

Legal Advertisements.

Summons

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

Mildred Rosecrans, Plaintiff, -vs- Charles Francis Rosecrans, Defendant.

Suit for Divorce.

To Charles Francis Rosecrans, 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 last day of the time prescribed in the order for publication of summons herein, to-wit: on or before the 19th day of January, 1918, that being the date of the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication hereof.

And if you fail to so appear and answer, for want thereof plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief asked for in her complaint, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant; for an order granting plaintiff the care and custody of the minor child, Donald Francis Rosecrans, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Jacksonville Post, pursuant to an order of Hon. F. L. TouVelle, County Judge of Jackson County, Oregon, which order was made and entered on the 20th day of November, 1917, and which order requires said summons to be so published once each week for six consecutive weeks.

The date of the first publication of this summons is December 8, 1917, and date of last publication thereof is January 19, 1918.

D. W. BAGSHAW, Attorney for Plaintiff Residence and postoffice address is Jacksonville, Oregon.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Isaac L. Thompson, deceased: Notice is given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of estate of above-named deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present same with proper vouchers to undersigned at his residence at Central Point, Oregon, within 6 months from December 15, 1917, the date of this notice.

CHARLES A. THOMPSON, Administrator.

Notice To Creditors

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned, Sadie S. Jones, having been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of George M. Jones, deceased, and notice is hereby given that any and all persons having claims against said estate may present the said claims properly verified, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, which first publication is on the 22nd day of December, A. D. 1917, to the said administratrix at her home on Beatty Street, Medford, Oregon, or to her Attorney, H. A. Canady, at his office 216 E. Main Street, Medford, Oregon. Dated December 21st, A. D. 1917. SADIE S. JONES, Administratrix of the Estate of George M. Jones, Deceased.

Executor's Final Notice

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF OREGON, FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

In the matter of the estate of Sarah Pearson Adams, deceased.

The undersigned, executor of the estate of Sarah Pearson Adams, deceased, having filed herein his final account said court has fixed Monday, January 21st, 1918, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the County Court House in Jacksonville, Oregon, for the time and place of the hearing of said final account.

All persons interested are hereby notified to make, or file, their objections duly verified, if any they have to said final account, with said court on or before said time.

GUS NEWBURY, Executor of the estate of Sarah Pearson Adams, deceased. December 22nd, 1917.

Notice to Creditors

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that T. B. Roberts, the undersigned, has been appointed executor of the last will and of the estate of Isaac G. Roberts, deceased, by the County Court for Jackson County, Oregon, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned executor at Gold Hill in Jackson County, Oregon, on or before the expiration of six months from the date of the first publication of this notice. The date of first publication is January 5th, 1918. T. B. ROBERTS, Executor.

AGRICULTURAL ANT OF TEXAS

Createsure Are f... Promora and Their Term... Marvels of Skill a... Length.

Texas has many varieties of the ant family. Out on the "Llano Estacado," or Staked Plain, they are so numerous that their hills look like the billows of a rolling sea.

One of the most powerful and formidable insects in the Southwest is the agricultural ant of Texas, observes a naturalist. These busy creatures are regular farmers, and their homes are marvels of architectural skill and strength.

Think of a house from 12 to 15 feet high, built by a little ant, and which is so strong and well supported that cattle and buffaloes can walk over it and yet not crush in this wonderful dome.

It is said that if a horse, in proportion to his size, could leap as far as a flea, that in one jump he would go clear around the world. Now, if a man constructed a house according to the same proportions of an ant's domicile, it would be more than a mile high.

These agricultural ants, next to a bee, are the most industrious creatures on earth. They sow, reap and garner just like farmers, and during the warm season lay by sufficient store for winter's use.

WORK OF MOTHER NATURE

Formation of Cubes and Patterns, Perfectly Symmetrical, Characteristic of Gem-Stones.

The original geometrician was Mother Nature. Observe her work in the making of crystals. Each kind of gemstone crystallizes on a certain pattern of its own, perfectly symmetrical; it is the same way with metals when they form crystals, says a writer.

If a cupful of salt and water be allowed to evaporate slowly in a cool place, the salt will take the form of ever so many cubes, each one of them perfect.

One mineral in crystallizing will invariably take the shape of an octahedron, another of a dodecahedron. Yet another will assume the form of a multitude of cubes, perhaps half an inch on an edge, with a chip accurately cut off of each corner. It seems like a joke.

Gold and silver crystallize as cubes. A crystal of iron sulphide resembles in shape a wild rose. Water has its own crystalline forms, like any other mineral. Ice, of course, is a kind of rock—as much a rock as granite—but is remarkable for its low melting point. This is lucky for us, because this rock, in a molten condition, furnishes us with drink.

Homage Paid Joan of Arc.

Old and New Orleans met in the fifteenth century hotel de ville of the city on the Loire at the heart of France recently, says a Paris correspondent. The bicentenary of the new world city was the occasion of the United States delegates' visit. Homage was paid to Joan of Arc, the champion of the medieval struggle for freedom. She was the subject of French and American speeches, and flowers and a bronze palm leaf were laid at the foot of her statue. A pilgrimage, too, was made to the fort of Tourelles, so famous in the defense of the city by the maid. The events of those far-gone centuries served as a distant romantic background to the present struggle, in which the most recent figures to appear on a crowded canvas are those of the United States soldiers on the Flanders front. Side by side with the mention of medieval names and events were heard, in the old halls of Orleans, those of President Wilson and the battle of the Marne.

Just as Easy.

Two commercial travelers, while on a train on the Oregon Electric railway, got into an argument over the action of the automatic brake.

"It's the inflation of the tube that stops the train," declared the first traveler.

"Wrong wrong!" shouted the second. "It's the output of the exhaustion."

So they wrangled for an hour. Then, when the train arrived at the station they agreed to submit the matter for settlement to the motorman. That gentleman, leaning condescendingly from the door of his car, listened with an attentive frown to the two travelers' statement of their argument. Then he smiled, shook his head, and said:

"Well, gents, ye're both wrong about the working of the vacuum brake. Yet it's very simple and easy to understand. When we want to stop the train we just turn this 'ere tap, and then we fill the pipe with vacuum."

Coal Products in France.

Recent figures of coal production in France, an industry of which the department of the Loire, in the St. Etienne consular district, is an important producing center, with an annual output of over 3,000,000 tons, show an increase from 1,800,000 tons in November, 1915, to 2,977,000 tons in March, 1917, says the Scientific American, and a total increase in production and importation of from 3,400,000 tons in January, 1917, to over 4,000,000 tons in May. This gain was made possible by a readjustment of mine workings and a closer study of transportation problems. The movement of coal by motor lorries, in addition to other commodities by a fleet of heavy motor trucks purchased and operated by the city of St. Etienne, is a recently inaugurated service which has aided distribution and relief of congestion in

Who Did the Courting?

By ETHEL HOLMES

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

I'd taken a fancy to Martha and I wanted her powerful hand. But laws, what chance had I among a lot of fellows most of 'em better lookin' than me, some of 'em with either a good farm or money in the bank or both. But Martha and I were neighbors and good enough friends, and I says to myself, why not swoop around and find out how the land lies? So one day I says to her, says I, "Martha, how is it that a good-lookin' girl like you don't git married? It certainly can't be for want of fellows to choose from."

"What made you think anybody wanted me?" she says.

"How about Tom Stigers?" I says. "He got five hundred acres of the best corn land in the country, and buildin' and farm tools complete."

"He wouldn't look at me," said Martha.

"Or Jim Ferguson, with his dairy farm, or Ed Williams, who sells more goods out of his store in a month than anybody about here does in a year."

"I couldn't git any one of 'em," said Martha, "if I had an oxtersin tied to 'em."

I suppose I ort to have said to her after this, "Well, if you can't git any of them fellows, what's the matter with me?" But somehow I thort that there was a big down-hill jump from the worst of 'em to me, who was as homely as a groundhog, but I couldn't do it. I reckoned I'd better beat about the bush a while longer.

"What would you give me," I said, "if I'd git you a husband?"

"The best kiss of the bride," she says, lookin' at me out of the corner of her eyes kind of sassy.

The thought of that first kiss made me feel like doin' a heap of tryin' to git Martha a husband, but I remembered the fellow I got for her would git all the other kisses, and it wadn't so much of a bargain after all.

"Well," says I, "I'll see what I kin do for you." I didn't mean to do anything, but every time I met Martha after that she says to me, "When you goin' to git me that husband?"

It seemed to me I was makin' myself ridiculous in not doin' somepin' in the matter, so I says one day to Jake Trotter, "Jake," says I, "how would you like to git married?"

"I know a gal," I says, "who wants a husband." "Bring us together," says Jake.

Well I done it. I took him to see Martha. Jake was drivin' a wagon through the country, sellin' tinware and sitch like. The next time I met Martha she was a-settin' up beside him on the high seat enjoyin' herself to beat the band. She waved her hand to me and lurfed when she went by. I stood lookin' back at the wagon and I said to myself, "Luke, the fool-killer is lookin' fur you." I met Sam Lynch a few minutes after I seen Martha perched up there beside Jake and I says to him, "Sam, I wish you would give me a good kickin'." Sam did as I asked him; then I called upon him to repeat the dose; and he done it.

Next day I see Martha ridin' her bay mare. She called out to me, "Luke, come round and see me; I want to thank you for what you done for me."

"Oh," I says, "it isn't time for the reward yet."

"Come any way," she says.

So I went round that very evening. Martha had a fine lot of 'ers burnin' on the hearth and she drew the sofy up in front of 'em and she sot down on the sofy beside me and says:

"Luke, you've done me a mighty great favor, introducin' Jake Trotter to me. He hasn't lost no time in proposin' to me; not a bit of 'beatin' about the bush; but just come out flat and asked me to be his wife."

I must 'a' looked powerful down in 'er mouth, for Martha said kind of 'sympathizin'ly, "Are you sorry for the 'aver you done me, Luke?"

I didn't say nothin', I couldn't; I 'thort my heart would burst.

The sofy was big enough for four people, but Martha sidled up to the end where I was settin' and she says: "You see, Luke, father's gettin' old and may be taken away soon; then I'd be left alone. I was feelin' when I sold none of them fellows you spoke of didn't want me, for one of 'em had axed me. There was an feller I did want, but he'd never axed me. So when you offered to git me a husband, calculatin' you might strike the man I wanted, I just took up with your offer."

"And I struck him," I groaned; "what infernal luck! Who'd 'a' thought it?"

"You remember the reward I offered you, Luke," she said coaxingly.

"No, what was it?"

She drew away from me kind of sulky. Then she told me what it was, and seen it didn't make me feel no better, she said, "I reckon I can give it to you in advance."

I turned toward her; she was lookin' at me half smilin' and half provoked. I drew her toward me and kissed her. She wouldn't let me go and all of a sudden I thort that she'd changed her mind about Jake and wanted me after all.

I always reckoned I'd courted my wife about right till one day I axed her what she 'thort about it. I was surprised when she said:

"Luke, you're a mighty good feller, and about some things you're real smart, but as to love makin' you ain't got no gift that way. You didn't do no courtin', I did it all myself."

Homing Instinct of Bees.

In the fortnightly Review Hentz Fellers, the naturalist, tells a characteristic story about Darwin and himself. Darwin wished to explain the homing instinct of bees, and he induced Fellers to begin a series of experiments with that purpose in view. A regular plan of campaign was drawn up. Marked bees were placed in a dark box and were carried away from the hive in an opposite direction from that in which they were finally liberated. The box was repeatedly turned about, so that the inmates should lose all sense of direction. Every possible means was taken to render useless any known or conceivable method of obtaining their bearings. The bees were even placed within an induction coil in the effort to confuse them. The long and elaborate series of tests was without value, so far as getting any explanation of the homing power was concerned. In every case from 30 to 40 per cent of the bees found their way home without apparent trouble no matter how confusing the trip away from home had been made.

Plant Leaves.

It is a fact that, to the casual observer, all trees look pretty much the same, in some respects at least. But if one looks carefully at the twigs of almost any tree, or, still better, at the young shoots of some rapidly growing plant, they are pretty certain to discover that no two leaves occupy the same position.

The fact is, however, that a leaf does not keep always in one position. Everybody knows that they will droop and stand erect again, and that some plants sleep at certain times of the day. A house plant, moreover, grows toward the light, and if the pots are turned about so that the leaves face away from the window, it takes only a day or so for them to assume their old positions.

If now one looks carefully for the joints where this bending is done one can see at once that nearly all the leaves have two.—Exchange.

The Faithful Horse.

I don't know who wrote this toast to the horse, but I'd rather read it than Vest's dog speech:

"Here's to that bundle of sentient nerves, with the heart of a woman, the eye of a gazelle, the courage of a gladiator, the docility of a slave, the proud carriage of a king and the blind obedience of a soldier; the companion of the desert plain that turns the moist furrows in the spring in order that all the world may have abundant harvest, that furnishes the sport of kings, that with blazing eye and distended nostril fearlessly leads our greatest generals through carnage and renown, whose blood forms one of the ingredients that go to make the ink in which all history is written and who finally, in black trappings, pulls the humblest of us to the newly soiled threshold of eternity."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Grit Always Wins.

Grit is the thing that counts. We all know young men who are hanging around waiting for father to slip out of his old shoes. As if a pair of old shoes ever made a man out of a loafer!

Why, father's shoes are ten sizes too big for any man that thinks money somebody else has earned will make him a gentleman!

Grit is what these young chaps need whether they know it or not. The day will come when the only man the world will count worthy of its respect will be the man who does things, even if he is forced to shut his teeth hard to keep back the groan of pain.

Folks used to think that the only real soldier was the man who marched away to the sound of life and drum, to shoot and kill and destroy. It is not so.—E. L. Vincent in Farm Life.

Bulls and Bears.

The Stock Exchange use of the term "bear" is with reference to the animals pulling down. The bear pulls down prices; so in the other direction the bull tosses them up. Originally the expression was "a bearskin jobber," applied to a person who sold a bearskin before he had caught his bear. The bearskin jobber was a person who sold stocks which he did not own. Of course he was interested by the fact of his sale to pull prices come down and schemed to have them down. In that way he became called simply a bear without reference to the original proverb.—Philadelphia Press.

Prevention of the Flight of Birds.

To prevent birds from flying without the barbarous and injurious system sometimes of cutting their wings it will be found sufficient to tie together with a thread three or four of the largest feathers of one wing. This destroys the balance, the wings do not act symmetrically in the air, and flight is rendered impossible. Fowls, pigeons, etc., may be kept within bounds in this simple fashion.

Serious Affliction.

"Bliggins is always reading up on germs and worrying about his health."

"Yes, There's not much hope for him. Germs are bad enough if you get 'em in your system, but they're worse if you get 'em on your mind."—Washington Star.

The Roc.

The roc, a fabulous bird often referred to in the "Arabian Nights," was believed to be of such enormous size and strength as to be able to carry even elephants in its talons.

Office and Home.

An office is a place where women do what men want done. A home is a place where men do what women want done.—Life.

A Quick Transition

By EUNICE BLAKE

"Howdy, Amanda? Excuse me for not comin' sooner when you sent to say you wanted to see me, but I was workin' at the cider press."

"Come in, Mr. Morehouse, it's gittin' chilly nights now. I got some logs blazin' on the hearth, and I'll bring up some birch beer from the cellar."

Josh Morehouse, a bachelor of forty, accepted the invitation and was soon sitting on one end of a sofa drawn before the fire, while Amanda Waters, aged twenty, sat at the other. Beside Josh stood a table on which were a dish of nuts and a bottle of birch beer. After a swig of the beer he began cracking the nuts and invited Amanda to tell him what he could do for her.

"Law sakes, Mr. Morehouse, I don't believe I can."

"Waal, now, that's surprisin'."

"There's somepin' I want you to do for me, but it's awful hard to say. Fact is, I want to carry you for awhile."

"Berry me?"

Mr. Morehouse paused while cracking a nut and looked at Miss Waters inquiringly.

"You know Enoch Rogers. Well, Enoch has been talkin' soft to me lately, and I don't want him to do it. He's a nice feller, but he's nothin' but a boy. I don't cotton to these kids, but Enoch is givin' me an awful lot of worritment. I don't want to hurt his feelin's, and I can't stand it to have him follerin' me about, makin' people believe I belong to him."

"Why don't you tell him, squar, to keep off?"

"I have. It don't appear to do any good."

"You don't want me to give him a lickin', do you?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Morehouse. I wouldn't have you do that."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Waal, I've reckoned that if you wouldn't mind make believe for awhile I belong to you mebbe he'd give me up and be reckensided to get on with out me."

"Oh, I see! That's a mighty good way o' lettin' him down."

"His mother and my mother are mighty good friends, and Enoch is a nice boy. So I mustn't do anything to make bad blood. Just as soon as Enoch sees that some one has got ahead of him he'll draw off and find another gal."

"You don't mean that he'd think you'd look at an old feller like me, do you?"

"La sakes, Mr. Morehouse, how you talk! You're just the age for a woman between eighteen and twenty-five. Girls want a husband to look up to. They don't want a boy that they kin wipe the floor with."

"You don't mean it! Waal, now, I wouldn't 'a' thought any gal except an old maid would want me."

Mr. Morehouse looked very much pleased. The fire crackled merrily, dancing on the fender and gliding articles in the room. The birch beer had a delicious flavor, and the nuts, having been newly gathered, were the same.

"When shall we begin, Mr. Morehouse?" asked Amanda, moving from her end of the sofa toward her make believe lover.

"Begin? Begin what?"

"Why, portendin' we're engaged."

"Isn't there a big difference between portendin' and the real thing?"

"Mebbe there is, but if we don't act engaged before people they won't believe we're engaged. Enoch'll think I'm just sayin' I'm engaged to sbeet him off."

"That wouldn't do, would it? But how are we goin' to act engaged?"

"Laws a-massy, Mr. Morehouse, you don't reckon we're goin' to know how to act engaged without any practicin'?"

"Mebbe not."

Mr. Morehouse took another pull at the birch beer, and when he had set down his mug he found that Amanda had moved to the middle of the sofa and there was barely room for a sheet of paper between them. The fire was crackling and giving out its genial warmth. Mr. Morehouse felt very happy. He looked sidewise at Amanda, while she looked down at her lap, smoothing her dress. He wondered if a borrowed lover practicing to play his part was entitled to take a kiss. He dropped an arm, which was resting on the back of the sofa, to her waist. She did not move. He felt encouraged. He drew her toward him till she was leaning up against him. Her head toppled to the side; he turned her face, and his lips were drawn magnetically to hers.

"By jinx," he exclaimed, "I wonder if bein' a real lover is better'n a borrowed one!"

"Nobody kin tell that without tryin'," said Amanda.

Another kiss helped him on, and still another helped him on further, till at last, as he afterward said, "the words just came right out by themselves without my havin' anything to do with it."

When Josh Morehouse went home that evening he was astonished at remembering that he had stood within an hour in three different positions—friend, pretended lover and betrothed.

"It beats anything," he said to himself, slipping his knee, "how sudden some things come about. Just think that Mandy's wantin' to borrow me to head off Enoch Rogers should 'a' made a match between her and me!"

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THIS PAPER REPRESENTED 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 Limited..... 2:18 A.M.

SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.

15 California Express..... 10:50 P.M.

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

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

17 Ashland Passenger..... 4:35 P.M.