

JACKSONVILLE POST

Official Paper of the City of Jacksonville, Oregon

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COURT HOUSE NEWS

Items of Interest to Jackson County

Tax Payers

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Ernest J. Smith and Lotta Esther DeArmond.

Anthony N. Manica and Anna Katherine Henry.

COUNTY COURT

In the matter of the estate of Lydia W. Townsend, deceased. Decree of settlement and final discharge.

In the matter of the estate of O. M. Jernstead, deceased. Order appointing administrator and fixing bond in sum of \$2000. Order appointing appraisers.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of Thomas Edgar Scantlin, a minor. First and final account of guardian filed. Order of final settlement and discharge of guardian.

In the matter of the estate of L. P. Black, deceased. Inventory and appraisal filed.

In the matter of the guardianship of Esther M. McLernan, a minor. Order authorizing guardian to sell certain real property.

In the matter of the estate of August Lawrentz, deceased. Order to pay claim.

In the matter of the estate of Joseph Edmonds, deceased. Inventory and appraisal filed.

In the matter of the estate of Isaac Findley, deceased. Order appointing administrator.

In the matter of the estate of Lulu A. Myers, deceased. Inventory and appraisal filed.

CIRCUIT COURT

Lee Phipps vs Malinda Jane Miles, et al. Order confirming sale of real property.

L. M. Travis vs Charles L. Talent, et al. Order confirming sale of real property on execution.

W. E. Cox vs H. K. Spaulding, et al. Order for publication of summons.

Mulkey & Cherry vs E. E. Emerson. Order dismissing cause.

Thomas H. Simpson vs Shorty-Hope Mining Co. Order confirming sale of property sold on execution.

O. M. Cornatus vs J. Merlin Achor, et al. Order for publication of summons.

Flora A. Kelsey vs A. C. Corving. Judgment in foreclosure of tax lien.

Frank Tomkins, et ux, vs George D. Baker, et al. Order of default and decree.

NEW CASES.

The State of Oregon, ex rel J. B. Hillis vs Fred E. Miller. Action for usurpation of an office. Complaint filed.

O. M. Cornatus vs J. Merlin Achor, et al. Suit in equity. Complaint filed. Affidavit and order for publication of summons.

Marie Moore vs Edwin Moore. Suit for divorce. Complaint filed.

MARRIED

SMITH-DE ARMOND—At Ashland, Oregon, Sunday July 12, 1914, by Rev. W. T. Van Sevc; Ernest J. Smith and Lotta Esther De Armond.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

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An Up to Date Medieval Tale

By RUTH GRAHAM

I am a wireless telegraph operator in charge of a station situated on a lonely coast. I have an assistant who takes my place at night for a week; then I take the night and give him the day. There are one or two others connected with the station who are not operators. One of these is a fine chess player, and having him with me enabled me to while away many an hour when I had nothing to do.

Now, what I am going to relate I don't ask any one to believe. I should certainly not believe it myself if any one told it to me as a bona fide experience. I do not say that I didn't dream it; that I did not experience it when unconscious. I make no explanation whatever. That you are at liberty to do for yourself. I only ascertained that to me it was an actual occurrence.

One night when I was on duty alone I amused myself when not sending or receiving a message working out solitaire problems on the chessboard. Presently I heard a footfall behind me and a man stepped into the operating room. The moment he did so I heard the sound of distant thunder.

"We're going to have a storm," he said. "I prefer spending the time while it lasts in here than outside if you don't mind."

I assured him that he was welcome, though I confess he was not. I did not like his looks; there was a sinister expression on his face. There was no one within call, and I rather objected to being alone with him.

"I see you play chess," he said. "I'm very fond of it myself. We might have a game while waiting for the storm to be over."

"Are you not afraid to be in an electrical place like this in a thunder-storm?" I asked.

"I'm afraid? What is there to be afraid of?"

"A bolt," he said. "Young men, do you know what electricity is? No? Well, I have always known what it is. Perhaps you think this towering affair of yours something wonderful. It's very clumsy. But I'll admit it's an improvement on the old system of wires. You don't feel the electric waves rolling around the globe, do you? I do. They are dashing against me all the while."

"This is a bad go, I thought—alone with a madman, a storm coming on. There only remains to get an 'S O S' call to make the situation diabolical."

"Come," said the stranger, taking a seat facing me and pulling the chess-board partly on his knees. "Let's have a game."

A vivid flash of lightning and a simultaneous crash sent a thrill of horror through me, but seemed to have no more effect on the stranger than if some one had struck a note on a musical instrument. I feared for the apparatus towering over our heads. My visitor, having placed the men, moved a pawn. I was too bewildered to play. I did not touch a piece.

"Come, come, Mr. Operator," said the stranger. "Don't be rattled by a little thing like that. You'll get something more exciting before long. There's a ship out there only about a hundred miles. She's running at full speed into a mist. But the lookout doesn't see it; he's asleep. If you wish to know who made him doze, I did. I put the steamship company up to trying to get on with a reduced force. That did the business, 'check?'"

I suppose I had played mechanically and without knowing it, for the word "check" woke me up to the fact that my pieces as well as the stranger's had left their original places, and collecting my rattled faculties, I took in the situation, which was that my king was in check.

I doubt if there is anything except chess that under the circumstances would have kept my faculties absorbed. I have a passion for chess problems, and despite the storm and the disagreeable expression on the man's face I entered into the game with all my mind. I soon got my king out of check, but in another moment he was checked again. I heard the instrument click, but at the moment saw a chance to check to my antagonist, and, fearing the combinations would leave me if I delayed, I went on with my moves. But my antagonist eluded me, and I was brought up with another "check."

It was evident that I was in a hole that would require all my brain power to get me out of, and though I was conscious of the rattling of the instrument, I did not know what was being transmitted. I got out of this hole only to be led into another, with an occasional chance to checkmate my antagonist, such opportunities always ending in failure.

Then came a break, and the next thing I knew I was lying on the floor and my assistant at the instrument. The stranger had gone.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Matter? Why, there has been an 'S O S' call rattling on the key for more than an hour. The Abitia of the Blue Anchor line has struck an iceberg and gone down with all on board. This is her nearest station and the only one she could reach."

I relapsed into an unconsciousness, from which I did not emerge for some time. When I did I was told that I had been struck by lightning. Was the stranger a dream or a reality?

Heart of the Mailstone.

If it were not for the countless trillions of dust particles that float separately invisible in the atmosphere there could be no raindrops, snow crystals or hailstones. From a perfectly dustless atmosphere the moisture would descend in ceaseless rain without drops. The dust particles serve as nuclei about which the vapor gathers. The snow crystal is the most beautiful creation of the aerial moisture, and the hailstone is the most extraordinary. The heart of every hailstone is a tiny atom of dust. Such an atom, with a little moisture condensed about it, is the germ from which may grow a hailstone capable of felling a man or smashing a window. But first it must be caught up by a current of air and carried to the level of the lofty cirrus clouds, five or six or even ten miles high. Then, continually growing by fresh accession of moisture, it begins its first plunge to the earth, spinning through the clouds and flashing in the sun like a diamond bolt shot from a rainbow.

Sympathy.

Some time ago Brown, who lives in a suburban burg, rushed into the kitchen where mother was bossing the preparation of the evening hash. In one of her father's fists he was holding his other hand, while a cussing expression was floating over his features. "Where is that antiseptic salve, Minnie?" he demanded almost roughly. "That infernal parrot of yours has bit ten a chunk out of my hand!"

"What's that, Jimmy?" exclaimed little wife, with a look of great concern. "Do you mean to say that he bit a piece all the way out of your hand?"

"That's what he did," answered James. "Cleft as a whistle. Where did you say that salve was?"

"Oh, Jimmy," returned wife in a complaining voice, "I do wish you would be more careful. You know very well the bird dealer told me not to let that parrot taste meat under any circumstances."—New York Globe.

Winning a Bouquet.

Among his stories of Homburg in King Edward's days the author of "On the Track of the Great" notes the fashion of "gun-bling" (presenting bouquets to ladies on the promenade and tells this story of King Edward and the Roman artist, Corrodi:

One morning dear old Corrodi was carrying around a bouquet of serious proportions of fine tea roses which he proposed presenting to an American lady for whom he was eagerly seeking in the large mass of promenaders. All at once he unexpectedly came across the prince, accompanied by Lady Cork "Good morning, Professor Corrodi," exclaimed his royal highness. "How very kind of you to think of bringing Lady Cork such a beautiful bouquet!" Of course there was nothing left for the genial Italian to do but to part with his flowers and go and buy some more for the American lady.

Inhaling Water.

Undoubtedly a number of bathers who are drowned meet their deaths from cramp. Cramp is liable to seize anybody at any moment, and when it comes in deep water few swimmers have sufficient presence of mind to turn on their backs and wait quietly until the attack has departed. So they go under. But there is another danger quite as imminent as cramp, though it is probably less known. This is water inhaling. A swimmer or even a wader is always liable to inhale spray through his nostrils, which, passing through the pharynx and behind the epiglottis or windpipe guard, gets into the windpipe and causes death. As one would expect, water inhaling is almost wholly confined to the sea and very rarely occurs in fresh water. All the same, it may happen anywhere.

Caddy Birds.

For gay coloring the pitta dominica of Borneo and Sumatra takes the lead among birds, its feathers being every color of the rainbow. The bird of paradise runs it close and is in addition a deft dancer. One species of this digger has a foot in diameter over which it passes crossed sticks as for a Scottish sword dancer and strews leaves and rubbish over them, thus forming a floor on which it dances a pas seul. But the jacana and ypecaha, both species of the rail, can go one better, for besides being splendid little dancers they provide their own music while.

Never have an idle hour or an idle pound.—Old Saying.

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