

ON THE LONG TRAIL

Strange Things Happened There

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Beth Cushman was riding home by way of the long trail. It was a yielding to sentiment that Beth herself despised, but she could not help it when she came to the crossroads.

The long trail had been her favorite ride with Miles Hill, but that handsome cowpuncher had ceased to call upon Miss Cushman.

From the trail she could look down into a little canyon through the middle of which rushed a frolicsome stream. On the bank of the stream there stood a horse and rider, a girl on a cream colored pony.

Beth drew a jealous breath, for she could see that the girl was lovely in a blond, golden haired, pink and white way.

As she gazed down there, the white pony lipped the stream and, out from the rocks of the canyon, there dashed a horse and rider. It was Miles Hill, riding black Poneho. Beth caught her breath as the man rode rapidly toward the girl, bent swiftly to kiss her and, with his arm around her slender waist, the two forded the stream and rode rapidly up the canyon and disappeared from view.

Entirely heartsick, but with a brave smile on her lips, Beth sat down to supper that night.

Her uncle, a morose, taciturn man, ate, silently and swiftly, and rising, went away on some official errand, for he was sheriff of the county.

Mrs. Colt and her two daughters breathed a little easier after his departure and began to talk to the two cowboys who ate with the family. "Pa hasn't said anything, but I reckon he's off on that Tinkerman case," observed Mrs. Colt.

"I reckon he is," returned Link Paterson, buttering another biscuit.

"Some one said Miles Hill had disappeared from the range," went on Mrs. Colt, with a side glance at her niece.

"Jameson hinted that Miles was mixed up in the Tinkerman raid," put in Louise Colt eagerly.

"Jameson better try again. There ain't a squarer fellow nowhere than Miles Hill," muttered Link.

"Where is Miles, then?" demanded Cora.

"Miles? Why, I can't say exactly. It's sort of a secret, you know, ma'am." Link grew very red and looked at Beth's pathetic face.

Beth lifted her head haughtily. Her eyes flashed splendidly.

"I don't know why his whereabouts should be a secret," she said nervously. "I saw him today."

"Oh, you did?" queried Link, relieved, and Sammy Smith asked quickly: "I reckon it 'twint' far from Little canyon, Miss Beth?"

"It was right there. He was riding with a girl, a very pretty girl," said Beth bravely.

There was nothing more said concerning Miles Hill, and after supper Beth went to her room and rested her weary head on the sill, letting the cool, sweet air caress her flushed cheeks and dry the tears on her lashes.

Link and Sammy rode away, and from the overcrowded bunk house came talk and laughter and song as the cowboys prepared themselves for some merrymaking in the town, five miles distant.

After they, too, had clattered away and Sam Soy had ceased to rattle dishes in the kitchen silence fell on the ranch house and its inhabitants.

From the veranda below Beth caught the drift of voices now and then through the confusion of other sounds, but after it grew very still the voices came up sharply penetrating.

"I think your pa was too severe with Miles Hill," said Mrs. Colt. "He sure was plumb set after Beth, and it showed he was honorable to speak to Henry about it first."

"Miles isn't poorer than any other cowpuncher around here, and plenty of them marry and settle down," agreed Cora, who was fond of her little cousin.

"I heard him tell pa that if he'd name the sum he thought he ought to have before he asked Beth to marry him he said he would have it," put in Louise.

"How much did pa tell Miles he must raise?" asked Cora. "Five hundred dollars," laughed Louise. "I heard poor Miles telling him it would take him a whole year to do that out of his pay and then his clothes would be so shabby Beth wouldn't look at him by that time!"

"What did pa say to that?" "He just laughed, and then Miles got angry and said he'd show him a thousand dollars before he'd ask him, and he went off in a rage, and I haven't seen him since."

"Beth, poor child, said she saw him with another girl," worried kind Mrs. Colt.

"It's a shame!" cried Louise. "I'll just scold Pa Colt when I get hold of him! See if I don't."

Beth withdrew from the window and went to bed. There was a stinging in her heart because Miles Hill had loved her, whatever his wandering heart was doing now. He had asked her uncle for her hand, and Uncle Henry had refused, but there was a measure of comfort in the thought that Miles

had not been deliberately faithless. He had been turned away, and the blond girl had tempted him.

The girl fell asleep to dream of her lover and the pretty girl who had waited for him in Little canyon and who had received his kiss upon her lips with airy nonchalance.

It was perhaps a week after that Beth Cushman once more rode home by the long trail. This was not from desire. Stern necessity demanded the change of route because during a severe windstorm there had been several trees uprooted along the short trail and a landslide had completed its destruction.

So it happened that Beth rode slowly along the familiar way, her eyes fixed on the little space between Bonnie's brown ears.

She had passed Little canyon without a glance into its green depths and was climbing the hill when she suddenly came to the top, where a thrilling scene was taking place.

Hiding straight toward her was a most villainous looking Mexican, and in the curve of his left arm he carried the slender form of the beautiful blond whom she had seen with Miles. Shouting down the distance came Miles, bending over his horse in vain pursuit of the Mexican.

While she paused there, startled at the scene, a shot rang out from the bushes bordering the trail, and Miles threw up his hands and fell to the ground. The horse cropped the grass undisturbed by the still form of his master lying so near.

All this happened in a breath. When Miles fell the Mexican was still coming toward Beth. A great rage filled her soul with a mad desire to kill, to avenge the life of her old sweetheart.

A word to Bonnie, and Beth dashed into the scene, her revolver thrust into the face of the frightened Mexican.

"Give her to me! Let go! I'll kill you if you don't!" she screamed in his ear.

He released his hold on the girl, and Beth clutched her in strong arms and swung her across her saddle. Then she dashed past the Mexican and guided Bonnie to where the prostrate Miles lay on the ground.

"You're safe now," assured Beth as she helped the girl to the ground and then dismounted. To her surprise the girl stared at her rather impudently until a smile crinkled the corners of her rouged lips.

"Say, Miss Buttinsky, what do you mean by queering this picture?" she asked sharply. "Wait until old Fennell gets up here. I guess you've spoiled thirty feet of perfectly ripping film."

"Picture?" faltered Beth. "Film? I don't know what you mean."

The girl laughed gleefully and clapped her hands at a stout, red faced man who came panting toward them.

"Don't have a fit, Fennell," she said snucily. "It's only another tenderfoot taking a movie picture for the real thing."

But Mr. Fennell was grinning with enthusiasm.

"It was great—great—Flora!" he cried. "Young lady, I must have you in this. What say? Could you do that stunt again?"

Beth looked at him in a bewildered way, and her blushes deepened when she noticed that Miles Hill had risen quite unharmed and was regarding her with grave interest in his brown eyes.

"Perhaps you will explain it to me. I've never been called a tenderfoot before." Beth smiled at the girl called Flora, and the girl nodded back in a friendly way. The Mexican had approached and was nonchalantly rolling a cigarette, while from the underbrush there crawled another actor of the cowboy type. It was this worthy who had fired the blank cartridge from ambush at Miles Hill.

Mr. Fennell explained all about his company of moving picture actors and how this particular film was to be a star production if it turned out well. And he wanted Beth to help them out by repeating her rescue of Flora from the dark browed Mexican, who in real life was her husband.

So the camera man threaded up his machine again, and the scene was repeated to the great satisfaction of Mr. Fennell and all concerned.

At last the company separated, the actors going back to their headquarters at Red Ford and Miles Hill riding slowly home with Beth, who had so unexpectedly come into her own again.

"You thought I was dead, honey?" he asked after awhile.

She nodded. "And I saw you and Flora in the canyon the other day," she added.

"You mean where I kiss her and ride upstairs?"

"Yes—I—er—believed it was true, Miles."

He laughed tenderly. "It couldn't be, dear, because there's only one girl in the world for me, and she's so fine that when she saw the girl she thought was mine being carried off by a no account greaser she just naturally would not stand for it, but rushed in and rescued the girl for me."

Beth blushed hotly, but her eyes were very happy.

"I heard about your asking uncle," she said. "Is that why you are acting in this moving picture company, so that you can raise a thousand dollars?"

"To marry you at once," he smiled down at her. "You see, I'll have the money saved up in three months. Fennell's going to get out four more of these wild and woolly western plays, and I'm going to be in every one of them. I guess you might as well begin on your wedding clothes, dearie."

"And I thought it was the blond all the time, Miles," she whispered tearfully.

"Don't sin your faith on blonds, honey," he cautioned. "They always do the contrary things. This time it was not the blond; it was all for you."

Automobile Climbs Open Bascule Bridge.

Perched on the end of one leaf of a Chicago bascule bridge after a dash up the steep incline as the bridge opened, a heavy automobile not long ago hung by its front wheels until the bridge could be lowered. One of its occupants was thrown from his seat by the sudden stop high in the air and was drowned in the river. The driver had noticed the warning bell and red lights as he approached the bridge at a high rate of speed late at night, and did not realize that the bridge was opening until his machine had started to climb the rising incline.

The accident is graphically portrayed by a picture in the November Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Notice of Assessments for the Extension of Oregon Avenue (Formerly Abernathy Street) into Wall Street (Formerly Extension of First Street) in the City of Bandon, Oregon.

Notice is hereby given: That at a regular meeting of the common council of the city of Bandon, Coos County, Oregon, held upon the 10th day of September, 1913, Ordinance No. 263 entitled "An ordinance adopting the report of the viewers appointed by the common council of the city of Bandon, Oregon, to view the proposed extension of Oregon Avenue (formerly Abernathy Street) into Wall Street in said City of Bandon and to make an assessment of the damages and benefits of said extension to the respective owners of property affected by such extension," was duly passed by the common council and approved by the mayor on said date which ordinance directs me to enter the said assessments in the docket of city liens and from the date of the entry thereof in said docket of city liens the same as entered against each lot, part of lot or tract of land hereinafter mentioned such lot and tract of land, and unless the assessment is paid within the time prescribed by the charter of the city of Bandon, Oregon, the lot or tract of land so assessed will be sold to pay the assessment interest and cost. The whole cost of the extension of Oregon Avenue (formerly Abernathy Street) is \$1,834.78 and the boundaries of the district assessed for the cost of the same commences at the south line of Wall Street running thence south to the north line of 13th Street upon all lots parts of lots and tracts of land abutting upon said Oregon Avenue and upon other lots and tracts of land not abutting upon said street deemed benefited and assessed with like benefits as set out in the report of said viewers and adopted by the common council.

Notice is further given that said assessments were entered in the docket of city liens on the 11th day of October, 1913, and all assessments so entered are due and payable at the office of the city recorder of Bandon, Oregon, on or before October 25, 1913, after which date said assessments become delinquent and interest will be charged at the legal rate.

E. B. KAUSRUD, City Recorder. First pub. Oct. 14, 1913. Last pub. Oct. 21, 1913.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given: That sealed bids will be received by the common council of the city of Bandon, Oregon, until half past seven o'clock p. m. Wednesday the 29th day of October, 1913, for the improvement of First Street East in Bandon Heights from the east line of Harlem Avenue to the west line of June Avenue in the city of Bandon Oregon, according to the plans and specifications on file in the office of the city recorder and there open to the inspection of all persons interested therein. All bids must be in accordance with the requirements accompanying said specifications and upon blanks for that purpose which will be supplied upon request at the office of the city recorder.

A certified check of five per cent of the bid must accompany the bid to be forfeited to the said city of Bandon in case the contractor fails to enter into a contract with the said city within five days.

The common council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Dated at Bandon, Oregon, this 11th day of October, 1913.

E. B. KAUSRUD, City Recorder. First pub. Oct. 14, 1913. Second pub. Oct. 17, 1913. Third pub. Oct. 21, 1913.

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, September 19, 1913.

Notice is hereby given that Carl Swartz is of Bandon, Oregon, who on November 9, 1908, made Homestead Serial No. 92299, for E. 1-2 NE 1-4, NE 1-4 SE 1-4, and NW 1-4 SE Section 34, Township 29 S., Range 14 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. R. Wade United States Commissioner, at Bandon, Oregon, on the 31st day of October, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses: Ed Young, of Bandon, Oregon, E. L. Stabler, of Bandon, Oregon, Dave Drew, Parkersburg, Oregon, Jim Drew of Parkersburg, Oregon.

B. F. JONES, Register. Sept. 19, Oct. 24

Avoid Sedative Cough Medicines.

If you want to contribute directly to the occurrence of capillary bronchitis and pneumonia use cough medicines that contain cocaine, morphine, heroin and other sedatives when you have a cough or cold. An expectorant like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is what is needed. That cleans out the culture beds or breeding places for the germs of pneumonia and other germ diseases. That is why pneumonia never results from a cold when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is used. It has a world wide reputation for its cures. It contains no morphine or other sedative. For sale by all dealers.

Home-keeping Women Need Health and Strength.

The work of a home-keeping woman makes a constant call on her strength and vitality, and sickness comes through her kidneys and bladder oftener than she knows. Foley Kidney Pills will invigorate and restore her, and weak back, nervousness, aching joints and irregular bladder action will all disappear when Foley Pills are used. The Orange Pharmacy.

Chronic Dyspepsia.

The following unsolicited testimonial should certainly be sufficient to give hope and courage to persons afflicted with chronic dyspepsia: "I have been a chronic dyspeptic for years, and of all the medicines I have taken, Chamberlain's Tablets have done me more good than anything else," says W. G. Mattson, No. 7 Sherman St., Hornellsville, N. Y. For sale by all dealers.

Quick to Help Backache and Rheumatism.

The man or woman who wants quick help from backache and rheumatism, will find it in Foley Kidney Pills. They act so quickly and with such good effect that weak inactive kidneys that do not keep the blood clean and free of impurities, are toned up and strengthened to healthy vigorous action. Good results follow their use promptly. The Orange Pharmacy.

A Marvelous Escape.

"My little boy had a marvelous escape," P. F. Bastians of Prince Albert, Cape of Good Hope. "It occurred in the middle of the night. He got a very severe attack of croup. As luck would have it, I had a large bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house. After following the directions for an hour and twenty minutes he was through all danger." Sold by all dealers.

They Make You Feel Good.

The pleasant purgative effect produced by Chamberlain's Tablets and the healthy condition of body and mind which they create make one feel joyful. For sale by all dealers.

The changeable weather of early fall brings on coughs and colds that have a weakening effect on the system, and may become chronic. Use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It has a very soothing and healing effect on the irritated and inflamed air passages, and will help very quickly. It is a well known family medicine that gives results. The Orange Pharmacy.

For Sale.

Six A. No. 1 dairy cows, still milking, \$50 per head. One 9 hundred pound, Simplex, hand or power separator, good as new, \$60. One 3 year old, registered, and imported Jersey bull \$100. Apply at once.—H. P. Clausen, Fourmile, Coos Co. Ore. 77-14

Furnished Cottage for Rent.

Five rooms, hot and cold water, and bath. Inquire at Mott Millinery store. 77-11

Notice.

The removal of any sand or gravel from the Breakwater Addition is strictly forbidden.—W. L. Green, owner. 77-18

For Sale.

E 1-2 SW 1-4, SE 1-4 NW 1-4, SW 1-4 SE 1-4, Sec. 3, T. 29 S., R. 13 W., 160 acres timber. Will sell for assessed valuation on county cruise.—Geo. B. Morgan, Bandon Ore. 64-11

New orders of bicycle repairs of all kinds constantly arriving. Will take orders for bicycles of any kind.

S. D. BARROWS, 901

FOR SALE—On corner of Fillmore and 3rd streets, groceries at living prices. Call and see A. H. Sparks. 5411



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Bandon, Oregon

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