

Legal Advertisements.

Summons.

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

Deba Nunan, plaintiff,

vs.

Frank R. Neel 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. 35 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 thereto, 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 Ralph 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 cancelling 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 abovescribed 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 an order of the Hon. F. M. Callins, 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 Claudius M. Van Cleave, of Ruch, Oregon, who, on February 14, 1912, made Second Homestead Entry, Serial No. 07819, for the NE 1/4 of NW 1/4 of NE 1/4 and Lots 2 and 3, of Section 30, Township 33 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 Baldwin, of Applegate, Ore. William H. McDaniel, of Ruch, Ore. W. H. CANON, Register.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an execution in foreclosure, and order of sale duly issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Jackson County, dated February 16th, 1918 in a certain suit therein, wherein Sherman Morehouse and Carrie Morehouse as Plaintiffs, recovered judgment and decree against Clarence A. Baker and Mintie L. Baker, his wife, Defendants, for the sum of \$398.15 and \$75.09 Attorney's fees and \$17.00 costs which judgment was enrolled and docketed in said Court February 9th, 1918;

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the terms of said execution I will on March 26th, 1918, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Court House in the City of Jacksonville, Jackson County, Oregon, offer for sale and will sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder, to satisfy said judgment, with the costs of this sale, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest that Clarence A. Baker and Mintie L. Baker, his wife, jointly or individually, had on January 20th, 1914, or have since acquired, or now have in and to the following described property, situated in Jackson County, State of Oregon, to-wit:

All of Lot No. Ten (10) in Block No. Three (3) in the Pierce Sub-division in Township Thirty-seven South of Range One (1) West of the Willamette Meridian, and containing four (4) acres of land, more or less, according to the plat thereof, now of record.

Dated at Jacksonville, Oregon, February 19th, 1918.

RALPH G. JENNINGS Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon. By LESLIE W. STANSELL, Deputy.

The Home Merchant Is Not a Migratory Bird



He is in the town to STAY. If HE is prosperous THE TOWN is prosperous. If the town is prosperous YOU ARE SURE TO SHARE in the prosperity. When you send your dollar out of town you KISS IT GOODBYE.

TRADE AT HOME

Plotters of Love

By MICHAEL J. WHITTINE

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Confess, Mr. Kerr, that you have been warned to avoid me like a pestilence."

"My dear Miss Prentice—" "—and to hate me with all the rancor grown from the bitter fraternal feud."

"I see you understand the situation," half smiled Alvin Kerr, "but as to avoiding you," and the bright young man caused Verda Prentice to blush under his manifestly ardent gaze, "or as to hating so beautiful a being," but she had put her hands to her ears and his endogies were wasted.

"And as we have met entirely by chance," resumed Kerr, "and as I could not very cheerfully see you, careless and drifting to the dam, O my fair enemy, let us improve the opportunity to see if our views as to the peculiar situation coincide."

"Very good," nodded the sprightly young girl, "you tell the story."

"It is soon related," answered Kerr. "Over beyond the river is the old Ridley farm. The father died, leaving two sons, James and Robert. In his will he divided the farm. The wording was faulty, and while it gave an equal number of acres and a home to each of these persistent bachelors, a 100-foot strip running behind both farms, and originally appertaining by deed to the land James inherited, came into dispute. By right of original deed James claimed it, because for years one-half of it was accepted as going with land Robert inherited, the latter claimed that running behind his three hundred and twenty acres. They fought over it, stormed over it, litigated it. The court divided the strip equally."

"Then they became deadly enemies."

"Precisely, James Ridley vowed he would never again speak to his brother. Robert Ridley declared he would yet possess the entire strip."

"My Mr. Ridley built a new house," observed Verda.

"And mine followed suit, only a bigger and better one," replied Alvin.

"Mr. Robert Ridley, who was a great friend of my dead father, adopted me."

"And Mr. James Ridley practically did the same with me. His purpose, as I now view it, was to use me as his heir, so that by no possibility could his brother ever inherit that unfortunate strip of land."

Alvin had come home from college the first time in a year. He had seen Verda at a distance, but only an hour previous had come upon her in a skiff in the river, with both oars floating away. He had rescued her, and now the harmonious twin, fully aware of the wrath of their respective guardians were this acquaintanceship discovered, discussed the situation.

"There will never be peace between those two men until that troublesome strip of land is out of the way," asserted Alvin.

"If we could only devise some way to make them friends again!" murmured Verda.

"Let us try it," suggested Alvin eagerly. "I will think out a remedy, and I am sure that you, with your gentle, peace-loving nature, will cooperate. Let us once a week, say this day and hour, meet here and exchange opinions."

"But anywhere else I must view you with disdain!" warbled Verda.

"And I must frown darkly upon you!" chuckled Alvin.

"They made little progress, for the brothers were set in their prejudices. About all for a time that came of the clandestine meetings at the river shore was a glowing love romance, so sweet to the satisfied participants that they closed their eyes to discovery."

Two incidents occurred, however, which favored the plans and hopes of the lovers. Robert Ridley was cut by a scythe one day and would have bled to death had not Alvin been near to succor him. James Ridley, a little later, was overcome by the heat in the field and it was Verda who aided him. One day Alvin met Verda, his face aglow with satisfaction.

"I have seen my friend, the surveying engineer," he announced. "It's all settled."

"About the strip of land?"

"Yes, Verda"—he called her this now. They put their heads together, two amiable plotters. The next day Alvin approached James Ridley.

"I've got some news for you," he announced. "That big bone of contention, the one hundred-foot strip, passes out of the situation."

"What do you mean?" demanded James Ridley quickly.

"They've surveyed it for the new railroad."

"Well, they can't have it."

"You can't prevent them," advised Alvin. "If you don't take a fair price, they will start condemnation proceedings. Just think, though, the road will increase the value of your land 50 per cent."

It came about that James and Robert Ridley had to meet to adjust the sale. It came about that Verda urged Robert, and Alvin influenced James, and induced them to bury the hatchet.

"You scheming rascal!" declared James Ridley, when he learned that Alvin had influenced the utilization of the land in contention through his surveyor friend. "You've been traitorously plotting with that pretty girl all the time, eh? Well, Robert and I have agreed to the marriage. We're going to build you a home squarely between the two farms. You see, it will be a sort of buffer, to hold us in check if either of us get cantankerous again!"

Citation

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

In the Matter of the Estate of George C. Rees, deceased.

To Amy J. Rees, Mable Rees or Mable Rees, Nina Meldron, Anna Rees, Amos Rees, the heirs of the above-named decedent, and to all other heirs/unknown, if any such there be, and to all other persons interested in said estate.

In the name of the State of Oregon: You and each of you are hereby cited, ordered and required to appear in the above-entitled court and matter, at the courtroom of said court at the court house at Jacksonville, Jackson County, State of Oregon, on Saturday, April 6, 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order authorizing and licensing the administrator of said estate, H. K. Hanna, to sell the following described real property belonging to said estate, at private sale, should not be made and entered therein in accordance with the prayer of said administrator's petition filed therein on the 23rd day of February, 1918, to-wit:

The East Half (E 1/2) of the Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) of Section 7, and the West Half (W 1/2) of the Southwest Quarter (SW 1/4) of Section 8, all in Township Thirty-three (33), South of Range Three (3) East of the Willamette Meridian in Jackson County, State of Oregon.

This citation, pursuant to an order of the Judge of the above-entitled court of date February 23, 1918, is served upon you and each of you by the publication thereof once a week for four successive weeks, ten days prior to April 6, 1918, in the Jacksonville Post, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the aforesaid county and state. The first publication thereof being in the regular issue of said paper of February 23, 1918, and the last being in the issue of March 23, 1918.

Witness the Hon. F. L. Touvelle, Judge of the above-entitled court with his seal of said court hereto affixed this 23rd day of February, 1918.

F. L. TOUELLE, County Judge

Attest: G. A. Gardner, County Clerk of Jackson County, State of Oregon. Seal of County Court affixed

NURSE FORGOT PASSWORD

Made Discovery That She Was Jabbering French to Home Neighbor Who Was on Guard Duty.

An American nurse "Somewhere in France," tells this story to friends back home.

"I was feeling worried and nervous one day, and asked the privilege of taking a walk in the fresh air. My request was granted, and getting the password, I started out with a younger nurse for my companion. After enjoying a long walk we returned, but came to a sudden halt before a soldier on guard, who demanded, in French, that I give the password. I had forgotten it. It had not been given to the other nurse, so she could not help me out of my predicament. I used all the French at my command, trying to explain to him that I must get back, password or no password. He argued, in the same language, and stood his grounds. At last, tired out, angry with myself and with this wooden-faced, obstinate person who blocked my way, I cried out like a coked child: 'Ish Gebblie.'"

"Instantly the wooden face changed to a very human, boyish face. The soldier caught me by the shoulder and shook me soundly, exclaiming: 'Are you an American? Then why on earth did you jabber all that stuff at me?'"

"Why did you jabber back, in the same language?" I growled.

"I thought I was the only American around here," he laughed.

"Then we compared notes, and found that we not only both hailed from good old U. S. A., but from the same big old city, and that his home had been on the next street back of my home street. Maybe you think that wasn't some reunion! And maybe you think I didn't go walking again, with no need of remembering my password."

The Handy Automobile.

It is not an uncommon sight on an extra frosty morning, notes an exchange, to see a teamster walking alongside his team to keep warm, but it certainly was surprising on such a day to see a driver doing that with an automobile.

This was on a broad, smooth suburban highway, where the passengers shooting past in a big limousine saw a delivery wagon ambulating serenely along while its driver, swinging his arms to warm himself, was trotting along beside it on the ground, just as he might have done if instead of a machine he had been driving a horse and wagon.

An Indefinite Liability.

A true story about a citizen whose daughter is about to be married, and who has been trying to get a line on what the expense of the rather elaborate ceremony will be. He approached a friend of his, seeking information.

"Morris," he said, "your oldest daughter was married about five years ago, wasn't she? Would you mind telling me about how much the wedding cost you?"

True and False

By JESSIE ETHEL SHERWIN

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Drake Beaton was a coward and a sneak, but he tried hard to conceal these facts. When the call for troops came he resigned his position and quietly stole away from the town where his name was on the draft list.

"There's no way of ever getting exempted if they ever get me," mused this interesting young man. Cliveden, a pretty village, attracted him. Here there came to this man of little principle and no true sense of honor a magnetic influence he could not resist. He met Alleen Burley and loved her, as far as a man of his selfish nature could.

There was a collateral element that attracted him. Alleen was an heiress. There was likewise a depressing circumstance—she was a patriot, constant and enthusiastic. She was the head of every woman's national movement locally. When Beaton created a favorable impression through his liberality in subscribing for everything that came along, and learned that Alleen was free to woo, he determined to win her.

Not that Alleen was entirely maiden fancy free. Until a month previous the young lady had cherished a friendship for a young man named Walter Matteson. Village gossips predicted an engagement. Then all of a sudden Matteson disappeared. For a week Alleen was sad and gloomy. A shadow was on her fair face, but she resumed her old cheerfulness and ardor in Red Cross work. To Editha Morris, a particular friend, she made the statement: "Mr. Matteson and I did not agree on some vital patriotic points."

Sinuous of method, specious of nature, Beaton set himself about the task of winning Alleen. There arrived the moment when he declared his love. Clearly, fearlessly, frankly Alleen intimated that a former proposal had come from a man who had forfeited all her esteem by refusing to volunteer, accepting instead a high-salaried position in a great munition plant.

"I will enlist tomorrow," eagerly declared Beaton. "I would die in a thousand battles for you."

Alleen was impressed with the ardor of this seeming patriot of patriots. Tacitly she accepted his addresses. Why not? There was a lonely feeling at heart, she would win a new soldier for Uncle Sam.

Beaton really enlisted and made great capital of it. His hope was to induce Alleen to marry him before he went away. Circumstances disturbed his clever schemes. He was sent to a training camp. Its rigors repelled him. He was afflicted at stories of the risk and suffering awaiting him abroad. He feigned sickness, obtained a two-weeks' furlough, went to a distant city where he had a close friend, a dis-solute young doctor, and between them they put up a scheme in accordance with the plots of Beaton.

Alleen was shocked a week later to learn that Beaton had died while on a furlough. The government simply filed away the certificate of death. In secret Alleen mourned, not so much for a man she had not really loved, as for the shadows of disappointment and unhappiness that seemed to pursue her. One evening she was walking about the garden when two men leaped from a bushy covert, a muffer was thrown over her head and a minute later she was in an automobile dashing away at high speed.

Her captors did not act at all roughly, but one of them warned her not to attempt any outcry. They drove down an obscure country road, stopped at a lonely house and Alleen was ushered into a lighted room. A door opened and a man entered the room. Alleen tottered and paled from the shock of recognition.

"You—Drake Beaton!" she gasped. "The dead alive! Oh! what does this mean?"

The man advanced with an eager, pleading face. In an impassioned address he confessed how his love for her had overcome every other consideration.

"All for you!" he declared ardently. "Oh, Alleen! do you understand that I cannot live without you? I ask you to give up home, friends, to go with me to some distant place where we will be all in all together."

"You dare to say this to me?" cried Alleen, with flashing eyes. "You, a traitor to your country! Oh, you are, indeed, unmasked!"

"You shall go by force, then," hissed Beaton. Just then the sounds of a violent scuffle in the outer room echoed through the house. Three men rushed into sight and one of them was Walter Matteson. His companions seized Beaton.

"How—how came you here?" she faltered.

"I can tell you now what I was bound by an oath not to impart heretofore," explained Matteson. "I have been secretly employed by the government, and was sent to the munitions plant to watch out for spies among its employees of many nationalities because I understand the languages they spoke. More recently I have been assisting the secret service men who were after this fellow, Beaton. My interest in you led me here just in time. Next month I go to France in a military capacity."

"How I have wronged you!" sobbed Alleen. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"There is no need," he said tenderly. "I know only the old true love in my heart for you."

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 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

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 Passenger 4:35 P.M.