THE COOS BAY TIMES, MARSHFIELD, OREGON, MONDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1911-EVENING EDITION.

XMAS IS COMING

'And a fine selecction of articles suitable for presents have just arrived

FOR MEN AND BOYS

I have a new, fine line of Hats, Shoes, Shirts, Neckties in Holiday Boxes, Sleeveholders, Garter Sets, Scarfpins, and Cuff Sets

FOR LADIES AND MISSES

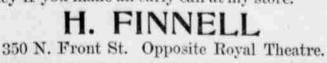
I have just received a line of articles unsurpassed in quality and price. These include. Handbags, Silk Scarfs, Fancy Comb Sets, Handkerchiefs in Holiday Boxes, Belts, Slippers, Suit Cases and Umbrellas.

MY LINE OF DRESS GOODS.

Is superior in quality, and I am selling my present stock at greatly reduced prices. A new dress is a welcome present to a lady any time.

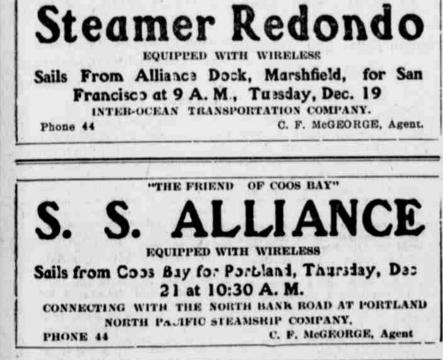
ARTICLES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

Too numerous to be mentioned may be selected from my new, selected and extensive stock. You will save money if you make an early call at my store.





FAST AND COMMODIOUS





fore Christmas, sufficient reasons, it appeared, to justify the

gang at the Double D outfit in reaching the conclusion that it ought to go down to Casey's and get good and properly full of cheer. Certain of the outfit, inspired more by thirst than by reasoning power, reached the conclusica and Casey's early in the afternoon. Every one got there before sundown-every one, that is, excepting the Devil's Own.

Black Pete, the buck dancer, who had been doing his utmost with feet and voice, succumbed early in the evening and now lay, a dark and sonorous mass, in the corner of the



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"

barroom. The punchers and herders had assembled in armed truce for the night around the poker table, and all was decent and harmonious. Then the Devil's Own flung open the door and came in, accompanied by a blast of ley air, both straight from the wide reaches of the snowy Wyoming range. The Devil's Own was the boss wrangler of the Double D. Enthroned as such, his personal distrust resembled law as closely as anything was likely ever to do in the region monopolized by the Double D gang. This night there was an augmented scowl on his face, and the manner in which he strode across the room and up to the bar caused the gang to suspend the game and look expectant. "What in blazes do you think I

want." he roared at Casey in answer to that worthy's pacific query-"ice cream soda?"

Casey evinced no further curiosity as to the Devil's Own's preferences. After three stiff drinks had burned

IN WYOMING, ROWSEY.

"That's all right, too," he interpolated feelingiy, "but listen;

"'It is rumored that because of his avowal of a desire for a better life the am a believer in material spirits only. Devil's Own will receive the indorse | 1 have never pinced any faith in the ment of the woman's suffrage campriga for sheriff." "What do you think of that?" he demanded tragically. "Me a woman suf-

frage shouter! Me a petticont politicinn! sense. With an oath that was a masterplece of vituperative dissent he dashed the

offending journal to the floor, filled his glass to the brim and drained it to the last drop. "Boys, I am goin' to Red Gulch to-

night," he announced determinedly. The outfit leaped to its feet and surrounded him. Casey's bottles flashed

forth bravely. The Devil's Own purred approvingly. "You do me proud." he admitted.

'Let's be gettin'.' A little later a great flurry in the drifting snow marked the way of the gang down the trail to Red Gulch. The storm had ceased, and the moon in a half veiled sky shone mistily over the wide expanse of unbroken snow plains and on the cavalende of a dozen determined, men loping on to the

Gulch. Casey came to the door as they pass ed, but the intense cold repulsed him. and he went in and stood with his nose against the pane of his shack window and tried to make out what was happening. He wondered if the outfit would appropriate to the consummation of its purpose all of the carefully hourded tar in the barrel.

doors when the Double D's swept through the town direct for the shanty in which the Bugle was housed. Twenty feet from the door the Devil's Own drew up and slid stiffly to the snow. "Boys, this is my business," he said

impressively, starting alone for the entrance. On reaching it he set up a volley of raps with the butt of his revolver.

ment's relapse, there was no response "Bluffs don't go, Mr. Editor!" Then he stooped, braced one foot deep

in the snow and put his broad shoulder to the door.

Through the press room and on to the living room at the back the leader

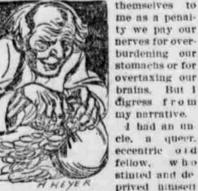


CHRISTMAS By CHARLES K.

Sional tenderfoot couling to the Gulch (Cepyright by American Press Association, 1911.)

AM an everyday, matter of fact young man, unromantic and as cold blooded as an amphibian. 1 have never been superstitious and story of vaporous beings supposed to visit humanity at uncanny hours and beckon mortals to do their blddings. Believe me, I have too much common sense to put any stock in such non-

Neither do I believe in dreams, and I detest dream books. Dreams have always presented



of every com "I HAD AN UNCLE." fort and bless

ing in order that his borde of wealth might not decrease in plie and whose only joy was to hear his gold jingie He trusted and associated with none not even his relatives, and he lived alone in a woebegone spot in a misera ble boyel. If only this old miser could transfer his wealth dith him to another world and there reap the benefit of his years of toil and struggles then in deed there may have been some little satisfaction in his greed; but, as it was, his riches brought happiness to no one. not even to himself.

In his youth and broad manhood my ancle had been a seafarer and had amassed his wealth in successful trad ing in faroff lands. After an absence from his birthplace of many years he returned home one day, unexpected and almost forgotten, a happy, healthy rover, sincere and firm in his faith in this world's righteousness. Now he intended to enjoy life and his wealth He met and fell intensely in love with a benutiful woman who seemed to take pleasure in his rough manners and un polished exterior, but 'ater grew tired of him and spurned him when he proposed

Thereafter there was no more sup shine in this world for him. He hated now as intensely as he had loved; he scorned the world and lost all faith in humanity. Ever thereafter be lived alone. Gold became his only idol, and at her shrine alone he worshiped.

After a long life as a recluse, as a miser and misanthrope, the old man died and was buried in the ground like his gold. We, his relatives, knew he owned much gold; but, search as we might, no trace thereof was ever discovered We ransacked every nook and corner, but to no purpose. The treasure was indeed hidden.

***************************** Truly the scene was weird and un-

TREASURE.

JOHANSEN.

canny and just the typical night for nerve strung people to believe that spocks and goblins would be about and doing.

We reached our home exhausted and sleepy and were greeted by the best of friends, a blazing fire.

I cannot recall how long I had slept when I was awakened by a sound behind me as though some one was approaching in the darkness. Surely it must be but a fancy, I thought, as no one could be stirring at such an hour. But I heard the sound again, ever approaching nearer; then I irresistibly turned my head. Horrors! There before me stood a long, slim figure shrouded in white, with its thin, bony fingers extended toward me, and such a strange light shone about it that it appeared transparent. This was no creation of my brain, but stern reality, and thus I, scorner, scoffer and skeptle, was to be affronted by the uncauny spirit whose existence I had denied. Mercy! The icy lingers touched my brow, and yet I could not escape, and 1 had become speechless from fear. My eyes were transfixed upon my unearthly visitor, and 1 was as if hypnotized. Slowly the figure retreated and beckoned me to follow.

I arose and followed the retreating figure. I dared not, could not, refuse. How far out in the cold, storiny night I followed



red, and, pointing to the ground, be laughed loud and shrill and a wakened # thousand echoes. Now I understood. He had guided me

to the hidden

treasure which

barefooted in

the tracks of

my master "I

know not. Sud-

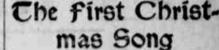
denly he stop-

"THE ICY FINGERS TOUCHED MY BROW."

was to become mine on this Christmas day. I feverishly tore up the groundgold, gold, bright glittering gold!

My gold, all mine! What happiness was in store for me! I tore at the ground until the blood spurted from my worn fingers. Still I felt no pain, for I had become possessed. Not satisfied with my progress, I kicked at the earth in my frantic efforts and scattered the glittering gold in all directions. I was about to gather my treasure when I thought I heard angry voices.

What's that? The voice is certainly famillar. What do I hear? My wife! "Robert, you borrid brute! You've been kicking my shins black and blue and raving like a maniac! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! You must have had a nightmare!"



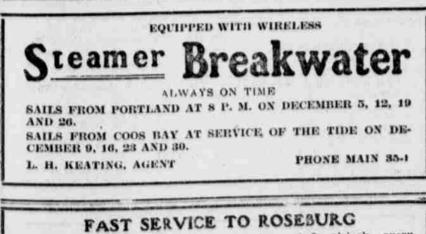
All the Guich remained discreetly in-

"Huh!" he grunted when, after a mo-

Steamer Homer

Sails for San Francisco from North Bend Mondday, Dec. 18, 1911, at 9 A. M.

F. S. DOW, Agent



Our stages leave Marshfield for Roseburg at 6 o'clock every evening and afford quickest connections with Southern Pacific Railway. Fare \$6.00.

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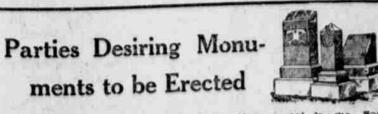
COOS BAY ROSEBURG STAGE LINE. 120 MARKET AV., Marshfield. Agent, ROSEBURG, Ore.

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If you need any fruit-trees for

needed if you want to make money.

No previous experience



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

culars.

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ARPETS UPHOLSTERING AND PIANOS TO CLEAN. by the Pneuma- planting or wish to make good montic Cleaning Company. Orders for ey seiling trees, write us for partiwork taken at We show you. ALBANY NURSE RIES, Inc., Albany, Oregon.

GOING & HARVEY PHONE 196

their way down the great man's throat he turned to the group and ran his eye over the gang critically.

"You listen." he commanded majestically, jerking with unnecessary energy a copy of the Red Guich Bugle from his belt and reading in a tone suggestive of the most unqualified disapproval:

"'We are glad to report that the gentleman who is holding down the job of boss wrangler at the Double D ranch was seen at the revival meeting in Red Guich last week. His pres. ence in the attitude of an earnest seeker was a teiling tribute to the evan gelistic ability of the Rev. Mr. Silks." The Devil's Own paused, lowered his arm and swung around to Casey again. "What'd you put it away for? Think I wanted to steal it?" he demanded wrathfully. "Leave it here until I get through and keep score. I don't know who done that." he continued, addresslug the gang again; "but, bein' as it's Christmas, I'm willin' to consider it a joke. But that aln't all."

He smoothed out the crumpled Bugle and resumed with great distinctness. " 'Now that this change has occurred it is hanout that the life of the open-

SHAVE 15 CENTS At the Coos Shop

Just opened at 150 Front St.

Have Us Launder Your Underwear We wash these garments cleaner and better than the work can be done elsewhere, and they are not worn so much. We do not shrink them, even woolen garments are returned the same size as when sent us.

We iron the garments nicely, make ordinary repairs free of charge-and you have fresh clean, sweet underwear ready for each week's change Bundle yours up with next week's laundry bundle.

Marshfield Hand & Steam Laundry PHON 229-J

Don't forget the Turkish Batha PHONE 214-J.

STADDEN All Linds of photograph work, bromide enlarging and kodak finishing.

"DO YOU WANT MY HUSBAND?" SHE QU.

VEHED. nade his way. Before he could de mand admission the door was opened

partiy, but no one appeared. "Now, you rat," shouted the intruder, "come out here and show yourself!" A shadowy little figure appeared in the doorway, uttered a tiny wall of dismay and dissolved into the darkness of the interior

"What the"- ejaculated the Devil's Own.

Presently the figure reappeared, this time with a fighted candle held alofta frightened, shivering liftle creature, pretty in spite of her terror-and garb ed in a red sweater and petticont donned hastily.

"Do you want my husband?" she quavered in a voice eloquent of terror. but still oddly defiant.

"That's what I'm here for," admitted the Devil's Own. She braved herself in the doorway.

"You can't have him!" she declared emphatically. The Devil's Own grinned a triffe

shamefacedly. "I don't know who you are." she continued, taking courage, "or what you have to complain of. We are new rest of 'em. Lordy, what a fool wohere. I know you haven't any law here, but-but-he hasn't had anything

to do with the Bugie since-since we-1-bought it-last week. He's not strong, and he's asleep now. I am ro sponsible for-for anything that may

have annoyed you." "Did you write that stuff aboutabout the feller you call the Devil's Own?" he asked in a tone that almost suggested civility.

"No," she replied, still trembling from head to foot, but holding ber head aloft proudly. "I didn't write that or any of the things that have made

One Christmas eve about a year later our family, as is our custo.n. held a reunion. We made merry and danced with the



late hours. "I FEVERISHLY TORE when my wife UP THE GROUND." and 1 took

leave of the party and returned home. It was a bitterly cold, stormy night. The ky blasts blow, and the snowflakes almost blinded us. The howling of the winds as they shook the trees and bent the branches sounded like the monus of beings in distress

everybody angry with the Bugle. My compositor set it up and sold the whole edition, and he-he-he took all-allthe-the money and ran away with 11.5

Then she began to sob bitterly. The Devil's Own putted at his mus tache fiercely and frowned like a buccancer.

"Don't cry, marm," he said embarrassedly. "Did you say the son of a gun left you broke?"

The young woman's shapely head responded with an affirmative jerk.

"Well, you blamed little idlot." he growled, with a comical attempt to support his reputation for toughness, "I guess you don't know Wyoming. man you are-cryin' because you're busted!"

Then he turned away and rejoined his waiting and now impatient coavengers.

"Say, you fellers," he called out with his customary air of command, "hike to the store and bring up all the chuck you can get away with. There's a new deal on here."

The outfit looked at him with wide open eyes, realized that he meant it and proceeded to obey. "Reckon the Bugle hit me up 'bout

square," muttered the Devil's Own as he prepared to follow.

By ARTHUR J. BURDICK

DOWN through the ages has echoed a soca "Peace on earth, good will toward men"-Clear and strong; Song of the angels when Christmas was borns Song never silent since that blessed more; Earth of its bitterness evermore shorn-Blessed song!

DOWN through the ages has filtered a light-Precious light I Beams of a radiant, heaven sent star Set in night :

Star that proclamed a heaven born king: Star that inspired heaven's chorus to sing, Making the earth with sweet music to ring-Bolliant light !

DOWN through the ages is walted a cry-Sweetest cry ! babe in a manger of old, Voice of An inn nizh ;

Voice of a babe that all children bath blessed; Voice that hath given the weary sweet rest; Voice that pronounced earth's grandest beheat-Hlessed ory !

Telltale Marks



Finger prints are convincing evidence, but they may be evidence of good deeds as well as bud. For example, the finger

as well as bad. For example, the finger prints on a Christmas present are proofs of a good deed. The recording: angel will see them if nobody else does. They will thus be accepted in the highest court. Have you put these telltaie marks on Christmas presents this year? If not, it is high time to begin. Fingers can be used for few higher purposes than in picking Christmas gifts for our friends. But be sure to get your finger prints on the things HEFORE THEY HAVE BEEN PAWED OVER BY EVERTBODY ELSE. PAWED OVER BY EVERYBODY ELSE. if you wait, there will be so many finger marks on the goods that it will be hard to distinguish yours from the rest.

THEREFORE SHOP EARLY.

After the abow try a Turkish Bath Phone 214-J.