



**Whether You Serve Poultry.**  
Or the good old roast beef for Christmas you'll be wise to obtain it at this market. Our poultry is all choice, young and fresh killed and our roast beef is tender enough to melt in your mouth. There will be no poor appetites where our poultry or meat is served.  
**MARSHFIELD CASH MARKET.**  
**FOURIER BROS.**  
Two Markets  
NORTH BEND MARSHFIELD



**Olympic Flour**  
Highest Quality

FAST AND COMMODIOUS

**Steamer Redondo**

EQUIPPED WITH WIRELESS  
Sails From San Francisco for Coos Bay at 3 P. M.  
Friday, December 15th  
INTER-OCEAN TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.  
Phone 44 C. F. McGEORGE, Agent.

"THE FRIEND OF COOS BAY"

**S. S. ALLIANCE**

EQUIPPED WITH WIRELESS  
Sails from Coos Bay for Eureka, Sunday, December 17th  
CONNECTING WITH THE NORTH BANK ROAD AT PORTLAND  
NORTH PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.  
PHONE 44 C. F. McGEORGE, Agent

**Steamer Homer**

Sails From San Francisco  
Tuesday, Dec. 12th, 1911  
For San Francisco Saturday, Dec. 16th, 1911  
F. S. DOW, Agent

EQUIPPED WITH WIRELESS

**Steamer Breakwater**

ALWAYS ON TIME  
SAILS FROM PORTLAND AT 8 P. M. ON DECEMBER 5, 12, 19 AND 26.  
SAILS FROM COOS BAY AT SERVICE OF THE TIDE ON DECEMBER 9, 16, 23 AND 30.  
L. H. KEATING, AGENT PHONE MAIN 35-1

**FAST SERVICE TO ROSEBURG**

Our stages leave Marshfield for Roseburg at 6 o'clock every evening and afford quickest connections with Southern Pacific Railway. Fare \$6.00.  
COOS BAY ROSEBURG STAGE LINE.  
OTTO SCHETTER, Agent, 120 MARKET AV., Marshfield.  
C. P. BARNARD, Agent, ROSEBURG, Ore.  
PHONE 11

**Parties Desiring Monuments to be Erected**



Would do well to call at the Pacific Monumental Works, South Broadway and make selection from the large stock now on hand. Mr. Wilson has in his employ the only practical marble and granite cutter in Coos county. And none but the best work is turned

**Buy Your Meats**

at the  
**UNION MEAT MARKET**  
And You Will Always Have  
Pure Wholesome Meats. 'Phone 58

**WANTED!!!**

CARPETS UPHOLSTERING AND PIANOS TO CLEAN, by the Pneumatic Cleaning Company. Orders for work taken at  
GOING & HARVEY  
PHONE 196

**The Old Reliable**

If you need any fruit-trees for planting or wish to make good money selling trees, write us for particulars. No previous experience needed if you want to make money. We show you. ALBANY NURSERIES, Inc., Albany, Oregon.

**Christmas In the Navy**



Christmas is a glad holiday aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleships. The jacks deck the grim fighting machine in wreaths of evergreen and holly. Even the great guns wear chaplets. For one day in the year the emblems of peace on earth hide the frowning front of war. The Christmas dinner aboard one of these floating forts is fully as glad as at a private residence.  
The sailors miss a few of the chief delights of the season, however. The prattle of children is lacking, as are the cheer of home and the smile of loved ones. But the Jack tars can give and accept a few presents—that is, they can if in port where such things can be bought.

Do you know any of Uncle Sam's sailor boys? If so would it not be a beautiful thing to REMEMBER THEM THIS CHRISTMAS? Even a little thing would be appreciated. It would show them some one thought of them. SHOP EARLY, so that the gift can be sent in time. Indeed, for any gifts that are to be sent away shopping should be done early so that the presents may not reach their destination two or three days late. BETTER BE BEFOREHAND. One gift early is better than half a dozen late.  
Shop early and then you can be sure of reaching your friends, be they sailors or otherwise. ON THE DOT That immeasurably enhances the value of the gift.

A TURKISH BATH will do you GOOD. Phone 214-J.  
Try The Times' Want Ads.

Where the Locality Does Not Count. Wherever there are people suffering from kidney and bladder ailments, from backache, rheumatism and urinary irregularities, Foley Kidney Pills will help them. Belvidere, Ill., E. A. Kelly, an ex-engineer, says: "Three years ago my kidneys became so bad that I was compelled to give up my engine and quit. There was a severe aching pain over the hips, followed by an inflammation of the bladder, and always a thick sediment. Foley Kidney Pills made me a sound and well man. I can not say too much in their praise."—RED CROSS DRUG CO.

**Fishermen Notice!**

THE COOS BAY ICE AND COLD STORAGE COMPANY ARE PREPARED TO TAKE ALL

**Steelhead Salmon**  
AND WILL PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR SAME.  
C. E. NICHOLSON, Manager.

**Union Oils**  
JASOLINE DISTILLATE  
BENZINE KEROSENE  
SAMSON GAS ENGINES  
—and—  
CENTRIFUGAL PUMPS  
**Coos Bay Oil & Supply Co.**  
Marshfield, Ore. PHONE 302-J  
Mail Orders Solicited.

**A CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN CALABRIA.**

By PAUL LOUIS COURIER.  
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

ONE day I was traveling in Calabria I had as companion a young man who had had less experience than I had in this little known part of Calabria. He was one of the most careless and happy persons in the world.

In these mountains the roads seem to be precipices, down which our horses slid and plunged dangerously. My comrade went first, taking a path which seemed to him to be shorter and easier than the regular road, which, however, could not have been worse. In doing this we became lost, and night was fast approaching. We had hoped to reach the railroad which would take us to civilization, as I termed it, where we could spend our Christmas more pleasantly than we now expected to.

As long as it was light enough we struggled along, and suddenly, just as it grew too dark to see anything twenty feet away, we came to a hut black and low. It looked sinister to me, but Jules was so glad that he just shouted.

In answer to his shout the door opened, and we saw a whole family gathered around a table on which was a white cloth.

"Come in, come in," said the oldest man of the party, but his looks were far from being as inviting as his



PLACED THEIR LITTLE WOODEN SHOES BY THE SIDE OF THE CHIMNEY.

words. He was black with the penetrating blackness of dry charcoal, but as we were very weary and hungry and our horses worn out we accepted the invitation. There were fine cabbage soup, baked potatoes and a chicken fricassee, with home baked bread such as falls in one's hands but too rarely. For dessert we had some chocolate, while the children were hurried off to bed after having placed their little wooden shoes by the side of the chimney.

The horses were well taken care of, and Jules was laughing and singing with the children until they were taken out, and then he gave himself up to telling the men, of whom there were four, of our adventures. One man in particular struck me on account of his somber silence. He spoke to no one and eyed us in a sort of sullen enmity.

This was a charcoal burner's home, and the man who owned this house was the one who seemed so somber. The old man was his father. The woman finished her work and brought out a few cheap toys and some bobbons and a few other little things such as



"I SAW IN HIS RIGHT HAND THE GLEAM OF A LONG KNIFE."

mothers manage to find no one knows where or how. The little shoes were filled, and we saw that all were sleepy. We, too, being so weary, were willing to retire, so the old man took us up a ladder to a loft above the room where we had been sitting.

To reach our sleeping room we climbed a ladder and there found a sort of pallet of straw, clean, and with sufficient covering.

In this attic I saw by the feeble light afforded by a homemade candle quantities of dimly outlined things hanging from the rafters, but could not make out exactly what they were. In the dimness I thought they looked like men hung along there. There were rats for I saw one. I have a horror of rats, and the thought that one might run across my face kept me awake. Even had my mind been free from other fears I should still have lain awake long after Jules was sleeping heavily. I could not sleep, so filled was my mind with the recollec-

tion of the tales I had heard of the lawlessness of these charcoal burners, who were but brigands after all.

I lay close to the chimney, which made the place quite warm, and soon I found the voices of those below could be distinguished clearly by lying near the crevice. I heard the sullen man and the woman talking. They seemed to be discussing something. The discussion was almost a quarrel. The man said:

"So, then, must we kill them both?"

"Yes." Then they apparently slept.

That is more than I did. I grew cold from head to foot. I must have looked like a dead man. Even today I grow cold when I think of it all—the little children put to bed with their hearts filled with joyous thoughts of the expected visit of the Petit Jesus, then ten or twelve lawless men and the bloodthirsty woman, and we shut in that attic, from which there was no escape and almost without means of defense. I did not even dare to try to waken Jules, for they would have heard us below, and that would only have precipitated our death. And even if we could have got out of the window, there were dogs—big, heavy ones—below. No; we had no possible chance, and I expected death each instant.

At the end of the longest quarter of an hour that I ever lived through I heard steps on the ladder and in a moment more saw the light which was carried by the sullen man from below. I saw in his right hand the gleam of a long knife. His wife came behind him, and she took the lamp from his hand. He was barefooted, as well as the woman, and she hid the light of the lamp from my face by shading it with her hand. I lay there too overcome by fear, I admit, to move. What could I have done in any case?

Whispering softly, the couple passed by where we lay and on to where I had seen the shapeless masses hanging to the rafters, and they uncovered a sack filled with hams—their provision for winter, as I now know. They cut two slices from one of the hams and disappeared again down the ladder with caution not to rouse us.

After this, while saying to myself that I must not let myself sleep, for this might have been a feint, I did go to sleep and knew nothing more until Jules roused me.

"Noel, Noel!" he shouted and ran down the ladder to the room below, where the children were doing as other children do on this day, examining and comparing their presents and eating a lot of sweet stuff not at all good for them. I soon followed and had a pleasant greeting from all.

After a good breakfast of ham and eggs and coffee our horses were brought. They had been well cared for and danced about. All the little company of men, the children and the woman were dressed in their holiday garments to go to the village down below to mass. When we offered to pay for our lodging no one would accept it. And, more, there had been one chicken for breakfast, and as we were starting another was brought us all cooked to take along on our journey. The little girl said to me in confidence as she sat on my lap showing her poor little toes:

"I like chicken too. We had only two, but mother had to kill them for you. I don't know what I'll do without my Pickey. The other belonged to Joseph. Joseph is my brother, who died last month. My father loved him so much."

Here was the key to the riddle. The only thing they had that might be considered a luxury had been sacrificed for strangers, and what I had thought sullen roguery was but a father's hopeless grief over the death of his first-born.

**"Now, What on Earth Was I to Remember?"**



This man has a string on him—or at least a string finger. Will that make him remember what his wife told him to buy? Well, it is your guess. What is your experience?

But did YOU forget that Christmas shopping? If you did tie a string to your finger today AND THEN DON'T FORGET AGAIN.

Don't STRING your Christmas shopping along. Start it quick and have it over.

Neither let anybody STRING you with the tale that you can get as good goods Dec. 24 as you can Dec. 1 or Dec. 10. You know better. The answer is:

**Get STRINGS on those CHRISTMAS packages NOW.**

The Only Mourner.  
Randall—Was Spratt a popular man? Popular! The only mourner at his funeral was the insurance company.—Life.

**CHRISTMAS IN CIVIL WAR TIME.**

A Veteran Tells About the Box That Came From Home.

"SEEING all the people buying Christmas things now," said a veteran of the civil war, "makes me think of some Christmas experiences of my own, first of the time when I used to hang up my stockings by the fireplace, sticking forks through them and then jamming the forks into a crack under the mantelpiece, where Santa Claus could get at them handily when he came down the chimney, and then of a time when we were more grown up and Santa Claus came to us in the army.

"The regiment I served in put in a good part of its time in states on the southern Atlantic seaboard, in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, where with water transportation to us we could be got at rather more easily than troops not so far away, but at interior points, and so, while you couldn't have things shipped to you there as you could to this town or the other in times of peace, you could get things there pretty well, and the patron for whom our company was named when it was first recruited used to see to it that at Christmas time there was delivered to us a big box filled with things from friends at home.

"We no longer bore his name in the army, for from the minute we were mustered into the United States service we had become simply Company So-and-so, of such and such a numbered regiment, of such and such state volunteers, but we never forgot our friend at home, and surely he never forgot us, and at Christmas time he used to see that our company got that box.

"Well, in advance he would announce in the home papers that on such and such a date a box would be sent to the company and if friends or relatives of members of the company would bring in the gifts they wished to send they would be carefully packed and duly shipped. And then the people used to bring in the things, and, though somehow I never thought of it then, I have thought often since with what loving care and tenderness must those Christmas gifts have been prepared, those things sent from home to their soldiers in the field!

"When everything was all in our friend would have the things securely and safely packed, and then he'd like the box down to New York, and there the quartermaster's department would put it down to us. So Santa Claus wasn't coming to us with his pack on his back, down the chimney, but in a box in the hold of a steamer.

"When we got our first Christmas box we were on an island down the coast there, drilling some and doing guard and picket duty, but largely engaged in building corduroy roads through swamps by day, and by night in hauling by hand, with a whole regiment on the ropes, heavy mortars and guns over these roads, and also, under the same friendly cover of darkness, in building masked batteries in which the said guns and mortars were mounted, all this in the course of besieging a fort occupied by Confederate soldiers on another island.

"It was plenty of hard work and not much play, and most of the freight that came to us, besides the usual commissary supplies, was guns and mortars and powder and shot and shell and the various materials of war, but one day there came ashore on a lighter from a transport anchored off, along with barrels of pork and kegs of powder, that Christmas box from home for us soldiers.

"We waited it up from the beach and set it down carefully, right side up, at the end of the company street, and I doubt if any fireplace on a Christmas morning was ever a greater magnet of attraction to children than that box was to the men of Company X. To a man they gathered around it to see what Santa had brought them from home.

"It was a big box, a big dry goods packing box, big enough to hold something for everybody, and carefully we opened it, and with the lid off it seemed full of innumerable treasures, so full to the last inch of space was it packed.

"The orderly sergeant of the company made the distribution. He raised his hand and reached over and picked up a package that lay at the center of the box and lifted it and read the name on it and passed it into the outstretched hand of the man to whom it belonged.

"Then he went on more rapidly, picking up the things and reading off the names and passing them over, packages of all sorts and shapes and sizes, all eagerly received. Some men stayed to see everything given out, and some went to their tents to see what the folks had sent them or to read the letters that had come with the gifts. And so the things in the box got lower and lower, while still there were some men who had as yet got nothing and who now were more and more anxious. And how joyfully relieved when at last something came up for them!

"But there were a few, a very few, who lingered in vain, who among all these gifts got nothing, and plainly disappointed were some of these, while others took it jauntily—perhaps, they had no one to send them, these—

Libby COAL. The kind YOU have ALWAYS USED. PHONE 72 Pacific Livery & Transfer Co.