

Jimmie's Easter Prophecy

By F. A. MITCHEL

Markham, is a fishing town on the New England coast. In the olden time all the men there were sailors, but when steam finally took the romance out of sailing the Markham men turned their attention to fishing, though in these days the place is given up to city people on their summer outings.

In those days when sailors loved to bound over the billows under full sail Ralph Husted was one of them. He loved the ocean, and he loved Marjorie Dixon as well. He won her with the understanding that he would as soon as he had accumulated a nest egg cease making long voyages and find some employment on shore. But children came as fast as the nest egg grew, and Husted became a captain before he set any time for spending the rest of his life with his family. Then he promised them that after one more voyage he would grant what they all so much desired.

One October day he started on what he intended should be his last voyage. He had paid for his home and had some money in the bank. On this last trip he expected to add enough to his possessions to be able to get on even if he had no vocation, but he was still a young man and counted on making an additional income that would enable him to educate his children and start them in life. But he started on this last voyage with misgivings. His wife suggested that he refrain from tempting fate again on the ocean, and his children clamored for papa "to stay at home and not go away so long any more." He tore himself away from them, assuring them that he would soon return, would bring the children many pretty things and would then remain with them.

In December a vessel came in to Markham and brought the supercargo of Captain Husted's vessel. He reported that it had collided with another ship in a fog and gone to the bottom. The boats were lowered, and some of the crew left the vessel in their. The supercargo had begged the captain to leave in the same boat with him, but he clung to the tradition that a master must go down with his ship. He charged the supercargo if he got safely to land to say goodbye for him to his wife and children and tell them how well he loved them.

This was a great shock to Mrs. Husted and the older children. The youngest—Jimmie, a boy of six—knew nothing of death, and he could not understand what had happened to his father. They could only tell him that he would never see papa any more, and even this he could hardly grasp with his undeveloped mind.

One morning at Sunday school his teacher read to him accounts of those raisings from the dead mentioned in the Bible. Jimmie went home to his mother and, telling her what he had heard, asked why papa could not also be brought back to them from the dead.

His mother turned away from him to hide her tears and without reply.

When Easter drew near Jimmie was told the story of the resurrection of Christ; that Easter was celebrated in memory of that resurrection. He was much moved by the recital, for he said that if one could return to life on the earth why not one who had been lost on the ocean? Returning to his mother, he told her the story his teacher had given him, adding:

"Next Sunday is Easter, mamma, and I shouldn't wonder if papa would come back to us on that day."

The mother tried to explain to him that it would be impossible for his papa to return on Easter Sunday or at all, but his brain was too small to grasp her meaning. He had got it in his head that Easter was the day on which one who was dead would return to life, and the idea became associated with his father.

"Don't cry, mamma," he said. "Next Sunday is the day when dead persons come back, and I know that papa will come to us."

The mother took her boy in her arms and wished that she might have faith as a little child.

On that Easter morning the birds were breaking out in the sunshine. Jimmie was dressed in his best clothes for his Sunday school, but when it was time to go he was missing. He had caught sight of a sail out on the horizon and was sure that his papa was on the vessel and was coming home. No one knew where Jimmie had gone, so they went to Sunday school and to church without him.

When they returned the boy was still missing. His older brother said that a ship had come in and quite likely the child had gone to the dock. At that moment through a window all saw a man coming up from the shore with a boy in his arms.

"It's Jimmie!" said one.

Then there was a shout and a rush for the corners, for Captain Husted, who had come in on the ship, was carrying Jimmie. All clung to the father, covering him with kisses.

"I told you papa would come today," said Jimmie proudly.

Captain Husted had gone down with his ship, had come up, clung to wreckage and was picked up by a passing ship.

Jimmie's faith in his father's return on Easter Sunday was the talk of the village, and many a sermon was preached with it as its theme. Jimmie being held up as an illustration of a child's faith.

Speed of Railway Trains.

Among the fast records of railway trains for short distances are the following: New York Central and Hudson river, one mile in thirty-two seconds; Pennsylvania, five and a half miles in three minutes; Burlington route, two and one-fourth miles in one minute and twenty seconds; Plant system, five miles in two and one-half minutes; Philadelphia and Reading, four and eight-tenths miles in two and a half minutes.

The fastest time on record for a distance of over 440 miles was made by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern from Buffalo to Chicago, in June, 1905, when the distance of 525 miles was covered in seven hours and fifty minutes. The fastest long distance run less than 440 miles was on the New York Central, on Sept. 11, 1895, from New York to Buffalo, 439 miles, in 407 minutes. The average speed was sixty-four and one-tenth miles an hour, with two stops and twenty-eight slow-ups, and on Jan. 1, 1903, from Albany to Buffalo, 392 miles, in 295 minutes.—Philadelphia Press.

Girding Up the Loins.

In Biblical times the strong man "girded up his loins" when about to undertake some feat of physical endurance. And the custom is by no means obsolete among certain orientals at the present time. Thus in preparing for a fatiguing journey the oriental winds a piece of cloth about fifteen feet long and twelve to eighteen inches wide tightly around the abdomen and back. It is put on by having a person hold one end while the wearer winds himself up tightly in it, and the orientals believe that this girdle relieves fatigue and guards against intestinal troubles by preventing chilling. This explanation of the sustaining effect of the girdle is probably incorrect, although the good effects themselves cannot be doubted. In all probability it is the support given the abdominal muscles, rather than the protection to the skin, that explains the beneficial results.—Los Angeles Times.

Odd Sheets of Note Paper.

A good way to use up odd sheets of note paper for which you have no envelopes is to make them, with the aid of your sewing machine, into a package of correspondence sheets that need no cover. Cut the note paper into halves along the folded edge and fold each half again. Remove the thread from your sewing machine needle and carefully run the paper under the guide of the machine, leaving an accurate quarter of an inch margin on three sides. The fold of the paper should remain untouched. That makes a double sheet, three of the four edges of which are perforated. When you are ready to send a letter write on the inside of the folded sheet, then moisten the edges with glue, seal them and write the address on the outside of the folded sheet. The person to whom the letter is addressed can open it by tearing off the margins that seal it.—Youth's Companion.

Unquestioning Obedience.

Much trouble as well as much amusement was caused during the early stages of the Panama canal work by the inability of the Jamaican negroes to take any except a strictly literal view of orders. In unloading a vessel at Colon a rope in a pulley at the head of the mast got jammed, and a Jamaican was ordered to climb up and release it. He did as ordered. Some minutes later the boss of the gang missed him and asked with some impatience where he was. He was pointed out sitting calmly at the masthead.

"What are you doing up there?" roared the boss.

"You told me to come up here, sah," the man answered, "but you haven't told me to come down!"—Joseph B. Bishop, Secretary of Isthmian Canal Commission, in Youth's Companion.

A Chicago Milk Story.

A family living in South Chicago found a good deal of cream on a bottle of milk which had been standing overnight, and when the driver called in the morning the pleased servant held it up to the light and said, "Look here, I have never seen anything like this before on your milk!"

The man looked at it for a moment, scratched his head and replied, "Well, I don't know what's the matter, but you can throw it out, and I'll give you a fresh bottle in its place."—Chicago News.

Can You Beat It?

She—Oh, Jack, do excuse me for getting here so late! You poor fellow, you've had to wait an hour for me! He—Oh, no, it's all right! I've only just come. She—What? So that's the way you treat me, is it? If I'd come at the time agreed you'd have made me wait a whole hour.—Boston Transcript.

Named the Bird.

Irate Diner—Hey, waiter, there's not a drop of real coffee in this mixture. Fresh Walter—Some little bird told you, I suppose. Irate Diner—Yes, a swallow.—Princeton Tiger.

The Hartford Constitution.

The first written constitution in America governed the people of Hartford, Conn. This included the neighboring towns. The year was 1639.—Magazine of American History.

Wasted.

Sloggs—People are inexcusably wasteful of writing paper. Bloggs—That's so. I've got creditors who write to me every week.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Know this, that troubles come swiftly than the things we desire.—Plautus.

THE ARCHITECT

By EUNICE BLAKE

Julia Edmunds after leaving the high school was eighteen years of age and obliged to make her own living. Seeing an advertisement in a newspaper for a governess, she replied to it and was invited to a conference. A lady, Miss Ashford, who said she was the aunt of the children to be taught and cared for, received the applicant, asked a number of questions and for references, and Julia was engaged.

The lady was a woman past forty, the sister of the father of the children. Their mother was dead, and their father at the time was abroad, his little girls being left in charge of their aunt. The home was near a suburban town and a very attractive one. Spring came on, and one of the children needed a change of air. Miss Ashford decided to take them both southward to meet the coming summer, leaving Julia where she was until their return.

One warm morning the governess went out into the grounds with a book and seated herself on a rustic bench supported on either side by a tree. While reading she heard a step on the walk leading from the gate and, looking up, saw a gentleman apparently about thirty-five years old approaching. He paused before her in his walk and said:

"You look very contented and very restful."

"I am both," was the reply. "Will I find Miss Ashford at the house?"

"Miss Ashford is away. She took the children to the country for a change of air."

"I'm." The gentleman looked about him, then turned again to Julia.

"It's unfortunate that Miss Ashford is absent. I've been sent by the owner of this property to make plans for additions to the house. I fear I shall have to intrude myself upon you for awhile."

Julia made no reply to this. She had no authority either to prevent or permit his doing what he mentioned. He went on to the house and entered it without ringing the bell. When Julia went there herself the housekeeper told her that the gentleman was an architect and would remain while he laid his plans. He made himself at home, but as to making plans Julia could not see that he devoted much time to the work. True, he did some diagram drawing in pencil, but on this he did not spend an hour a day.

The rest of the time he divided between the library and Julia. When he tired of books, there being no one besides her to chat with, he seemed disposed to utilize her for company. He interested her in what he said, and she was of an age to appreciate the ideas of an older man. The housekeeper and the servants were deferential to him, gave him everything he desired without question and obeyed all his orders.

Every day Julia found the architect—every one in the house spoke of him as the architect—more and more engaging. A day which he spent in the city she was surprised to find a very long one to her. When he returned and they sat down together for dinner she could not conceal her pleasure.

A week passed, at the end of which building materials were brought into the place and dumped beside the house. The next day workmen came, and the architect spent some time with the contractor over diagrams. Julia asked the former with a beating heart if he were going to superintend the construction of the additions. He said he was and they would require at least a month. The housekeeper informed her that Miss Ashford and the children would remain away until the work was finished.

An attractive man of thirty-five shut up in the same house with a girl of eighteen is not likely to have much trouble in winning her. Before the additions were finished the architect had made havoc with poor little Julia's heart. She did not think of marriage. All she desired was to live on just as she was in the companionship of this delightful man.

But the architect was thinking very much of marriage. He was a widower—so he told Julia—and very lonely without a companion. He asked her how she would like to spend her life where she was, to which she replied that she would like it very much, especially if he were to continue making additions to the house. He saw through this innocuous reply and, taking her in his arms, told her that if she chose she might remain there always and he would remain in also.

She did not press him for an explanation, which he did not seem ready to give. She was happy and contented and trusted him implicitly. A few days later Miss Ashford returned with the children and the latter jumped into the architect's arms, covering him with kisses and calling him papa.

The next day he asked them if they could bear to part with their governess, to which they replied that they could not, whereupon he told them that she was to remain with them all ways.

David Ashford had dreaded to come to his home from which his wife had gone forever. When he saw an attractive girl there the idea occurred to him to keep her there. So he told the housekeeper and the others to preserve his incognito, and "the architect" began to win the governess.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given, that E. J. Smith the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of W. M. Smith, deceased, by the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned administrator, at his residence in Medford, Jackson County, Oregon, or at the law office of H. L. De Armond in Medford, Jackson County, Oregon, on or before six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Date of first publication is March 27th, 1915.

E. J. SMITH,

Administrator.

Notice To Creditors.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Jennie G. Jones, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that parties having claims against the Estate of Jennie G. Jones, deceased, that they are required to present the same, duly verified and with proper vouchers, to the undersigned administrator of said estate at Room 5 Citizens' Bank Building, Ashland, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, to-wit: within six months from March 20th, 1915.

G. C. McALLISTER

Administrator of said Estate.

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 in the complaint 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. 1/4 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 E. Imms, 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 E. Imms, Deceased, as Plaintiff, on the 5th day of December, 1914, recovered a judgment against E. A. Heller and Kate 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 South-west quarter and the Southwest quarter of the Southwest 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.

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

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