

Only a Few Days Longer

We Offer These Great Bargains To the People of Marshfield

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE --- We are cutting our prices lower than ever before. Our new line of Men's Clothing, Shoes, Furnishing Goods, Blankets, Ladies' Suits, Coats and Skirts are cut over half off regular prices. We have never before had so great a stock in our store and have never offered so great variety and selection of goods direct from Eastern Markets. Here is your last chance. Be sure and take advantage of the great bargains and values.

The UNITED STORES

Next To Breakwater Office

FINANCIAL

STRENGTH

In a bank lies, first, in the ability and experience of its officers, "The men behind the gun;" second, its board of directors who advise with and direct the officers; and third, the Capital.

LIBERALITY—In a bank is its willingness to furnish funds to depositors to assist them in carrying on their legitimate business. Our motto is:

"STRONG AND LIBERAL"—Look us up and if you find us deserving, give us your business.

First Trust and Savings Bank OF COOS BAY

Capital Fully Paid \$100,000.00

Officers and Directors.

John S. Coke, Pres.	William Grimes,
W. S. Chandler,	S. C. Rogers,
Henry Sengstacken,	Dr. C. W. Tower,
Dorsey Kretzer, cashier.	Judge John F. Hall,
M. C. Horton, Vice pres.-manager.	

Flanagan & Bennett Bank

MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

Paid Up Capital and Undivided Profits \$75,000
Assets Over Half Million Dollars.

Does a general banking business and draws on the Bank of California, San Francisco, Cal., First National Bank, Portland, Ore., First National Bank, Roseburg Ore., Hanover National Bank, New York, N. M. Rothschild & Son, London, England.

Also sell exchange on nearly all the principal cities of Europe.

Accounts kept subject to check, safe deposit lock boxes for rent at 50 cents a month or \$5 a year.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

The First National Bank of Coos Bay

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

STRICTLY A COMMERCIAL BANK

This bank solicits the checking accounts of firms and individuals and extends every reasonable courtesy and facility.

O. B. HINSDALE, President. W. S. McFARLAND, Cashier.
JOHN PREUSS, Vice-President. R. T. KAUFMAN, Asst.-Cashier.

SUNSET BAY STAGE

Leaves North Bend stables Monday, Wednesday and Fridays at 8 a. m. Returning at 4 p. m. Fare \$1.50 round trip For Seats Apply
NORTH BEND STABLES - Phone 111

WHEELS OVER COAST RANGE

Eugene Man Writes Interesting Story of Bicycle Trip From There to Coos Bay.

(By Chas. H. Jones, in the Oregon Statesman, published at Salem.)

A trip to Coos county is always interesting, and when it is made on a bicycle, it is doubly so. Thinking that some readers of The Statesman might be interested in Coos county and the bicycle method of getting there, I have decided to give an account of my recent trip to that most delightful county.

Leaving Roseburg in the afternoon on one of the hottest days of the summer. I struck boldly out to the westward and for about four miles the road led up grade and along the foothills, while was spread out to the north a beautiful panorama of the Umpqua valley made up of grain fields, fruit farms, gardens and cozy homes with the Umpqua winding in and out along the valley. It is a most charming sight and more than compensates for the difficulties of a bicycle ride up a steep grade on a sultry day. The sight makes it doubly necessary to stop to rest frequently. One is almost sorry to reach the top of the grade, for there this beautiful scenery must be left behind.

For the next five miles the grade is downward, and the wheel spins along at a rapid rate, too rapid sometimes for comfort and safety. All of a sudden the road makes a turn and you see the Lookingglass valley, so named, I suppose, because it resembles a looking glass in shape. It is hemmed in on all sides by mountains and is thickly settled though it is considered a very poor country. The soil is light and unproductive. Most of the farm houses are shabby, and the fences are dilapidated. Though this country was settled in an early day, the improvements are far behind the times.

After leaving Lookingglass valley the road leads over a hilly country for six or seven miles when all at once I found myself at the foot of

the coast range of mountains. I had gone 18 miles since leaving Roseburg. A sign by the roadside read "Mountain House," and as I had been told that it would be 16 miles before another stopping place would be found, I decided to remain overnight. I wished afterwards I had not. At the Mountain House, I found the meals good enough for any one, but the bed was too densely populated with small creatures that bite, to suit me.

The next morning early my wheel and I started up the mountain, and with my assistance the wheel rolled slowly up hill for about four miles. Walking was good and I had to walk every step of the way up, some places being so steep that it looked dangerous to glance backward. By the way, I forgot to state that I am traveling on the old Coos Bay wagon road. On reaching the top of the mountain the bicyclist's troubles are over for a while provided he has a good coaster-brake and is not afraid to let the wheel have its own way, for now it is down hill for about twelve miles, about as much down hill as it was up hill a few miles back. The road is narrow and rocky at many places and when I found a place that was safe to get off the wheel, I would walk a while so as to let the brake cool. When nearing the foot of the mountain I met a drove of 2,100 head of sheep on their way from Curry county to Oakland. It took them over an hour to pass me and I had to rest all this time. There were about ten drivers with the sheep, most of them boys.

Soon after starting down the mountain the road strikes the Coquille river, or one branch of it, and from there on to Myrtle Point the two keep close company. This is a wonderful little river. It goes roaring and tumbling down the steep ascent making unlimited power, which is now all wasted. By noon-time I had reached the valley, where I found plenty of homes along the road. I came to the postoffice, Sitkum, where I got a good dinner. Sitkum is an Indian word meaning "half," and is about half way between Roseburg and Marshfield.

I was going to Myrtle Point, where an institute was to be held. It was 26 miles from Sitkum and the road wound in and out among the valleys, over hills but most of the time near the Coquille river. The road is a good one, the farms along the way are well improved and everything and

everybody seems to be in a prosperous condition. As I rode along on ten by a Coos county teacher came to me. They are as follows:

"To my old home in fancy I wander
On the banks of the silvery Coquille,
Whose cool limpid depths ever changing
The beauties of nature reveal.

The songs of the wild birds are singing
So sweetly through marsh and grove,
And the sunlight is flickering and dancing,
On the face of the river I love.

From the hills capped with snow in the distance,
Flow thou on to the sands of the sea;
Though the years may roll onward in silence,
They will leave no impression on thee.

Oh, my heart in its impassioned longing
Would tell of the rapture I feel,
When in dreamland once more I am dwelling,
In my home near the silvery Coquille.

The river sweeps by on its way to the sea,
And the call of the waters is ever with me;
Oh, take me back home, 'tis my heart's last appeal,
To rest from life's cares near the silvery Coquille."

Pronunciation of "Coquille."
The pronunciation of the word "Coquille" is somewhat interesting. The people are not agreed as to how it should be pronounced. I heard at least four pronunciations. In speaking the word I said "Ko-keel," and was immediately told by an old resident that I should say "Ko-quell." His explanation of the name was interesting. In an early day cockle shells were very plentiful along the banks. The Indians heard the whites talking about these shells, and they abbreviated it to "Ko-quell." A Frenchman gave the name the spelling. The next time I had occasion to use the name, I said "Ko-quell," and this time I was told that I ought to say "Ko-kell." Later I was told that some people called it "Ko-quell-le," and I suppose some could be found who would call it "Ko-keel-

le," or "Ko-kell-le." There is not much in a name, anyhow.

About 6 o'clock that evening I reached Myrtle Point. I had had a good trip and had enjoyed it in spite of some of the hardship on the way. The cyclometer on my bicycle registered the distance as a little over 58 miles. After I had washed and gotten some of the dust off my clothes, and had eaten a fine supper at the Guerin hotel, the best one in Coos county, felt as good as new.

Myrtle Point is a pleasant little town of about 800 or 900 people, I should think. Everything is thriving and prosperous. It is located in the heart of the dairy section. It is a dry town, though most of Coos county is wet. It is located at the head of tidewater on the Coquille river, and is about 25 miles from Marshfield, with which it is connected by a little railroad.

The institute began the next day and lasted three days. About one hundred teachers were in attendance. The instructors were L. R. Alderman of Eugene, R. F. Robinson of Portland, A. G. Raab of North Bend, and Supt. J. H. Ackerman. There were day and evening sessions. On the first evening the teachers were entertained by a reception and splendid supper given by the commercial club; on the second evening Supt. Alderman and Supt. Robinson made speeches; and on the last evening Supt. Ackerman gave a lecture. It was considered one of the most successful meetings ever held in the county. The institute will be held at Coquille City next year.

My journey home was perhaps more interesting than the one going, but it is too long a story for this time. I will give it later.

The return was made by the way of Marshfield. At that place I took a boat for the outlet of Coos Bay, where I struck the beach and rode 20 miles on the hard sand to the mouth of the Umpqua, then on a steamboat up that river 30 miles to Scottsburg, where I again took the wheel for Drain a distance of 36 miles.

FISHERMEN ATTENTION!

There will be a mass meeting of the fishermen of Coos Bay held at Longshoremen's hall, Marshfield, Saturday, September 19, at one o'clock p. m., to consider important business. By order of committee.