

JACKSONVILLE POST

Official Paper of the City of Jacksonville, Oregon

A weekly newspaper published every Saturday at the county seat of Jackson County, Oregon. D. W. BAGSHAW, Editor and Publisher

Entered as second-class matter June 22, 1907, at the post office at Jacksonville, Oregon, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1916

SUBSCRIPTION: One year by mail \$1.50. Advertising rates furnished on application.

After this week The Post will be found in its new quarters in the Fick building, one block north of our present location and where we will be glad to welcome our patrons old and new.

ELSEWHERE in this paper appears a circular letter from the County Educational Board in which it is stated that "from now on there will be but one supervisor in the county." Many of the taxpayers of the county believe that the board could have eliminated the other supervisor without serious detriment to the schools. To the average person many of the recent innovations in our school system appear to be fairly pure and simple, intended to spend the taxpayers' money rather than to fit the pupils for the battle of life which they are about to enter. The supervisors and the County Board of Education alike belong to this class.

Snowfall Ties Up Seattle

Seattle, Feb. 2.—Snow fell all last night, and at 8 this morning 18 inches of moist snow lay on the ground. Except for a few downtown lines, no street cars are being operated, and the street car companies seem to regard the situation as hopeless until snow ceases falling. The schools opened with few teachers at their posts. Stores opened late and had few clerks and as few customers. Factories were short handed, and their employees were trudging wearily through the wet snow.

The snow is falling as briskly as ever in the mountains the fall continues heavy. The Great Northern abandoned its mountain division yesterday morning, and the Milwaukee yesterday stopped trying to move trains, but the Northern Pacific had its plows busy all night. No overland train has arrived here since 7 o'clock last night.

Walla Walla is Snowbound

Walla Walla, Wash., Feb. 2.—With 28 inches of snow on the ground and still falling steadily, Walla Walla is snowbound today. Street cars in the city are completely tied up and even taxicabs have quit. Railroads are open, although trains are somewhat delayed.

At noon yesterday all records for snowfall during a winter season had been passed and 10 inches has fallen since that time. The weather bureau promises no relief from snow nor from the temperature which has ranged from zero to 10 above for the last week. It is snowed for 72 hours without a break.

Sawmill and Lumber Burn On Independence Creek

Centralia, Wash., Feb. 2.—Another Lewis county sawmill went up in smoke Monday night when the plant of Fred Shiller, on Independence creek, was burned to the ground. The blaze was visible for a radius of many miles. The origin of the blaze is not known, as the plant was not in operation. There was no insurance. A large amount of finished lumber was also consumed in the flames.

52 Inchee Snow in 24 Hours

Seattle, Feb. 1.—Fifty-two inches of snow fell at Rockdale, the western part of the Milwaukee railroad's Cascade tunnel, in the 24 hours ending at 7 this morning. At that time the snow was more than 19 feet deep and the fall continued. Milwaukee trains are getting through the mountains with a rotary ahead of each.

Great Northern and Northern Pacific passenger trains for the morning did not arrive. The Northern Pacific train is marked seven hours late.

Wallowa County Mine Yields Ore at \$23 Ton.

"The ore we are getting out at the Imaha mine in Wallowa county is running \$23 per ton," says S. L. Winchester, one of the men active in its development. The mine is 25 miles from Homestead and 40 miles from Joseph, the railroad terminus. All but four miles of the road to Joseph is a gravel road. A tunnel 1000 feet long is now being run. The veins are three and one-half feet wide. There are 4000 feet of tunnels, shafts and crosscuts in the property now.

In Hard Luck

By M. QUAD

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Had you asked in the village of Lorain which was the happiest family in the community nine out of ten would have answered that Deacon Thurston and his wife filled the bill.

Deacon Thurston was long, lean and smiling. His wife was fat, content and good natured.

The deacon had never been known to get mad or to do a selfish action. His wife was seldom known to borrow, but was always willing to lend.

Of a summer evening they sat on the porch—sometimes for three hours—without speaking a word to each other.

After supper of a winter's evening the deacon built a roaring fire in the sitting room, and then with a candle in one hand and a blue pitcher in the other he descended to the cellar.

The barrel of cider stood in the northeast corner. He knelt before it and drew exactly a pint and a half of its contents. This was a pint for himself and half a pint for his good wife. It was never more and never less.

The apple bin stood against the south wall. He went to it and selected four fine Baldwin and put them in his coat-patch pocket and marched up the stairs. His wife was ready with a damp cloth to give the apples a wipe. Three of them were for the deacon and one for his wife.

One winter when the first snowfall came the deacon hitched up the old horse to the "pump," or homemade sled, and started for the woods. Four inches of snow had fallen, and it was a brisk morning. The old horse huffed and kicked by his heels, and the deacon heard himself saying:

"Well, if I ain't glad to be alive this morning, though they have raised my taxes \$2 more this year!"

When the deacon and his outfit entered the woods there was a rabbit's trail leading in the direction he wanted to go. He therefore followed it. It led into the woods and stopped at a hollow log.

The deacon advanced to the log and with the head of his ax struck a resounding blow. He did not see whether the rabbit ran out or not. His ear caught a flinging sound, and in the excitement the presence of bunny was entirely forgotten. It was a jangle of money—not greenbacks, but solid coin.

Five minutes later he was splitting the old log with his axe and his eyes were bulging out and his cheeks were pale. There was coin before him—hoops of coin. It was all silver coin.

One, two, three, four, cupfuls of silver treasure. He carried each cupful to the sled and emptied its contents upon the horse blanket. When all the money had been gathered he tied up the blanket. When he finally mounted the sled he gave the old horse three or four sharp cuts with the whip. They were the first blows the old nag had ever received at his hands, and they started him out at a lumbering gallop.

Horse and driver appeared at home in a sweat. They did not stop at the kitchen door, though Mrs. Thurston was there to ask what had happened.

"Sash! You got right into the house, Judith, and I will be there in a minute."

In five minutes he was followed after her and laid the bundle of coin on the kitchen table with a clink that made her exclaim:

"Oh, deacon, have you picked up a lot of horsehoes?"

"Horsehoes nothing!" he whispered as he untied the blanket and folded it back.

"Why, it's silver—it's money!"

"Of course it is, and I didn't rob anybody to get it either. I found it in a hollow log."

"Deacon, we are rich!" whispered the wife as she looked the kitchen door and pulled down the shades.

"You bet we are," replied the deacon. "Help me count the money."

They counted it. It took them a full hour, but it was over at last, and there was just \$5,000.

"Deacon," said she after a moment, "we allus wanted to go to Niagara Falls and see the water wasting itself, but you could never spare the money. We will go now, won't we?"

The deacon was silent, but there was such a look on his face as she had never seen before. It was a look of avarice and selfishness combined, and it was not good to see. She had to repeat her question before he replied.

"Judith, I want you to understand," said the deacon as he walked backward and forward, "there is to be no nonsense about this money. I may have to go to Niagara Falls on business, but you will stay at home and care for the house. I shall have to have a new suit of clothes, but you can get along with your old ones."

"But I ain't had a new bonnet for fourteen years," she wailed.

"Your old one is all right."

And that treasure from the hollow log bred dissension almost within the hour it was found. Husband and wife took opposite stands, and things were getting ripe for a separation when the deacon passed one of the coins at the grocery. The grocer found it counterfeit, and the whole pile of silver was overhauled, to find that every coin was bogus. It had been hidden in the log by those who made it. When the sad truth stood revealed and the deacon had fumed and fretted and his wife had shed a few tears he stood before her and queried:

"Well, Judith, what are we going to do about it?"

"Quit being bilked," she answered. "And they then and there quit."

It pays to Shop at Home

Don't pass Jacksonville Buy!

Don't be misguided by reports on Markets and Prices from other towns—

The Merchants at Home

can and will meet all legitimate competition and hence should merit the patronage of the town as well as the surrounding country.

We are exerting every effort to keep an up-to-date, first class article in every department at prices at least, as reasonable as can be found anywhere in the valley.

Kindly give us a trial before paying carfare or going elsewhere. Quality and Prices Guaranteed at

Taylor - Williams Co.

The People's Store, where

"The World is Growing Better"

Jacksonville, Oregon

PHONE 142

Notice of Sheriff's Sale Under Execution

L. Neidermeyer, Plaintiff.

David H. Palmer, Administrator of the estate of John V. Palmer deceased, David H. Palmer, Minerva (Palmer) Hunter, former widow of John V. Palmer, deceased, J. C. Hunter her husband, Ella Leona Rogers heir at law of John V. Palmer, deceased, Fred Rogers her husband, Fannie K. Sorenson heir at law of John V. Palmer, deceased, Frank Sorenson her husband, Harry A. Palmer, heir at law of John V. Palmer, deceased, and Scott F. Hodges, Defendants.

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, to me directed, and dated the 21st day of January, 1916, in a certain suit therein, wherein L. Neidermeyer as Plaintiff on the 15th day of January, 1916, recovered a judgment against the defendants, David H. Palmer and the Estate of John V. Palmer, deceased, or either of them, for the sum of Five Thousand Eight Hundred Forty-one and 15/100 (\$5,841.15) Dollars, with interest thereon from said 15th day of January, 1916, at the rate of 6% per annum and Five Hundred (\$500) Dollars attorney's fee, and the further sum of \$43.30 costs, which judgment and decree was entered and docketed in the Clerk's office of said Court in said County, on the 15th day of January, 1916, and is of record in Volume 21 of the Circuit Court Journal, pages 568 and 570 hereof.

Public Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the commands of said execution and order of sale, I will on Monday, the

21st day of February, 1916,

at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. at the front door of the Court House in Jacksonville, Jackson County, 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 of the right, title and interest that the defendants had on the date of the mortgage herein foreclosed or have since acquired or now have in and to all the following described real property situated in Jackson County, Oregon to-wit:

Commencing at a point situated 6.83 chains west of the Northeast corner and on the North line of D. L. C. No. 79 in 1wp. 3. S., of R. 2 W., of the W. M. and running thence West to said North line six chains and twenty-five links; thence South thirty-one chains and eighty links to the South line of the east portion of said Donation Lava Claim; thence East on the said South line six chains and twenty-five links; thence North thirty-one chains and eighty links to the place of commencing, containing twenty acres, said property being in the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, together with the improvements thereon.

That all of the above described real property will be sold at said time and place in the manner provided by law

Mail Us Your Watch And Jewelry Work



We are prepared to take care of all watch, clock and jewelry repairing, diamond and agate mounting of all kinds done by an expert. Everything we sell or repair is absolutely guaranteed. Get Our Prices On Watches, They Are RIGHT! Visitors Always Welcome. We pay Mailing Charges.

Martin J. Reddy THE JEWELER FOR QUALITY Medford, Oregon.

LEGAL BLANKS

We have on hand for sale the following blanks viz:

- Lease,
- Mortgages,
- Bill of Sale,
- Agreements,
- Warranty Deeds,
- Quit Claim Deeds,
- Charter Mortgages,
- Acknowledgements,
- Real Estate contracts,
- Location Notice—Placer,
- Location Notice—Quartz,
- Satisfaction of Mortgage,
- Real Estate Agents Contract.

At reasonable prices. We intend adding other blanks as fast as possible until the line is complete. Blanks of special form printed to order at short notice

JACKSONVILLE POST.



For the said of real property execution to satisfy the judgment, costs, attorney's fees and accruing costs of sale. Dated this 21st day of January, 1916.

Get your stationery printed at this office. Our work is guaranteed and our prices are right.

Electric Sparks

(From Our Wireless)

"Are all the English newspaper publishers L-rds?" asks a contemporary. No, contemp. but one lord publishes nearly all the English newspapers.—Lord Northcliffe.

There's no telling who will be the next major in our midst.

Experts are developing a battleship that will be able to survive one torpedo. In that case other experts will produce one electric two torpedos at a time. And then what?

Americans who did not learn the lesson of preparedness from the Spanish American war must now go back to the kindergarten class and do some heavy studying.

In representing his constituents who live in his district a congressman sometimes forgets to represent his constituents of the nation at large.

As time goes on International law talks more and more with the Yankee twang supposed to be characteristic of our own elongated Uncle Sam.

All that soldiers have to do is fight and die for their country. But the Government has to have a crisis all the time and lose its hair worrying. Turkey and Bulgaria are now as friendly to one another as Japan and Russia. Wars rancors do not endure very long.

Womer of flyer peace party may return because they have nothing to wear. Has the peace dove been plucked?

Senator Works imagine that we Americans have not been strictly neutral. Senator Works should have faith.

On reliable authority it is reported that the fragrance of hot buckwheat cakes makes the best alarm clock.

If Great Britain cannot pry into our mail let it be content with reading the picture postal cards.

Members of the peace party have all passed through Germany. No further casualties were reported.

Spice of Life

Visitor—Is this all the soap in this room? Landlady—Yes, sir; all I allow you. Visitor—Well, I'll take two rooms I like to wash my face in the morning. Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"I heard Signor Bluffo sing 'Hamlet' last night!" "Ah, did you? Now, tell me—do you think Hamlet was mad?" "He must have been. There wasn't a hundred dollars in the house."—Musical Courier.

The Master (taking the class on the subject of the Deluge)—You remarked that Noah's ark was very much like the ark in the Ark. What was your own ark? Episcopalian Scholar—Because there were only two worms in the Ark, sir.—New York Telegraph.