

The Comforter

A Story of President Lincoln
Founded on Fact

By F. A. MITCHEL

When the great struggle between the northern and southern states came on Allan Fitz Hugh, twelve years old, was at school in Virginia. He was a boy of delicate physique, but was full of fire, and, hearing that Abraham Lincoln was coming southward at the head of an armed force, was much troubled because he was too young to shoulder a musket and repel the invader. He found it difficult during those exciting times to attend to his studies, and had it not been for the influence of his mother, whom he dearly loved, he could not have been kept at school at all.

In those days the passion attending war ran high on both sides. The songs, the gibes, the speeches and what was written concerning the great struggle were very bitter and usually far from the truth. In the north it was "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," and in the south President Lincoln was called "the baboon." The northern schoolboy conceived the idea that President Davis was an ogre, not realising that he was an educated gentleman, had commanded a regiment of United States troops in the war with Mexico, had been a United States senator and secretary of war. The southern schoolboy considered President Lincoln a wild man from the western woods who delighted in bloodshed. Children whose minds are not developed must concentrate upon one head in any movement in which they are interested. So Allan's thoughts dwelt upon Mr. Lincoln, embodying in him the whole northern army, which was to him a terrible horde coming down to destroy the south.

When Allan was fifteen he begged his mother to let him go to fight for the Confederacy. Naturally she clung to her son, and the matter was compromised between them in this wise: If the war was not over in another year Allan was to enlist with his mother's consent. Many boys of his age, both in the north and in the south, broke away from parental restraint and enlisted without permission. Food for powder was in demand, and the recruiting officers often winked at the fact that the recruits were under age. But Allan was his mother's only child, and, being of an extremely affectionate disposition, the bond between them was doubly strong.

So Allan continued at his studies, though he read more about the battles that were being fought than the subjects treated of in his textbooks. He lived in Richmond and at one time had listened to the roar of cannon during the seven days' battles that had been fought between Lee and McClellan. His admiration for soldiers wore away some of his bitterness against the Federal general, but President Lincoln was still the embodiment of his repugnance for the northern people. The two heads—Davis of the Confederacy and Lincoln of the Federal Union—throughout the war continued to represent the bitter antagonism felt by either side.

In the early spring of 1865 Allan Fitz Hugh came to be sixteen years of age, and his mother reluctantly consented to his doing his part to fill the gaps in the southern ranks made by northern soldiers. When the time came for him to leave his mother he was seized with a foreboding that he would not see her again. It is questionable which suffered the more at the parting, mother or son.

Allan enlisted in time to take part in one of the last battles of the war. He saw a dark line of blue on the edge of a wood behind earthworks. With the Confederate line of battle he moved toward it. Suddenly a storm burst in his face. He felt himself collapse and sank down on the ground. His companions in arms went on, but were soon driven back and over him, leaving him there with a stream of blood flowing from his side.

Later he was picked up by a Federal ambulance corps and placed on a stretcher. He believed himself to be dying, and, oh, how terrible not to be able to bid his mother goodbye!

"Mother!" he cried. "Oh, mother!" A tall, spare man in citizen's apparel heard the call and directed the carriers to put down the stretcher and, kneeling beside it, asked tenderly: "What can I do for you, my poor boy?"

"You are a Yankee. You will do nothing for me. I wish to send a message to my mother, but it will never reach her."

"Give me your message and I promise you that I will send it for you." The next morning Mrs. Fitz Hugh heard of the battle and knew that her son had been in it. While she was wondering what might have been his fate a man rode up to her and gave her a message, stating that it had come by flag of truce.

Starting for the front at once, the anxious mother succeeded in bringing her boy home. He hovered for some time between life and death, then began slowly to recover. Not long after this Richmond was evacuated by the Confederates, and President Lincoln went down there from Washington. When he was riding through the street on which the Fitz Hughes lived Allan was propped up in an easy chair on pillows, and his mother pointed out Mr. Lincoln to him.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed the boy. "What is it, Allan?" "He's the man who comforted me when I was carried off that dreadful battlefield, and he sent you my message."

Silent and Superstitious.

Humble as the cockle is, it gives employment to several hundred men, women and children on the coast of Lancashire, England, and seems to have bred in them silence and superstition. Several villages depend upon the cockle as an industrial mainstay. The cockles are humble folk and among strangers exceedingly shy and taciturn, as well becomes their lonely vocation. They inhabit stone cottages near the rustling marramgrass and bents. They subsist on the coarsest fare, and, while at all times their living is precarious, they suffer periodical hardships through destructive high tides, shifting channels and the break up or altered position of the skeers. These toilers are often seen in twos and threes far apart, not a word escaping the lips of those who work together. They are superstitious enough to believe that disputes among themselves over the skeers would be overheard and resented by the lubbed cockles. In which case those sensitive shellfish would perform quit by the next tide.—Argonaut.

Wisdom of Woman.

Women are the inheritors of the oldest, most universal human wisdom. They have more sense than men, for the simple reason that a man has to be a specialist, and a specialist has to be a fanatic. The normal man all over the world is a hunter or a fisher, or a banker, or a man of letters, or some silly thing. If so he has to be a wise hunter or a wise banker. But nobody with the smallest knowledge of a professional life would ever expect him to be a wise man. She has to have an eye on everything, an eye on the things that fanatical bankers forget. If the banker is melancholy she must teach him ordinary cheerfulness. If the banker is too convivial she must teach him ordinary caution. If she had four husbands she would be an optimist to the pessimist, a pessimist to the optimist, a Pagan to the Puritan, a Puritan to the Pagan; for she is the secret health of the world.—Ches-terton.

A Poor Man's Hell.

The Caribbean tropics are a garden of delight for the rich man and an El Dorado. In sugar, in cotton, in cattle pastures, that world holds treasure today greater than the treasure shipped by the Spaniard through Panama the golden. The Caribbean tropics are good indeed to the man strong enough to be master. They are good, too, to their own poor, for they curse their natives with no cold and rarely with famine. But for the poor white man from the north they are hell.

It is not due only to the risks of the crop. It is due to the social conditions that forbid the white man in the tropics from laboring with the hands. No white man can do it in the islands or in central America and keep his caste. Only in Panama, where an entirely artificial and unique condition has been made by the creators of the wonder of the isthmus, can it be done.—Julius Muller in Century.

New Line of Art.

The redheaded and dissatisfied boarder was a large man with a large appetite. After dinner he went out into the narrow yard, shook both his fists at the silvery moon, hurled several imprecations toward the congress of the stars and burst forth into a picturesque and voluminous flood of abuse which was devoted entirely to the landlady. One of the other boarders who had been at the house a long time, thereby accumulating a pallid look and a palate with corals on it, drew near timidly and ventured to ask what the special kick was.

"What's the matter?" echoed the large man. "That old dame's the first woman I ever knew who could literally paint food on a plate."—Popular Magazine.

Too Much For the Scot.

A Scottish farmer paid a visit to a south of England cattle show and while walking around got talking with a native farmer. Neither could well understand what the other said. The Scotchman got a little nettled at this and put it down to the Englishman's stupidity.

"Man," he said at last, "yer cows moo a' right, and yer cocks crow quite plain, but I'm hanged if I can mak' you out!"—Exchange.

Looking Far Ahead.

"What was the basis of Mr. and Mrs. Futill's separation?"

"Well, you know their baby—the one that was born last month?"

Nothing Else.

George Washington's personal expense accounts during the Revolution amounted to \$7,800 and his balance was within 30 cents of right. That is the only thing about the immortal Father of His Country that looks like 30 cents.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Look to the Future.

The moment that the face is turned away from the dead past and looks toward the living future, a new power comes. Hope is awake and hope is infinite.—Phillips Brooks.

Afghanistan's Fruit.

Much fruit is raised in Afghanistan. During August, September and October a special daily fruit train of about fifteen cars is run from Quetta to different cities in India.

Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behavior.—Emerson.

Caught a Tartar.

Bishop Thornton when in Ballarat was walking one fine Sunday morning with his favorite dog, a very intelligent retriever. The dog was performing all sorts of tricks—jumping over his master's stick, retrieving it from the water, and so on.

The bishop was aware of the wide eyed interest of a small boy who, with his nurse, was walking on the shore of the lake. The bishop recognized in him the son of a neighbor with whom he was on the best of terms, although the neighbor was a leading light of Nonconformity in the city.

To amuse this boy the bishop put the dog through the whole category of his tricks and then said, "Now, isn't that a nice dog and wouldn't you like to have one like him?" To which the small boy replied sternly, "Sir, I 'wink you forget what day this is."—London Citizen.

Another Pull.

The kaiser has a habit of gently tugging at his left ear when anything bothers him.

One day some years ago when he was on a visit to England he was handed a telegram. The contents of the message apparently displeased him, for he immediately began tugging at his ear.

The Prince of Wales, then a boy, watched the performance with considerable interest.

"Uncle," he said at length, "why are you pulling your ear?"

"Because I'm annoyed, I suppose," replied the kaiser.

"And when you're very annoyed," persisted the young prince, "what do you do then?"

"Then I pull somebody else's," announced his majesty viciously.—London Tatler.

Why the Wise Are Early Risers.

It is a curious fact in psychology that nobody can stay at the same mental and physical level for twenty-four hours together. In the morning you are more matter of fact, for instance, than later in the day. It is in the morning that the best brainwork is done, too—brainwork of the sort that requires industry and clear thinking. And it is about 11 in the morning that your body reaches its highest point of energy. In other words, you are stronger, though almost imperceptibly, at 11 in the morning than at 3 in the afternoon. You reach that highest point twice in the day, for about 5 in the afternoon the muscular energy has risen again. But from 5 onward it declines steadily all through the evening and on till between 2 and 3 a. m.—New York Press.

Records That Should Be Preserved.

In many private homes and in thousands of offices are to be found public records of inestimable value that daily run the risk of destruction. These should be preserved to posterity. Loss would mean annihilation. It is therefore the duty of all discerning ones throughout this broad land to take a personal interest in their preservation. They should no longer be left to the care of officers and indifferent citizens who are in too many instances ignorant of their value and reckless as to their preservation.—Magazine of American History.

Thirst For Knowledge.

In a cinematograph theater a little boy was with his grandmother when a film started with the title "Lost in the Desert." "Grandma," asked the child, "what is a desert?" "Hash!" murmured the grandmother. "It is a place where nothing grows."

"Oh!" said the little boy, pointing to an old man with a bald head. "Is that man's head a desert?"

Maine's Highest Point.

Mount Katahdin, in Piscataquis county, Me., has an elevation of 5,200 feet and is the highest mountain in the state, according to the United States geological survey. The average or mean elevation of the entire state of Maine is 600 feet above sea level.

Jovous Occasion.

Briggs—What! Are you going to Mawker's funeral? I thought you made it a rule to associate only with superlatively happy people? Griggs—That's why I am going. You see, Mawker left a lot of money to his relatives.—Life.

Riches.

Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and leave contentedly, yet have no abstract contempt of them.—Bacon.

Notice for Publication

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon.
January 23, 1914.
Notice is hereby given that Max S. Hirsch, whose post office address is 585 Burnside Street, Portland, Oregon, did, on the 18th day of December, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 9244, to purchase the Lots 3 and 4, Section 18, 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 \$500.00, the timber estimated 1,000,000 board feet at \$0.20 per M, and the land nothing; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 10th day of April, 1914, 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.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale

By virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon in and for the County of Jackson, dated the 17th day of January, 1914, in a certain cause therein pending wherein the MEDFORD NATIONAL BANK, as plaintiff recovered judgment against MARY E. GIBBS as defendant, for the sum of One Hundred Forty-two and 15/100 (\$142.15) Dollars with interest thereon from said 18th day of October, 1913, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum and Fifty (\$50.00) Dollars attorney's fees, and the further sum of Eleven (\$11.00) Dollars costs; which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the Clerk's office of said Court in said County, on the 4th day of December, 1913, which said execution was directed and delivered to me as sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon, commanding me to satisfy the judgment, costs and accruing costs out of the following described real property of the defendant, to-wit:

The Northeast Quarter of the Southeast Quarter of Section 4 in Township 11 North of Range 2, East of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon, containing 40 acres.

Public Notice is hereby given, that I will on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16th, 1914, at the front door of the Court House in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, at the hour of 9:30 o'clock A.M., sell at public auction, subject to redemption as by law provided, to the highest bidder for cash, in hand all the right title and interest of the above named defendant in and to the above described real property to satisfy the judgment and costs and accruing costs.

Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, this 13th day of January, 1914.

W. H. SINGLER,
Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon.
By E. W. WILSON, Deputy.

If you have young children you have perhaps noticed that disorders of the stomach are their most common ailment. To correct this you will find Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets excellent. They are easy and pleasant to take, and mild and gentle in effect. For sale by all dealers.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale

Seattle Trust Company, a Washington Corporation, Plaintiff.

Joseph R. H. Jacoby, and Dora Jacoby, husband and wife, George W. H. White Investment Co., a Washington Corporation, National Bank of Commerce of Tacoma, Washington, a National Banking Corporation, Eleven-Eighty Orchards Tract Co., a Washington Corporation, Patrick K. McHugh and E. E. Dowell, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of sale, decree of foreclosure and execution thereof issued out and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Jackson, in a certain cause therein, wherein Seattle Trust Company, a Washington Corporation, as plaintiff recovered judgment against Joseph R. H. Jacoby, for the sum of \$21,555.41 with interest thereon from said 14th day of November, 1913, at the rate of 7 per cent per annum, together with the further sum of \$215.37 with interest thereon from the 6th day of June, 1913, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, together with the further sum of \$171.19 with interest thereon from the 14th day of November, 1913, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, and the further sum of \$2500 attorney's fee, and the further sum of \$46.00 costs and accruing costs. Which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the Clerk's office of said Court in said County on the 17th day of January, 1914.

I am commanded by virtue of an execution issued by the Clerk of the above Court dated the 22nd day of January 1914, in the above entitled cause to sell the following described real property to satisfy said judgment, to-wit:

All of tracts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 34, except that part in section 10, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 64 and 65 of the Eleven-Eighty Orchards Tract, located in Township Thirty-seven (37) South of Range One (1) West of the Willamette Meridian in said Jackson County, Oregon, according to the official plat thereon on file in the office of the County Recorder of Jackson County, Oregon.

Now therefore, by virtue of said execution and decree, and in compliance with said writ, I will on

TUESDAY, THE 24th DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1914 at the hour of 9:30 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, sell at public auction, subject to redemption as by law provided, all the right title and interest of the above named defendants, Joseph R. H. Jacoby, and Dora Jacoby, husband and wife, George W. H. White Investment Co., a Washington Corporation, National Bank of Commerce of Tacoma, Washington, National Banking Corporation, Eleven-Eighty Orchards Tract Co., a Washington Corporation, Patrick K. McHugh and E. E. Dowell in and to the above described property, for cash in hand to the highest bidder.

Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, this 23rd day of January, 1914.

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Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon.
By E. W. WILSON, Deputy.

Notice to Creditors.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, IN AND FOR JACKSON COUNTY

In the Matter of the Estate of John A. Norling deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, has appointed Anna M. Norling as administratrix of the estate of John A. Norling, deceased, and that she has duly qualified as administratrix of said estate. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same properly verified, to the undersigned administratrix at the office of D. W. Bagshaw, in the City of Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, within six months from and after the date of the first publication of this notice.

Date of first publication of this notice: January 24, 1914.

ANNA M. NORLING,
Administratrix of the estate of John A. Norling, deceased.

D. W. BAGSHAW,
Jacksonville, Oregon, Attorney for Administratrix and said estate.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his final account as administrator of the estate of Fred F. Downing, deceased, with the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, and the said Court has appointed Monday, the 23rd day of February, 1914, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, as the time and the Court Room of said Court, in the Court House at Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear at said time and place and show cause why said final account should not be approved by said Court and said administrator discharged from his trust.

Dated and first published January 24th, 1914.

O. M. MURPHY,
Administrator of the estate of Fred F. Downing, deceased.

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14 Portland Passenger.....8:27 A.M.
24 Grants Pass Motor.....10:22 A.M.
33-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.....5:55 A.M.
13 California Express.....19:52 A.M.
31 Ashland Motor.....2:24 P.M.
15 San Francisco Express...4:09 P.M.
11 Shasta Limited (Mail only)5:22 A.M. Extra fare train.

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