

PEPITA'S METHOD

By ELINOR MARSH

Bob Henderson—Bob is now a man of seventy—went out west to New Mexico when that region was occupied by all sorts of persons, from an illiterate "greaser" to a money making merchant. Bob had been well brought up and on coming of age inherited some means, which he concluded to invest in a new country.

He had not been in New Mexico quite long enough to be keenly alive to the danger of offending any one of the rough element inhabiting it when an incident occurred which caused him to forget caution. He was sitting in an armchair on a sidewalk in front of a hotel when a little Mexican girl approached him, offering to sell him fruit. He bought a couple of oranges, for which he paid a quarter, declining to accept the change. Then the girl went to a man standing near with her wares. Instead of buying of her he gave her a cuff.

Henderson, who had grown to manhood with the idea that a man who would tamely refrain from the protection of woman was not entitled to respect, made a jump for the brute and knocked him down. The man managed to get his hand to his hip and drew his revolver, but Bob was too quick for him and, wrenching it from him, turned it against him.

There was some talk between the two. A crowd collected, and the child told the story of what had happened. Then a citizen of the place who was somewhat prominent said to the man who had practiced the brutality:

"Jim Cundiff, you get out of this town. We've had enough of you here and don't want any more. If you're seen around here in two hours from now you'll be brought before the court, to be tried for several affairs that have been overlooked. If you trouble Mr. Henderson you'll swing."

Cundiff understood this perfectly. He dared not remain in the town, and he dared not injure Henderson—that is, he dared not injure Henderson openly. He went away, but resolved upon "doing" his enemy in a way that would not render him liable to punishment.

A month passed, and the incident was forgotten by all except Pepita, the little Mexican girl whom Henderson had chided. Now again she would approach him with an offer of some choice fruit, for which she would not permit him to pay. Bob at first refused to accept the gift, but the child's eyes filled with tears, and he reconsidered his refusal.

One day Pepita while walking on the street peddling fruit saw a man ahead of her whose walk was familiar to her. Surely no one but Jim Cundiff had that walk. Hurrying on, she passed the man. He wore a white beard and to a casual observer was an old man. Cundiff was a young man. The little girl was not deceived. The man was Cundiff.

As he passed along the street no one recognized him. Pepita pretended not to do so. She held her basket of fruit toward him. He looked down at her, started at seeing her, but moved on without a word. Then Pepita dropped behind without intimating that she even suspected his identity. But she shadowed him, for her little brain was fine enough in texture to know that he had come to town in disguise to "get" her champion. She was not long in deciding that she would continue to watch him.

That day Henderson was away from the town, having ridden to the county seat to perfect the titles to some property he had purchased. He returned at sunset and spent the evening with a family from the east who had recently located in the place. At 11 o'clock he went to the little house where he lived and to bed. At 12 he was awakened by an exclamation without, followed by a string of oaths.

By this time he had learned that the most important article to a citizen of that country was a revolver. Springing out of bed and catching up his weapon from under his pillow, he opened the door. The moon was at the full, and by its light he saw a man struggling to free his arms from something that pinioned them.

"Drop him!" cried a child's voice, and Pepita, pulling on a rope, appeared some ten or twelve yards from the man. She had thrown a lariat over him and had caught him about the body, inclosing his arms. Henderson did not take in the full meaning of the situation, but he realized enough of it to run to the man, put the muzzle of his revolver to his ear and call on him to cease struggling. A man living next door to Henderson, hearing the fracas, appeared, and soon others came to learn what was going on. Meanwhile a white beard had fallen off the captive and displayed his features.

"Why, it's Jim Cundiff!" said one of the group.

The fate of Cundiff when it was learned that he had returned to murder Henderson was not long in being decided. He was visited with the punishment that had been promised in case he attempted to harm Henderson.

As to the little Mexican girl who had invented her own method of capturing her champion's would be murderer, she was adopted by the town. But Henderson insisted on providing for her himself. He settled an annuity upon her which enabled her parents to send her to school, and when she grew to womanhood she married a well to do man of her own race. So long as she lived she was noted for her exploit, and it is one of the traditions of the town in which she made herself famous.

Treasures of the Tiber's Bed.

Father Tiber must be trembling in his bed over the quest for the gold supposed to be in the foundations of the old temple of Jove, for the river has more than once been threatened. Lecky holds that its period of drowsing and heaviest of malarial and malaria have been the salvation of Italy in preventing the Italian parliament, for reasons of health, from sitting long in session. Garibaldi had other views. He meant to dig the old river from Rome to Tivoli, so sent for that prince of engineers, Sir John Fowler. Fowler made the necessary surveys for diversion of the Tiber into the Anio, to canalize the malarial area and drain it into the sea. It would have been a great and romantic feat of engineering, but honest John loved Garibaldi as faithfully as did the red shirted Titan. "It will cost you nine millions for the work and as much again for compensation. Don't think of it," he bluntly said. "Oh, you stubborn English!" laughed the hero. "Americans here would do the work for nothing merely to get the antiquities in the Tiber bed." But he took Fowler's advice.—London Chronicle.

The Misunderstood Shark.

There seems to be some misunderstanding concerning the way in which sharks attack victims. Some claim that they turn over as they attack so as to bite more readily with their receding underjaw. Others claim, according to the Popular Science Monthly, that they attack head on, swimming to their victim in a straight line. According to J. E. Williamson, whose work in photographing the shark under water for motion picture plays has been notably successful, the "head-on" description of attack is the correct one.

"I can prove by my pictures that a shark does not turn over to bite," states Mr. Williamson. "If a shark wants to pick up anything from the bottom of the sea he goes right down to it as a cat pounces on a bone and picks it up. A shark does not turn over to bite any more than any other fish does."

Dealing in Diamonds.

There is no other form in which human wealth is so compact and so durable as in diamonds. A paper three inches long and an inch and a half wide will hold a king's ransom in a form that a million years will not harm and that not even fire itself, except the heat of the electric furnace and of the Bunsen burner, will destroy. You would think that anything so precious would be hedged about with a host of precautions. Just the opposite is true. Men go into the offices of wholesale diamond dealers, slip packages of uncut stones worth thousands of dollars into their pockets and go away with no record of the transaction except a "memorandum." Half the business of many dealers in precious stones is done by letting goods go out "on memorandum." The one thing that the men in the trade guard more carefully than their diamonds is their credit.—Youth's Companion.

Lions Fear Mice.

Large beasts of prey have a strong antipathy to rats and mice, says the London Tit-Bits. When a mouse was thrown into a cage where there were two lions the animals leaped away, roaring, apparently with fright, and making efforts to get away from the tiny creature. A tiger roared with rage when first introduced to a mouse. Then he lowered his muzzle to smell it, but would have no more to do with it and made violent efforts to break from his cage.

Elephants screamed and trumpeted when mice were introduced, shrinking from them as far as their chains allowed. One elephant, however, more knowing than the rest, when a couple of mice were placed on the ground before him quietly placed his foot on them.

Steel Ships.

Steel ships differ from those of wood in that their hulls are made of steel plates riveted together instead of the old method of using wooden planking. They are enabled to float because, being hollow, they have what is called buoyancy. A steel ship displaces a volume of water equal in weight to its own. The principle of buoyancy may be tested by floating an iron pail in a bathtub full of water.

Sense of Security.

"Do you find that your constituents agree with you?" "No," replied Senator Sorghum. "But that doesn't cause me any apprehension. If they refuse to be guided, there is plenty of time for me to come around and agree with them."—Washington Star.

Hang Up the Broom.

Brooms should always hang when not in use. Have a hole bored through the handle four inches from the end and large enough to slip over an ordinary nail. When left on the floor a broom soon loses its shape and will not do good work.

Truly Grateful.

Footpad—And now I'll trouble you to take off that suit of clothes. Jones—Thanks awfully. Only for you my wife would have made me wear it for two years more.—Boston Globe.

No Last Word.

"Have you seen Bill's new wife?" "Yes, and they do say she's the last word in wives." "Nonsense! There isn't any such thing."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The man with a new idea is a crank until the idea succeeds.—Mark Twain.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters

By JAMES COOLIDGE

In "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," a book that has delighted millions of people both old and young, is a story of how Sindbad the Sailor was required to take an old man on his shoulders and carry him across a stream. When the old man was securely fixed in his position he refused to get down, and Sindbad was obliged to bear the burden indefinitely. I am reminded by this story of the Old Man of the Sea of something similar that happened to me when I was a young man.

Before settling down to my profession, having put aside enough money to spend a few months in Europe, I went abroad. The sum was only \$500, and I was obliged to piece it out by doing a good deal of walking. One day I was trudging along through the Engadine when I overtook a man who for some reason was having a hard time to get on. When I came up with him I bade him good morning and asked him if I could be of any assistance to him.

"You might help me along to the next hotel," he said. "It's only about a mile."

I took his arm, and as we walked slowly on he told me that he was Enoch Crane, an American. He had long been ailing, and his doctor had sent him abroad. He, like myself, was walking because he couldn't afford to ride. When we got to the inn I took him to a room and helped him to bed—a bed from which he was destined never to arise. He was very ill in the night, and I sat with him till near morning.

Having my time laid out and none to lose, I proposed after breakfast to proceed on my journey, but Mr. Crane begged me so pitifully not to desert a fellow countryman among strangers that I agreed to remain with him another day. At the end of that day I was constrained to remain another and another till I found the time allotted for my travels slipping away from me and I taking care of a sick man in a little Swiss inn.

In this way the whole time I had laid out for my trip passed and the time for me to go home arrived. The old man was sinking rapidly, and the village doctor told him that he had better prepare his affairs for a journey to another world. Then Mr. Crane called me to his bedside and said to me:

"You tell me you are going home. I beg of you not to leave my body in this faraway land, but to take it with you. I have expected to die over here and have made every provision, having inquired the cost of removal in every particular. You will find exactly the amount in my wallet under my pillow. Take my body to B. in R. county in Massachusetts, and about a mile north of the village on the V. turnpike is a lot forty feet square inclosed with stones taken off the ground. In the center is a space marked by four posts, where the grave is to be located. This is not all. I want you to be custodian of my grave. Send for a notary and I will draw up a paper transferring the lot to you with everything it contains which, of course, is my body."

What a situation! My trip spoiled, obliged to go home in company and in care of the corpse of the man who had spoiled it and my pay was a plot of ground not worth \$20, which, after all, I must hold for a grave. Nevertheless I consented. I cannot claim that I did it solely from kindly motives. Enoch Crane possessed a singular influence over me.

When Mr. Crane died I possessed myself of his wallet, which, in addition to money, contained an account for expenses figured down to the closest possible amount. It struck me that he must have been afraid I would reap a few dollars out of the transaction. It paid the way exactly, and I expended the last dollar in having the body transferred to the grave. I had promised Mr. Crane that I would see the grave dug, the body lowered and the earth put back, all under my own superintendence. To do this I must pay for my own carriage. Glad of the prospect of getting the disagreeable matter off my hands, I secured two men with the necessary implements and was soon standing beside them as they dug the grave between the posts Crane had described. They had gone down about four feet when one of them threw up a tin box. I took charge of it, but since it was locked I was obliged to wait my return to the village before examining it. I presumed it to be another whim of the man who was being buried. I had a mind to sink it, fearing it involved some new obligation on my part.

Having kept my promise to the latter, I drove back to the village and, calling for a room in the little hotel, proceeded to open the box. It contained a number of envelopes. From the topmost I drew a paper. It recounted the wrongs heaped upon Enoch Crane by his relatives—he had no wife or child—and their heartlessness in permitting him to go abroad alone in search of health. The next envelope contained a paper willing the contents of the box to the owner of the lot in which it was found. The remaining envelopes contained stocks and bonds worth \$240,000.

It was some time before I could understand that in a twinkling I had come into possession of a fortune. This was owing to my being dazed, for never was there a clearer case. I owned the lot, and the owner of the lot owned the property found in it. Before leaving America the invalid had arranged to reward any friend he might find.

Matter and Force.

There is no such thing as a loss of matter or force. The so called "conservation" of matter and its forces was demonstrated years ago by Joule and other scientists. When, for instance, a thing "burns up," as we say, the substances that give out the light and heat are changed, not destroyed. The wood or whatever the substance happens to be becomes ashes and gas, and if we could gather up all the products of the burning we should find that they had not lost a particle of their weight and that the form of them only was changed. The eternity of matter was a teaching of the old Greek philosophers, or of some of them at least, and the modern teaching of the conservation or indestructibility of the stuff of the universe would seem to corroborate the ancient idea.

Meet the Home Merchant Half Way



He knows YOUR needs. He knows the NEEDS OF THE TOWN. You'll get BETTER TREATMENT AND BETTER GOODS in this town than you will anywhere else.

Keep the Dollars In Town

Legal Advertisements.

Notice of Final Settlement

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

In the matter of the Estate of Margaret Hurst, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Frank Hurst, the Executor of the above-entitled estate, as such, has filed his final account and report in the above-entitled court and matter and Monday, October 1, 1917 at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. at the courtroom of above-entitled court at the court house at Jacksonville, Jackson County, State of Oregon, has been appointed as the time and place for hearing of objections thereto and for the settlement thereof.

FRANK HURST, Executor of estate of Margaret Hurst Deceased.

Notice Of Final Settlement

In the Matter of the Estate of Christena Reuter, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have filed their first and final account as administrator and administratrix of the estate of Christena Reuter, deceased, in the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, and that said court has appointed Saturday, the 29th day of September, 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day as the time, and the court room of said county court at the court house in Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections thereto, the settlement thereof, and the distribution of said estate. All persons interested are hereby notified to appear at said time and place and show cause if any exist, why said first and final account should not be approved by the court, said estate be decreed to be fully settled, a decree made for the distribution of all said estate to the persons entitled thereto, and said administrator and administratrix discharged from their said trust.

Dated and first published September 1, 1917.

J. A. REUTER, ELIZABETH REUTER, Administrator and administratrix of the estate of Christena Reuter deceased.

Notice to Creditors

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, In and for Jackson County. In the Matter of the Estate of Frances Marion Bailey, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed by the County Court of the State

of Oregon for Jackson County, administrator of the estate of Frances Marion Bailey, deceased, and having qualified, notice is hereby given to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to present them, verified as required by law, within six months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at Medford, Oregon, or his attorney Newton W. Borden at his office at 232 East Main Street, Medford, Oregon.

Dated and first published August 25, 1917.

JOHN A. PERL, Administrator of the estate of Frances Marion Bailey, Deceased.

Summons.

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

Sibyl M. Bird, Plaintiff.

vs.

Della D. Walker, Julius Syffort, Harvey W. Craig, Francis Craig, Evelyn Syffort, Jaffrey E. Brees, Leroy Craig, Minnie J. Craig, Edmund J. Craig, Letta M. Craig, Arthur R. Craig, Defendants.

To Della D. Walker, Julius Syffort, Harvey W. Craig, Francis Craig, Evelyn Syffort, Jaffrey E. Brees, Leroy Craig, Minnie J. Craig, Edmund J. Craig, Letta M. Craig, Arthur R. Craig—Defendants: You and each of you are hereby commanded to appear within six weeks after the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: six weeks after the 4th day of August 1917, and defend the above entitled cause in the above entitled court and answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed herein and in case of your failure so to do judgment will be rendered against you according to the demands of the complaint: For a decree of this Court declaring you and each of you to be enjoined from asserting any right, title, interest or claim of any kind or character in or to the following described premises or any portion thereof, to-wit: a strip of land commencing 1-72 chains south of the northeast corner of Donation Land Claim No. 75 in section 26 in township No. 37 S. of Range No. 2 W. Willamette Meridian; thence east 23.27 chains; thence south 43 links; thence west 23.27 chains; thence north 43 links to the place of beginning; and for a further decree of this Court quieting title to said lands and premises in this plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just and equitable.

Service of this summons is made by publication thereof in the Jacksonville Post, pursuant to an order of the Hon. F. M. Calkins, Judge of the above entitled Court, made and entered July 30, 1917.

B. F. MULKEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice of Final Settlement.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Ruth Keizer, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Clarence A. Keizer, the administrator of the estate of Ruth Keizer, deceased, has presented to and filed in said Court his final report and petition for distribution to the parties entitled thereto the residue of the said estate and that Monday the 10th day of September, A. D. 1917, at 10:00 in the forenoon of said day at the Court room of said Court in said County has been fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said final report and petition when and where any person interested in said estate may appear and file his exceptions in writing to said petition and contest the same.

Dated this 10th day of August, A. D., 1917.

CLARENCE A. KEIZER, Administrator of Estate of Ruth Keizer

Summons.

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

Jessie Beatrice Dean, Plaintiff.

vs.

Carl Robert Dean, Defendant.

To Carl Robert Dean the above named defendant;

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed against you in the above entitled court and cause, on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: on or before the 13th day of October, 1917. And if you fail to so appear and answer within said time, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in her complaint, to-wit: for a decree of the court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and the defendant and for such other relief as to the court may seem equitable. This summons is served by publication in the Jacksonville Post, pursuant to an order of the Hon. F. L. Touvelle, County Judge of Jackson County, Oregon, made and entered August 31, 1917, which order requires said summons to be so published once each week for six successive weeks. Date of first publication is Sept. 1, 1917.

D. W. BAGSHAW, Attorney for Plaintiff, Jacksonville, Oregon.

IF you are in need of Good Printing

Try the POST Jacksonville, Ore.

Where you get best work at low prices

LEGAL BLANKS

We have on hand for sale the following blanks viz:

Lease, Mortgages, Bill of Sale, Agreements, Warranty Deeds, Quit Claim Deeds, Chattel Mortgage, Acknowledgements, Real Estate contract, 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.

BUSINESS CARDS.

GUS NEWBURY Attorney-at-Law

Will Practice in All Courts in the State MEDFORD, OREGON

D. W. BAGSHAW

Attorney at Law

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER

Office with Jacksonville Post. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

H. K. HANNA

Lawyer

Office in Bank of Jacksonville Building JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

THIS PAPER REPRESENTS FOR FOREIGN ADVERTISING BY THE

AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

GENERAL OFFICES NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

Change in Southern Pacific Time Table.

Effective Nov. 13, 1916.

NORTH BOUND TRAINS.

14 Portland Passenger.....8:20 A.M.

16 Oregon Express.....6:20 P.M.

12 Shasta Limited2:18 A.M.

SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.

15 California Express10:50 P.M.

13 San Francisco Express...9:05 A.M.

11 Shasta Limited.....3:20 A.M.

17 Ashland Passenger4:35 P.M.