

## A Quick Conversion

By F. A. MITCHEL

I selected the last two weeks in August for my vacation. I am what is called a new woman—that is, I have departed from the ways of those women who sit and hold their hands, waiting for some man to come and marry them.

Until that summer, when I went to the seashore, I thought that I had no romance in my nature. I was extremely practical and had no sympathy with any one who was anything else than practical. I felt quite competent to make my own living and scorned to relinquish the work to any man.

Nevertheless in all our natures there is the germ of romance. I first discovered this germ in me on that visit to the seashore, and, having discovered it, it grew up like a mushroom.

One evening I went down to the beach to plan some school work, for I was a teacher, and walked over a narrow strip of sand to some rocks a couple of hundred feet from the shore. Arrived there, I found a conventual aural seat and began my planning.

The moon was full, and presently I saw a glimmer of light on the watery horizon. Then the bright upper edge of the moon showed itself, and lastly the round disk stood upon the ocean. It was at this moment that I became conscious of the germ of romance within me. I forgot my work and drank in the beautiful scene—the shimmer on the water, the glided wave crests. The starry heavens seemed to invite me to their infinite depths; the splash of the waves lulled me.

For a long while I sat enraptured by the beautiful scene. The sounds on the shore, a babel of voices, dance music in the hotels, an occasional burst of laughter, formed a pleasing background for the ocean, the moon, the heavens. Gradually the sounds became confused, the splash of waves sank into a rustle, and I fell into a slumber.

This birth of romance within me, the first romantic fervor I ever experienced, was followed by an awakening of another kind. Something cold struck my ankles, and, starting up, I saw a wave receding from my feet. All about me was the ocean. I looked toward the beach and saw that the strip of sand over which I had reached the rock had disappeared, and the water there, so far as I could see, was as deep as that before me.

This second awakening that I have spoken of was not from slumber; it was the coming of a sense of weakness. There must be an inherent feeling of dependence lying dormant in the breast of every woman however she seems the stronger sex. At any rate, the first mental impulse that came to me on looking over those merciless waters was for some man to come and rescue me.

I could not swim a stroke. There was no boat, not even a stick of timber, near me. The sounds on the shore had ceased, the lights in the hotels were few. My voice was not strong enough to make myself heard, for I must have been a quarter of a mile from the houses lining the beach, and the waves, now stronger with the flood tide, would drown my voice.

Oh, how I longed for a man—a strong man, a brave man—to rescue me!

I had spoken at women's gatherings, stating that there was no situation a woman might enter upon that she could not extricate herself without a man's help if she would only use her brains. What use was my brain in those watery surroundings? The few square yards of rock on which I stood would soon be covered. Next I would be washed off by the force of the waves and at last a lingering agony, ended by death.

From one of the houses on the shore emerged a spark. It was a lighted cigar. I had always hated tobacco, but now I would give worlds if that cigar would bring the man who smoked it to save me. I called, but my voice did not reach him. He walked away; then turned and came slowly in my direction.

I took off my white petticoat and waved it as a signal of distress. He saw it and came running toward me. At the verge he stopped and looked about him, evidently for a boat. Seeing none, he threw off his coat and vest, for there was no time to waste. Then, divesting himself of his shoes, he walked toward me till the water was up to his chin; then began to swim. When he reached me I wound my arms about him so tightly that, strong as he was, he found difficulty in loosening them. Then, putting an arm under one of mine, he drew me into the water and swam with me to the shore.

This task was a difficult one, for so frightened was I that I kept clutching him and impeding his movements. At last, in order to save both of us from drowning, he struck me on the forehead with his clenched fist to stun me. He only partly succeeded in rendering me unconscious, but I was thankful for the blow, for it made me oblivious to the danger. I remained passive, and he succeeded in getting me to the beach.

As he dragged me from the water and was laying me on the sand I regained sufficient consciousness to wind my arms around him again. He is now my husband and I am glad to acknowledge my dependence on him.

### Arizona's Mines.

The northwestern continuation in Arizona of the great mining region of Mexico, celebrated for centuries for its fabulously rich ores of silver and other metals, is the oldest mining district in the United States. The district has an area of 1,400 square miles, situated on the border of Mexico, in the middle of that portion of Arizona known as the Gadsden Purchase. Authentic records show that silver mining was carried on here by the Papago Indians before the Spanish conquest of Mexico in the sixteenth century. Later the lodes were worked from time to time and their ores smelted under the direction of the Jesuit fathers and the Spanish government, and remnants of their old mine workings, to which the charm of romance clings, point the way to possible wealth not yet exhausted. From 1853, the date of the Gadsden Purchase, to the present time mining has been carried on by Americans—not, however, without interruptions, especially during the earlier part of this period, in which raids by the bloodthirsty Apaches or Mexican outlaws figured prominently.—Exchange.

### They're All Good.

Burne-Jones, the famous artist, made many sketches for the children of his friend, J. Comyns Carr. He once laughingly proposed to instruct the eldest boy in the principles of anatomy, and there and then made for him two beautiful drawings representing the anatomy of the good man and the good woman, in both of which the heart, magnificently large, winged and backed by spreading flames, is the central detail.

By special request he made another drawing, illustrating the anatomy of the bad man. On being met with the reproach that the third drawing showed nothing of the details of internal structure he replied:

"There are none. The bad man is quite hollow."

On being challenged to illustrate the anatomy of the bad woman he gravely replied:

"My dear boy, she doesn't exist."

### Sailors as First Lords.

A good many sailors have been first lords, including Keppel, Spencer, St. Vincent and Barham, but these appointments were all made long ago, and some of the first lords, though not always the worst, have been strikingly unskillful in their appearance and ways. Among these was Lord Goschen. He used to tell a story of how, when he was appointed, there was a popular song which bound the singer to strange happenings should he prove unfaithful, and a verse which had an immense success ran:

If ever I cease to love  
May Mr. Goschen have a notion  
Of the motion of the ocean,  
If ever I cease to love.

Mr. W. H. Smith is supposed to have inspired part, at least, of "Pinafore."—London Standard.

### The Mushroom.

It is commonly believed that the mushroom literally grows in a night, so that it has come to be emblematic of sudden development, but the truth is quite otherwise. It is very likely to require several weeks for its formation, and up to the time of its appearance in the light of day it remains beneath the surface, very much compressed and held in small compass. Then comes a moist night, and the cells of which the fungus is composed are greatly expanded, so that it thrusts itself out above ground. But it is no heavier, though so much bigger, than days before, when it lay hidden in small compass under the top layer of soil, a perfect mushroom.—Exchange.

### Heart of a Hailstone.

The heart of every hailstone is a tiny speck of dust. Such a speck, with a little moisture condensed about it, is the germ from which may be formed a hailstone capable of falling 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 accessions of moisture, it begins its long plunge to the earth, spinning through the cloud and flashing in the sun like a diamond bolt shot from a rainbow.

### Maternal Pride.

Judge (in children's court, sternly):—This youngster was brought up before me three years ago when he was hardly more than knee high. I let him off then with a warning.

Mother of culprit (proudly)—He have grown wonderfully, your honor, haven't he?—New York Post.

### First Public Pianist.

Of all the myriads who play the piano how many know that "Tom Bowling" (Pillsbury) was the first man who played the instrument in public? That was in 1777, and the feat was performed at the first night of "The Beggar's Opera."—London Mail.

### Opposite Ways.

"I noticed the road agents who held up the train worked with different methods."

"In what way?"  
"While one was rifling the load the other was loading the rifle."—Baltimore American.

### Advice.

"My husband offers to teach me to cook," said the bride.

"I hope," said her mother, "that you won't be foolish enough to learn."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If thou art terrible to many, then beware of many.—Aesop.

### Summons.

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

Frank W. Sexton, Plaintiff,  
-vs-  
Margaret Sexton, Defendant.

To Margaret Sexton, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and cause, on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, said first publication being on the third day of July 1915. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the above entitled Court for the relief demanded in said complaint, to-wit:

That the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant be dissolved, and that the plaintiff be released therefrom and for a decree of this Court forever annulling and dissolving the said bonds of matrimony, and for a decree of absolute divorce from the defendant herein. For such other and further relief as to this Court may seem just and equitable.

This summons, by order of Honorable F. L. TouVelle, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, in and for Jackson County, regularly made in open court in Jacksonville, Oregon, on the 26th day of June 1915, is served upon you by the publication thereof for a period of six successive weeks in the Jacksonville Post, a newspaper published regularly once per week at Jacksonville, Oregon, and of general circulation in said County and State, the date of the first publication of this summons being on Saturday July 3, 1915, and the date of the last publication thereof being on the 14th day of August, 1915.

NEWTON W. BORDEN,  
Attorney for Plaintiff.

### Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

Hans J. Holmer, Plaintiff,

-vs-  
D. B. Russell and Altha H. Russell, his wife, and Albert Hill, made defendant upon order of Court, Defendants.

By virtue of an Execution and an Order of Sale issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in and for Jackson County, dated the 8th day of July 1915, in a certain cause therein, wherein Hans J. Holmer as plaintiff in the above entitled case on the 5th day of June, 1915, recovered a judgment and decree against the defendant D. B. Russell and Altha H. Russell, his wife, for the sum of Ten Thousand Six Hundred (\$10,600.00) Dollars, with interest thereon from the 21st day of July 1913 at the rate of 8% per annum, and including decree for the sum of \$202.08 taxes for 1913, paid by plaintiff, with interest thereon at the rate of 8% per annum from February 9, 1915, and \$34.55 taxes for 1914, with interest from March 31st 1915, at 8% per annum until paid, and \$1000.00 attorney's fees and the further sum of Eleven (\$11.00) Dollars costs, which judgment and decree was enrolled and docketed in the Clerk's office of said Court in said County, on the 5th day of June, 1915, and is of record in Volume 23, of the Circuit Court Journal at pages 58 & 59.

Public notice is hereby given, that in compliance with the commands of said Execution and Order of Sale I will on Monday the 9th day of August, 1915 at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. offer for sale and will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, subject to redemption as is by law provided all of the right, title, and interest that the defendants D. B. Russell and Altha H. Russell, his wife, and Albert Hill had on the 12th day of August 1913 or have since acquired in and to the above described real property, situated in Jackson County, State of Oregon, and being more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

The Northwest quarter of section 13, Township 35 South Range 2 West, and the Northeast quarter of Section 13, Township 35 South, Range 2 West, and the West half of the Northwest quarter of section 18 Township 35 South, Range 1 West of Willamette Meridian, situated in Jackson County, Oregon.

All of the above described real property will be sold at said time and place in the manner provided by law for the sale of real property under execution foreclosure to satisfy the judgment, costs, attorney's fees and the accruing costs of this sale.

Dated this 8th day of July, 1915, at the office of the Sheriff in the Court House at Jacksonville, Oregon.

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

### Modus Vivendi.

The term *modus vivendi* is a mutual arrangement whereby persons not at the time being on friendly terms can be induced to live together in harmony. The term may be applied to individuals, to societies or to peoples. It signifies a mode of living.

## THE SHADOW

By M. QUAD

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What means this?  
Are these men crazy?

In the days of the Overland trail, before the wildest financier dared to predict a highway of iron rails stretching across that great tract of country—almost a continent of itself—which we used to call the far west, a caravan had been picking its slow way along over the green prairies and sterile plains for days and weeks, every man's face turned toward the El Dorado—more than a mile of white topped wagons, more than 300 men, women and children. There have been jealousies and heart burnings, even in the presence of the hostile Indians, moving swiftly about by day and crawling and lurking like deadly serpents by night. Two wagons haul out of the line at mid-afternoon and start away at a right angle. Two wagons—two wives, eight children, three men. It is foolishly, dangerously. They drive away in the shadow of death, the children crying and the women pleading.

The three men will not even look back. They feel that they have been wronged and insulted, and their pride is at stake. Men will listen to no argument at such times—stubbornly refuse to reason with those they love. These men realize their danger, and tomorrow when they have grown calmer and when something like an apology is borne to them from the main party they will return to the line, satisfied with having shown their "independence."

The little band has gone into a "dry camp"—no water to be had for man or beast. Three miles farther on there is plenty, but they could not travel in the darkness. It has been a long, hot day, and man and beast are suffering, but no one complains. Even the children choke over their bread and do not ask for a drink.

By and by, all but the sentinel close their eyes in sleep. A single sentinel to watch a camp in which there are so many precious lives menaced by such fierce enemies, over which great vultures had circled all that day! No, all did not sleep. There were two wives who lay awake listening to the song of the crickets, to the rustling of the night breeze, to the dismal voices of the coyotes circling about the camp. There was a threat to them in every sound—a warning of evil in every gust of wind, and there were children who did not sleep, though they were as quiet as the dead. They had heard of the tomahawk and scalping knife, of the lack of mercy in the heart of an Indian warrior.

Where is the sentinel? There were two wagons. He stood or sat between them as much for the company of the inmates as for their protection. At midnight the guard is changed. The relief takes up the same position as his predecessor did. He notes the same surroundings. The only change is in the position of the moon, which has been sinking away until the big canvas now throws a dark shadow to the east. That shadow is the blackest spot in all the foregrounds, but it excites no special attention. Why should it? What should there be about a shadow cast by the June moon to create alarm?

It is 1 o'clock.  
Though standing on his feet, the sentinel has nodded—almost asleep. He rouses himself with a shake, turns to every point of the compass to peer and listen, but all is quiet.

The shadow! It has grown many feet longer in the hour. It is like a great black tongue thrust out toward him from the base of the plant, but his eyes do not dwell upon it. The wagons cast shadows to the east; so do the horses yet standing on their feet. Shadows are but shadows. The perfect silence of the night lulls the watcher on to a feeling of security, and he says to himself that the night will pass without even an alarm to wake the lightest sleeper.

"Ha! What's that?"  
A movement, a rustling, a faint noise as of something stirring. A prowling wolf or coyote—that is it. The beast is cowering about in hopes to pick up something from the evening meal of the emigrants—that's all. How silly to be startled by the sound!

The shadow! It has grown until it now almost touches the sentinel's feet. Will he take warning now? Will he heed the black object which has been creeping forward as the black shadow crept, noiseless as the footfall of a specter, fierce as the growl of a wounded tiger? No! He takes a step or two to relieve his limbs and glances over at the horses.

From the blackness of the shadow a dark figure rose up and sank his tomahawk into the sentinel's skull, and the next moment a horde of dusky demons were in the camp—shouting, shouting, tomahawking, using knife or war club. Five minutes later there were no more victims to kill. Thank God, none were carried away to torture and captivity!

A few moments more to hack and mutilate—to plunder, to rejoice, and then the camp of the dead was left for the dead to guard. The wolf came creeping down to the horrid feast, his eyes blazing with greediness and his yellow fangs sharpening as he drew closer and closer. Half a mile away, on the line of a dead tree, the vultures drew their heads from under their wings and uttered a hoarse croak! croak! They could not fly in the darkness—could not be present with the wolf to gorge themselves, but morning would do! There would be plenty left!

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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.

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