

BEAUTIFUL COOS AS SEEN BY AN ADMIRER

Being Two Idyls In Prose Descriptive of the Magnificent Scenery Around Coos Bay and up its Tributary Streams

It is a beautiful day in July, there are no clouds in the smiling heavens, the sun shines brightly, and nature looks so fair and tempting that it is impossible for one to remain indoors. Out in the gardens the summer air seems to thrill with the song of birds. Insects spread their bright wings and fly among fragrant blossoms, and humming birds bury themselves deep in the heart of the honey suckle. The balmy sweetness of spring is giving away to the glowing radiance of summer. The tall, graceful grasses wave in the fields. The meadows are covered with flowers, and fruit is beginning to ripen in the orchards. Nature wears her brightest smile.

Coos Bay is certainly one of the fairest spots in fair and tranquil Oregon. It stands in the deep green heart of the land in the midst of the fertile counties. It is surrounded everywhere by rich resources. There are large and park-like lands where deer browse under stately trees; there are flowery dells and knolls that would charm an artist; there are wide inlets almost broad and deep enough to be called rivers. Coos Bay is noted for its trees; the grand old cedars stand supreme; the odorous myrtle, the graceful alder; the tall straight pine all seem of the greatest perfection here.

The towns themselves along the bay are picturesque. There are some old buildings, then there are those of more modern structure. These contain cheerful modern apartments, replete with modern comfort. Art has not done much, but nature everything. Charming pleasure grounds seem to be laid out with unrivaled skill and at a convenient distance from the numerous towns along the bay. When one gazes at the water meditation begins. It seems as though the rippling water is singing a new song, something of youth and happiness, something of a new and freer life, and with the faint ripple and fall of the water comes the desire always to remain where the sound is ever present.

There is the large winding river of Coos. Here the water washes along among tall reeds and splashes with a faint musical murmur on the

stones. The thick, leafy branches rustle in the wind and the birds sing everywhere. Its banks are dotted here and there with pretty little summer cottages. Here in the evenings the night is still and clear. The moon hangs over the dark trees, floods of silvery light bathe the beautiful river, the sleeping flowers and the green grass.

There is a gentle stir amid the branches, the leaves rustle in the soft breeze, the blue silent heavens shine bright and calm. The silent beauty of the star-lit sky and the hushed murmur appeals to one.

It is very pleasant; these soft glowing evenings; the picturesque glades; the warmth and gladness of all around you. To once see this river is to remember it ever after. The sun shining on the blue water seems to add a touch of gold. The waters ripple between the soft green banks until it seems as though each wave were singing its own song. The birds sing in the green shade of the spreading trees, the rich odor of rarest perfume prevails and the air is always balmy. To live and breathe in this marvelous country where everything is the work of God's creative genius and not of man, is a luxury.

Years have passed to many on Coos Bay like a long tranquil dream. The sun rose and set; the tides ebbed and flowed; the spring flowers bloomed and died; the summer skies smiled; the autumn leaves of golden hue withered on the ground and the winter rains fell, yet no change came to the quiet towns along the peninsula, until recently. Now great changes have taken place.

Ambitious strivers have entered and the future of Coos Bay is certain to be greater than any other section on the Pacific coast.

It is morning; the whole burst of golden sunlight, of singing birds, of blossoming flowers—morning over the rushing, humming bay of Coos; over the distant shining trees; morning so bright, so glorious, that it must bring happiness to everyone. The thin lines of blue smoke are curling through the trees. The farm laborers are out in the fields;

the cows are waiting to be milked; the beautiful little town of East Marshfield is in the full activity of its country life.

How fair and goodly are the few homes here, surrounded by extensive woods; the wealth of rich pasture and meadow land. The excellent land resembling a stately park spreading out for miles with magnificent trees in abundance. Can you picture a beautiful bay with its green banks, a blue sky over head, a grand green hill rising in picturesque beauty, the spreading trees, and there close to the bay unobscured in rich green foliage, surrounded by tastefully laid out grounds the town of East Marshfield.

It is one of the liveliest spots on Coos Bay. Behind it the tall hills raise their heights and shelter the beautiful land from the winds, leaving it open to the warmth of the golden sun. From the various homes one can watch the sleepy white tide come rolling in.

It is convenient to the cities across the bay as launches and small craft ply continually. East Marshfield, all in all, is one of the most interesting places on Coos Bay, and is

becoming more and more beautiful and attractive each year. A visitor can enjoy scenes of Italy by taking a short jaunt into the interior of the land. The present number of inhabitants is conceded as 200. It is situated just across the bay from Marshfield near the C. A. Smith land.

NORTH BEND PEOPLE GO TO TEN MILE

Will Spend Some Days Hunting and Fishing Around Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Backensto, Mrs. Bolster, Mrs. Strickland, M. M. Buhl, from North Bend, are going to visit Mrs. Thomson, the popular school teacher on North lake. They will also enjoy about 10 days hunting and fishing.

OPENS BANK IN WHEELER BUILDING

New Marshfield Institute Will Occupy Same Till Building Is Ready.

The First Trust and Savings Bank of Coos Bay will open its doors to the public in Marshfield on Monday in

the Wheeler building, opposite the Times office on First street. This is the institution that is having a building constructed on the corner of C and Broadway, and the opening of its doors at this time shows an enterprise that is worthy of the west.

Their building will not be completed for some time, and the concern thought it best to get into business right away and thus prepare for the present and future business which Marshfield offers for such an enterprise.

TO HAVE EXCURSION TO CHARLESTON BAY

Baptist Church Will Give Annual Picnic On Wednesday of This Week.

The annual picnic of the Baptist Sunday school will take place at popular Charleston Bay, on Wednesday of this week. The boats will leave Marshfield promptly at 7:30 in the morning. Everybody is invited to join the Sunday school and take lunches and bathing suits. Fare, 50 cents for adults; children, 25 cents. Further notice will be given.

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