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LET'S BINGER HERMANN GO

Henev Has Land Fraud Case Against Him Dismissed At Portland.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 26.—"No man ought to be called upon to answer a charge which is not made against him until after the lapse of so long a time," in the opinion of Special Prosecutor Henev, who moved for the dismissal of all charges against Binger Hermann, ex-Representative in Congress and ex-Commissioner of the General Land Office. Federal Judge Wolverton dismissed all the cases. "I am convinced that no further beneficial effect upon society can be secured by Mr. Hermann's prosecution and conviction, or, in other words, by his punishment, and particularly by his imprisonment in the event that he should be convicted upon another trial," said Henev. "Mr. Herman was indicted in this case on February 13, 1905, and owing to some causes over which he had no control and others over which he did have control, he was not tried until the month of January in this year—a period of practically five years. The humane provisions of the statute of limitations in relation to criminal offenses fixes a period of three years after a crime has been committed as the utmost limit within which an indictment may be brought, unless the of-

fense was murder. "All the foregoing considerations were in my mind at the time of Mr. Hermann's trial last January, but I believed that he was entitled to have a trial which might be a vindication if his guilt was not shown by the evidence, because he had occupied high public office and had been honored during a long period of years by the people of this state. Moreover I believed that the people of this state and of this nation were entitled to know what the evidence was which induced a grand jury composed of Oregon citizens to return an indictment against a man who was occupying high public office at the time. Then, again, I had heard the testimony of those witnesses who appeared before the grand jury at the time of Mr. Hermann's indictment, when the facts about which they were testifying were fresh in their respective minds, and I believed that the evidence justified his indictment and would justify his conviction.

Retribution Not Intended. "I still so believe, and I further believe that the 11 jurors who are reported to have voted for his conviction upon the trial which occurred in January of this year were fully justified by the evidence which was produced at the trial in voting as they did.

"Mr. Hermann is a man of quite advanced years, however—another year has elapsed since his trial—one of the Government's most important witnesses is out of the country and above all, I am convinced that the conviction and punishment of Mr. Hermann, under all these circumstances, and after this long lapse of time, would serve no useful purpose and would be of no benefit to society upon any of the theories which I have mentioned.

"Mr. Hermann's attorney informs me that the aged defendant will gladly welcome the dismissal of this indictment and I am sure that no person desires to see him prosecuted any further on the erroneous theory that it is the province of the criminal law to execute vengeance or retribution against the offender."

at once. Address R. W. Squire, Prosper, Oregon.

FOR SALE—Three Humphrey gas lamps cheap. In good condition. Palace hotel, North Bend.

FOR SALE—Cheap, 160 acres timber land in Curry county. Apply Hall & Hall.

FOR RENT—Five-room house in West Marshfield. Hall & Hall.

WANTED—Woman to do family washing at home for small family. Address 'F' care Times.

LOST—Red hound with white-tipped tail looking like Shepherd, from 2nd and Hall, Thursday. Finder, please notify Chas. Curtis.

FOR SALE—Blooded fox hound pups Sherman Ave, N. Bend, A Hoelling

FOR SALE—Veterinary tools and medicine case, 110 Front St.

WANTED—Competent girl for general housework. Good wages. Address P. O. Box 101, Marshfield.

FOR RENT—A 6-room house in So. Marshfield \$10 per mo. Apply Coos Bay Cash Store.

WANTED—To rent small house preferably in West Marshfield. Address "Cape Blanco"

WANTED—Waitress and pantry girl. Apply immediately Chandler Hotel.

WANTED—Girl at Stafford's

A MEMORABLE WATCH MEETING

NEW YEAR'S EVE came right in the middle of a series of "protracted meetings" which had been started in a little church in the northern part of Indiana some twenty-five years ago. The faithful few had been gathering night after night for a month, and not more than a dozen persons had knelt at the mourners' bench, including the chronic backsliders. When the opening hymn was announced all the seats had been taken, and a dense crowd of boys and young men occupied the space between the door and the last row of seats.

As the hours slipped by and the end of the old year approached the service changed into a season of prayer and testimony. The little clock which hung on the wall behind the pulpit finally pointed to 11 o'clock, and the



"GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES OR I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE!"

preacher arose to make one last supreme effort to reclaim some soul from eternal torment. At his direction the most zealous members of the congregation left their seats and mingled with the audience, looking for a chance convert.

It was at this critical moment that an unlooked for interruption disturbed the passing of the old year and marred the peacefulness of the meeting. Deacons Wiley and Mills had been so bold as to approach the godless crowd around the door and suggest that there was too much laughing and talking. They had even dared to tell two or three of the leading spirits that a failure to preserve order meant ejection from the church. The sound of loud talking suddenly reached the ears of the worshipers, and all heads turned toward the door. Loud curses and angry words, uplifted fists and stamping feet told that a fierce struggle was taking place. Out of the tangled mass presently came Deacons Wiley and Mills, each in triumphant possession of a panting, disheveled, fighting prisoner. The culprits were the sons of their captors, and against all their kicking and squirming they were forced slowly along the aisles on each side of the church to the mourners' bench, fighting every inch of the way.

"Get down on your knees, darn you picture!" commanded Deacon Wiley, seizing his son by the shoulders and allowing his indignation to gain the mastery. "Get down on your knees or I'll skin you alive when I get you home!"

"Keep your seats, brethren and sisters," exclaimed Rev. Ebenezer Harker. "This young man is sorry for what he has done, and we may yet save him from the wrath to come."

There was a suppressed titter from those who took the preacher literally. Sam Wiley, the wildest scamp that ever robbed a watermelon patch, looked at his father's stern, unyielding face and felt the grip tighten on his shoulders. He cast a furtive glance toward the women's "amen" corner and saw his mother's eyes filled with tears. He turned to his right and saw his companion in misery, "Diddy" Mills, crying like a baby. Just for a moment he stiffened with pride, and then he felt his father's strong arms forcing him down on his knees. At the same time "Diddy" Mills went down under the pressure on his shoulders.

"Who will be the next to come forward?" shouted Rev. Ebenezer Harker, dancing back and forth before the pulpit with a joy he could not conceal. "The Lord bless these young men who have seen the error of their ways. Let us all unite in prayer."

Everybody prayed. Deacon Wiley leading the low, murmuring chorus with a fervent entreaty to his son to forego the wickedness of the world and unite with the church. When Deacon Wiley ceased Deacon Mills began to pray aloud for his wayward boy. It was very funny to the crowd around the door, but after awhile something seemed to choke their laughter. Sister Mills' high pitched and quavering voice arose in prayer, and there was a pathos in her appeal that started tears into the eyes of the roughest rowdy in the crowd. Sister Wiley, unable to restrain her emotions, joined her cries with those of Sister Mills. Suddenly a wave of increased excitement swept through the congregation. Two of the toughest young men of the town walked slowly down the aisles and knelt at the low railing. They were hardly down when two more came forward.

Such a revival was never known before in the history of the church as the one which started with the watch meeting that night. Rev. Ebenezer Harker said to himself that it was due to his powers as an exhorter. Two mothers believed in their hearts that the efficacy of prayer had been demonstrated in a wonderful manner. But suppose those muscular fathers had remained inactive. Would the protracted meetings have lasted another week?

LOCAL GLEANINGS

COOS BAY TIDES.

DECEMBER					
High water	A. M.		P. M.		
Date	h. m.	ft.	h. m.	ft.	
Monday... 26	8:39	8.0	9:57	6.1	
Tuesday... 27	9:22	8.2	10:54	6.2	
Wed'd'y... 28	10:02	8.3	11:42	6.4	
Thursday 29	11:42	6.4			
Friday... 30	11:44	6.5			
Friday... 30	11:12	8.5			
Saturday 31	0:58	6.5	11:44		

DECEMBER					
Low water	A. M.		P. M.		
Date	h. m.	ft.	h. m.	ft.	
Monday... 26	2:24	2.8	3:43	1.2	
Tuesday... 27	3:21	3.2	4:29	0.6	
Wed'd'y... 28	4:12	3.4	5:09	0.1	
Thursday 29	4:58	3.8	5:46	-0.3	
Friday... 30	5:37	4.1	6:19	-0.6	
Saturday 31	6:09	4.1	6:50	-0.7	

LOCAL TEMPERATURE REPORT.

For twenty-four hours ending
 at 4:43 p. m., Dec. 25, by Mrs. Mingus, special government meteorological observer:
 Maximum... 52
 Minimum... 31
 At 4:43 p. m. ... 44
 Precipitation... .08
 Wind—Northwest; partly cloudy.

Is Arrested.—J. H. O'Donnell was arrested last night for creating a disturbance at the Breakwater hotel. He furnished \$50 cash ball for his appearance before City Recorder Butler tomorrow.

Long Auto Trip.—Dr. Geo. E. Dix and Fred Powers will leave San Francisco today in Dr. Dix's auto for Los Angeles and other southern points. They will spend two or three weeks touring that section.

Held Services.—Pacific Commandery, No. 10, Knight Templar, held its St. John Day's services in the Asylum this morning, nearly all the members being in attendance. Following the services, a group picture of the members was taken.

Council Meets.—The Marshfield city council will meet Tuesday night to take up various matters. It is expected that a committee from the Chamber of Commerce will be present to discuss the tax levy and the question of buying a fire engine.

Cool Weather.—The last day or two has brought some of the coolest weather of the year, the heaviest frosts of the season being in evidence yesterday and this morning. The thermometer only got down to 30 above zero up to 4:30 this morning.

On Dry Dock.—The Redondo will go on dry dock at San Francisco this week for a partial overhauling and will not reach here until January 5 or 6. In consequence, the Nann Smith will again bring up freight; this week, leaving San Francisco about Friday. Capt. Olson expects to sail from here tomorrow, he and the crew having enjoyed a holiday here Sunday.

Settles Case.—The personal injury case of Daughert vs. the Beaver Hill Coal Company which was to have been tried in federal court at Portland last week was settled just before it was called for hearing. Daughert sustained a fractured thigh a couple of years ago. He is now living in Seattle.

Cooston Election.—A special election will be held in Cooston at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning to vote a special tax levy to build the Sether street dock. There is a factional fight over the matter, some insisting that the dock if built at all should be on the Willanch Inlet channel and there is talk of court proceedings before the matter is settled.

Personal Notes

ARCHIE PHILLIPS is here from North Bend on business.

T. C. RUSSELL was in from Beaver Hill today.

E. A. BECKET and son of Coquille, are Marshfield visitors today.

NEW HAZARD returned to Coquille this morning after spending Christmas at the home of Mrs. F. A. Hazard.

W. A. REID arrived here last week to spend Christmas with Mrs. Reid and baby at the Judge Sehlbrede home. Mr. and Mrs. Reid and baby will leave next week for Alaska.

TITLE GUARANTEE AND ABSTRACT COMPANY WILL MOVE INTO THEIR NEW OFFICE IN COKE BUILDING OPPOSITE CHANDLER HOTEL—ABOUT JANUARY 1ST, 1911.

Never Weary of the Hearing. "I overheard him telling her a story last night which she has heard fifty times, but she didn't stop him." "She is long suffering, surely." "Oh, I don't know. He told her she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen."

Bullock Skin Beats. There are few more primitive methods of transportation than those in use today by natives of northern India who make their homes in the vicinity of the swift flowing Sutlej. The boats of these aborigines are nothing more or less than bullock skins inflated by the breath of the natives themselves. Two natives may be seen hard at work filling the skins with air. Having inflated them to their satisfaction, they will leap aboard and paddle themselves across the river, great skill and strength being necessary to sustain their equilibrium during the passage. But even should the boats overturn they are easily righted, and the natives are without exception expert swimmers.

The Doctor's Bad Memory. This story is told of Dr. Pirrie, the great Scottish surgeon, in "Recollections of Fifty Years."

"Once when a lady patient entered his consulting room he received her with effusion, crying:

"My dear madam, I have done nothing else but think over your case. I could not get a wink of sleep all last night for thinking of you!"

"The lady accepted it all as 'gospel truth,' and after some professional questions and answers she innocently remarked:

"Was it not a dreadful thunder-storm last night, Dr. Pirrie?"

"So I am told," he naively answered, "but I'm such a sound sleeper that I didn't hear a clap o' it!"

Testi's Thanks. Signor Francisco Testi, the famous song writer, is very impulsive and quick to resist the slightest assumption of patronage. One day a lady called on him and announced her intention of singing two of his songs at a concert.

"I thought I would just run round and try them over with you," she said.

Testi remarked that he was not in the habit of giving lessons in that manner, whereupon the lady retorted:

"Very well; I will not sing your songs then."

Testi's face beamed as he advanced toward her with outstretched hands.

"Madam," he said, "I thank you very much for that favor."

The "Herd Laddie." Some discussion is taking place over the birthplace of Wyllie, the famous "Herd Laddie," probably the greatest checker player that the world has known. According to one authority, the late Mr. J. Hedley, who wrote a biographical sketch of Mr. Wyllie's career in 1809, he was born in Piershill Barracks, Edinburgh, or "Jock's Lodge," as it was known locally, in the year 1822. His father was a sergeant in the celebrated Scottish regiment of horse, "the Scots Greys," and this regiment was stationed in the above barracks shortly after their memorable engagement at Waterloo, and remained there for a number of years.—London Graphic.

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