

LODGE DIRECTORY.

Masonic.
BANDON LODGE, No. 115, A. F. A. M.
 Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. All Master Masons cordially invited.
 G. BOAK, W. M.
 P. NELSON, Sec.

I. O. O. F.
BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F.
 Meets every Saturday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.
 C. F. LORENZ, N. G.
 A. J. HARTMAN, Sec.

Foresters of America.
COURT QUEEN OF THE FOREST, No. 17,
 meets Friday night of each week in Concrete Hall, Bandon, Oregon. A cordial welcome is extended to all visiting brothers.
 W. D. MARSHALL, Chief Ranger.
 A. RICE, Fin. Secretary.

Woodmen of the World.
SEASIDE CAMP No. 212, W. O. W.
 Meets in regular session the first and third Thursdays of each month in the Masonic hall. Visiting members are cordially invited.
 A. RICE, C. C.
 O. C. WALDVOGEL, Clerk.

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. H. L. Houston,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
 Office over Furniture Store. Hours, 9 to 12 a.m., 1:30 to 4 p.m.; 7 to 8 in the evening.
 Night calls answered from office.

Dr. S. L. Perkins,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
 Bandon, Oregon.
 Office at residence on Fourth Street.

Dr. D. L. STEELE
Resident Dentist
 OFFICE ROOM 4, OVER ANDERSON'S MEAT MARKET.
 Bandon, Oregon.

GEO. P. TOPPING,
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
 AND
 NOTARY PUBLIC.
Fire Insurance.
 Bandon, Oregon.

C. T. Blumenrother
 U. S. Commissioner and Notary Public.
 Filings and Final proofs made on Homesteads, Timber Claims and other U. S. Lands.
 Money Loans Negotiated on Approved Security.
 Office in room 10 Beyerle Building, Bandon. Residence on Butte Creek, Oregon.
 Real Estate bought and Sold.

Nelson & Fields
 The Old Reliable
 Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers
HORSESHOEING
 Heavy Forging
 Ship Work
 and Logging Work
 is our Specialty.
 Bandon, Oregon.

BOOTS SHOES
 You Can't Expect to Get \$2 Worth for \$1. But You Can Get Your MONEY'S WORTH at
M. BREUER'S
 Dealer in Boots and Shoes
 Repairing neatly and promptly done at lowest living prices.

The Talk of the Town
Square Sifter
 (SPOKANE, WASH.)
Flour.
 Sold by
H. A. COX

Furnished Rooms
 —AT—
The Pacific
 Bandon
 Nice clean rooms, 25 and 50c a night; \$1.25 a week; \$5.00 a month.
 MRS. SARAH COSTELLO.

COQUILLE NEWS NOTES

Leander, Our Correspondent Tells of the Week's Incidents at the Hub.

Summer is now knocking at our door for admission and we welcome the sunshine and balmy days with an ever grateful heart. All vegetation is making rapid strides towards maturity.

The last week has been a scene of activity in and around the court house, the officials preparing for circuit court which convenes next week when the legal contestants will meet in battle array. The criminal docket is light so far unless the Grand Jury finds some indictments but the civil docket is assuming rather large proportions.

Last week we received the decision of the Supreme Court in regards to the prohibition question, which has been the bone of contention for the last two years. As a result the wets are jubilant and the prohi's are in sack cloth and mourning. Already there are notices posted for licenses and it is to be hoped that henceforth this elixir of life will flow through a legitimate channel, and the juvenile youth cannot indulge in its traffic.

The railroad presents the appearance of a trans continental road. At the present time the lumber from the two saw mills and logs from Cedar Point, taxes the rolling stock to its utmost ability.

There was a benefit dance in the Masonic hall Saturday night given for the benefit of Mr. Porter, the young man who had the misfortune to lose a hand in the saw mill last week.

One day last week two of our prominent citizens with traverse opinions hied across the river to the sand bar, beyond the jurisdiction of the police sleuths and there exemplified the work of Corbett and Fitzsimmons to an enthusiastic and appreciative audience. Nobody knocked out, nobody hurt.

Our merchants are hustling around and wear a smile of content on their countenance which is indicative that they are doing a lucrative business.

The sad intelligence reached us today of the death of Mrs. Thompson, whose family operated a restaurant on Front street but recently has resided near Portland. Her demise will be regretted by a host of friends. Her's was a life of usefulness, noted for her sterling worth. She was devoted to her family. She leaves a husband and children to mourn her loss which is irreparable.

The Cunningham Creek railroad is fast nearing completion. Soon the iron horse will glide gracefully up that renoun valley and awake the inhabitants with its shrill siren announcing to them that the day of progression is dawning.

The logging camps are all in operation, and there is work for all who so desire to work. The supply is inadequate to fill the demand. Our city is deserted to a certain extent but maintains a healthy growth. However it has caught the Marshfield epidemic. There are several real estate offices opening up here; whether they are indicative of prosperity or a city nuisance I have not the province of determining.

There are a great many from the bay over on this side the divide. Some are endeavoring to construct political fences, others are on a reconnoitering mission preparing for the great battle of ballots April 20. Come on boys we are in the market. Our city fathers met in regular session Monday evening and granted a liquor license to J. P. Tupper and Baxter Bros. for a period of six months with an increase of license formerly \$400 per year now \$600 per year.

Our city was thrown into a flurry of excitement last Monday evening thinking that the crime of murder had been committed but after

thorough investigation it was demonstrated that a Japanese was tired of the trials and tribulations of this world and shuffled off this mortal coil over the suicide route.

Our mail at the present time is unusually large besieged with all kinds of literature appertaining to the election of a congressman and other officers of minor importance. Also our papers are extolling the different candidates. Do they entertain for one moment and consider that they are all impregnated with the germs of that political cess-pool of Portland? We have a republican senator and a democratic senator. Columbia river gets \$400,000; Coos Bay and Coquille river get nothing and as long as we are ruled and dominated by Portland, nothing will be our fate. We do not have any J. H. Mitchell and Binger Hermann to intercede in our behalf and the result is apparent to you all. It was through the untiring and indefatigable efforts of those two that our harbors are improved to the present condition, but if not completed deterioration will take place and we will sustain a great loss. Through jealousy and malice of Portland one is shorn of his power and the other went to his grave broken hearted. Like at the building of King Solomon's temple, they were beset by ruffians before their task was completed, and those ruffians reside in Portland, but the harbors at Coos Bay and Coquille will forever commemorate their good deeds and will remain a living monument to their memory for generations to come.

LEANDER.

Spring Millinery.

Trimmed hats on display at C. Y. Lowe's. Hats made and trimmed to order.
 MAUD GARFIELD.

Same Here.

A general clean-up of our streets would be a move in the right direction. There is much rubbish lying about the public thoroughfares that should be disposed of in some manner. The greater portion of it could be burned. The health of our people and general appearance of the place would be much improved by such action. Many back alleys and back door yards could be placed in a much better sanitary condition by a general overhauling and clean up.—Sentinel.

An item appearing in the Bulletin at Harrisburg, Oregon, is as follows: "While passing through Shedd last week on the train we noticed a sign on the Hazelwood Cream Company's skimming station which stated in large letters that \$26,404.20 was paid out at that station for butter fat during the year 1905. It would be well for those, who do not believe that dairying is a paying investment, to carefully study these figures, as they tell a story that cannot well be disputed. Dairying is one of the most profitable industries that our farmers can possibly engage in and we hope to see the day when all of the wheat fields of this part of the valley will be devoted to raising feed for dairy cattle. Then will the farmer realize some benefit from his labors."

"Say, Jim, on the level, has your wife got the physical culture tang?"
 "Sure not, what'd make her?"
 "Mine has. You remember when I left you last night? Well, I faded into the house at three a. m. and saw Maggie stretched out upon the parlor rug trying to kick the back of her neck with her big toe. Then she got up and grabbed the bed room door and began to hoist her leg to the ceiling. She kicked 20 times, first with one leg and then with the other. I thought I was seeing things, and said to myself, 'Johnny, better cut it out; that last drink did it.' Finally I couldn't stand it any longer, and said, kind of husky like, 'Is that you Maggie?'
 "Of course it is, and if you did this exercise twice a day you wouldn't be short winded, and it would reduce that waist measure of yours. You're a sight! And she kept on kicking. It's a great game. Mine's whiskey. What's yours?"
 "Beer," replied Jim with a thoughtful look.—Albany Journal.

Port Orford.

M. S. Taft and J. W. Geil, of Portland, Oregon, spent Saturday in Port Orford, looking up timber propositions available for purchasing. They will continue investigations down the coast.

The Bandon Recorder has installed a new cylinder press, discarded its patent outside, and appears in a new dress, neat and up to date, and befiting the prettiest town in Oregon.

C. F. Allen came up Saturday on his way to S. F., having bonded most of the timber claims on Lobster and Euchre creeks for 60 days at \$1250 per claim. He will try to close the deal in 30 days. There are three parties here desiring to purchase timber claims, and a big sale will certainly be made soon.

The U. S. Revenue Cutter Perry arrived at Port Orford last Thursday from Coos Bay, and after landing Captain Munger and Captain Tozier, U. S. R. L. S. S., departed for Astoria. These officers came to secure title to site for Life Saving Station to be erected near the wharf upon land purchased from the Oregon Coal and Navigation Company. They also secured right of way from Mrs. Anna Dart across tide land in front of said site. It will depend upon General Kimball at Washington how soon the work will begin after the title is approved.—Tribune.

Coquille Sentinel: The Bandon Recorder has installed a new press and the paper came out last week as a four page all home print paper, which is a decided improvement over its former style. Mr. Fetter has made a bright and newsy paper of the Recorder, and it is a credit to himself and to the town. The people of Bandon should stand by the Recorder as it is doing good work for that community.

The W. R. Haines Music Co. Marshfield, will refund all expense of transportation, including a days' stop at Marshfield, to anyone purchasing a piano, coming from the following places or tributary thereto: Langlois, Bandon, Coquille and Myrtle Point. Have several different makes of all styles and finish. We carry piano players, pipe and reed organs, talking machines and a full line of sheet music and musical merchandise, also Domestic sewing machines. Easy payments.

Parkersburg.

Men have such strange ideas about us girls. When we are together, they think fashion's latest fads ours to talk about. I have no use for men anyway. Perhaps, being a girl, I shouldn't talk so about them, because, well, as brother says, "there you are, a woman's reason." He means that word "because" being a reason, as if we can't reason as well and better than some of them.

I can't understand why so many of my sex waste so much time decorating their selves to please men. I wouldn't wear anything better than the oldest calico dress I've got in the presence of the best of them.

You know that miserable habit of kissing handed down from early ages, when men, savages then, (some are a little better than in that state now) used to carry our sex into captivity, their ancient ideal way of courtship for wifehood purpose. Well! last Xmas I was unconsciously near, or under, (I forget which of the two) the mistletoe, anyway. I was taken unawares and dreed to confess kissed oh! horrors! I felt so mad, but didn't wish to make a scene, just glanced with anger in my eye at the offender. You should have seen the way that fellow melted, in fact he looked so sorry that I relented and partly forgave him. He apologized, I'd thought more of him if he hadn't, because he had no right to think offense when none was intended. He pleaded so earnestly (not all at once, of course) he meant no harm that I forgave him.

The Bard of Avon says: "That man I say is no man, if with his tongue he cannot win a woman." But Mr. Shakespeare don't know me. I've made up my mind to let no man win me with his oily tongue. Because, in the first place, they're so fickle and in the second place, because.

Brother says: "A kiss without a mustache is like meat without salt." I believe him, that is I believe in what brother usually says, but not in this case, because when hungry I'd rather have a juicy steak than all the mustached kisses on earth. Its different though when you're not hungry.

A skipper once told me and a part of his crew attended a dance given in Bandon and that he will never quite forgive Bandon girls for not dancing with him or his crew that night. (This was some years ago and don't know whether he is drowned by now.) he was probably not worth dancing with anyway. We don't care do we girls? Let the men have their innings as wall flowers. It will do them good to meditate upon their sins past and present. Well! here comes brother, I hear his heavy footsteps in the hall and would not for the world have him see me for fear he'd declare I was trying to ensnare that mistletoe fellow. I must be mistaken. How unstringing my nerves are. Their agitation's due, not to thoughts on man. Oh! no! but to my loneliness of heart. So good-night ladies, fare ye well.

Brother says that if I don't cense this buckering he will cird up his loins and seek out one of the fair daughters of Beth for advice. I don't care, wish he would, nevertheless will have to see to brother. As the moon is full, and so on, I, of apprehension for him.
 Okey.

Ideal Summer Footwear
Just Received.

White Duck
Sylvia Dongola
Ramona Dong. Fox
Patent
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Oxfords
for Ladies.

Oxfords for Men.

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 Bandon, Oregon.
HAY, GRAIN AND MILL FEEDS
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D. P. STRANG, Jr.

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"We can't all have money,"
 said Brother Bill
"But we can at least look as though we had."
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 And see the new line of Samples for
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Drugs and Druggist's Sundries, Patent Medicines,
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A Fifty Dollar Suit
 Will not make a man look dressed up if he has a three-days growth of beard. Presto, change. Just step into
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