

Legal Advertisements.

Summons.

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

Delia Nunan, plaintiff, vs. Frank R. Neil as Administrator of the Estate of J. A. Krewson, deceased, the unknown heirs of J. A. Krewson, deceased, the unknown heirs of William N. Ballard, and of John O. Green, and of T. B. or Titus B. Willard, each deceased, Elizabeth J. Wright, Mary Mingus, W. N. or William N. Wright and Nettie B. Wright, his wife, I. J. or Israel J. Hanson and Louisa Hanson, his wife, Carrie M. Hurd, formerly C. M. or Carrie M. Jones, formerly C. M. or Carrie M. Hanson, Reuben F. Maury, and also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right title, estate, lien, or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, defendants.

To the following of the above-named and designated defendants, the unknown heirs of J. A. Krewson, deceased, the unknown heirs of William N. Ballard, and of John O. Green, and of T. B. or Titus B. Willard, each deceased, Mary Mingus, W. N. or William N. Wright and Nettie B. Wright, his wife, I. J. or Israel J. Hanson and Louisa Hanson, his wife, Carrie M. Hurd, formerly C. M. or Carrie M. Jones, formerly C. M. or Carrie M. Hanson, Reuben F. Maury, and also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You and each of you are hereby required to appear in the above-entitled court and cause and answer the complaint therein filed against you by the above-named plaintiff on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, namely, on or before March 2, 1918. If you fail to so appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the court for a decree decreeing plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple of the following described property situated in Jackson County, State of Oregon, to-wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of the Thomas Wright's farm on what is designated on the land office plats, as the Ballard Donation Claim in the southwest quarter of Section 4, Township 37, South of Range 2 West of the Willamette Meridian, (and which corner is 10.78 chains east of the southeast corner of D. L. C. No. 47.) thence west 9.43 chains, thence north 29.68 chains, thence east 9.43 chains, thence south 29.68 chains to the place of beginning, containing 28 acres, more or less; also a certain right of way as described in Deed Records Vol. 36 at page 453 of Jackson County, Oregon;

Also for a decree reforming the description in the following instruments so as to include and correctly describe the property herein above described and quieting plaintiff's title thereon, namely:

Deed of Thomas Wright and Elizabeth J. Wright to Israel J. Hanson, recorded Vol. 15, pg. 189, Deed Records of Jackson County, Oregon; Deed of W. N. Wright and Nettie B. Wright to J. A. Krewson, recorded Vol. 55, pg. 217 of aforesaid records; Mortgage of J. A. Krewson to plaintiff, recorded Vol. 26, pg. 367 of Mortgage Records of Jackson County Oregon, and the decree of the above-entitled court foreclosing said mortgage, and all proceedings of said suit upon which said decree is based, said decree being recorded in Vol. 24, pg. 72 of the Journal of said court; Deed of Raloh G. Jennings as Sheriff of Jackson Co., Oregon to plaintiff, recorded in Vol. 114, pg. 613 of Deed Records of said county and state, and all the proceedings upon which said deed is based.

Also for a decree decreeing that William N. Ballard at the time of the execution and delivery of his deed recorded in Vol. 2, pg. 112 of aforesaid deed records, and Titus B. Willard at the time of the execution and delivery of his deed recorded in Vol. 4, pg. 285 of aforesaid records, and Israel J. Hanson at the time of the execution and delivery of his deed, recorded Vol. 32, pg. 120 of aforesaid records, were each unmarried men at the respective times of their respective execution and delivery of said deeds, and that the cloud upon plaintiff's title caused by the failure of said deeds to so recite be removed;

Also for a decree decreeing the mortgage of T. B. Willard to John O. Green, recorded Vol. 1, pg. 552 Jackson Co., Oregon Mortgage Records, to be paid and satisfied and removing the cloud upon plaintiff's title by the failure of said records to show that the said mortgage is paid and satisfied;

Also for a decree cancelling the deed of Israel J. Hanson and Louisa Hanson to C. M. Jones, recorded Vol. 36, pg. 562 Jackson Co., Oregon Deed Records, in so far as same attempts to convey any part of the above-described property, and removing the cloud upon plaintiff's title caused thereby.

For a decree quieting plaintiff's title to said above described property and

decreeing that the above named and designated defendants have no right, title, estate lien or interest therein and forever enjoining them from asserting any right, title, estate, lien or interest therein, and for such further relief as may seem equitable to the court.

This summons is served upon you by publication once a week for 6 consecutive weeks in the Jacksonville Post, pursuant to the order of the Hon. F. M. C. Jins, Judge of the above entitled court, which order is of date January 19, 1918 and requires you to appear and answer as above set forth. The date of the first publication of this summons is January 19, 1918.

H. K. HANNA, Attorney for plaintiff. P. O. and Residence address, Jacksonville, Oregon.

Notice For Publication. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon February 4, 1918.

NOTICE is hereby given that Charles M. Van Cleave, of Ruch, Oregon, who, on February 14, 1912, made Section Homestead Entry, Serial, N. 07819, for the NE 1/4 of NW 1/4, NW 1/4 of NE 1/4 and Lot 2 and 3, of Section 30, Township 38 S., Range 3 W., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before F. Roy Davis, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Medford, Oregon, on the 18th day of March, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses, John N. Matney, of Ruch, Oregon. John Offenbacher, of Ruch, Oregon. Marshall Bakwin, of Applegate, Ore. William H. McDaniel, of Ruch, Ore. W. H. CANON, Register.

Executo's Final Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executor of the estate of John X. Miller, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Oregon, for Jackson County, his final account and said court has fixed Monday, February 18th 1918, at Ten o'clock A. M., as the time for the hearing of said final account. All persons interested are hereby notified to make or file their objections to said account, if any they have, with said court on or before said time, January 18th, 1918.

GUS NEWBURY, Executor of the estate of John X. Miller, deceased.

Notice of Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that George R. Lindley, executor of the estate of Olaf Rye Bjerregaard, deceased, has filed his final report and accounting in said estate; that the Honorable F. L. TouVelle, county Judge has fixed the date for final hearing on said report February 19th, A. D. 1918 at 10:00 A. M. on said day in the office of the said County Judge of Jackson County, at the court house in Jacksonville, Oregon. And notice is hereby given that any person interest in said estate may on or before this said day appointed for said hearing in said estate appear and file his objections there to if any there be.

By order of F. L. TouVelle County Judge of Jackson County, Oregon. Date of this notice and first publication thereof is January 19, 1918.

GEORGE R. LINDLEY, Executor.

Notice Of Sale Of Real Property

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR JACKSON COUNTY. In the matter of the estate of Charles H. Basye, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of sale, duly made and entered on the 17th day of January, 1918, by the Honorable F. L. TouVelle, Judge of the above entitled court, I will on the 19th day of February, 1918, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon, on the premises in the City of Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, offer for sale and will sell all the right, title and interest that the above named decedent, Charles H. Basye, had at the time of his death, in or to the following described real estate situated in the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, to-wit:

Lot 1, in Block 4, of the town (now City) of Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, as shown on the official plat thereof.

Said sale to be for cash and subject to approval and confirmation by the County Court in the usual manner.

Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, and first published, this 19th day of January, 1918.

D. W. BAGSHAW, Administrator of the estate of Charles H. Basye, deceased.

Found a Cure for Rheumatism. "I suffered with rheumatism for two years and could not get my right hand to my mouth for that length of time," writes L. L. Chapman, Mapleton, Iowa. "I followed the terrible pain so I could not sleep at night. Five years ago I began using Chamberlain's Liniment and in two months I was well and have not suffered with rheumatism since." For sale by all druggists.

From the Past

By W. NIFRED LEE

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Bartley Paine cherished the secret of a dark spot in his life. It was not ever present, for as the years went by its shadow lessened and, he hoped, would eventually vanish into the obscurity of permanent forgetfulness.

It was ten years ago when, a youth of eighteen employed as cashier by John Howe, a distant relative, that he had been speciously persuaded by two fellow clerks to borrow two thousand dollars from the funds of the house. They had shown him that they had "a tip" where that amount invested in a certain stock would quadruple in twenty-four hours. Bartley provided the money. The entire investment was lost, the two scamps fled and the next morning, a wretched but sincere penitent, Bartley went to his relative and confessed all.

"Leave my service, go and settle this matter with my lawyer and let me never see your face again!" pronounced John Howe sternly.

Robert Wiley, that lawyer! To his dying day Bartley would never forget him. He was a sinister being, with a chin like a hook and a nose like a beak.

"You will first sign a written confession of your crime," the elfish barrister had said.

"But I have already told Mr. Howe of my misstep," said Bartley humbly. "It won't do; a signed confession, or go away and let the law take its course."

Bartley shivered, but assented. "As to the money," he said, "if you will allow me I will stay right here, get a new position and work till I have earned enough to pay the score."

"Very good," nodded the lawyer. At the end of four years Bartley's spirits were high when he placed the last of the misapplied money before Mr. Wiley.

"And the interest?" intimated the latter.

"You will find it included," said Bartley, almost resentfully, to this human leech. "Now, then, won't you kindly hand me back the confession?"

"I am instructed by Mr. Howe to retain that," said the lawyer. "He will hold it over you as a Damoclean sword to guarantee your future good conduct."

"Why, this is positively inhuman!" cried Bartley.

"Instructions," responded the lawyer. "See that you go straight."

Then Bartley went to another city and tried to forget the power he had left in those seemingly evil hands. He prospered quite fairly in a new position. He met Lucille Driscoll—courtship, marriage, happiness. She idolized him as a model lover and husband. She believed him the most worthy of men. He winced when he thought of that dark spot in his early life, but he could not hurt her pure spirit by revealing the truth.

And now the black shadow had suddenly, blightingly come down upon his life. It was the birthday of their child, little Bertram, aged six. They were to have a quiet family celebration and Bartley had secretly deposited a package containing gifts on the front porch, had started around the house to enter by a side door, when he came to a startled halt and stood rock-rooted. His heart seemed to cease its throbbings, his brain was turned to lead, for there, in the cozy parlor, seated opposite his wife, was—Robert Wiley!

To the exaggerated mentality of Bartley it seemed as though a destroying demon had invaded the peace and sanctity of an earthly paradise. There was the old specious, wily smirk on the golden face, the old cruel, piercing glare of the eyes. Oh, at last his sin was to be brought home to him. Only to torment, to blackmail, to ruin him, could this specter of the past have thus invaded his home!

For an instant Bartley thought of flight. Could he ever face his wife if the past was revealed to her? He actually turned to leave the spot, when little Bertram came around the house, discovering him.

"Oh, mamma!" he shouted. "Here is papa, now!" seized his hand and pulled him into the house.

"A visitor, Bartley," spoke Mrs. Paine, arising and leaving the room, and Bartley faced his Nemesis.

To his amazement Wiley grasped his hand. "Ah, Paine," he spoke chirpingly. "You are looking well—and doing well, eh? I came on a matter of business. Mr. Howe died last month."

"Yes, I heard of it," nodded Paine.

"He has left you half his fortune. You are a rich man. I advised it. You see, Paine, it is I who, under his instructions, have kept trace of your every movement for ten years. So no one knew better than I your noble fight to redeem the past. You thought him an ogre and I your evil genius, but we were human, all the same. I would like to have you call at my hotel this evening and close up your interest in the estate."

Bartley Paine stood like one in a dream after the lawyer had left. He could not realize it all. A light form glided to his side. It was Lucille. "Bartley," she whispered, "I knew of your trouble in the past all the time. I married you knowing it. I trusted you, knowing it, and loved you more and more as you nobly redeemed yourself. The shadow has lifted. Oh, my husband! let us never again think of aught but the sunshine of life which has come to us at last."

MY VALENTINE

Who fills my thoughts from morn till night, Imbuing them with love and light, Till even cheerless ways seem bright? My Valentine!

Who turns life's Winter into May, Makes labor wear the guise of play— And charms parterres from sterile clay? My Valentine!

Who loves me for myself alone, Scorns gold and never yet has known To want a dollar for her own? My Valentine!

Who patiently hears me rehearse My little ventures into verse, And never says: "It might be worse!"? My Valentine!

Who makes me play the scaramouch? Who pulls me off my Sunday couch, And screams with joy when I cry, "Ouch!"? My Valentine!

Who twists my hair and plait my beard, Until I look both fierce and weird, Then chuckles when I'm rudely jeered? My Valentine?

Who robs me of all dignity, And, though she's only just turned three, Like a Czarina ruleth me? My Valentine!

VALENTINES by Clarence Moore

On the morning of St. Valentine's day the boarders at Mrs. Munson's gathered around the long table with perhaps an unusual interest in the morning's mail.

But the postman was late and breakfast lagged. Once or twice Mrs. Munson had thrust her sharp nose into the room and had even asked Mr. Root if there was anything more he wished. Second helpings of anything being rare at the Munson table, Mr. Root's fellow boarders grinned appreciatively when Selma thudded heavily in with a second cupful of a muddy mixture, politely called coffee.

"Expecting a valentine, Mr. Root?" asked mischievous Ethel Raymond, the little stenographer, who was to be married at Easter.

Mr. Root blushed furiously and looked into his coffee.

"I am looking for an important letter," he said severely. "Valentines are important," teased Ethel, for she liked the quiet little gray man who had been bookkeeper for twenty-five years in a downtown warehouse. Mr. Root's bachelor quarters at the top of the house had been spoken of as a model of comfort by the men of the Munson boarding house but the women would have it that the little man must be lonesome, and among themselves they had secretly decided that it would be a fitting romance if Mr. Root married Miss Ida Wingfield, the schoolteacher who sat at the end of the table.

Miss Wingfield, once pretty, now pale and tired, with rather a distinguished air lent by her abundant gray hair, always played Mr. Root's accompaniments when he brought his violin down to the parlor.

"There's the postman now!" cried Ethel Raymond eagerly.

A loud knock came at the basement door and Selma plodded slowly to take in the handful of letters.

Ida Wingfield picked up her valentine, broke the seal with a reverent finger and pulled out a charming conception of lace paper and golden hearts and flying cupids. There were roses and forget-me-nots and arrows scattered everywhere.

"Ah!" breathed the excited table as Miss Wingfield replaced it in the envelope.

"You are satisfied, Mrs. Munson?" asked Mr. Root in a rasping tone.

"I'd like to know who sent it," sniffed Mrs. Munson as she went out and banged the door after her.

"Impertinent—insufferable!" gasped old Mrs. Dodd, as she followed the schoolteacher out into the basement hall. "I wouldn't remain here a day longer only Mrs. Munson is an excellent cook and as neat as wax—personally she is impossible!" She pounded

her gold-headed cane on the stairs as she mounted.

Ida Wingfield slipped into her warm cloak and went out into the snowy streets. The wonderful valentine burned against her heart; she was conscious of its proximity all day. It took away the sting from the comic one she found in her desk, and it upheld her through a trying day with her pupils.

Night found her coming home to the boarding house and her dull room with star-like eyes and flushed cheeks. She looked positively lovely. Romance was not dead after all.

Mrs. Munson came into the dining room with importance written on her sallow countenance.

"Miss Wingfield, I'm dreadfully sorry but I'm afraid that valentine you got this morning isn't for you, after all. Along about noon a lady came in from next door and said that her name was Wingfield and wanted to know if any mail for her had been left here by mistake. Said her name was Inez Wingfield—so I guess, maybe, that valentine was for her."

Ida Wingfield suddenly looked ill; all the light and color died out of her



"Valentines Are Important."

face. Slowly she took the envelope from her bosom and passed it to the hard-featured woman beside her.

There was silence around the table for an instant. Then before Mrs. Munson could move away Asa Root got up and held out his hand.

"I will take that letter, if you please Mrs. Munson. It belongs to Miss Wingfield—I know—because I sent it to her."

"Perhaps Miss Wingfield will tell you that she is going to marry me very soon," said Mr. Root confidently, although this was not only news to him self but to Ida Wingfield as well.

"Tell them—are you, Ida?" whispered Mr. Root eagerly.

"Why—yes—of course!" murmured Miss Wingfield shyly, and that was the only proposal of marriage that she received from the bookkeeper; but when Easter dawned there were two wedding dresses from the Munson house and one of the brides was Ida Wingfield.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

GUS NEWBURY Attorney-at-Law Will Practise 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

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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 Passenger 4:35 P.M.