

LOCAL NEWS

Subscribe for the Post.
 Mrs. George Neuber was in Medford Monday.
 Judge Neil was a visitor in Medford Tuesday.
 W. A. Burr of Medford was in town Wednesday.
 W. R. Coleman of Medford was in town Friday.
 Don't forget the school election Monday afternoon.
 Mrs. Jorgenson of Medford was in town Thursday.
 James Dean of Ashland was in this city Wednesday.
 Gus Newbury of Medford was in this city Wednesday.
 John Orth of Medford was in town Monday evening.
 Lester Thompson was a Medford visitor Thursday.
 L. H. Jacobs of the Applegate was in town this week.
 Jno. W. Pernoll of Applegate was a visitor in town Friday.
 Mrs. M. Coffman of Gold Hill was a recent visitor in this city.
 Floyd Pearce of Eagle Point was a visitor in this city Friday.
 A. Ames of Talent transacted legal business in this city Thursday.
 Glenn Thompson of Medford was a business visitor in this city Tuesday.
 Miss Louise Jones, of the telephone exchange spent the week at Portland.
 Mr. Ellen Band and daughter are visiting friends at Grants Pass this week.
 Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Martin of Grants Pass were recent visitors in this city.
 C. C. Sanderson of Central Point transacted business in town Tuesday evening.
 Miss Mary Hess of Medford was the guest of Mrs. T. W. Fulton Wednesday night.
 Prosecuting Attorney Kelly and A. W. Walker of Medford were in town Wednesday.
 Pantorium Dye Works will accept parcels on "hurry" work—at Reter's barber shop.
FOR SALE—Town property, Phil Gleave estate. Apply to D. H. Cronemiller.
BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. Willie Henry, Sunday morning, a son. Mother and child are doing well.
 Walter Simpson of Sams Valley who had been visiting friends in this city, returned to his home Thursday.
 Don't post unsightly, scrawled notices when you can have them neatly printed at this office for a small charge.
 Boys are warned against defacing tomb stones or in any way injuring other property in Jacksonville cemetery.
 The funeral of Uncle Todd Cameron held here yesterday afternoon was one of the largest in attendance for several years.
 Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Hanna of this city accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Will Hanna of Seattle, spent the week at their ranch on Evans creek.
 A program of the Industrial School Fair, to be held in this city next fall, was handed in Thursday too late for publication this week, but will appear in our next issue.
 William Facklam, a prosperous farmer of Willow Springs, accompanied by his nephew, Mr. Gudeman recently from Minnesota, made a short visit with the editor Tuesday.
 Persons desiring to make exhibits at the Mining Congress to be held at Ashland July 9-10, may leave same at Bank of Jacksonville, from where exhibits will be taken to Ashland.
 Earl Keller of the Modoc orchard near Medford was accidentally shot while hunting Sunday afternoon. A charge of fine shot entered the right leg just below the knee inflicting a painful though not necessary serious wound.
 A play entitled "The Deestrick Skule" will be presented by local talent in the near future. The proceeds will be used to help in financing the Industrial School Fair which will take place in September. Watch for the date.
 Thursday evening as Mr. Mahoney who lives in the Kitto house near the county warehouse, was sitting down to eat his evening meal, a bullet fired from somewhere outside the house, smashed through the window and passed dangerously close to Mr. Mahoney's head. It was from a small calibre rifle and fortunately done no damage other than breaking the window glass.
 The case of the State of Oregon vs Nelson, charged with having committed an assault, was tried out in the justice court here yesterday afternoon. The defendant demanded a jury trial. A jury was empaneled and sworn in, which after hearing the evidence brought in a verdict of guilty. Sentence was imposed by Justice Dox but was suspended pending the good behavior of defendant.
 The editor and Mrs. Bagshaw met Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Chappel of Med-

ford at the ball game Sunday afternoon and spent a pleasant hour in discussing the "good old days" when we all lived in the same town in Washington. Mr. Chappel is the proprietor of the creamery at Medford which he recently purchased and which he has considerably improved. He thoroughly understands the art of butter making from start to finish and is turning out a No. 1 article. This testimonial is made unknown to Mr. Chappel, but he deserves it.

ACCUSED OF VILE CRIME
Medford Man Bound Over to Grand Jury. Bail Fixed at \$1000.

W. J. Cantor of Medford, who was arrested Wednesday evening on complaint of Prosecuting Attorney Kelly charged with the crime of sodomy was given a preliminary examination before Justice Dox, yesterday forenoon, with the result that the accused was held to appear before the grand jury. He was admitted to bail in the sum of \$1000.
 The offense charged is alleged to have been committed last week, upon Dick Coffman, a week minded youth who formerly resided in this city and the details given at the hearing were disgusting in the extreme and if true show a depravity that is almost unbelievable. The accused denied the charge and attempted to prove an alibi, but the court after hearing the evidence and the arguments of counsel, decided that the accused be held to appear before the grand jury.
 E. E. Kelly appeared for the State and Gus Newbury for the defense.

Not Yet, But Soon.

"Military School Dedicated"
 Medford, Or., June 9—(Special)—With the Seventh Company, Oregon National Guard, leading the procession prominent citizens of Medford and Jacksonville joined last night and marched to the new Boys' Military Academy, which has recently been fitted out in the historic county seat. W. A. Burr, organizer of the School, addressed the meeting and speeches were made by Colonel H. H. Sargent formerly of the Regular Army, and representatives of the Commercial Clubs of the two cities.—Portland Oregonian.

At the Churches

PRESBYTERIAN
 Morning worship with Memorial services and sermon from the Rebekah and Oddfellow Lodges of Jacksonville: to which services, neighboring Rebekahs and Oddfellows are invited to attend, meeting at lodge room at 10:30 and march to the church.
 Evening worship with sermon at 8. Subject: "Is the Fanatic a curse or a Blessing?"
 Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7:15.
 The woman's Auxiliary will meet with Mrs. Launsbach at 2:30 Thursday.

COUNTRY EDITOR IN PANAMA
 (Continued from Page 1.)

Isthmus a strange community. Nowhere on American soil can you find its equal. Strange people from all the earth pass and repass. Turbaned, tawny East Indians, Mongolians, Europeans, Native Indians from the Central Americas, haughty Spaniards' Africans—all kinds, Island people soldiers and sailors, uniforms and flags strange to American eyes, all these sights strike us today as we linger on the isthmus. What will it be when the canal is officially opened and the ships of all nations brings their passengers and cargoes to this center?
 One of the little problems which puzzles the American abroad is why it is that every foreigner at once places him as an American. We are ordinary white folks and dress very much the same as our English cousins. In fact we wonder what particular distinguishing trade mark we wear. We try to act naturally and to pass along unassumingly, but it don't work out. Every bell hop, hackman, lackey, servant, hotel keeper and tradesman at once places us. We are Americans and we can't hide it. It's there and he who runs may read.
 This matter came up several times and finally I reasoned it out that it should be no harder for these natives to solve my nationality than it was for me to size up an Englishman. There is no mistaking the English tourist. You can tell him in a thousand different ways. Not by his expression, for he carefully hides all expression. Only once did I catch an Englishman betraying expression, and that was in front of a hotel in Panama. He came

down that morning with a new pair of plum colored spats, and as he sat waiting for his carriage he stretched out his extremities and permitted himself the luxury of fond contemplation. He beamed. He fairly radiated. His countenance lighted up with that peculiar benevolence which sheds a glory around a New England pumpkin pie—fresh from the oven. The atmosphere of calm content mingled with the tropic sunshine fairly sated a halo around those spats, a halo undisturbed and uninterrupted, for his knee-sprung tweeds were so far above us to be beyond speaking acquaintance.

This particular Englishman was a constant source of delight to me. He sat at table where I could watch him without distressing myself, although it would have distressed some people. Breakfast was his long suit. Here he appeared at his best although the waiter would probably hold to the contrary. It was worth the price of admission just to see Mr. Englishman pick up the menu card. He viewed it with both disfavor and suspicion. It was a serious matter this matter of selecting a breakfast. He held an impromptu postmortem over the card and performed an autopsy on each dish as it came. First he would smell of it, and then balance it before him meditatively. Whether it took a long time for the smell to reach his brain, or the return was slow I know not. Anyway it was a fine betting proposition whether the dish went back or remained. One could see that at some time or other there had arisen a feud that affected all subsequent food, as could be ascertained from the baleful glare he leveled at every dish. I wondered that the very dishes did not shrivel, and I do remember that the waiter dropped a tray. But he had the good did this Englishman. Hating food as he did I don't see how he managed to stay with it, but he certainly stuck. He sat right there, glaring defiance, and breathing hatred until the last dish was mopped clean. I expected every time the waiter approached that he would sooner or later clap one paw on a bone and emit a real live growl, and the waiter acted as though he expected the same thing. It is conceded, I believe, that the average American is dead scared of a waiter; that in the presence of these dignified apostles of gastronomy the A. A. will shrink like a woolen jacket in hot water. Not so the Englishman. It is the waiter who does all the shrinking.

"How would you like his lordship, over there?" I said to the waiter, indicating the Englishman across the way.
 "Him? Why I'd rather have one American than a dozen English lords," was the reply.
 Lou D. MacWethy

Notice of Sheriff's Sale Under Foreclosure.

R. J. Edwards and H. W. Huntzinger, Plaintiffs, vs. H. R. Allen and George A. Hover, Defendants.
 Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an execution and an order of sale duly issued out and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson, in a certain cause therein, wherein R. J. Edwards and H. W. Huntzinger as Plaintiffs recovered judgment against the defendants, H. R. Allen and George A. Hover for the sum of Seven Thousand Eight Hundred Ninety-eight and 56/100 (\$7898.56) Dollars with interest thereon from said 1st day of June, 1914, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum and Two Hundred Fifty (\$250.00) Dollars attorney's fees. Which said execution is of date the 6th day of June, 1914, and was issued by virtue of a decree of said Court in said cause, which decree was rendered and docketed in favor of the said plaintiffs and against the said defendants, H. R. Allen and George A. Hover, on the 1st day of June, 1914, and is of record in Volume 21 of the and is of record in pages 327-328 thereof.
 I am commanded by said writ of execution to sell said real property hereinafter described and will at the hour of 9:30 o'clock A. M. on

TUESDAY, JULY 14th, 1914,
 at the front door of the Court House in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, subject to redemption as is by law provided, all the right, title and interest of the said defendants, H. R. Allen and George A. Hover, in and to the following described real property, to-wit:
 The Northeast Quarter of the Southwest Quarter of Section Seventeen (17), Township Thirty-eight (38), South of Range One (1) West of the Willamette Meridian, containing Forty (40) Acres, more or less.
 All of said property or so much thereof as may be necessary will be sold at said time and place to satisfy the judgment in favor of said above named plaintiffs and against said above named defendants, together with the accruing costs of sale.
 Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, this 11th day of June, 1914.
 W. H. SINGLER,
 Sheriff of Jackson County Oregon.
 By E. W. WILSON, Deputy.

A last amount of ill health is due to impaired digestion. When the stomach fails to perform its functions properly the whole system becomes deranged. A few doses of Chamberlain's Tablets is all you need. They will strengthen your digestion, invigorate your liver, and regulate your bowels, entirely doing away with that miserable feeling due to faulty digestion. Try it. Many others have been permanently cured—why not you? For sale by all dealers.

A Dream Superstition.
 I heard what was to me at least a new piece of superstition the other day, and when I think of the risks I've run in these years because I did not know of it my blood runs cold. I met a woman from Virginia in market, and the talk falling on dreams I recalled a most blood curdling nightmare I had had the night before.
 "I must tell you what I dreamed last night," I said.
 "Let me ask first whether it's a pleasant or an unpleasant dream?" said the lady from Virginia.
 "Decidedly unpleasant."
 "Then for mercy's sake don't tell it!" said she. "Never tell a bad dream on Saturday, for we say in Virginia: Friday night's dream on Saturday told is sure to come true, no matter how old."
 —Washington Post.

Curious Fish Spearing.
 In spite of the march of civilization there remains much that is still primitive in Sicily, and a curious sight at Palermo is to see the fishermen spearing fish in the harbor by the aid of glass bottomed buckets, says the Wide World Magazine. There are many corners of the world where fish are speared, but perhaps the use of the glass bottomed bucket in this connection is to be seen only at Palermo. The fishermen lean far over the side of their boats and hold the bucket on the water with one hand, poking their heads into it as if engaged in the Hal-oween game of ducking for apples. They hold a spear poised in the free hand and thus await the arrival of their victims, who are sighted through the glass bottom of the bucket, which acts as a kind of telescope.

Migrating Birds.
 During many of the nights in September the inhabitants of the island of Helgoland are astir with big lanterns and a kind of enormous butterfly net, the former to attract and dazzle the migrating birds when they come to earth to rest, and the latter to secure them. Mr. Seelohm, the great authority on bird migration, states that he has known as many as 15,000 skylarks to be caught on the island in a single night. The migrating birds are always interesting to the ships that ply across the North sea and the Baltic. In September they settle on yard arm or on deck, rather tired, and the seamens catch flies and collect them into receptacles for the benefit of the birds.

A Perilous Experience.
 While hunting in the Big Horn mountains two men found a narrow path, little more than a deer trail, leading up to the summit. They dismounted and led their horses, moving very cautiously, for on one side the mountain rose up like a wall, and on the other sloped down a thousand feet to the canyon below. Suddenly both horses picked up their ears as if scenting a wild beast. Then there came a shot from the hunter in advance, and the hunter in the rear found himself hanging over the cliff. He had been leading the horse by the reins, and when the horse shied and upset him he held on with a death grip. It was nearly five minutes that he thus hung on to the slender strap, while the horse held back with all his strength. But he could not climb up, and his companion had to haul him up to a place of safety, and then he naturally faint ed.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Ziem and His Model.
 When in Venice Ziem, the artist, finding that the native women disliked posing for artists, hired a shop and stocked it with trinkets and cheap jewelry. While his agent bargained with the costumers Ziem hid away in the back of his shop, made sketches, not caring what his stock was sold for provided only the haggling over it occupied plenty of time.
Ingenuous Daughter.
 "What is it your husband wants to see me about, Della?" asked Mrs. Burroughs' father.
 "The father," said Della. "I think he wanted to borrow a couple of hundred dollars from you. He's so anxious to get out of debt."—Hippocott's.
Quite Musical.
 "Is your daughter fond of music?" "Terribly fond of it," replied Mr. Cumrox. "No matter how it sounds she seems to like it."—Washington Star.

Druggery is the gray angel of success. Dr. Gannet.

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31x4	17.00 3.25
32x4	18.00 3.30
33x4	19.50 3.40
34x4	20.49 3.60
35x4	21.00 3.80
36x4	22.00 3.90
36x4 1/2	26.00 5.00
36x4 3/4	27.00 5.10
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Estay
 Strayed from my pasture near West Side School on Central Point road, a large Belgian mare, dark chestnut color, one white stocking on hind foot, with white star on forehead. A suitable reward will be paid for her return or information of her whereabouts.
 Frank Tisdale
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 The Post management has made arrangements with the *Portland Evening Telegram* whereby we can give subscribers the advantage of a gigantic combination offer for a limited period. You can get a Metropolitan evening paper with all the latest news from all over the world and all the news of Jackson County and vicinity in the *Post* at a remarkably low price.
 The *Evening Telegram* is the best paper in the state, market reports unexcelled, Saturday edition contains a magazine and comic section in color.
 The *Evening Telegram*—\$5. per year
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