



PANTER BROS.



DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE



We aim to keep just as nearly everything in our lines, that you need, as possible. There are thousands of little things that do not count for much each, but their aggregate is a very material part of life's comfort. It is easy to overlook these lesser good things. We try to have as many of them as possible, and are always glad to receive suggestions.

We have every reason to feel grateful for the liberal patronage accorded us and will try and make it to your advantage to do your shopping here. Our prices are reasonable and goods dependable. If anything goes wrong we make it right and by so doing we are building up confidence between customers and ourselves.

PANTER BROS., BANDON, OREGON.

Hofer Visits Coquille Valley.

Editor of Salem Capital Journal Finds Bandon and Coquille Valley Marvelously Rich Section.

While at Coos Bay nearly all the delegates took a run over into the Coquille Valley, visiting the towns of Coquille and Myrtle Point, and the many smaller points marked by sawmills, logging booms and creameries. Before returning we took steamer from Myrtle Point and entered on a thorough exploration of the valley down to Bandon at the harbor, and found that the Coquille valley is a small hive of industries, with almost unmeasured possibilities. There are towns and sawmills and cream stations and logging booms all the way from Myrtle Point to the ocean. There sits the live town of Bandon, with sawmills, shingle mills, woolen mills, broom handle factory, and, last but not least, public schools, churches and a large export lumber trade.

See Mora Coal Mines.

We supposed we had left the coal mines over on the Coos Bay side, but there are a number of collieries with coal bunkers on the Coquille river ready to load vessels that draw from 12 to 15 feet of water.

There is a big trade on the Coquille river in hay, feed, flour, and all kinds of staples. Most of this stuff is sent from Oregon to San Francisco, and then resold to the Coquille river country, and brought here in schooner loads at \$2 to \$2.50 per ton, when it might be brought for the same money from Portland direct. There is a good harbor here with jetties on each side of the channel, and vessels drawing from 12 to 15 feet of water have no trouble entering and departing. Before the harbor was improved vessels took out 50,000 to 100,000 feet of lumber. Now they carry out 400,000 to 500,000 feet easily, and there are

few days in the year a vessel is not loading at the docks or banging in the offing waiting for the tide.

Portland business men could do no better than to put on a 500 ton steam schooner between that city and the Coquille, to bring in general merchandise and take out coal. That kind of a boat could go right up to the mines, or even to Coquille, which is only 28 miles inland, and capture all the trade of this country.

The wealth of the Coquille valley is not easily estimated. The salmon fisheries, in addition to all that has been mentioned, are so rich the two canneries have to limit the number of boats that go out to net them. Men here are millionaires and are hardly aware of the fact, and it can be said here is a county without a poor man in it, a county where a child never went supperless to bed, and it bids fair to remain that way for many years to come.

There are men here who have made it a rule of their lives to refuse no man a dollar who asked it of them. Jack Tupper, of Coquille, whose wife was the third white woman to come into this region, is one of them. Logging on the Coquille is an infant industry, but reaches into the millions. Operations so far have been confined to snaking out the most beautiful sticks and dropping them into the water with a donkey engine.

Stumpage on the Coquille is worth 75 cents to \$1, and logs at the mill are worth \$5 per thousand. They are the various kinds of firs, spruce and hemlock. Port Orford cedar (being the white), and then a fine red cedar, logs from two to five feet in diameter, and any length. The hard woods,

like maple, ash, myrtle, and alder, are being made up into door panels and furniture, and will prove a veritable gold mine. Millions of feet of logs are brought over annually from the booms on the Coquille to the logging booms on Coos Bay, booming and railroad transportation costing \$1.50 per thousand.

The need of a vessel to ply between Portland and the Coquille is shown by the fact that freight rates from Portland via Coos Bay and by rail to Coquille river points, requiring re-loading on steamers going below Coquille City, are \$4 and \$5 per ton, and hence almost prohibitive of traffic, while rates from San Francisco are \$2.50 and as low as \$2 per ton to Bandon and points on the Coquille river.

There are five creameries above Myrtle Point and six between the Point and Coquille, and about as many more below. The river is lined with dairy farms. In all there are 14 creameries and two cheese factories on the river. The steamer stops for a single can of cream or to deliver one empty, and is even more accommodating than that—stopping and turning round to hand a man on the bank a newspaper, or a woman a letter, or to receive one. The river had been flooded by a rise of eight feet and it was still raising. Twelve thousand logs were going down to the boom, where they are hoisted onto the cars, taken over the divide, and rolled into Dr. Tower's log boom for the Bay mills. When the steamer made a landing her bow was run into the

The Echo has a vicious little whistle that awoke responses of their name-sake that were hurled back from the cauyons in the hillsides. On the bottom lands the cattle graze knee-deep in clover. The Coquille country is a veritable land of milk and honey, with plenty of salmon thrown in, and occasional bear and venison. The country is too wet for forest fires, and the only way to tell winter from summer is by the falling leaves. Between taking on cream, letting off newspapers, kissing the banks of clover fields where Jersey cows look with dreamy eyes right into our cabin windows, the trip was very interesting. A logger showed us a nugget of virgin gold taken out of Johnson's creek, a tributary of the Coquille, that weighed a full ounce. A block of quartz as big as a nail keg, that was carried down from the mountain some day, netted its finder about \$300. There are rich placer mines on the creek. But the greatest gold mines in this country is in its variety of hard wood timber.

The myrtle wood is certainly the richest jewel of the forest—taking on a high lustre, and its old gold grain growing deeper and more beautiful every year. The curly maple, the ash, and the alder all work into door panels and mantels, taking on lustrous silver polish that will adorn the homes of the wealthy all over our land once they find what wonderful beauty it possesses.

Peter Loggie of North Bend is the man who has established the fame of the myrtle wood. Mantels and articles of furniture of almost countless value and constantly increasing beauty may be found at Bandon, Marshfield and North Bend. His workmanship stamps him a master in woodcraft. The myrtle is a wonderful combination of the luster of the maple and the richness of mahogany.

Coos County Humor.

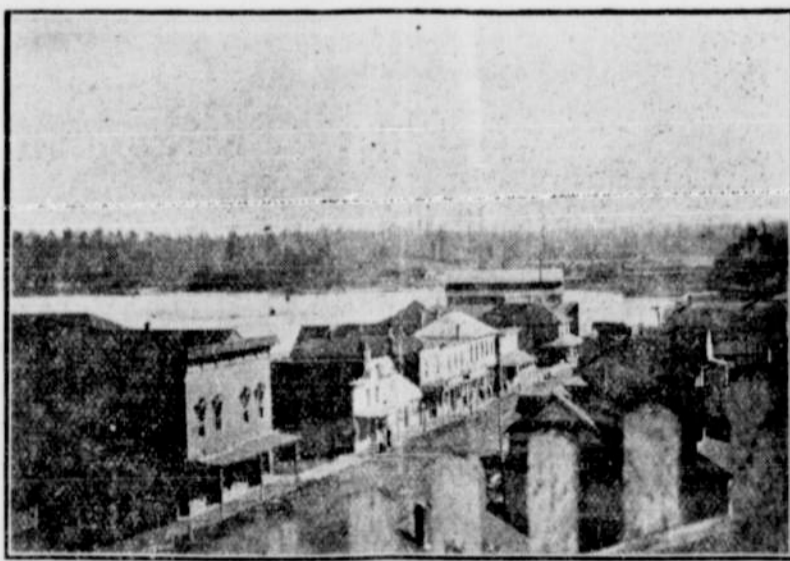
There is a funny sign in the opera house of one of the cities on the Coquille. It reads as follows:

Please Not Spit
On the Floor, the Walls,
or the Ceiling

As the ceiling is about 20 feet high the humor of the thing appears on the surface. But humor is a constant ingredient of life down here. In a saloon where a candidate was treating, all took whiskey. The glasses were small, as under increasing desire for profit the saloon keepers reduce the size of their tumblers and increase the volume of water in proportion to the constant increase of their bank accounts and the promotion of sobriety. One old fellow called for a large glass and filled it to the brim, and was only charged cents, while he charged ten cents for all the small glasses, holding about a thimbleful. "It comes cheaper at wholesale," he said.

This reminds me of a story of a Scotchman who made a million out of a distillery. He was twitted on making a fortune out of whiskey.

"Nae, nae, now. It was the wather," he replied.



STREET SCENE, BANDON.

One of the most exciting and romantic trips we had was going down the Coquille river on the steamer Echo, a little light-draught stern-wheeler, that carries passengers, gathers cream and distributes mail to the ranches up and down the river. The Echo was built on the river, has a narrow hull, and can navigate as nearly on dry land as it is possible for a steamboat.

alders, with a crackling and snapping of branches, then swinging around with her nose against the bank, took on her freight or passengers. In the cabin on the first deck was a sign-board containing this legend:

GENTLEMEN
that has corks in their
shoes will please stay on
LOWER DECK

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Bandon

...Beach

is the coming

Summer

Resort...

of the Oregon Coast.

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