

A Change of Commander

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

In the olden time, when the buccaners infested the Spanish main, an English pirate named Ricketts, finding that the Atlantic was becoming poor hunting ground on account of the number of skull and bones flags on it, concluded to betake himself to the Pacific. Having weathered the Horn, he turned his course northward in the hope of falling in with merchantmen among the many islands lying directly south of the equator and east of Australia.

Ricketts, though fifty years old, had never sailed in any except Atlantic waters. He had been an officer in the British navy and during the long period when the duties of British warships were to prey on Spanish commerce with Spain's possessions in the new world had acquired a taste for piracy. This induced him to go into the business himself. He knew the north and south Atlantic, their winds, their currents, their periods of storms, their fogs and protracted calms. But the Pacific was to him an unexplored tract.

None of his officers had had any more experience in the Pacific than the captain, but one of them had heard from sailors who had spent much time on it that many of those indications which foretold a change of weather were different from those on the Atlantic. The captain, who had all a Britisher's confidence in himself, scouted the idea that a man who knew the Atlantic had anything to learn on the Pacific, and a man who rules a pirate ship is not to be contradicted.

While approaching the Marquesas Islands Ricketts fell in with a ship which he appropriated and compelled the crew to walk the plank. There was a gentleman aboard from the colony of New York named Fletcher, with his wife and daughter, and being British subjects, Ricketts concluded to spare them. There was also a young sailor, Dargan, whose vigorous appearance pleased the captain, and he gave him his life on condition that he join the pirate crew. Dargan was an American, but all his time was spent at sea in voyages between the East Indies and Philadelphia.

Dargan, by pretending to sympathize with the pirates and on account of a masterful way he had with him, acquired an influence over the pirate crew. The captain was a tyrant, and the men hated him. Nevertheless they were ignorant of navigation, a knowledge their captain possessed, and required his superior intelligence to keep them from being swung at the end of a rope. For these reasons Ricketts maintained his ascendancy and felt so confident in it that he did not notice the influence Dargan was gaining over them.

One afternoon Ricketts was pacing the quarterdeck, now and again sweeping the horizon with his glass in search of prey, when he heard a voice amidships sing out in stentorian tones: "Man the weather braces!"

The captain turned with a scowl to see who except himself dared give an order on the ship he commanded and saw Dargan and the men running for the braces. Before Ricketts could recover from his anger and collect his faculties the braces were manned and the sailors stood ready for the next order.

"Drop those braces!" cried the captain in a fury.

"Hold the braces," said Dargan calmly, but firmly.

Every man's face turned from Dargan to Ricketts. A few dropped the braces; the rest held them. Whipping a pistol from his belt, the commander fired a shot at Dargan which grazed his cheek.

"There's a hurricane coming, men," said Dargan. "If you drop the braces we are lost."

This stilled the men amazingly. The captain's pistol contained but one ball, so he could not fire another. The wind suddenly dropped, and the sails flapped. Ricketts looked at the water to leeward and saw a black line coming.

"Haul taut! Haul every man of you for your lives!" cried Dargan.

The yards swung round so as to take the coming wind. Then suddenly the stillness was broken by shrieks in the rigging above, and the pirate ship crept till the water poured over the lee gunwale. The crew clung to what they could catch; the captain was pitched against the rail and lay still with a broken leg.

The storm was over in a few minutes, and the sun came out, a harbinger of changed conditions for the pirate ship. Dargan, who was obeyed as commander, agreed with the crew that if they would assent to taking the ship into port he would secure a pardon for every man except the captain. A course was then laid to New Zealand where a surrender was made. The New Yorker and his family supported Dargan's story, the crew were pardoned, and the captain was hanged to the yardarm.

When Mr. Fletcher found a ship to take him and his family to New York, so grateful was he to Dargan for the work which had been instrumental in saving all their lives that he invited him to go with them. Fletcher was a China merchant and owned ships. He offered Dargan the command of one of them. Dargan accepted the position and the offer. He had married Miss Fletcher and became a large shipowner.

HUNTING A SPY

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Shortly before the war broke out in the Balkans between the Turks and the allies I left Adrianople one evening about dark for Belgrade. There was one passenger in the compartment besides myself, and I noticed that while waiting for the train to start he was very ill at ease. When the guard shut and locked the door he seemed to breathe easier, but was still evidently impatient for the train to be off. When at last it began to roll out of the station he put his head out of the window eagerly.

Following the direction of his eyes I saw a man, whom I knew to be a Turk by his fez, running for the train. He ran like a deer, my fellow passenger watching him breathlessly. The latter occupied the window so that I could not see if the Turk caught the train but presently my companion fell back gasping.

"Lost?" he moaned.

I had some knowledge of one or two of the many languages spoken in the Balkans, so that I understood the word. I also spoke some French and German and tried the man in both, getting an understanding in the latter tongue.

"What is your trouble?" I asked.

"Are you German?" he asked instead of replying.

"No, American."

"Oh, American. You then are a lover of liberty. Certainly you have no sympathy with Turks. I am doomed. I have been in Adrianople spying on the fortifications. I was arrested, and drawings were found on me. I was sentenced to death. While waiting to be executed I caught my guard napping and escaped. I hoped to get away by this train, but this man, in whose charge I was placed, will go through the train when it stops and recover me."

Then, taking out a pencil and tearing a bit of paper from an old letter, he wrote his name and address on it and handed it to me.

"When you reach Sofia," he continued, "will you tell my wife what I have told you and what follows? Say that my last thoughts were of her and our dear children."

"If you are sure to be executed, why not take the chance of jumping from the train?"

"I am going to do that, but death is as sure as if I suffered myself to be taken back to Adrianople."

"You may strike soft ground."

By the time I had spoken the words he was out on the footboard. I put my head out through the window and saw his dim figure not far from it. It was very dark. Presently I ceased to see him and believed that he had jumped.

The first stop the train made was at Tehtiven, which we reached in about half an hour after the spy had disappeared. The guard unlocked the door, but would not let me alight till after the compartment had been examined by the man whom I had seen running for the train. As soon as he had passed I stepped down on to the platform and followed him to see if he got his quarry. He did not find him, and the train moved on.

I wondered what had become of the spy. He must have jumped or he would have been found on the train. Nearly all the passengers were Turks, and I noticed the moment I alighted that there was a chain of men wearing fetters surrounding the train, probably passengers who had volunteered to help the officer in his efforts to arrest the spy.

Before we passed over the Turkish line to enter eastern Roumelia the train stopped for a long while, and I felt sure that it was for the purpose of making a final search for the spy. In time we started on and in a few minutes were among a different nationality.

"What a pity," I said to myself, "that the man could not have concealed himself on the train till we had passed the border. In that case he would have been safe."

The first stop we made in Roumelia was at Hermon. There I alighted, to stretch my legs, slowly walking toward the forward end of the train. I saw a man coming who I supposed was a coal shoveler on the engine, only he was blacker than any stoker I ever saw. What was my surprise when, rushing toward me, he threw his begrimmed arms around me.

"Don't you know me?" he said. "I am the spy."

Then in the blackened features I recognized the man with whom I had sympathized.

"Is it you, and alive?" I asked.

"Yes it is I, and very much alive."

"How did you do it?"

"I walked forward on the footboard till I reached the locomotive tender. Climbing over the coal, I told the engineer, who was a Servian, my story. He suggested that since the train would be searched I had better hide under the coal. So I lay down on the floor of the tender, and they covered me with the coal."

When we reached Sofia nothing would do but that I should go to the man's home with him. I did so, and so begrimed was he that his family did not at first recognize him. His wife knew the errand on which he had been to Adrianople and his danger. He was a weak overindulgent and she had given him up. Covered as he was with coal dust, she embraced him.

I was entertained royally at his house and left it with regret.

Stephenson's First Locomotive.

The first locomotive was completed and put into operation in 1814 by George Stephenson, who was born in Wylam, England, June 9, 1781. He was engineer at a colliery when he invented a traveling engine to draw wagons along a tramway. Stephenson's first locomotive attained a speed of six miles an hour. Improvement after improvement was made, not only in the locomotive, but in the rails, and in 1825 Stephenson opened the first railway, which was eight miles in length. In 1825 his locomotive, the Rocket, reached a speed of thirty-five miles an hour, winning the prize of \$2,500 offered by the Liverpool and Manchester railway company. The entire system of railway locomotion, with stations, signals, tenders and carriages, was completed with the inauguration of the Liverpool and Manchester line in 1825. Stephenson was largely instrumental in establishing all the English and foreign lines during the first period of railroading. He died in 1848.

Saved by Ready Wit.

The late Emperor Alexander of Russia tried hard to put a stop to alcoholism in his army, especially among his officers. Whenever a case of the kind came to his notice he ordered summary punishment of the offender.

One evening an officer of the guards decidedly the worse for liquor was driving home in an open drushky. Suddenly, to his utter terror, he saw the czar in his open carriage coming from the opposite direction. Motioning the driver to stop and stopping his own carriage, the emperor exclaimed in an angry tone:

"Major X., what are you doing here?"

Pulling himself together, partly sobered by the czar's presence, the officer stood up, saluted and replied, with shaky voice:

"Your majesty, I am just taking a drunken officer to the guardhouse."

This presence of mind and ready wit pleased the emperor so much that he pardoned the officer there and then.—London Strand.

Moods of Musicians.

Before the moods of genius the world must ever bow in awe, for is it not to the wayward wanderings from the normal that inspiration itself is due? says a writer in the London Lady.

The gloomy moods of Beethoven are traditional, but every time they enwrapped his spirit there flowed from his pen the most noble of scores. Turning to Schubert, we find that it was in the gay moods of the German linn that his genius worked. Under their sway the "Serenade" and many other immortal themes were penned on a tavern table, tiny scraps of paper being used that came to hand. Paganini was so wholly the victim of moods that it was no unusual thing for an audience to wait in vain for his contribution to a concert program.

When due to appear some fantasy of the moment would impel him to remain in his poverty stricken room, gratingly toying with the instrument which should have been moving his hearers to tears.

Heat Lightning.

When the distant horizon is brilliant and illuminated with flashes of light on warm summer evenings old residents will explain that it is caused by "heat lightning."

Heat lightning is really the reflection of ordinary lightning. After all there is a thunderstorm. Light travels at something more than 186,000 miles a second, while thunder travels slowly through the air and soon becomes inaudible to our ears. It is this light reflected upon the clouds or mist near the horizon which we see and call heat lightning. Sometimes vivid displays of northern lights, or the aurora borealis, are erroneously called heat lightning.

There is, therefore, no such thing as heat lightning, and this should properly be called "distant lightning."—New York World.

Where Pepys Was Buried.

The church of St. Olaves, in Hart Street, London, is one of the eight that escaped the great fire of 1666, as well as one of the most ancient in London. It is a small building with a tower that is surmounted by a spire in the form of a crown, which is said to commemorate Queen Elizabeth's visit in 1557 to give thanks for her release from imprisonment in the Tower of London and make a present of silken ropes for the bells. One of the most interesting associations is the fact of its being the burial place of the great diarist, Samuel Pepys.

One he must be interred with an other or it will soon run through.—Owen

Notice of Final Settlement.

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

In the Matter of the estate of Nancy Steuber, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator de bonis non of the estate of Nancy Steuber, deceased, has filed his final account in the above entitled Court, and matter, and that said Court has fixed at 10 o'clock A. M. of the 21st day of September, 1914, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, in the court room of said Court in the County Court House, in the City of Jacksonville, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of said final account and the settlement thereof.

All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to make or file their objections to said final account, if any they have, with said Court, on or before said time.

Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, August 22nd, 1914. Date of first publication, August 22nd, 1914.

J. R. NAIL, Administrator de bonis non, Estate of Nancy Steuber, Deceased.

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 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 \$55.65, 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 decreed in the office of the Clerk of said Court and is of record in Volume 21 at pages 150 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 herein 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, Oregon, offer for sale 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

Summons in Foreclosure of Delinquent Tax Certificate.

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

E. E. Pinkerton, Plaintiff, vs. S. L. McCary 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. McCary, 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 1631 issued on the 2nd 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, of 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 Half 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 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	1630 25.09
1912	May 2nd, 1912	1639 6.07
1913	May 2nd, 1913	7311 6.07

Said S. L. McCary as the owner of the legal title of the above described property as the same appears of record, and each of the other persons whose names are hereby further 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. Tull Velle, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson, and said order was made and dated the 17th 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 upon the undersigned residing within the State of Oregon, at the address hereafter mentioned.

E. E. KELLY, Attorney for the Plaintiff, Address Medford, Oregon.

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. Nail, 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. PACE, Administrator of the estate of William Hartman deceased.

How to Butcher the Doctors.

A prominent New York physician says: "If it were not for the thin stockings and thin soled shoes worn by women the doctors would probably be bankrupt." When you contract a cold do not wait for it to develop into pneumonia before treating it. Chase's is a simple remedy which is indicated especially for colds and coughs, and has won a wide reputation by its cures of these diseases. It is most excellent and pleasant to take. For sale by all Dealers.—Advertisement.

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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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