

"BLACK JIM" THE CONVICT

By M. QUAD

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The man known as "Black Jim" had been sent out to the penal colony of Australia for forgery.

They sent him up to Woona Wally after his first two years of imprisonment, and he fell into the hands of George Stebbins. In those days an Australian convict was bid off—that is, a settler in want of help would bid a price for so many men, and they were turned over to him for a certain length of time. He was responsible for their feed and care, and his word was law. He could work them as hard and as long as he wished. He could starve and beat them and there was no one to come between. In case of insubordination he could shoot them down, and the government simply accepted his statement of the affair. All convicts were glad enough to get away from prison and out upon the ranches, and in most cases they found good masters and were decently treated. As a member of the mounted police I knew that Stebbins was a hard man to get along with. He had been a tavern keeper and a bully in England, and his wife had committed suicide, and his two sons had been taken away from him by the law on account of his cruelty.

Black Jim came up to Woona Wally with six other men, and the gang were up at police headquarters for the night. It fell to us to take their pedigrees and post them as to their new master and what would be expected of them. In our district we always gave a convict a fair start. He was told what would be required of him, advised to do his best to please his master and given to understand that if he went straight we would see that he had fair usage. I was interested in Black Jim at once. The law had made a convict of him, but it hadn't degraded him.

I had an idea that Stebbins would be down on him from the first because of his superior looks, and I went pretty thoroughly into details. When I had finished the prisoner said:

"I thank you, sir, and shall do my best to please."

Things came about as I feared. As Stebbins inspected his gang he picked Black Jim out for special attention. He had little to say to the others beyond making bloodcurdling threats of what would happen if they didn't toe the mark, but to Jim he said:

"So they have sent me a gentleman, have they? They thought I need ed somebody to teach me manners perhaps. Moblie the idea was for you to sit on the veranda and give me daily lessons. Well, you've come to the wrong shop. Look, now, I'm goin' to keep an eye on you! You think yourself head and shoulders above the crowd, but I'll take the conceit out of you."

Not one convict in a thousand would have stood the insults and degradation put upon Black Jim the next year. I know he tried his best, but there was no pleasing Stebbins. He was always boasting that he had a gentleman convict and that he was bound to "break" him, and he spent a good share of his time worrying the man. One day, as I was returning with the troop after hunting down a false alarm of bushrangers, my horse shied and threw me almost in front of Stebbins' house, and as I struck on a stone and had several ribs broken I was carried in. He was not glad to see me, but under the circumstances was obliged to give me a bed. On the fourth night of my accident four men and three women arrived for an evening visit.

When dinner had been finished and the drink had gone around Stebbins sent for Black Jim and ordered him to dance for the amusement of the company. The convict respectfully but firmly refused, and his master cried out in indignation:

"You won't dance, eh? Too much of a gentleman to give us a hornpipe. Mebbe this company isn't swaggar enough for the likes of a bloomin' murderer!"

"The charge against me was forgery, sir," quietly replied the man. "I don't care what it was. You are insubordinate, and up you go by the thumbs! After haun'g' the daylight you'll probably be a little more humble."

The man had been hanging ten minutes and the agony had almost brought unconsciousness when the door was kicked open and bushrangers crowded in. It was a complete surprise. The women screamed out and began to cry, but the men, with the exception of Stebbins, took it rather coolly. The bully and coward went white as death and fell into a chair and it was almost pitiful to hear him beg for his life.

The next instant Stebbins toppled out of his chair with a bullet in his head and the leader said:

"Sorry we have interrupted the festivities, but it was our ending night. We were after Stebbins alone, and the rest of you need not fear. Come, Jim, we went you."

Two of them helped the former-convict out of the house and upon a horse and that was the making of the most notorious bushranger in all Australia. He had a career of five years and then died from a bullet, and it was two years after his death before it became publicly known that he had let the law make a convict of him in order to shield a brother. I had always believed him innocent of the crime, and knowing how he had been persecuted and abused by Stebbins I almost rejoiced when the bushrangers carried him off to make a leader of him.

A Band of Velvet Ribbon

By JOHN Y. LARNED

At a summer hotel in the Adirondack mountains, where there were the usual quantum of young girls and the usual deficit of young men for them to flirt with, Albert King, who needed recreation after too much work, found himself in demand. But King was not a ladies' man, and he demurred.

Nevertheless, there was one girl who attracted him. She was not one of the rocking chair brigade, as the ladies who sat on the piazza were dubbed, for she was not admitted to their charmed circle. Why, King did not know.

King made her acquaintance and was thereafter tattooed by the patriarchal girls, who had no use for a man who would divide his attentions to them with one of another caste. But he did not mind this, for Ellen Bickford, the young lady in question, interested him and relieved the monotony of his stay in the mountains. Besides, he discovered her superiority in one respect, courage, for when a large party were caught out on the lake in a terrific squall and it looked as if their boat would be swamped Miss Bickford displayed no terror whatever, while other girls were desperately frightened.

Miss Bickford never wore short sleeves to her dresses except at the hotel dances, when she displayed a well rounded neck and arms. But at such times her right arm was invariably encircled with a broad strip of velvet. The fact that this part of her arm—midway between the shoulder and the elbow—was never exposed soon began to excite comment. That there was something on her arm to be concealed was evident; curiosity stepped in and would know what it was. But there was a dignity about Miss Bickford that caused curious persons to abstain from making inquiries, so the matter remained unexplained.

King was ignorant of the gossip concerning what kind of blentish was hidden under the velvet. He had noticed the fact of Miss Bickford's wearing it, but had not troubled himself as to the cause. If he thought of it at all he very likely set it down to the concealment of a scar, probably caused by vaccination. But one day the rumor reached his ears that Miss Bickford was the daughter of a common sailor who, when she was a child, had had tattooed on her arm an anchor. Since King had been smitten with the young lady this report naturally interested him.

Whatever he may have thought of Miss Bickford's origin, it seemed to him unlike her to conceal any mark of it. He would rather expect her to permit the whole world to know her for exactly what she was.

Miss Bickford, it seems, was as much attracted by Mr. King as he was by her. Moreover, she noticed that after a certain period he seemed disposed to draw away from her. She knew that what she was concealing was causing a smothered commotion among the young ladies of the hotel and inferred that some one of the many stories that were floating about concerning it had reached him. One day she frankly said to him:

"Mr. King, have you heard the story that I am the daughter of a common sailor who tattooed an anchor on my arm?"

"I have."

"You are the only person in this house whose opinion I care for, but I do care for yours and do not wish, so far as you are concerned, to sail under false colors. My father is or was a landsman and had nothing to do with what is under the velvet I wear. But I do wear it to conceal something that has been tattooed on my arm."

"Thank you very much for the preference you have shown me and your frankness. For the first time my curiosity as to that ribbon has been excited, and since you have caused it I look to you to gratify it."

"I assure you that it is nothing to be ashamed of."

"Is it anything to be proud of?"

"To this she assented lightly.

"In that case I had it upon seeing it."

After some persuasion she pulled the ribbon down toward her elbow, and there in blue ink under the skin were the letters "Terolene."

King looked at the word, then up at the girl's face and, with a smile, said:

"Come; tell the story. I am dying to hear it."

"It is not much of a story. For years my family had a cottage on the sea coast. My summers were spent there from the time I was six years old. I learned to swim like a duck and could handle a boat as well as a boy. Our cottage was on one side of a neck of land and a life saving station was on the other side. One day on our side a ship came ashore. The life men did not know of her being there, and there was not time in which to tell them. There were six men about to drown. I pulled out in my boat and saved them. I was but thirteen years old and didn't know enough to refuse to permit one of the life savers to tattoo my arm."

"You have hurried through your story," said King, "as though it was something to be ashamed of. I'm glad what you are is indelibly written on your person, and if you were mine I would never consent to an attempt to obliterate it."

In time she became his, and there was nothing he was more proud of than the proud title his wife continued to conceal.

Meaning of the Green Bough.

The custom of placing a green bough on the roof of a newly built house is not confined to Germany, but was adopted by the French Canadians who brought it with them from Brittany. The custom originated from the superstition prevalent centuries ago that every tree is inhabited by a spirit; consequently it was believed that every time a tree was felled an other spirit was dispossessed, and this was supposed to cause some bitterness on his part against society. Rather than risk having these homeless and disgruntled spirits vent their ill feeling upon the houses under construction or upon the builders a branch was planted on the highest part of the house for their occupancy. They were then supposed to be mollified, and if they remained so until the roof was put on any evil design contemplated would prove harmless, for the spell would be broken.

Brazil Found by Accident.

Americo Vesputi made the first map of Brazil, although only of the coast line, and it was the publication of this map that led to the fixing of the name of the new world. Brazil itself was revealed to Europeans in 1500 by an accident—the drifting out of its course of a Portuguese expedition. The country indirectly owes its modern advancement to Napoleon. To escape from the conqueror King John of Portugal fled to his dominions in America and, believing Portugal lost to the roy al family, set about putting Brazil upon a civilized basis by throwing open its ports to the whole world.

A Bit of Forestry.

"Do you know how to tell a hard wood tree from a soft wood tree?" said a forester. "I'll tell you how to do it, and the rule holds good not only here among our familiar pines and wainuts, but in the antipodes among the strangest banyans, baobabs and whatnots. Soft wood trees have needle leaves, slim, narrow, almost uniform in breadth. If you don't believe me consult the pine, the spruce or the fir. Hard wood trees have broad leaves of various shape—the oak, the ebony, the walnut, the umbogany and so on."

She Doesn't Shut Up.

Mr. Flattie: Did you hear what he called his wife?
Mrs. Flattie: No.
"A delicate little plant."
"Well?"
"Why, delicate little plants generally shut up during a storm."—Yonkers Statesman

Art in the Soup.

The artist's wife leaned over and looked at her husband's soup after she had finished it to him.
"Oh," she cried, "black at the scum, the fat has made in your soup. Isn't it artistic? Don't eat it. It is so beautiful!"

London's Great Fire.

The great fire of London in 1666 started in a house on Pudding lane and ended at the west end. Thirteen thousand two hundred houses were burned, including eighty nine churches.

After the Squeeze of the Day.

"Where is that pair of old shoes or mine wife?"
"Why John, have you forgotten we had a wedding in the block last week?" Yonkers Statesman

Summons in Foreclosure of Delinquent Tax Certificate.

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

F. F. Pinkerton, Plaintiff,

vs.
S. L. McGary and all other persons unknown, if any having or claiming to have an interest in or to the real property hereinafter described.

Defendant.

To S. L. McGary, the above named defendant, in the Name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby notified that E. E. Pinkerton, the holder of Certificate of Delinquency numbered 1611 issued on the 22nd day of May, 1914, by the Tax Collector of the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, for the amount of \$6.20 Dollars, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for taxes for the year 1910, together with penalty, interest and costs thereon upon the real property assessed to you, which you are the owner as appears of record, situated in said County and State, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

South Hill Southeast Quarter Section 20, Township Forty, Two East, less ten acres sold for county road and railway right-of-way.

You are further notified that said E. E. Pinkerton has paid taxes on said premises for prior or subsequent years, with the rate of interest on said amounts as follows:

Year's Tax Date Paid	Tax Receipt No.	Amount
1911	May 2nd, 1911	1.30 \$6.20
1912	May 2nd, 1911	1.69 6.07
1913	May 2nd, 1914	3.21 6.07

Said S. L. McGary as the owner of the legal title of the above described property as the same appears of record, and such of the other persons above named are hereby farther notified that E. E. Pinkerton will apply to the Circuit Court of the County and State aforesaid for a decree foreclosing the lien against the property above described and mentioned in said certificate, and you are hereby summoned to appear within six days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of service, and defend this action or pay the amount due as above shown, together with costs and accrued interest, and in case of your failure to do so a decree will be rendered foreclosing the lien of said taxes and costs against the land and premises above named.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable F. L. Ten Velle, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson, and said order was made and dated this 7th day of August, 1914, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 8th day of August, 1914.

All process and papers in this proceeding may be served on the undersigned residing within the State of Oregon, at the address hereafter mentioned.

E. E. KELLY,
Attorney for the Plaintiff,
address Med. ord., Oregon.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale Under Execution.

Charles L. Schieffelin, Plaintiff,

vs.
B. F. Forbes and Mary Forbes, his wife, Defendants.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that under and by virtue of an attachment and execution and an order of sale duly 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 Charles L. Schieffelin as Plaintiff recovered judgment against the defendants B. F. Forbes and Mary Forbes for the sum of \$58.15 together with interest on the sum of \$53.65, at the rate of ten per cent per annum from February 25th, 1914, until paid, for the further sum of \$35.00 reasonable attorney's fees, and the further sum of \$15.00 costs and disbursements and accruing costs of sale, which said execution is of date August 1st, A. D., 1914, and was issued in pursuance to a judgment of March 27th, A. D. 1914, which judgment is enrolled and docketed in the office of the Clerk of said Court and is of record in Volume 21 at pages 159-161 of the Circuit Court Journal, in which judgment it was also ordered by the Court that the property attached in said cause and hereinafter described be sold for the satisfaction thereof.

I am commanded by virtue of said execution and order of sale to sell the real property hereinafter described to satisfy said above named judgment, I will therefore at 9:30 o'clock A. M. on

MONDAY, AUGUST 31st, 1914

at the front door of the Court House, in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, offer for sale and will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, all of the right, title and interest of the above named defendants in and to the following described real property, subject to redemption as is by law provided, to-wit:

The East Fourteen feet of Lot Eighteen and the West 23.75 feet of Lot Nineteen, in Block Two of Newtown Addition to the City of Medford, Jackson County, Oregon.

All of said above described property or so much thereof as may be necessary will be sold to satisfy said above named judgment in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendants.

Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, this 1st day of August, A. D. 1914.

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

Notice of Sheriff's Sale in Foreclosure.

Sarah S. Van Dyke, Plaintiff,

vs.
John Arnell and Annie M. Arnell, his wife, 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, dated July 23rd, 1914, in a certain cause wherein Sarah S. Van Dyke as plaintiff recovered judgment against John Arnell and Annie M. Arnell, his wife, as defendants, for the sum of \$13.14 with interest thereon from the 1st day of April, 1914, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum and \$70 attorney's fee, and the further sum of \$16.50 costs, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the Clerk's office of said Court in said County on the 9th day of May, 1914, and is of record in Volume 21 at pages 251-2-3.

I am commanded by said execution and order of sale to make sale of the hereinafter described real property, and I will at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 25th, 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 defendant in and to the following described real property, to-wit:

The west half of the following: Commencing at the Southeast corner of D. L. C. 63, in Township 37 South of Range One West of the Willamette Meridian; thence running South 5.555 chains; thence West 11.81 chains; thence North 19.38 chains; thence running in an Easterly direction 11.81 chains; thence running south 13.725 chains to the place of beginning.

Extending and reserving a right-of-way 60 feet wide reserved by the Trustees of the estate of Francis B. Clark, deceased, extending North and South along the entire eastern boundary line of the property herein described. All as shown in Certificate of Title No. 1321, issued October 22, 1912, by the Registrar of Titles for Jackson County, Oregon.

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 the plaintiffs and against the defendant, together with the accruing costs of sale.

Dated at Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, this 23rd day of July, 1914.

W. H. SINGLER,
Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon.
By G. R. HARPER, Deputy.

Administrators Notice to Creditors

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF OREGON, FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

In the Matter of the Estate of William Hartman Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, administrator of the estate of William Hartman, deceased.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same duly verified, to the undersigned administrator, at the office of his attorney, J. R. Nell, in the city of Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, on or before six months from the date of this notice.

Dated July 27, 1914.

J. N. FACE,
Administrator of the estate of William Hartman deceased.

J. W. Copeland, of Dayton, Ohio, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for his boy who had a cough, and before the bottle was all used the boy's cold was gone. Is that not better than to pay a five dollar doctor's bill for sale by all dealers.

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JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

Change in Southern Pacific Time Table.

Effective November 13, 1913.

NORTH BOUND TRAINS.

14 Portland Passenger.....	8:27 A.M.
24 Grants Pass Motor.....	10:22 A.M.
32 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.....	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.
11 Shasta Limited (Mail only).....	5:22 A.M.

Extra fare train.

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