OVERLAND VIA ROSEBURG

That is the way we came, overland via. Roseburg. And we were a long time coming. We hit all the high places, and some of the low ones. Anyone who comes over the Roseburg Stage Line will live to kick, if he survives. I know because I have swapped stories with several survivers. In behalf of my fellow sufferers, let me tell my tale.

To begin at the beginning, we had hardly seated ourselves in the 'Bus at Roseburg before a little old man, a nice fatherly looking chap, such as one would pick out for a father-in-law, wearing on his cap the information that he was the agent for the stage line appeared. Did anyone wish to go on the stage to Myrtle Point or Marshfield, he asked. We did and we said so. He said he would go to the hotel and sell us our tickets and he did. On the way he imparted information in answer to our questions. He advised us to go direct to Marshfield, he assured us that we could go through in one day and I recall distinctly that he said we would arrive at our destination by ten thirty or eleven p. m. We doubted the possibility but demonstrated the feasibility with the fine four horse teams with which their line was equipped, teams that were changed every eight of ten miles. Oh we looked forward with eager anticipation towards that trip. That agent will over-reach himself some of these days. Some day he will sell a passenger a round trip ticket and that passenger will return with a shotgun. I hope this will not happen for I regard him as a genuine curiosity in his line. When we develop a real prize-winner he ought not to be effaced from this mundane sphere just to please the caprice of some hasty individual. At the same time I am willing to admit that he ought not to be turned loose upon the unsuspecting public.

We found the next morning that our old man eloquent had gathered many victims into his web. In fact when the decrepit stage, drawn by gaunt and discouraged looking horses drew up in front of the hotel there were more passengers than could possibly be seated. Some of the late comers were insistent on going to Marshfield that day. Our voluble agent offered to pay their board at the hotel until next day if they would wait. Right there we scored on the stage line. We said, pay our board and we will stay. If I had known what I do now I would have offered to stay right there until I had boarded my ticket out.

So we wasted over a day in Roseburg and received condolences from every one who found out that we were going by stage to Marshfield. Go by private team and take two days to the trip was the advice we received. But we had our money invested in two pieces of paste-board. We wanted to get our money's worth, and we did.

Well we started about eight a. m. the following day. We arrived at Sumner at two a. m. the morning after. But that does not tell the story. It took us a half hour or more to awaken two sleepy individuals who with the assistance of the passengers loaded a waiting hand-car with mail bags and baggage. The patrons of this interesting line then found seats on this toppling load and were bourne through the chill fog banks across the marshes to a damp and uncleanly launch. By this time they were too tired and chilled and bumped to resist any further indignity an unscrupulous providence and the Roseburg-Marshfield Stage Line might inflict. Consequently they were not surprised to find themselves lost and adrift on the Bay. We heard the man who was engineer and captain and also the crew come aft, just after running upon a mud bank, and soulfully say, "Dam the fog." That was exactly what we wanted to say but one of us was a preacher and the others were too tired to ejaculate. We arrived, a bedraggled and weary lot, at Marshfield at five a. m. to find that in town there was not a room in which a pilgrim could find sweet rest and oblivion from a too strenuous world. But that is another story. Why pile on the agony?

Even yet I have not told it all. I have left out all the filling between departure and arrival. I have not mentioned the walking we did out of pity for the brokenwinded horse on one of the teams. I haven't even estimated the number of stones on the road. I did not describe how we lifted the stage out of a hole because the horses balked. Nor have I told of descending in the darkness to push telegraph wires out of the road. The interest attaching to rolling a fallen log from our narrow way at the witching hour of mid-night was another incident. I almost forgot the adventure of passing the other stage at a place where one wagon really needed all the road.

No I have not told it all. I have not described the solemn beauty of the deep still woods. I cannot tell of thousand scenic wonders of the way for how can words that are at best but clumsy symbols described it? Hree is some of the most wonderful, the most wierd and enchanting scenery that Nature in her most bountiful and capricious mood can produce. Here is a trip worth crossing the continent to make.

If there was a good road constructed and an up-to-date stage line, with a Tally-Ho coach for instance, or better yet an automobile line, this would be one of the famous trips of the continent.

On the whole I am not sorry that I came to Marshfield by the Roseburg Stage Line. As the black and blue spots fade away my memories grow kinder. I have now arrived at the stage where I take a real pleasure in recalling those portions of the journey that I made on foot. Eventually I expect to reach a state of mind in which I will see through the vistas of intervening years not the unpleasant incidents but as in a dream the verdure covered gorges, the foaming water, falls dropping over mossy rocks, the majestic trees stading sentinel in the eternal solitudes.

After a weeks experience in Marshfield I am willing to say to the world come to Coos Bay. It is the place of largest opportunity. Come, and come via. Roseburg. But don't let that stage agent talk to you. If you do, you are lost, unless you have an unusually strong mind. Lie to him. Anything to lose him. Then hire a private conveyance and come over the marvelous Coast Range in a leisurely, christian way. Stop and hunt and fish and kodak. There is no better place in America to do any of these.

Yea, come to Coos Bay. Come any way. If you are seeking adventure come by the Roseburg Stage Line. Mind what I tell you, you will have a memorable experience.

Frank Fay Eddy.

A BROKEN WATER MAIN FLODS CHICAGO STREET

Chicago, Aug. 19.—With a roar that caught frightened sleepers from their beds for blocks around, a 36-inch water main in Chicago avenue burst early today, shooting a column of water 60 feet into the air, imperiling several lives and damaging property to the extent of several thousand dollars.

The water broke through the brick pavement in front of the Stockholm hotel, causing a panic among the 500 guests. A wagon load of policemen rushed to the hotel and carried out the women and children. The yards in that vicinity are four and five feet below the level of the street, and it was only a few minutes until the water inundated them. Water quickly flooded the basements for two blocks north and west and a number of families had to be resuced by the police.

Nineteen cases were drowned.

—All graduates or former students of Monmouth Normal, now in Coos County, please send name and address to Miss E. A. Ericksen, Marshfield.

WANT ADS

WANTED—By Mrs. J. A. Goodwill, a few summer boarders; parties wishing a day on South Coos river can get dinner. Phone 20x8. Lanioga leaves 8:00 a. m. daily.

WANTED—Anybody having goods to sell call at Taylor's Piano House, Broadway, near C. street. Larchhouse just completed. Reasonable.

WANTED—Two heavy teams to haul pile. Plat B wharf, on contract. Dollars per day. L. D. Kinney.

FOR SALE—Portable bake oven and bakers' utensils. Address "Business" Times.

WANTED—Dishwasher and chamber maid. Hotel Oregon, North Bend.

WANTED—Men to clear land on Pay the acre. L. D. Kinney.

WANTED—A good, live, energetic boy not afraid of work. Apply Times office.

FOR RENT—Eight-room house and lot, street, just north of Mr. Price, $1800, cash. Inquire, North Bend, or F. L. Marshfield, Ore.

WANTED—Well connected, sober, reliable man as fellow law students. Address R. L. Price.

WANTED—A bookkeeper for general merchandise store. Address Marshfield, Ore.

FOR RENT—Two-room cottage with bath, housekeeping rooms. Apply office.

LISTINGS—Rooms and houses with Hegency, 2nd and A sts. Prompt service.

WANTED—Will anything to a second hand you get his price for you sell it through Hegency House you get price. I buy or sell for you. Hellesath's Commission House. 2d and A.

WANTED—Two or four furnished rooms for housekeeping. Inquire office.

A bargain—Two lots in Bandon, each 40 x 100 each. Bargain, $170 net. Stutsman.

WANTED—Middle aged lady to cook for family of eight men. Address North Bend.

FOR SALE—Undertaking business. Apply Hotel North

FOR SALE—Furniture for three rooms. Also one well furnished room house for rent. Hotel, North Bend.