

An American Lady of Lyons

By RUTH GRAHAM

The celebrated play "The Lady of Lyons" is based on the theme that the heroine's discarded lovers palm off upon her a countryman as a prince. Something similar happened recently in Paris to Betsy Baker of South Dakota.

Betsy, who hadn't much idea of proprieties except such as she had learned in Dakota, went abroad all by herself and, rather liking Nice, spent a good deal of time there. She fell in with some very nice persons and some who were not very nice. They were all pretty much the same to Betsy—at least, they appeared to be—for she seemed to have no power of discrimination between classes.

Two young Parisians, Jacques Gautier and Edmond Villiers, comparing notes, discovered that they had both proposed to Miss Baker and had been turned down. Whether or not they had seen the "Lady of Lyons" played and taken their cue from it doesn't appear, but they concluded to foist a spurious nobleman on Betsy. They selected a croupier at a gambling house who had found his employment on account of a very distinguished appearance and a mellifluous voice, the latter being advantageous in calling upon players to make their bets and the winning numbers. They introduced him to Betsy as Count Charbonnier, a member of one of the oldest families in France.

It is quite possible that had Betsy been fancy free the croupier might have deceived her; but, unfortunately for the plan, she was already pledged to Jack Howland, a young New Yorker, who had spent much of his time on his property in the neighborhood of Betsy's home in Dakota. He had fallen desperately in love with her, and, while aware of the fact that she was not of the conventional type of girl to whom he had been accustomed in the east, he was only too happy when she consented to marry him. She therefore refused the croupier, and since he had nothing to gain by persistence and must have a living he went over to Monte Carlo, where he had been employed before being introduced to Betsy, and resumed his calling.

Howland joined his fiancée at Nice, and the two made a trip to Monte Carlo, where they saw the bogus count presiding at the gaming table. Betsy recognized him at once and told her lover of the trick that had been played on her by the Messrs. Gautier and Villiers.

"That's the best joke I ever experienced," she said, laughing merrily.

"Joke? You don't call such a villainous scheme a joke?"

"Of course I do. But I must get it back on them. Let me see. How shall I manage it?"

"For heaven's sake, I'd let them alone."

"Not I till I have paid them in their own coin."

Leaning on her lover's arm, Betsy approached the croupier, giving his monotonous call: "Make your bets. Make your bets. Red or black?"

"How do, count?" she said.

The croupier looked up and, seeing her, turned red as a cock's comb.

"Come and see me, count."

The man looked as if he would break for the door, but made no reply.

"Come tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock. Don't fail me. You have nothing to fear and something to earn quite easily."

The next morning Antoine Boyer, who was his real name, presented himself to Betsy and was offered 2,000 francs to aid her in turning the tables on the men who had introduced him to her.

Returning to Nice, she sent word to Gautier and Villiers that if they would come and see her she would introduce them to her fiancé. They, being ignorant of what had recently transpired, wondered if their game had been wrecked. Repairing to Miss Baker's hotel, they found her with an American, whom she introduced to them, and the croupier.

"You know the count, of course, and there is no use for me to make you acquainted. Count, stand up there and exhibit your true voice to the gentlemen."

Boyer arose and, posing himself, began to make the calls pertaining to a roulette table. The two conspirators looked at each other in consternation.

"There was no mistaking the somnolent staccato manner in which the professional makes these calls. When he had gone over the same routine several times Betsy turned to Gautier and Villiers and said:

"I wanted to present you to my fiancé. This is he—Mr. Howland from America."

They bowed in a constrained manner to Mr. Howland and appeared at the same time to be looking for an exit.

"Gentlemen," said Howland impudently, "we have had enough of this farce. I have yielded reluctantly to Miss Baker's desire to play you for your dastardly trick in her own way. A good couching would have been more appropriate. You needn't remain any longer, and I recommend that you both keep out of my way lest I give you a punishment more lively, keeping with your deserts."

The two men withdrew, cringing, and were not seen again in Nice. As for Betsy Baker and Ned Howland, they concluded to be married and go on a wedding trip to Africa. Betsy said she had shot a grizzly bear in America and she wanted to kill a lion in the African jungles.

A SAILOR'S YARN

By RYLAND BELL

One bright moonlight night during the fifties of the last century a company of tars were lolling on the fore-castle when one of them, Jim Burns, told the following yarn:

"Mates, I've seen marvels on salt water, but the biggest marvel I ever see was on land. I'd been left in a hospital at Marseilles, and when I got well I shipped in the brigantine Northern Light, bound for New Orleans. But I wasn't fated to get to that port, for we was driven ashore by a sou'-easter and every soul lost except myself. Bein' washed overboard, I hung on to a chicken coop that floated by me, was carried into the breakers and thrown on a sandy beach. Between seas I managed to crawl up beyond 'em, and somehow as soon as I saw they couldn't get me ag'in my strength went out o' me all of a sudden, and I didn't know nothin'." The last I remembered was a lot o' corpses of my mates rollin' around in the breakers, and they seemed to be lookin' at me envious.

"There was a big change from this to what I saw when I got back to myself ag'in. A gal with a pair o' blue eyes was a-lookin' down into mine. She had just poured some grog down my throat from a bottle and was watchin' to see if it would bring me out."

"Bully," said Tom Nye, "I wouldn't give a piece o' hardtack for a yarn without a gal in it."

"There bein' nothin' the matter with me," continued the speaker, "except exhaustion, I rose on my legs and, havin' got my bearin', axed the gal where I was. She said I was on the coast o' South Carolina, not far from Savannah. She pointed to a house back on the shore and said she lived there. I could come up there if I liked and get some rest and somethin' to eat."

"It was a queer lookin' house and seemed to have been built a long time before, when there was Indians in the neighborhood, cos there was loopholes in it. It had been kind o' elegant once, but was terrible run down. I concluded to go up there with the gal if only to get rid of the rollin' corpses I found what they call a poor white family occupyin' the premises—the gal's mother, one or two white children and a few niggers. They give me some grub, and by this time it was growin' dark, and, havin' been two days and nights at the pumps, I told 'em I'd like to turn in. The mother and daughter did a lot o' whipsurin' together, and then the daughter went off, come back with a key and told me she'd show me to my room. As soon as she opened the door a shut-up smell come out that almost made me sick."

"The furniture was the old fashion-est I ever see. It was fine stuff, I kin tell you, but the curtains and the canopy to the big bed was all fallen to pieces. There was a fireplace big enough to roast an ox in and arm-chairs that for comfort beat a ham-mock all to pieces. But I was too sleepy to take much notice."

"Well, now, mebbe them covers wasn't musty. If I hadn't been ready to drop off I wouldn't 'a' stayed under 'em no time. As it was, I was asleep almost before I struck the bed."

"In the middle of the night I was dreamin' of my mates rollin' around in the breakers and woke up with a start. What d'ye suppose I saw? A man comin' in at the door. He held a candle to light the way, and it shined right on to his face, and it was the ugliest mug I ever see in any country. Why, a Malay pirate was a holy Joe to it. Worst of all, the feller clutched a knife as long as your arm."

"He wasn't lookin' at the bed at first. His face was a-workin' as if he was powerful mad. But he come right up and perty soon held up his candle so the light shined right on to my face. At the same moment I jumped. But I hadn't landed on the floor before the light went out, and it was as dark as the black hole o' Calcutta. I expected to get that knife in my ribs, but I didn't. Then I listened to hear the feller move, hopin' he'd go out. The room was as still as a burryin' ground."

"I had no way o' strikin' a light, for when I went to bed I hadn't thort about wakin' up in the night. I wondered if I hadn't been sufferin' from nightmare. Anyway I got back into bed, my heart a-thumpin' and the sweat standin' out on me. I lay awake till day came and I could see all over the room. There was no signs of any one except me havin' been in it durin' the night. So I turned over and went to sleep."

"I waked about noon and went downstairs."

"Where's that piental chap that come into my room last night?" I asked.

"Lawd sakes!" said the gal, pailin' "Did you see him?"

"Reckon I did. Who is he?"

"He's a ghost. When this yere country was first settled a slave dealer built this house and brought a young wife here to live in it. One time when he come home from Africa sudden he found another man here. He killed both the man and the woman in that room. We've never been able to use it. We thort we'd try it last night on you."

The speaker stopped, having finished his yarn.

"Didn't you marry the gal?" asked Tom Nye.

"Marry the gal? No. D'ye suppose I've been spinnin' one o' them cheap yarns that's piental? What I've told you is just as true as pium duff on Sunday."

A President in Shirt Sleeves.

The Swiss president's unassuming dress has given rise to many stories. Edmund d'Auvergne, visiting the government buildings at Bern, "noticed the word 'Bundespräsident' (president of the confederation) inscribed over an inconspicuous door, just as you might see the word 'Cashier' or 'District Registrar.' I called to mind how an important English railway contractor once knocked at this door and was answered by a man in shirt sleeves, whom he took to be a clerk. It was the president himself." In Sir Horace Rumbold's time (the sixties) the story was that a diplomatist, calling at the president's private abode, was admitted by a lady with tucked up sleeves and soap sudsed arms—Mme. la Presidente straight from the wash-tub.—London Standard.

Pony Express Riders.

In the days of the pony express many wonderful, long rides were made by those engaged in carrying the mails through dangerous country. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) made a round trip of 384 miles without stops, except to change horses and to partake of one meal. It is recorded that Robert H. Haslam (Pony Bob) rode 380 miles at one stretch. When the pony express ceased to exist Haslam became a Wells Fargo messenger, riding 100 miles every twenty-four hours, being ten hours on the road. Jack Keetley, a pony express rider, is credited with 340 miles in thirty-one hours, and Jim Moore, another rider, is said to have covered 280 miles in fourteen hours and forty-six minutes.—New York Sun.

Easy to Identify.

"I was going down the street the other day," the fellow said, "and I met a little boy crying. He was a miserable object and seemed to be suffering keenly. So I stopped and spoke to him."

"What's the matter, son?" says I.

"A b-b-big boy hit me," he sobbed.

"Well, that's a shame. You tell me who the big boy was and I'll give him a talking to that he won't forget."

"It was th' Simpkins boy," answered the abused youngster, with a show of interest. "He's down there with all those other kids."

"Which one of that crowd is he?"

"You kin tell easy enough. He's th' one with th' black eye an' th' bloody nose, an' he's cryin' too!"—Chicago News.

Will End the Mystery.

"Have the police yet found any explanation for the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Jenkins?"

"No. They're going to get a pack of bloodhounds on his trail tomorrow."

"Gracious! Won't there be danger that if the bloodhounds find him they'll eat him?"

"What if they do? His disappearance will no longer be a mystery."—Buffalo Express.

A Rich Man's Views.

"So you are opposed to grand opera at popular prices?"

"Yes. Next they'll be having terra pin at popular prices and orchids at bargain rates, and then what interest will a rich man have in life?"—Kansas City Journal.

Confused the Witness.

Counsel (to cautious witness)—Why are you so slow in giving your answers, madam? Are you afraid of telling an untruth? Witness (promptly)—Oh, no, sir!

What one has that one ought to use and whatever we take in hand we ought to do with all our might.—Cicero

Notice to Creditors

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

In the Matter of the Administration of the Estate of Fannie M. Port, a Deceased Person.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, by an order of the County Court of Jackson County, State of Oregon, heretofore duly entered here-in has been appointed and now is the duly qualified and acting administrator of the estate of above named decedent.

All creditors and persons having claims against said decedent or her estate are hereby notified and required to present the same duly verified with proper vouchers, to the undersigned at his home in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

The date hereof and of the first publication hereof is February 7th, A. D. 1914.

LEE C. PORT,
Administrator of the Estate of Fannie M. Port.

H. K. HANNA,
Residing at Jacksonville, Oregon,
Attorney for said estate.

Notice of Final Settlement.

IN THE COUNTY COURT FOR JACKSON COUNTY, OREGON

In the Matter of the Estate of Thomas Merrick, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Agnes E. Fahs, (formerly Agnes E. Merrick, but who has since married) the administratrix of the above entitled estate has filed her final account, and that Monday, March 9, 1914, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. at the County Court room at the Court House at Jacksonville, in Jackson County, Oregon, is by order of the Judge of the above entitled Court, fixed as the time and place for hearing and settling said final account, and all persons interested in said estate and having any objections to said final account are hereby notified to appear at said time and place and present their objections thereto.

Dated January 31, 1914.

AGNES E. FAHS,
Administratrix.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale

Seattle Trust Company, a Washington Corporation, Plaintiff.

vs.
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 \$34,665.44 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 \$171.15 with interest thereon from the 14th day of November, 1913, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, and the further sum of \$290 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, 31, except that part in section 10, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 54 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 thereof 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, a 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.

W. H. SINGLER,
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 Anne 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 is 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 that 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 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.

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 12th 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, to-wit:

The Northeast Quarter of the Southeast Quarter of Section 4 in Township 31 south 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 12th day of January, 1914.

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

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24 Grants Pass Motor.....10:22 A.M.

32 Grants Pass Motor.....4:27 P.M.

16 Oregon Express.....5:30 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.....10:52 A.M.

31 Ashland Motor.....2:24 P.M.

15 San Francisco Express...4:00 P.M.

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