

## Quality Purity Cleanliness

Has been our motto for the past two years. Our business has increased over 500 per cent over the first month we were open. We wish to thank our many patrons for their liberal appreciation of our service and quality goods. The day of low prices, on cheap, adulterated and non-nutricious products is on the wane. For that reason join our long list of customers, and buy your groceries at

## THE BENSON GROCERY

225 North Jackson Street  
PHONE 184

We slice Ham, Boiled Ham, Dry Beef and Bacon.

We solicit new accounts.

### LOCAL NEWS.

S. M. Kelly went to Oakland this morning to purchase a carload of hogs.

Ben Doss has gone to Portland where he will spend a few days looking after business interests.

Mrs. Louis Kohlhaugen and children left here this morning for Eugene to spend a few days enjoying the district fair.

Jack Wilson left for his home at Canyonville this morning after a few days spent in Roseburg looking after business interests.

Mrs. Amadon, who has been spending the past two months at points in Minnesota, will return here Saturday.

Frear & Sutherland have moved their offices from the Masonic building to quarters in the rear of the Umpqua Valley Bank.

Louis Kohlhaugen left here last evening for points in the southern part of the county where he expects to purchase a carload of hogs.

William Cobb, of the Cobb Real Estate Company, left here last evening for points in the southern part of the county.

Miss Cora Standley left for Eugene this morning where she will visit with her cousin, and incidentally attend the district fair now in progress at that place.

Mr. Hawkins, of Portland, who owns considerable land in the Melrose vicinity, is spending a few days in Roseburg attending to business matters.

Simon Caro last night received a postal card from F. G. McNeill, who is at present sojourning in Italy.

Among other things Frank says he is well and is enjoying his visit in that country.

Councilman John Mullen, of North Roseburg, has resigned as a member of the city council and will soon leave for points in California where he will spend some time in hope of benefitting his health.

Miss Nettie Wilson, of Pittsburg, Pa., who has been spending the past few days in Edenbowser visiting at the home of C. S. Perrine, left for points in Washington this morning.

W. B. McClay and wife left for their home at Elkton last night after ten days spent in Roseburg. Mr. McClay was a member of the jury serving during the recent term of court.

Marshal B. Fenton is enjoying a brief vacation, and as a side line is visiting various sections of the county in hope of furthering his candidacy for sheriff at the November election. Outside of Roseburg, Fenton's candidacy seems to be considered lightly.

Among those who were successful in the recent eighth grade examinations held in school district No. 62 were Earl and Harry Burr and Catherine Waite. Mrs. Douglas Waite is instructor in the school in question and has done excellent work.

Col. C. W. Wadsworth, of New York City, arrived in Roseburg this morning on his regular semi-annual tour of inspection of Soldiers' Homes. As usual he found the local institution in first-class condition under the efficient management of Commandant W. W. Elder and his assistants.

At the regular meeting of the Moose lodge held last evening fifteen new members were admitted. Other business to come before the meeting was the consideration of several sketches of the proposed Moose building to be located at the corner of Douglas and Jackson streets. The

building committee is busy formulating plans for financing the structure, and it is their belief that work on the building will be commenced at an early date next spring.

A new stock of handsome felt pen-nants at the Roseburg Book Store.

F. T. Craig, of Oakland, was a business visitor in Roseburg for a few hours yesterday.

Mrs. Elijah Kurtz and children left for their home at Portland this morning after a few days spent at Winston's visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Ben Agee.

J. F. Keater, a clerk in the local postoffice, went to Sutherlin this morning to spend a week. He was accompanied by Mrs. Keater and little son.

Mrs. Edward Kinney left for Albany this morning where she will be joined by her daughter, Marie, who has been quite ill at that city for some time past.

Fay Lewis, a life long friend of Clarence Darrow and one of the men who had remained with him continually during his trial at Los Angeles, left here this morning for Portland after a couple of days spent at the home of his niece, Mrs. Snell. Mr. Lewis will join Mr. Darrow at Portland and the two will later proceed East in company.

Trainmen arriving here on south-bound passenger train No. 17 late last night report the running down of a transient a short distance south of Oregon City yesterday afternoon. According to the engineer in charge of the train the fellow was walking near the track, and as the train approached at a fair rate of speed, he suddenly turned and dashed directly in the path of the locomotive. His body was horribly mutilated and death was probably instantaneous. The body was turned over to the coroner of Clackamas county. There was nothing on the dead man's person which would assist in establishing his identity.

Al Creason, the North Roseburg capitalist, this morning filed a suit in the circuit court against A. Mahoney. The plaintiff seeks to recover the sum of \$100, alleged to be due on a promissory note, together with legal interest. A judgment for reasonable attorney fees is also asked by the plaintiff.

### DAILY WEATHER REPORT

U. S. Weather Bureau, local office, Roseburg, Ore., 24 hours ending 5 a. m. Tuesday, September 10, 1912.

Precipitation in inches and hundredths:  
Highest temperature yesterday 74  
Lowest temperature last night 45  
Precipitation, last 24 hours 0  
Total precip. since first of month 1.84  
Normal precip. of this month 4.04  
Total precip. from Sep. 1, 1911, to date 1.52  
Average precip. since September 1, 1877 .15  
Total excess from Sep. 1, 1912 1.27  
Average precipitation for 24 wet seasons, (Sep. to May inclusive) 32.26

WILLIAM BELL, Observer

### NOTICE.

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Marsters Drug Co., and Hamilton Drug Co. sell it for 50c and \$1.00, or from Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J.

## ROLLING GOLD PIECES

By TERENCE J. O'TOOLE

"Mike, ye poor devil, why don't ye go to Ameriky?"

The words were spoken by a country squire in Tipperary county, Ireland, to Mike Doolan, one of his poorest tenants.

"What would I go there for?" inquired Mike.

"Why, man, don't ye know that in that country the gold pieces are rollin' around liverywhere?"

Mike scratched his head. "Well," he said presently, "if that's so I'll go. I'll find me the money for the voyage and as soon as I get to Ameriky I'll pick up enough gold pieces rollin' around to send back the loan."

The squire laughed.

"Mike," he said more seriously, "all as smart a man as you needs is a chance. I'll pay the passage of ye and Bridget and the kids, and ye needn't send it back at all."

Mike accepted the offer and went to America. The squire heard nothing from him and had forgotten him when one morning while sitting at his desk writing he looked up and saw a man dressed in a fur coat and with a soft-faire diamond stickpin in his scarf standing looking down on him.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the squire.

"Nothing. You done it long ago."

He pulled a wallet from his pocket, counted out a number of gold pieces and laid them on the desk.

"What's that?" asked the squire.

"Didn't ye had it to me to take me to Ameriky? And didn't ye tell me I'd find gold pieces rollin' around there? Well, I did. I kem back to return the loan."

"You don't mean to say that you're Mike Doolan?"

"I do."

"And found gold pieces rollin' around in Ameriky?"

"I did that same."

"Tut, Mike, ye're fannin'. Sit down and tell me how ye got rich."

Mike took a chair and told his story.

"Ye remember, sor, that me trade was a mason. Well, as soon as I got to Ameriky I got a job and went to work. I didn't see any gold pieces rollin' around, but I thought me time for that hadn't come yet. I found a shanty on a road near a city and used to go in every day to work.

"Well, one evenin' I was walkin' home covered with mortar when a ragged, dirty lookin' fella stopped me and says, says he:

"Are ye a mason?"

"Faith I am," says I.

"If ye'll let me blindfold ye I'll give ye a job."

"For how much pay?"

"Somethin' more valuable than money."

"Go on."

"He blindfolded me and led me along for awhile. I counted my steps. Thin he turned me to the right and went on. I beginnin' to count me steps ag'in. Then he led to the right. I still count 'in' till he stopped, and turned me round and round and took me into a house and down into the cellar. He showed me a little room about 6 by 6, with no door to it. All there was in it was a coffin shaped box. Brick and mortar was handy, and the saddy man told me to wall up the openin'.

"I done it and put one of the bricks—the fifth from the floor on me left—a little furdler in than the rest, so I'd know it again."

"When finished the seely man blindfolded me again and took me around and, leaving me, says:

"Stand till ye hear a shot, then take off the bandage and ye'll find the pay for the job at your feet."

"When I hears the shot I took off the bandage, and there at me feet was me pay shure enough. It was a paper with writin' on it: 'Only a fool works for nothin'.'

"I went home and wrote down the figures of me steps, and of a Sunday I blindfolded meself and went over the ground, countin' me steps. I found a house standin' above with nobody in it, and in the cellar I knowed me job by the brick out of place. Me curiosity bein' satisfied, I thought no more about it, but long after, when me lease expired, I remembered this house and rented it."

"Like a fool, I told Bridget that there was a corpse in the cellar, and she wouldn't let me rest till I'd pulled down the brick wall I'd put up and aken the coffin out. While we was arryin' it somethin' dropped on the cellar floor.

"Mike," says Bridget, 'look at the cellow boys rollin' on the floor!'

"Shure, me toime's come," I says. The squire was right. "The coffin was all of 'em."

"I hunted for the man that had wosten me out of the pay for me job and found that he was a miser. I concluded to take me pay out of the box and give him the rent when he come home. I bought all the property round about, and they built a railroad through t, and I'm rich."

The squire sat with eyes and mouth wide open till Mike had finished, then burst into a laugh.

"But suppose the miser returns?" he suggested.

"What do I care? The gold I found in the coffin is nothin' to what I made peculatin'. But I reckon he's dead, or he wouldn't leave his money so long. Like enough he put it in there to be gone on a journey, and I don't think we'll come back."

And he never did.

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