

The Force of Habit

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

Thompson was a very commonplace man, and it was difficult for his wife's friends to understand why she loved him so dearly. But an analysis of the heart is not like an analysis of the stomach—that is to say, love is very illusive. We constantly see persons devoted to other persons who are to us unattractive.

However this may be, Molly Thompson was devoted to Bill Thompson—there was not even a grain of romance in his name—and he was the apple of her eye. He was not a successful man, and his wife by various devices supported the family. Every man has some pride at the bottom of his nature, and Bill Thompson did not fancy his position of being taken care of instead of taking care of those naturally dependent upon him. Not that his wife upbraided him. Far from it; she excused him not only to others, but to himself.

One day Bill Thompson went out to look for a position, he said, and when the dinner hour arrived he did not arrive with it. Whatever were Bill's faults, he was never late for a meal. Consequently his wife took fright at once. Within an hour she notified the police that her husband was missing, and a general alarm was sent out.

The alarm did not bring Bill Thompson. A month passed, and he had failed to turn up. His wife was in a terrible state of mind about him, and her friends began to think that it would be better if her suspense were ended by hearing that he was dead. One day a cousin of hers, seeing an unrecognizable corpse in a morgue about the size of Bill Thompson, conceived the idea of palming it off on Mrs. Thompson as her late husband. The ruse was successful—indeed, more so than might have been expected—the good woman surprising those in the secret by identifying a patch she had put in the seat of the trousers worn by the corpse.

It was hoped by the widow's relatives that Bill, being dead, would be buried and Mrs. Thompson's mind relieved. They were somewhat disappointed when she insisted on having her dear William cremated in order that she might have the remains of what had been her husband constantly with her. The cremation cost all the money the poor woman possessed, and she had not the wherewithal to purchase an urn for the ashes. She determined to find a temporary receptacle till she might save enough for a befitting one. Unfortunately there was nothing at hand except a cracked soup tureen, which, though it would not retain soup, would do very well for ashes.

The remains of the late head of the house—or supposed head—were placed on a mantel in Mrs. Thompson's bedroom, and every night she wept herself to sleep, with her eyes fixed on their abiding place, lighted dimly by a night lamp. Since the support of the family was solely in her hands and she needed every cent she could earn to feed and clothe her children funds for the marble urn she intended buying were not forthcoming. Consequently the cracked soup tureen remained in use.

The widow, desirous of having flowers wave over her husband's ashes, put the tureen in a low box containing earth and introduced the plants. They flourished, and the good woman had the satisfaction of seeing them bloom. She said it was almost as satisfactory as if they moved over a grave.

In time Mrs. Thompson saved the money to purchase an urn, and the ashes were emptied from the tureen into it. It was of marble and of very attractive shape. For three years she devoted more care to it than to her house. Not a speck of dust was allowed to remain on it, and the plants amid which it rested were in perpetual bloom.

Then one fine morning this beautiful constancy of grief received a rude shock. Bill Thompson walked into the house in the flesh and with a prosperous look on him. His wife stood between him and the urn containing his ashes with a puzzled look on her face. She had for so long accustomed herself to think of him as in the urn that she could not realize he was there in the flesh. Bill in the urn was her romance; Bill in the flesh, unseen for three years, appeared to her, as he appeared to others, a very commonplace person. Duty finally triumphed, and, turning her back on the romance, she embraced the reality.

Thompson had gone away resolved never to return unless in a condition to support his family. He had accumulated quite a property. He desired his wife to remove the ashes she had been weeping over. But to do so was too severe a break in the habit she had acquired. She consented to the removal of the urn from their bedroom the first night Bill slept at home after his return, but her tears were so used to flowing at the retreating hour that they could not be stopped. Bill, hearing a sob, got out of bed, went to a closet where the urn had been placed and put it back on the mantel.

The next day it was removed again, but in the evening the tears beginning to flow, it was replaced on its accustomed stand. Bill tried to cure his wife by affecting jealousy; but, fearing that if she were forced to choose between him and the ashes of his rival she would choose the latter, he desisted. The urn remains on the mantel.

Serving a Summons

By RYLAND BELL

Ned and Frank Whittlesey, brothers, inherited an estate jointly. Ned, a young army officer, was a spendthrift and soon got the estate tangled up.

After a consultation with their attorney a plan was proposed by which Ned should assume certain liabilities which would force the creditors to get service on him in order to commence a suit. As soon as the papers were executed Ned went into hiding in order that such service could not be obtained, the object being to delay judgment and execution while efforts were being made to turn certain portions of the estate into money with which to save the rest.

It was not long before the creditors' attorneys got on to the game, and a number of detectives were employed to hunt up the young officer. He had hunted Indians so long and had learned from them so many stratagems that he was far better equipped for the work in hand than one would suppose. The trouble was that it was impossible for him to keep himself shut up. For one who had roamed on the western plains to remain within four walls was out of the question. However, since the saving of a fortune depended on taking great care to keep away from the bailiffs, he consented to abide in a house in the country secured for the purpose.

For a few days the young cavalryman busied himself in a library there was at hand; but, tiring of this, he asked for a horse that he might occasionally ride in the open. The attorneys sent him the swiftest animal they could find. Just before the first ride he took he sent a man out to scan the surroundings for process servers. None appearing, Ned mounted his horse and started. A man suddenly appeared in the road before him, throwing up his arms to stop the horse. Ned gave the animal the spurs and had the man not jumped aside would have run him down. As it was, he escaped before the man could read a word of the summons. But Ned did not think it prudent to return till after nightfall.

A few days later while Ned was sitting at a desk before a window on the ground floor writing a letter a head bobbed up on the other side of the window, and a man began to read a summons. Ned kept a small revolver in his pocket for emergency use and, drawing it, began to put a shower of bullets in a circle about the fellow's head. The process server ducked and beat a retreat.

It occurred to Lieutenant Whittlesey that he had laid himself liable to arrest and had better change his location. He sent his orderly, whom he had with him, to his brother with a suggestion that he provide another hiding place for him and, leaving his present quarters, bivouacked that night in a wood. The next day his orderly returned to him with instructions as to a new abode, which was easily obtained, for the Whittlesey estate consisted of a number of houses, several of which were vacant. The one now provided for him was furnished. He was comfortable there, and all might have gone well could he have been satisfied to remain for a short time a prisoner. But he insisted on riding out every day, and the bailiffs got on to him.

One morning Whittlesey was standing by a window shaving when he heard a series of shrieks in the yard beneath him. Throwing up the window and looking out, he saw a young woman struggling with several men. The window was not over ten feet from the ground, and Whittlesey, in shirt and trousers, one half his face lathered, the other clean shaven, jumped down among the trio. He knocked one man down. The other pulled a summons from his coat pocket, but before he could begin to read it Whittlesey dropped him. The woman broke into a laugh, and Ned beat a hasty retreat.

The lawyers sent him word that if he could avoid the bailiffs three days longer they would have carried through a sale which would relieve the situation. Ned solemnly resolved that he would keep within doors and risk nothing.

On the third day he was sitting in a room on the second floor—he would not go any lower for fear of being surprised—when he heard something drop. Without an open window stood a tree, a limb of which grew to within a few feet of the opening. Turning his head, Ned saw that a woman had sprung from this limb into the room. Ned sat for a moment, so astonished that the intruder got ahead of him. Like a flash she passed to the door, locked it and threw the key out through the window.

Ned saw that the game was up. The girl—for such she was, and comely, too—began to read a summons to him and, being too gallant toward her sex to stop her by violent means, he was compelled to listen.

However, he called for assistance and had the girl shut up in a room by herself till the next day, when his brother appeared and announced that the sale had been completed and the property was saved.

When Whittlesey returned to his command he narrated his experience to his brother officers, ending with these words:

"Talk about Indian stratagems! If I ever command the army I'll supply every regiment out here with one or more process servers."



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Notice For Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. LAND OFFICE at Roseburg, Oregon,
August 31, 1915.
NOTICE is hereby given that George W. Herriott, of Applegate, Oregon, who, on December 12, 1908, made Homestead Entry, Serial No. 02302, for Lots 1 and 2 of Section 22, Township 38 S., Range 4 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before G. A. Gardner, Clerk of the County Court for Jackson County, at Jacksonville, Oregon, on the 11th day of October, 1915.
Claimant names as witnesses: Fred R. Benedict, of Applegate, Oregon; W. E. Ruef, of Applegate, Oregon; Robert Boyd, of Applegate, Oregon; John W. Pernoll, of Applegate, Oregon.
J. M. UPTON,
Register.

Notice of Final Account.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR JACKSON COUNTY.
In the matter of the Estate of James Hards, Deceased.

Public notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the County Court of Jackson County, State of Oregon, the final account of her administration of the estate of James Hards, deceased, and that said court has fixed Monday, October 11th 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court room of said Court, at the County court house in Jacksonville, Jackson County, State of Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of objections to said final account and for the settlement of said estate.

All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified and required to make or file their objections to said final account, if any they have, on or before the time aforesaid, fixed for the hearing and settlement thereof.

Date of this notice and of the first publication thereof is September 11th 1915.

MAMIE C. HARDS WALTON,
Administratrix.

Notice of Final Settlement.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR JACKSON COUNTY.
In the matter of the estate of A. E. Helms, Deceased.

Public notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the County Court of Jackson County, State of Oregon, the final account of his administration of the estate of A. E. Helms, deceased, and that said court has fixed Saturday, October 9, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M. of said day, at the court room of said court, at the County court house in Jacksonville, Jackson County, State of Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of objections to said final account and for the settlement of said estate.

All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified and required to make or file their objections to said final account, if any they have, on or before the time aforesaid, fixed for the hearing and settlement thereof.

Date of this notice and of the first publication thereof is September 11, 1915.

O. P. HELMS,
Administrator of the Estate of A. E. Helms, Deceased.

RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOR. ST.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the lands described below, embracing 200 acres, within the Crater National Forest, Oregon, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 229), at the United States land office at Roseburg, Oregon, on November 15, 1915. Any settler who was actually in and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and was not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to November 15, 1915, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The S. 1/2 Sec. 26, T. 33 S., R. 1 W., W. M. 160 acres, application of Ira Earnest Trail, Oregon; List 6-1734. The NW 1/4, NE 1/4, Sec. 18, T. 34 S., R. 2 E., 40 acres, application of H. L. Van Demerik, 791 W. 11th St., Medford, Oregon; List 6-1748. August 27, 1915. C. M. BRUCE, Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

Final Notice.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF OREGON, FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

In the matter of the Estate of Theodorice Cameron, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executor of the estate of Theodorice Cameron, deceased, has filed in the above entitled Court and cause his final account and said court has fixed Monday, October 4, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Court in the County court house in the City of Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of said final account.

All persons having any objections to said final account will make or file the same with said Court on or before said time.

Dated August 31, 1915.

DONALD CAMERON,
Executor of the estate of Theodorice Cameron, Deceased.

Summons.

IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT FOR THE DISTRICT OF ASHLAND, JACKSON COUNTY, STATE OF OREGON.

A. V. Stewart, Plaintiff,

-vs-
James Howard, Defendant.

To James Howard, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, You are hereby notified that in pursuance of an order made and entered in the above entitled cause and Court on the 11th day of September, 1915, you are required to answer the complaint filed in said cause within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: within six weeks from the 18th day of September 1915, and that if you fail to so answer the plaintiff will apply for the relief demanded in said complaint and will take judgment for the sum of \$53.00 together with interest thereon at the rate of 6% per annum from the 15th day of July, 1915, and will ask for an order to sell a certain wood saw, belonging to you and attached herein, to satisfy said judgment and costs and disbursements herein.

G. C. MCALLISTER,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice To Creditors.

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

In the matter of the estate of Mary Cameron, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Oregon, for Jackson County, administrator de bonis non of the estate of Mary Cameron, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified to said administrator at the office of Gus Newbury, his attorney, in Medford, Jackson County, Oregon, on or before six months from the date of this notice.

September 4, 1915.

DONALD CAMERON,
Administrator de bonis non.

Notice of Final Account.

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

In the matter of the estate of Jean Orr, Deceased.

Public notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the County Court of Jackson County, State of Oregon, the final account of his administration of the estate of Jean Orr, deceased, and that said court has fixed Monday, the 11th day of October 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M. of said day, at the court room of said court at the county court house in Jacksonville, Jackson County, State of Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of objections to said final account and for settlement of said estate.

All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified and required to make or file their objections to said final account, if any they have, on or before the time aforesaid, fixed for the hearing and settlement thereof.

Date of this notice and of the first publication thereof is September 11th, 1915.

G. C. MCALLISTER,
Administrator.
W. N. Vallandigham, Attorney for Estate.

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Change in Southern Pacific Time

Table.

Effective January 17, 1915.

NORTH BOUND TRAINS.

14 Portland Passenger.....8:20 A.M.
16 Oregon Express.....5:20 P.M.
12 Shasta Limited2:17 A.M.

Extra fare train.

SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.

13 California Express10:45 A.M.
15 San Francisco Express...4:00 P.M.
11 Shasta Limited..... 3:20 A.M.

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