

A Very Naughty Girl

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Mrs. Ferguson was John Ferguson's second wife. Lucy Ferguson was her stepdaughter. The former was also stepmother to a son of John Ferguson, who had been wild, had quarreled with his father and left home. Since his departure he had never been heard from.

John Ferguson had brought his daughter Lucy up with the understanding that she should marry a wealthy man. Lucy had her own notions about that, but said nothing. Her father communicated his idea on this subject to his wife and charged her to keep an eye on his daughter's associates, seeing that she did not become involved with some poverty stricken young fellow who would give her a life of hardship.

Mr. Ferguson was a very busy man and was much away from home. This made it especially essential that his wife should look after Lucy. One day before starting on a long trip he charged Mrs. Ferguson not to permit Lucy to receive any one young man at the house often more than once a month during his absence and not to allow her to go out with any young man at all. Lucy was in an adjoining room during the giving of these instructions with her ear to the keyhole in a connecting door.

For a couple of weeks after her father's departure Lucy appeared to be perfectly contented at home. No men called on her, and she never went out in the evening. There had been no more sympathy between her and Mrs. Ferguson than there usually is between stepmother and daughter, but during this period of her father's absence Lucy evinced so much feeling for her father's wife as to quite win her heart. "Lucy," she wrote her husband, "is much changed. She seems content with me only for a companion and has taken to calling me 'mamma.' You have no need to worry about her. There is no one at all attentive to her."

One afternoon when Mrs. Ferguson and Lucy were in the sewing room the doorbell rang. Lucy went downstairs and opened the door. Then Mrs. Ferguson heard the following dialogue:

Lucy—Oh, my goodness gracious! Man's Voice—Do you know me, Lucy?

Lucy—Know you? Indeed I do. The Voice—Who am I?

Lucy—Why, Tom, of course. Oh, Tom, how could you be so cruel as to go away as you did?

The Voice—I deserved to be shot. But I've changed. I've come home repentant and will try to make up for my misdeeds. Do you think father will forgive me?

Lucy seemed hopeful as to this, but said that much would depend upon how the matter would be broken to their father. He was away at the time, and if he knew that his son had returned she believed he would write to have him sent away. But if they waited till he had returned and Lucy should announce the arrival of the prodigal, at the same time imploring for him her father's forgiveness, she believed she could obtain it.

"But you must meet our new mamma," she added. "She's perfectly lovely, and I'm sure she will help us."

So Lucy took Tom up into the sewing room and introduced him to the stepmother. He was dressed very shabbily and seemed to have had a hard time of it. Mrs. Ferguson, who was a kind hearted woman, pitied him. Besides, she knew that her husband had grieved over the conduct of his only son, and if a reconciliation could be effected it would be pleasant for all concerned. She invited her stepson to take up his quarters in his former home, but Tom declared that he would on no account do that till after he had received his father's forgiveness.

So it was agreed among the three that Tom should make himself at home in the house during the day, but should occupy a room elsewhere. Mrs. Ferguson acceded to Lucy's plan that the husband and father should not be notified of his son's return till Lucy broke the news to him after his arrival.

Never were there a more affectionate brother and sister. Mrs. Ferguson several times surprised them sitting in close proximity, and every time Tom came in or went out they kissed. This continued till the evening of Mr. Ferguson's arrival. He came unexpectedly and was received by his wife, Lucy and Tom. Lucy and Tom knelt before him, and Lucy said pleadingly:

"Papa, forgive me. This is my husband. We were married a week ago."

What Mr. Ferguson said in reply is not necessary to this story. What Mrs. Ferguson said was:

"Oh, heavens, what have I done?"

Mr. Ferguson regarded his wife sternly. He had relied upon her to keep his daughter from an alliance of her own choosing. He asked some questions as to how the young man had effected an entrance to the family circle, whereupon Lucy confessed the trap she had laid for her stepmother in introducing her lover as her brother and took all the responsibility upon herself.

The couple were finally forgiven—indeed, there is nothing else to do in such cases—and all ended happily. The real Tom came back later on, but it took a good deal of time to convince his stepmother that he was not an impostor. It must be acknowledged that Lucy was a very naughty girl, but how can a girl choose a husband for herself in opposition to her parents without being naughty?

The Legion of Honor.

In 1802 Bonaparte proposed the formation of a legion of honor which was to include in its ranks men of distinction from every walk in life, not only soldiers, but savants, jurists and authors.

"It is aristocratic in its tendency," said Berlier, a distinguished lawyer, "leading France back to the ancient regime when crosses, badges and ribbons were the toys of monarchy."

"Well," replied Napoleon, "men are led by toys. The French are not all changed by ten years of revolution; they are what the Gauls were—fierce and tickle. They have one feeling—honor. We must nourish that feeling; they must have distinction."

The oath taken by a new member of the Legion of Honor was to devote himself "to the service of the republic, to the maintenance of the integrity of its territory, the defense of its government, laws and of the property which they have consecrated; to fight against every attempt to re-establish the feudal regime or to reproduce the titles and qualities thereto belonging."—"Napoleon and the End of the French Revolution," by Charles F. Warwick.

Well Tempered Living.

The statistics of insanity show that the minds of men and women are often made aberrant through the steady drive of environment, in which the simple life and the spurring city life are equally at fault. The figures show the per capita of insanity differs little in city and country. Rural solitude and the abnormal life of the city are alike responsible for mental diseases. It is as bad for man to be too much alone as it is for him to be surrounded by perfrivole life. The history of the race, the inquiries of investigators and the judgment of specialists in the diseases of mind and body tell us that the well tempered life, void of excesses, is the plane upon which men and women best endure in mental and bodily health, a temperance of thought and a temperance of action in an environment in which the individual is neither submerged by human society nor detached from it.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Not So Very Cheap.

The man who wishes to economize was advised by a friend to go to a certain restaurant.

"Mighty cheap," said the friend. So the would be boarder went there. Next day he met that friend.

"Pretty cheap place, eh?" said the latter.

"Not on your life!"

"What do you mean? Can you get as good soup elsewhere as you can there for the price?"

"Certainly not."

"And did you ever get such roast beef at another place for what you paid at this one?"

"I never did."

"Well, then, why do you say the place isn't cheap?"

"Because," said the man who wanted to save, "while I was eating somebody stole my hat and overcoat!"—New York Times.

Silent Tragedies.

It is only the life of violence, the life of bygone days that is perceived by nearly all our tragic writers, and truly one may say that anachronism dominates the stage, and that dramatic art dates back as many years as the art of sculpture. To the tragic author it is only the violence of the anecdote that appeals. And he imagines, forsooth, that we shall delight in witnessing the very same acts that brought joy to the hearts of barbarians, with whom murder, outrage and treachery were matters of daily occurrence, whereas it is far away from bloodshed, battery and sword thrust that the lives of most of us flow on, and men's tears are silent today, and invisible and almost spiritual.—Maeterlinck.

Breaking It Gently.

"If you please, mamma," asks Benjamin, aged ten, "will you kindly lend me a pencil?"

"But," said his mother, "I left a pen and ink for you to do your lessons with on the nursery table. Why don't you use that instead of a pencil?"

"Well, you see," Benjamin explained, "I want a pencil to write and ask the editor how to remove ink stains from a carpet."

A Vision of Judgment?

"Extremes met at our boarding house today," remarked the star boarder.

"How so?" asked the innocent by-stander.

"I ate deviled ham and had angel cake for dessert."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Measurement.

"Remember," said the efficiency advocate, "that time is money."

"I suppose so," replied the worried man. "I'm getting so that it makes me as nervous to look at my watch as if it were the register on a taxicab."—Washington Star.

Catty.

"What part of the club paper is Emeline going to look after?"

"Well, she's such an expert on the subject that I suggested she attend to its makeup."—Baltimore American.

Medical Note.

"How is your brother?"

"Very low. He is being treated by three doctors."

"What coddles! Three against one."—Budapest Borszem Janko.

If thou shouldst lay up even a little upon a little and shouldst do this often soon would even this become great.—Hesiod.

A DEAF MUTE

By JOHN Y. LARNED

Dan Goodwin, an American globe trotter, when the big European war broke out was in Brussels. Dan always wanted to be in everything, but in an independent capacity. As for seeing the fight in the ranks, that was not to his taste. He had no mind to be bossed, and, as for living in a trench, he infinitely preferred a front room in a hotel.

Leaving Brussels, he went to Liege, then to the top of a high hill and watched the Germans smash the works defending that city. He found it very pleasant looking on from a safe distance, watching successive missiles and noting the damage they did or their failure to do damage. He enjoyed the bombardment for some time without getting into any danger, then one morning woke up to find the city in possession of the Germans. This was getting too near to the other side, and, availing himself of his American passport, he withdrew to Brussels.

One morning Dan went to the front to look for a good place from which to see a battle. Suddenly a troop of uhlans came down on him. Seeing their approach, he felt in his pocket for his passport. It was gone.

Though the uhlans when he made this discovery were but a few hundred yards away, Dan did a large job of thinking before they reached him. He had heard a great deal of the looking out for spies on both sides, and it occurred to him that he would be mistaken for one. What should he do? A spy must be able to see. If he couldn't see he couldn't be a spy. He would pretend to be blind.

Fortunately he carried a cane and began at once to tap the ground before him with the evident intent to feel his way. The Germans, seeing this when they reached him, drew aside to let him pass, but the captain of the troop pulled up and said in German: "Who are you, and where are you going?"

Dan understood enough German to know the question he had been asked, but it occurred to him to pretend that he didn't. He walked right on till he ran against the captain's horse, then started back, imitating the action of a blind man.

"He's a deaf mute, captain," suggested a lieutenant.

"Deaf mute be hanged!" replied the captain. "He can hear and see as well as any of us."

This gave Dan the idea to play that he could neither see, hear nor speak, and he decided to play the three cards instead of one. He made the throat sounds of a mute.

"Bring him along," said the captain. "They find out about him at headquarters."

The captain ordered a couple of men to dismount and put Dan upon a horse behind a third man. This was done. Dan making sounds as if in protest, and when he was in position the troop moved on.

When they reached headquarters Dan was taken before an officer whose mustaches alone were fierce enough to strike terror. He heard those who took him there say that he was either a deaf mute or a spy—they did not know which—whereupon the officer said he would soon find out. Dan expected to be searched, but the officer evidently preferred to test him first. Taking a cigar out of his mouth, he extended the lighted end toward Dan's nose. Dan had the nerve to wait till the fire touched the skin, then jumped.

"That will do," said the officer. "He's shamming. He must have felt the heat before the fire touched his nose, but he showed no sign till it burned him."

Dan saw his mistake, but said nothing, keeping up the vacant stare of a blind man. The officer looked doubtful of his discovery and, drawing his sword, brought it to a level with Dan's face and slowly moved it toward his right eye. Dan found that a more trying ordeal than the other test. But he had excellent nerve and did not budge till he saw the point so near his eye that the officer could not be sure he had not touched it. Then he sprang back, with grimaces and guttural sounds in his throat.

The officer, whether convinced or not of his prisoner being a deaf mute, ordered him to be searched. From a hip pocket his passport was taken. When Dan saw it an expression of mingled relief and joy passed over his face, which betrayed him. While those standing about him were still looking at him curiously he broke into a laugh.

"Heaven be praised!" he exclaimed in German. "I thought I had been robbed of it."

The officer opened the passport, saw the seal of the United States, compared the description with the original and, finding that they agreed, was much puzzled.

"What did you pretend to be a deaf mute for?" he asked sternly.

Dan explained the matter, but the German refused to believe him. Instead of freeing him he sent him to the general, who asked him a great many questions which would prove or disprove that he was the original of the passport. Dan spent a month in limbo, every day fearful that he would be shot as a spy, but in time the Germans became satisfied that he was what he pretended to be and released him. Had he been any but an American he would doubtless have been shot.

Notice For Publication.
Mineral Application No. 69902.
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office Roseburg Oregon.
January 6, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that joint application for mineral patent is being made by J. C. Burton and Bessie Burton, husband and wife, for a twenty acre Placer mining claim, named Silver Star, located near the mouth of Star Gulch creek, in the Applegate mining district of Jackson County Oregon, and containing all of the South 1/2 of the N. W. 1/4 of the N. E. 1/4 of Section 28, T. 39 S. Range 3 W. of the Willamette Meridian.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the mining ground, or any portion thereof so described and surveyed, platted and applied for are hereby notified that unless their adverse claims are duly filed according to law and the regulations thereunder within the time prescribed by law, with the Register of the United States Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon, they will be barred by virtue of the provisions of said statute.

Notice was posted on the ground December 28, 1914.
J. M. UPTON,
Register.

Summons

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

Mary F. Gage, Cornelius C. Gage, Norman B. Gage, Mary M. Gage and Martha A. Gage, Plaintiffs

vs.
J. T. French, Caroline French, H. French, also The Unknown Heirs of J. T. French, Caroline French, and H. French. Also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described herein, Defendants.

To J. T. French, Caroline French, H. French, also The Unknown Heirs of J. T. French, Caroline French, and H. French. Also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described herein, Defendants, above named.

In the Name of The State of Oregon, You and each of you are hereby notified that the plaintiffs above named have commenced a suit in the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Jackson County, that this notice is given in pursuance of an order made and entered by the presiding Judge of said court on the 25th day of February 1915, in said cause and that in pursuance of said order you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed therein on or before six weeks from the first publication of this summons, which first publication will be on the 27th day of February, 1915, and that for want of such appearance and answer within said time, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint, to-wit:

The quieting and confirming in the plaintiffs the title to the W. 1/2 of the NW. 1/4 and NW. 1/4 of the SW. 1/4 of Section 5; the NE. 1/4 of SE. 1/4 and the SW. 1/4 of the SW. 1/4 of Section 6 and the NW. 1/4 of the NW. 1/4 of Section 7 all in Township 35 South, Range One West Willamette Meridian, Jackson County, Oregon and for the costs and disbursements in said suit.

G. C. McALLISTER,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

J. C. Brown, Executor of the Estate of Josephine Edwards, Deceased, Plaintiff.

vs.
Ernest A. Heller, et al, Defendant.

By virtue of an execution and order of sale duly issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon in and for the County of Jackson State of Oregon, and dated the 19th day of March, 1915, in a certain cause therein, wherein J. C. Brown, Executor of the Estate of Josephine Edwards, Deceased, as Plaintiff, on the 5th day of December, 1914, recovered a judgment against E. A. Heller and Kite Heller his wife, for the sum of One Thousand Nine Hundred Ninety-two and 77/100 (\$1992.77) Dollars with interest thereon from said 5th day of December, 1914, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum and One Hundred Ninety-five (\$195.00) Dollars Attorney's fee, and the further sum of Thirty (\$30.00) Dollars costs, together with the accruing costs of sale, which said judgment was enrolled and docketed in the office of the Clerk of said Court, on the 5th day of December, 1914, and is of record in Volume 22 of the Circuit Court Journal at pages 66 and 67 thereof.

I am commanded by said Execution and Order of Sale to make sale of the hereinafter described real property to satisfy the above named judgment, attorney's fees and costs and accruing costs of this sale, I will therefore on

Monday, 12th Day of April 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. at the front door of the Court House in Jacksonville, Jackson County, State of Oregon, offer for sale and will 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 defendants above named, in and to the following described real property situated in Jackson County, Oregon, to-wit:

An undivided one half interest in the East half of the Southwest quarter and the Southwest quarter of the Southwest quarter of the Southeast quarter of Section 14, Township 37 South Range One West of the Willamette Meridian.

All of said undivided one half interest in and to the above described real property will be sold at said time and place in the manner provided by law for Sheriff's sales under execution to satisfy the judgment above named, together with the attorney's fees costs and accruing costs of sale.

W. H. SINGLER, Sheriff.
By E. W. WILSON, Deputy.

William Facklam, a wellknown farmer of Willow Springs, transacted business in this city Tuesday forenoon. Mr. Facklam is noted as the grower of alfalfa seed of high quality.

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16 Oregon Express.....5:20 P.M.
12 Shasta Limited.....2:17 A.M.

Extra fare train.

SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.

13 California Express.....10:45 A.M.
15 San Francisco Express...4:00 P.M.
11 Shasta Limited.....3:20 A.M.
Extra fare train.

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