

**NORTH BEND NEWS**

Emil Peterson, who is now in Salem, writes that it is very cold with 10 or 12 inches of snow on the ground.

Miss Maude Coke, who has been ill for the past six weeks, has almost sufficiently recovered to enable her to be out again.

Mrs. S. M. Perry left here a few weeks ago and is now with relatives at Salem. She expects to be there a couple of weeks longer.

Miss Lettie Larsen, who is one of the contestants for the Telegram trip to the Seattle-Yukon exposition, is now up to third place in District No. 10.

Owing to the lack of quorum, the North Bend city council did not hold any meeting last night. Messrs. Frye and Loggie are out of the city and the four couldn't be got together. Next Tuesday night, another attempt will be made to secure a quorum.

It is announced that when Dr. Vaughn returns from his trip to McMinnville he will be accompanied by a bride. An effort has been made here to keep the matter secret but somehow or other the secret leaked out and a hearty welcome will be extended to the couple by numerous friends. The bride is a prominent McMinnville young lady. Dr. Vaughn will build a home here in the spring.

**Salt Lakes.**

The Great Salt lake is gradually drying up, and the inhabitants of Salt Lake City seem quite surprised. They ought not to be. All salt lakes owe their salinity to the fact of their having no outlet, and a lake without an outlet is a dying lake.

Nor is death usually long delayed, speaking geologically. Lakes Koko Nor and Lob Nor were undoubtedly extensive inland seas not so very many decades ago, yet Sven Hedin found them reduced to mere arid puddles set in the midst of well high limitless salt deserts that once were their beds.

The terrible Taklamakan desert, too, in which Hedin nearly died of thirst, was once the bed of just such a lake. So also were the salt deserts of Persia. Northern Tibet is studded with salt lakes in process of desiccation. The Aral and the Caspian seas were at one time far more extensive than is now the case, proving that they, too, are undergoing the inevitable process of desiccation to which all such bodies of water are sooner or later invariably subjected.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

**Negro Eloquence.**

Some years ago one of Texas' widely known statesmen who is now dead was passing along a street in Dallas when an old colored man who had once belonged to him approached, took off his hat and passed a hand over his white wool as he asked:

"Marster, gin de old man 50 cents."  
"Dan, you are a robber."  
"How?" asked the astonished darky, opening his eyes, around which rough-shod age had walked.  
"Didn't you see me put my hand in my pocket?"  
"Yes, sah."  
"Well, you old rascal, you rob me of the pleasure of giving you money without being asked."

The old man received a dollar. Bowing almost to the ground, while tears came out and coursed through the aged prints around his eyes, he replied:  
"Marster, wid-wid such a heart as you hab and wid Abraham and Isaac and de Lord on your side I don't see what can keep you out of heaven."

To North Bend Residents: Any one can speak French after having spent four months' study with Prof. C. A. Gabornache, diplomé de l'Ecole Supérieure Arago of Paris. Phone Marshfield 764. Carleton Jewelry Store.

**TWO GOOD BUYS.**

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Easy terms.—Title Guarantee and Abstract Co., HENRY SENGSTACKEN, Manager.

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THE SMOKEHOUSE in Garfield block will carry full line of periodicals.

**LUNCHES.**

Everything for a whole-some and dainty luncheon To be served here or to take home, CORTHELL'S DELICATESSEN.

**Absurd Stage Business.**

Theatrical production is full of absurdities in business. A situation is required, a situation is thrown in. It makes not the slightest difference if it be a trolley car crew of song and dance brothers manning a yacht in the desert of Sahara. You have the trolley crew and the yacht, and if the scene happens to be a section of the arid west where typhoons take the place of waterspouts—well, so much the worse for the scene. And if the conductors collect fares from the sailors to carry out the business of the song, "We Are Jolly, Jolly Street Car Men," the audience must be prepared to submit calmly to a sandstorm immediately following, which is necessary to bring on the wind machine and stereopticon. When a comic opera (heaven save the mark) opened at Madison Square roof with Japanese costumes, Broadway dialogue, a Martian setting and Irish comedy there were absurdities enough to delight a dozen stage directors.—Henry E. Warner in Bohemian Magazine.

**He Couldn't See the Joke.**

"The mother-in-law joke isn't half as funny to me as it was when I was a bachelor," said a young New Yorker to his old chum. "I've got a pretty good mother-in-law myself, and she's visiting us now. That's all right too. But here's my grouch:

"Whenever we go out in a bunch, as we generally do, ma grabs the baby every time we sit down—subway, elevated, bridge, surface or ferryboat. Just grabs the kid, you know, as if it was her private property; exhibits it in a way to everybody near by, tells the woman next to her all about how to raise children and what she's doing for this particular one; attracts general attention, you see, with my baby as a star performer and my wife and I sitting there without a chance to say a word and looking as if we wanted to apologize for being on earth."

"Don't think that's funny, eh?" said his friend. "How your sense of humor has shrunk!"—New York Globe.

**Running For the Car.**

If you feel like emulating Sherlock Holmes try your luck occasionally when you see some one run for a street car. It's a good, easy way to determine the previous training and the present occupation of the subject.

You will see one fellow dash easily toward the car with a long, swinging stride that usually means athletics, but no special training in the sprint. The old time college runner can be picked out by the way he throws his knees in front, like a high bred trotter.

Some waddle, and you must relegate them to the general category of "busy business men" whose duty to the desk has robbed them of wind and waist. Others are getting more than their share of avoidupols, but in spite of that manage to show you that they are not out of it by any means. To that type it is a veritable triumph to overhaul a moving car and to swing on without the assistance of the conductor.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**The Joys of Life in Africa.**

You must never walk barefoot on the floor, no matter how clean it is, or an odious worm called a jigger will enter your foot to raise a numerous family and a painful swelling. On the other hand, be sure when you put on boots or shoes that, however hurried, you turn them upside down and look inside lest a scorpion, a small snake or a perfectly frightful kind of centipede may be lying in ambush. Never throw your clothes carelessly upon the ground, but put them away at once in a tin box and shut it tight or a perfect colony of fierce biting creatures will beset them. And, above all, quinine.—Winston Churchill, M. P., in London Strand.

**Self Disgraced.**

In Boston, as every one knows, the symphony concerts are viewed in the light of sacred ceremonials. In this connection the story is told of two little girls of a certain family who returned from the music hall "in a state of mind." One of them carried an expression of deep scorn, the other an air of great dejection.

"What is the matter, girls?" asked some member of the household. "Was the concert fine?"

"The concert was all right," responded Eleanor. "The trouble was with Mary. She disgraced herself."  
"Disgraced herself?"  
"Yes; she sneezed in the middle of the symphony."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**How Needles Are Made.**

Needles are all made by machinery. The piece of mechanism by which the needle is manufactured takes the rough steel wire, cuts it into proper lengths, files the point, flattens the head, pierces the eye, then sharpens the tiny instrument and gives it that polish familiar to the purchaser. There is also a machine by which needles are counted and placed in the papers in which they are sold, these being afterward folded by the same contrivance.

**It Was All Within.**

A practical joker carried an onion in his pocket to the depot when bidding farewell to a young lady and took a bite now and then to induce tears. Before the train departed he had eaten the entire onion. The young lady, perceiving the situation, remarked, "Ah, you have swallowed your grief!"—Harper's Weekly.

**Men of Yesterday and Today.**

In our great-grandfather's young days a man was usually not only considered, but really was, elderly at forty, old at fifty and a gouty, flannel swathed wreck at sixty.—London Throats and Country.

Avarice is the vice of declining years.—Bancroft.

**Misplaced Sympathy.**

A sympathetic Frenchman unluckily bought an almanac that gave the dates of the world's chief events. From that day on he lived a life of mourning. Thus on April 30 he had crape on his hat.

"Have you lost a relative?" a friend asked. "Not exactly," said he. "But today is a sad anniversary for the French people. On April 30, 1524, the Chevalier Bayard died." On May 2 he had crape on again. "Still mourning Bayard?" said the friend. "No," said he, "but don't you remember that on May 2 a great and charming poet, Alfred de Musset, breathed his last?" On the 6th of the same month, "Whom are you mourning for now?" "For an honest man, General Cavignac." On the 30th, crying terribly, he said: "Ah, Joan of Arc! On this date, in 1431, a handful of Englishmen and a miserable bishop put the gullant maid to death." On July 13 he took a bath in memory of the assassination of Marat. On the 16th Beranger's death gave him a fatal shock. On the 18th, having read of Napoleon's departure to St. Helena, he felt better, but on the 23d the bombardment of Dienpie by the English, in 1694, confined him again to his bed. He was taken with a fever and died on the 23d, muttering, "In a month the massacre of St. Bartholomew!"—New York Sun.

**Eloquence of the Welsh.**

Here is a little story of an Englishman in Wales: "On the comparative-quotities of the English and Welsh tongues let me tell of the Welshman who saluted me in the Welsh. I was compelled to confess ignorance. 'Ah,' he said, turning fluently enough to English, 'you should learn the Welsh! My wife was English, and she can speak conversations now quite well.'"

"I acknowledged my shortcomings and admitted that I had always understood the Welsh to be a remarkably eloquent tongue. 'Yes, yes, it is so,' said the native. 'In Welsh a man can express exactly what he means. As for the English, I call it not a language at all—only a dialect.'"

"You had noted that an Englishman or a foreigner in speaking his language waves his hands and arms about to help out the meaning of the words, but a Welshman who can speak Welsh well, he has no need to move his hands. In the Welsh he can say all that he means."—Chicago News.

**Fife Wheat.**

Years ago, about a century, David Fife, a Scotchman of Otonabee, Ont., sent to a friend in Glasgow for a small bag of seed wheat to try in a cleared patch of the backwoods. The friend obtained some seed from a vessel just in from Danzig. Unfortunately it was a fall wheat and reached David Fife in the spring. Nevertheless David Fife sowed it in spring. One can guess how feverishly the backwoods farmer watched for the growth of his experiment. Only three wheat heads survived till the fall, but those three wheat heads were entirely free of the rust that had ruined his neighbor's crops, and those three heads really represented a new variety of wheat, a fall wheat turned into a spring wheat. David Fife treasured the three heads and planted them in spring. Such was the beginning of Fife wheat in America.—Agnes C. Laut in Outing Magazine.

**Vanity of the Peacock.**

Our favorite and much petted peacock, says a correspondent of the London Spectator, can be kept happy any length of time looking at his reflection in the window pane or in a looking glass. He comes in daily to ten, making no mistake about the hour, and spends much time en route in gazing at himself as he appears in the glass of the French windows by which he enters the room. If I am sewing and do not speak to him when he comes into the room, he will gently put his head quite close, almost touching my ring or needle, for he likes bright things, till I have to give up working and talk to him as with a small child whom one is afraid of pricking.

**Lost Charm of the Wayside Inn.**

The Inns of England, celebrated by Harrison and famous far and wide at the beginning of the last century, have degenerated into sad places which we visit only of necessity. Little did Stephenson think when he proposed the line from Manchester to Liverpool that he would ruin the wayside Inns of England and kill the art of cookery.—Blackwood's Magazine.

**A Reassuring Truth.**

A lady on one of the ocean liners who seemed very much afraid of icebergs asked the captain what would happen in case of a collision. The captain replied, "The iceberg would move right along, madam, just as if nothing had happened." And the old lady seemed greatly relieved.—Success.

**Unsettled.**

Skinner—Good morning, ma'am. Did you ever see anything so unsettled as the weather has been lately? Mrs. Hashley—Well, there's your board bill, Mr. Skinner.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**In a Bad Way.**

"Here is a doctor who says you mustn't eat when you're worried." "But suppose you're always worried for fear you ain't got to get anything to eat?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Couldn't Scream.**

"I was afraid you'd scream when I kissed you." "I didn't dare. Mamma was in the next room and would have heard me."—Houston Post.

The power of necessity is irresistible.—Aeschylus.

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*Summit . . . . .	2.30	9.00
*Junction . . . . .	2.37	9.07
Beaver Hill . . . . .	2.50	9.00
Coquille . . . . .		9.20
*Johnsons . . . . .		9.35
*Schroeders . . . . .		9.40
*Norway . . . . .		9.47
Myrtle Point . . . . .	Ar. . . . .	Ar. 10.00
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	A. M.	P. M.
North—		
Marshfield . . . . .	Ar. 12.20	Ar. 5.30
*Summit . . . . .	11.40	5.00
*Junction . . . . .	11.25	4.45
Beaver Hill . . . . .		Lv. 4.30
Coquille . . . . .		11.05
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