. m., W. G. Caudill, Supt. Sermon 11 a. m. "History of the Church Beginning with Abraham." Young people's meeting 6:30 p. m. Illustrated Sermon on the "Abomination of Desolation Spoken of by Daniel the Prophet" 7:30 p. m. This will be instructive and interesting. A welcome to all, bring your friends.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**—Morning worship with sermon at eleven o'clock. Evening worship with sermon; address on "Vocation," the general subject for February, by Mr. W. H. Gore of Medford. At this service Mr. George Andrews of Medford will sing two solos, one being "Nearer My God to Thee" and the other selected. No young man or woman in Jacksonville should miss the address of Mr. Gore or the singing of Mr. Andrews. Paul S. Bandy, Minister.

**DEAD IN CABIN**

**Man Found With Throat Cut. Supposed to be Suicide.**

The body of William Aiken, a wood-cutter employed by the R. R. V. Ry. Co. was found late Friday afternoon in a cabin near his work in the woods west of this city, with a great gash across the throat, evidently done with a sharp instrument. The body was cold when found and the man had evidently been dead several hours. The man is said to have been quiet and inoffensive in manner and had no enemies so far as known. Indications point to suicide but at this time details are so meager that it is uncertain whether he was killed by another or died by his own hands.

The body was removed to Medford last night and an inquest will be held to-day.

**WEDDING BELLS**

**Well-Known Resident Married Wednesday Evening.**

Wednesday evening at the Wilson home on California street, Judge Tou Velle pronounced the words which made John W. Wilson and Marcie Mooney, man and wife.

The happy couple will reside in the house of the bride in North Jacksonville, which has been recently remodeled. Mr. Wilson, the groom, familiarly known to everyone in the city as "Stub," is the efficient jailor in charge of the county jail and has a host of friends who join the Post in wishing the newly wedded pair a long and happy married life.

**School Notes**

Prof. Smith attended the "Schoolmaster's Club", at Ashland Sat. Jan 31st. The Club is composed of the Supts. and Principals of the County.

The High School has chosen Navy Blue and Old Gold as their colors for this year.

Mr. Harrington, Superintendent of Jacksonville school last year, visited us for a brief period Tuesday. Mr. Harrington with his family are on their way to Concepcion, Chili, where he will engage in missionary work.

The High School gave a Literary Program Wednesday afternoon and had the pleasure of entertaining about twenty visitors besides some of the lower grades.

A Basket Social will be given in the near future for the purpose of raising funds for athletics.

**Jimmie's Valentine Ruse**  
By EDITH V. ROSS

"Ma," said Jimmie Wilkinson, aged seven, "how much are you goin' to give me for valentines this year?"

"Oh, dear! Has St. Valentine's day come around again already? It seems to me that it was only a few months ago that I was giving you money to buy valentines with."

And Mrs. Wilkinson remembered that three days after the day—the 17th of February—she would pass another birthday, and this year would bring a round figure; she would be thirty. She had lost her husband five years before, and it was beginning to occur to her that a single life had its disadvantages. There was no chance for her to marry again, because men never came into her life. She had one child, Jimmie, who kept her busy, for he was always getting himself and her into trouble. But Jimmie did not fill the whole of her life. She craved the society of one of her own generation, and it is natural for the sexes to prefer their opposites.

Jimmie got his mother into one scrape that appeared to be never ending. In a moment of weakness she had consented to his having a dog. A mealy creature of yellow color came whining about the door one day for something to eat, and Jimmie begged so hard for permission to keep him that his mother consented. That was the great mistake of her life. The dog was a Barker. He would bark at those he loved by way of salute and at those he hated by way of antagonism.

Jimmie declared that he wouldn't stop the dog barking for the world. He said that the best was splendid protection against burglars. Perhaps he was, for a warning, but Bob—that was the dog's name—was the most cowardly brute in the world.

In a house that backed up against the widow's place lived an old bachelor, aged forty. His rising hour was 8, but his waking hour was 7, for Bob was let out every morning at 7 and frisked and barked till 8. Mr. Barker, the old bachelor, hated Bob primarily; Jimmie, his owner, secondly, and the widow, Jimmie's mother, thirdly. Only Jimmie knew this, for Mr. Barker was too much of a gentleman to let a woman know how Bob annoyed him. Such was the status when Jimmie asked and received money for his annual love messages.

"I'm goin'," said Jimmie to himself, "to send a valentine to mamma from Mr. Barker. I reckon that would be a good thing for me to do."

The basic reason for this was, fearing that the bachelor would complain of his dog to his mamma and he would thereby lose him, Jimmie was interested in keeping the peace between the two. So he spent the principal part of the money given him for the prettiest valentine he could find and asked the man of whom he bought it to address it to his mother. On St. Valentine's day he left it at the front door, then ran around to the back of the house and climbed a trellis to his room.

"Jimmie," called his mother, "mamma has got a valentine. Whom do you suppose it's from?"

"I don't suppose it's from any one," grumbled Jimmie, "because I know."

"Of course I do. Didn't I see that Mr. Barker, who lives back of us, stealin' around the house with it and then run back and jump the fence in a hurry?"

"Why, Jimmie! You're fibbing; you know you are."

"Well, if you know better than I do it don't make any difference to me. I don't like that old curmudgeon, anyway."

Mrs. Wilkinson could not at once believe what Jimmie had told her, but she had been conscious of being observed by the bachelor when she stood at a mirror near her back window prinking and he was at his back window shaving.

"Well, Jimmie," she said, "if I had a valentine I might be tempted to return the compliment."

This put another idea into Jimmie's head. If he should send Mr. Barker a valentine from his mother he would re-enforce his chances for keeping Bob. He asked his mother for money to buy another valentine to send to a little girl she very much approved of, and she gave it to him. This time the clerk who served him was a woman, and he asked her to address the envelope to Mr. Barker. Then between daylight and dark, seeing the bachelor looking out of a window, he ran past it to the front door, rang the bell and vanished.

The next day Mr. Barker began inquiries among his neighbors for some one to introduce him to the widow, and presently a lady asked permission to bring him to call. Mrs. Wilkinson, believing from the fact of his having sent her a valentine that he had been smitten with her, received him very graciously, and Mr. Barker, believing the same with reference to her, made himself as agreeable as was possible with her.

Mr. Barker was a frequent caller on Mrs. Wilkinson after that. He gave Jimmie candy and even petted Bob. Jimmie was delighted with the success of his ruse till one day his mother informed him that Mr. Barker was going to be his new papa. Jimmie was not particularly pleased with this new feature of the case. In speaking of it to a friend he remarked:

"Dadzone it, I only wanted to keep Bob, and I got a stepfather!"

**A Desperate Situation**  
BY EUNICE BLAKE

At an Episcopal mission on the Chinese coast situated far from any white settlement the Rev. Mr. Waterman, a lean and hungry looking bachelor of forty-five, went to the superintendent, Mr. Blanchard, and said:

"I have been laboring in this field now for twenty years and have never been associated with any but Chinese during that time save only my co-workers. I must resign and go to another field."

Mr. Blanchard, unwilling to lose so valuable an assistant, said:

"Supposing, brother, a companion could be given you—a wife to labor with you and cheer you."

Mr. Waterman thought in that case that he could stand it awhile longer, but he didn't know where the wife was to come from. There were only married white women at the station, and he would not marry a heathen Chinese woman. Mr. Blanchard told him that there were women without husbands in civilized lands who might be induced to come out and marry a clergyman.

A few months after this conversation the Rev. Mr. Southgate, twenty-five years old and a bachelor, was standing on the dock belonging to the station awaiting the coming of a ship that appeared to the eastward. He was so homesick that anything coming from a Christian land interested him, and his object in being on the dock was to see a ship that had come from the land he loved.

When the ship was docked and the gangplank in position the only woman who came down it was not only white, but comely. She seemed much cast down. Mr. Southgate approached her, raised his hat and asked if he could do anything for her.

"I have some business with the Rev. Mr. Waterman," she said, "but I don't wish to go directly to his house. Can you direct me to a place where I can lodge temporarily?"

"Let me take that bag," was the reply, "and the other things. I will think of some place for you while we are walking to the station. There is not much in the way of accommodation here. How long will you need a lodging place?"

"That I can't say. Do you know Mr. Waterman?"

"Oh, yes, very well."

"What kind of a person is he?"

"A very excellent man indeed."

"Is he good looking?"

"Oh, no. Mr. Waterman is not good looking."

"How old is he?"

"Between forty-five and fifty."

"Light or dark?"

"Neither. He has red hair and many freckles."

The young woman stopped. Mr. Southgate looked at her inquiringly.

"I'm going back on the ship," she said.

"Going back on the ship?"

"Yes"—sobbing—"I came out here to marry Mr. Waterman, not knowing anything about him. From what you say he must be frightful."

There was a long silence, during which the young woman wept.

"You are sure you wouldn't marry Mr. Waterman?"

"Yes, I am. I'll jump in the sea first. I have nothing to go back to and am desperate. Perhaps the best thing I can do is to drown myself."

"Oh, dear, no! You needn't do that. Would you be contented to remain here as the wife of a man about my age?"

"Perhaps," was the indefinite reply.

"I wouldn't mind helping you out; that is, if you would permit me."

There was no reply to this, but the sobs were less frequent.

"If you're going to take me," continued Mr. Southgate, "it might be less embarrassing for you to marry me before you see Mr. Waterman."

"Perhaps it would."

"But there must be some reason given. It must be reported as a mistake."

"You might tell me you are Mr. Waterman."

"That would be untrue."

"I have never told a lie, but I have never been placed in such a position before. I will say that I forgot the name; that I thought it was Southgate."

"There comes Waterman, now."

"Oh, heavens!"

"Let us turn down this walk."

The sight of Mr. Waterman struck the poor girl with terror. She clung to her escort and trembled. They met a young clergyman, and Southgate said to him:

"Marbury, got anything to do just now?"

"Nothing particular."

"Go to the chapel; I wish you to do something very particular."

Marbury consented and in a few minutes was joined by the couple.

"Marry us," said Southgate.

"Marry you?"

"Yes. This young lady came out here on a venture to marry old Waterman. I'm her only hope."

The marriage ceremony was performed and the two were made one. When it was over Southgate said to Marbury: "Go to Blanchard and tell him. Get him to fix it up with Waterman, that's a good fellow."

"I'll do it. Are there any more like you coming?" he asked the bride.

She smiled and said, "No, I hope not for your sakes."

Mr. Blanchard fixed the matter by sending Mr. Waterman to civilization to find a wife for himself.

**Ladies Aid Elect Officers**

The Ladies Aid of the Pioneer Methodist Church of Jacksonville, met at the home of Mrs. Abbott Thursday afternoon. Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: Mrs. Ella Walsh, Pres.; Mrs. W. N. Welles, V. P.; Mrs. M. E. Abbott, Secy.; Miss Flora Ball, Treas.

After a very enjoyable session, light refreshments were served. The Ladies Aid would be glad to have anyone interested in the work meet with them on the first and third Wednesday of each month.

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