

A girl, no matter how pretty, who bristles with the points of obtrusive hatpins, is a menace to the public welfare and should be legislated against like mobs and invasions.—Fortnightly Review.

Mrs. Knicker.—Weren't you frightened when the bull bellowed at you on account of your new dress?

Mrs. Bochar.—No. It was exactly the way Henry behaved when he got the bill.—New York Sun.

Sonny—Pa, what is a safety match?

Pa—(looking carefully about to see if his wife is within hearing distance) A safety match, my boy, is when a baldheaded man marries an armless woman.—New Zealand Free Lance.

J. W. Fields

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BANDON, OREGON.

The physician, slim in his blue flannel bathing suit, had his ears stuffed with cotton.

"This cotton," he said, should be used by all those who swim out beyond their depth. You know how often good swimmers of that type drown, don't you? Their drowning is imputed to cramp, but you will never find one of the drowned with his ears stuffed with cotton.

"Why? I'll tell you why. Because it isn't cramp that causes these drownings. It's perforation of the ear drum followed by unconsciousness due to the pressure of the water.

"Cramp isn't after all, the deadly thing it is made out to be. If you get a cramp in your leg while swimming, it is easy enough to roll over on your back and float. The cramp won't kill you. But a perforation of the ear drum is different. It takes away your senses, and down you go like a log. So always, if you are going to do much swimming, stuff cotton in your ears."

"Just before poor old Jones died he made his wife promise that she would not marry again."

"Poor old chap—he always was kind to his fellow-men."—Illustrated Bits.

COQUILLE NEWS NOTES

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

The flood gates of heaven have opened and the much needed rain is falling upon us, and it is a messenger gladly welcomed at this opportune time for the ground is dry and parched. This will revive vegetation and the good results derived therefrom is inestimable.

Dal Cathcart is surveying the tract of land commonly known as the Beaver Slough marsh, recently purchased by a Mr. Reese of Humboldt County, Cal. The intention is to ditch and divide it into small tracts. Consequently the day is not far distant when the renowned Beaver Slough marsh will be reclaimed and the most valuable and productive land in Coquille valley which is unparalleled in the state.

The rails have arrived for the Cunningham creek railroad and the different logging landings are congested with logs and we expect to soon see the iron horse glide gracefully up that fertile valley arousing its inhabitants from their drowsy slumbers.

There has always been an ardent desire for the Southern Pacific to get and control the Coos Bay & E. R. R. and then there would be something doing. Their desire has been gratified and there is something doing. They have multiplied the freight rates by two and advanced the coal \$1.00 per ton consequently the Coquille's indignation is aroused and he is not backward about expressing his opinion of the traffic, but thinks the Grabam and Speckles administration all right. They are reaching out one of the tentacles of the great octopus to gather us in, but we are not there. We are thankful that God Almighty gave us a way to escape at the mouth of the river. The natural outlet combined with ingenuity of man saves us from the avaricious grasp of monopoly. And now we expect to see the commerce of this fertile valley and common wealth directed in the proper channel where the wily mechanism of artful man cannot monopolize us, and our river robbed of its credits.

Mrs. Bruce was dangerously ill last week but is somewhat convalescent at the present time.

Day Perkins and Claude Fox, accompanied by their wives, started Sunday morning towards Curry county on a fishing and hunting excursion. They had a hungry and lank appearance when they departed but they took a good supply of Peoples buttermilk along which is paramount at reviving languishing spirits. Now the farmers of Curry have our sympathy for their hunting will chiefly consist of hunting the farmer's chickens roosts in the wee small hours of the night. But we can prepare to hear of some terrible adventures and an enormous amount of game bagged, and hairbreadth escapes from being devoured by the cannibals that infest that remote region. They left their future address if any dire calamity should befall them so that their friends could communicate with them. The first letter was H, I have forgotten the remainder of the word.

The steamer Antelope has been resurrected and is sleeping peacefully on the sand spit opposite town, dreaming of by-gone days.

Fire has made disastrous inroads, and destroyed considerable valuable timber in the different logging camps, but the rain that is falling at the present time will have a tendency to retard the progress and in some instances extinguish the flames.

The Myrtle Point ball team met the Coquille team on the diamond at this place Sunday and after a close contest the rain put a stop to further procedure. The score stood 4 to 1, closely contested, but good feeling prevailed. There were some stars noticeable in each team.

I see by the Sentinel that Becky Luvkiss, Lynn Doyle's horrid old mother-in-law has flew into a rage again and is walloping poor Lynn. The evening of the launch at Prosper just before the departure of the Favorite, as Lynn was about to go aboard, he saw Hannah promenading on the arm of Quick, his old mother-in-law flirting with George Moulton, and casting sly glances at Sam Sherwood. Is it any wonder that Lynn filled up with Peoples' buttermilk and had a bottle in each pocket to drown his trouble. Poor Lynn's misfortunes are many and it is any wonder that at Prosper he got confused and the Favorite left him. The last he was seen at Prosper he was hunting for "that Prosper gal" that had his mother-in-law's parasol, to make a tent to keep the chilly fogs off him that are so prevalent in that locality. Later he cached away on the Dispatch and in the morning at the dawn of day when the cold, chilly fog was penetrating every fiber of his body he was observed reading that flaming headline on the black board in front of the hotel, Ice Cream 10 cts. With the cold chills running up and down his vertebra, and nary a red cent in his clothes. About this time the purser of the Dispatch appeared on the scene and Lynn accosted him to work his way home as cabin boy, but that stern, hard-hearted purser said nay. But after some hickering and stipulations a bargain was consummated whereby he was consigned to Peoples, C. O. D.

Leander.

If a newspaper man know how many knocks are received behind his back he would adopt another calling. remarked a citizen the other day. The citizen is mistaken. The newspaper man who has the elements that make success to him expects to be maligned by every law breaker, swindler, hypocrite and carping critic who loves notoriety, and is ignored, and in fact by all who do not agree with him on public and private matters. The newspaper man who expects to go through life without being misrepresented and unjustly censured should make arrangements to die young.—Ex.

Never stand up in a small boat. The weight of a load in a boat should be kept a good deal to the bottom.

Boating accidents already begin to be recorded, and they will increase for a month or more. They are mostly due to carelessness, and it will do no harm to impress a few important matters on the attention of our readers, although the subject is by no means new.

In going boating never wear high rubber boots, and it is better not to wear any boots whatever. In case of an accident the most powerful swimmer is liable to drown if he wears boots. Boots are never needed in a boat anyway, and if they are to be used on shore they can be easily put on when required.

Never change seats in a boat unless absolutely necessary. Acts of this kind cause more drowning accidents than almost any other one thing. If a change of seats must be made, do it carefully and slowly, and see that the boat is kept constantly balanced.

Of course, the practice of rowing a boat in the wake of a passing steamer or other large vessel is idiotic. Many accidents have been caused by this foolish practice.

Some people take a special delight in overloading a boat or in taking one out that is either cranky or leaky. Of course, a boat of this kind is never safe, and in case of heavy waves it easily overturns.

It is dangerous to lean far over the side of a boat. This is another prolific cause of accidents. If it does not cause the boat to overturn, it sometimes results in the overturning of the individual.

If these matters be observed it will greatly reduce the number of fatalities with which the press teems during the hot weather.

Esther Mitchell Close to Death From Typhoid Fever.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 11.—Esther Mitchell is lying close to death on a cot in the county jail and may, by the intervention of death, be saved from trial for murder in the first degree for slaying her brother George. For four days the girl has tossed delirious upon a fever stricken bed, but not until yesterday afternoon did the jail physician decide that she has typhoid fever. Even now he refuses to state definitely that this is her ailment, but he admits that all the symptoms of the disease are present.

Esther Mitchell, since her confinement in the jail has enjoyed fairly good health until about a week ago. At that time she complained of the prison fare and of her inability to eat it.

Four days ago she took to her cot, and has not been able to rise from it since. The girl murderer is but a shadow of her former self. Always frail, the confinement has worn her down to a mere shadow. When she was first taken ill the jail physician thought that it was simply a case of indigestion, but when her temperature continued to climb, the visits of the physician increased in frequency.

Now he visits the girl some six or seven times a day. The cell off the jailer's office in which she is confined is fitted up as a sick room and the girl is given the best of care. The jailers who see the most of her are candid in saying that they doubt if she will recover. The girl, however, laughs at their fears and declares that her sickness will all be over in a few days and that she will be ready for trial early in October, when the prosecuting attorney desires to try the case. The jailers, however, are not as hopeful as the girl. If she does not improve during the day the judge of the criminal court will be asked to order her sent to the county hospital, where she can be given better attention than at the county jail.

During her delirious moments, the girl does not make any reference to the killing of her brother or Creffield. Not once during her illness has she shown any disposition to discuss these matters. Several religious workers who visited the jail tried to ingratiate themselves with the girl but they failed. She treated them as well as the most casual curiosity seeker and no better.

When told that she was ill and should now think of all the wrongs that she had done, she declared that she was prepared to die, as she had never wronged any one. Prosecuting Attorney Mackintosh does not believe that the girl will be in condition to stand a long trial for several weeks. During her illness she has been visited by alienists in the employ of the prosecution, but they refused to divulge the result of their investigations.

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Card of Thanks.
We wish to express our sincere thanks to the many friends for sympathy and aid shown us in our late bereavement. Our special thanks is also extended to the order of Knights of Pythias.
Mrs. Ella J. Nelson.
Mrs. E. A. Philpott.
Mrs. Geo. Lorenz.
Harold Nelson.
Mayme Nelson.

There will be church services in the Presbyterian church next Sunday, Aug. 13, both morning and evening. Sunday school at 10 A. M., and Christian Endeavor at 7 P. M. All are cordially invited.
Butter wrappers printed at the Recorder office.

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