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Resort of the
Oregon Coast.

COQUILLE NEWS NOTES

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

The weather continues dry and we are in need of rain to extinguish the forest fires, for the air is smoky and oppressive also the rain is essential to invigorate fall feed.

The sawmill is running on a day and night schedule to fill orders that require prompt attention, and in the small wee hours of the night the exhaust of the engine can be heard driving the saws through logs, filling the orders awaiting shipment.

County Court was in session last week and that august body of financiers met as a board of equalization to adjust and dispose of all grievance of the recent assessment roll. There was some changes and rectifications of minor importance.

There is a good many of our festive sports and young bloods have gone to Roseburg to take in the Fair, but the chances are the Roseburgers will take them in and we can expect to see them walking home over the Coos Bay wagon road, wiser and sadder at heart.

Mrs. Alfred Johnson still remains critically ill, and in Mrs. Bruce is no perceptible change.

Last Friday evening as the twilight had faded away and the moon had commenced to cast its refulgent rays over our quiet city, we were thrown into consternation by the unusual flitting of mirages and spectres and stars at all points of the compass some in red, crimson and variegated colors of violet and blue, but the majority was clad in snow white robes. Thinking that the millennium had come and the white robed angels was descending upon us, I beat a hasty retreat for some secluded place, when I found my old friend Lynn Doyle who informed me that it was a galaxy of ladies of our city and sister cities assembled as representatives of the Order of Eastern Star, an auxiliary to the A. F. & A. M. My fears were allayed and I became reconciled. Summing it up they spent a pleasant evening and all enjoyed themselves and all departed with a kind feeling for the past and hoping for a recurrence in the future.

Poor Lynn, misfortune overtook him again last Sunday. He had all arrangements perfected to take Annie on that excursion to your city but before starting he visited Peoples' buttermilk factory and missed the boat. Queer stuff, that buttermilk, when it transforms a scow load of bay into an excursion boat loaded with people. However he was seen later in the day aboard the scow load of bay studying azimuth and trying to compute longitude and latitude but generally speaking he was running on dead reckoning, but I am informed he got there in time to help unload some white topped schooners that crossed over the bar for unloading, before the boat returned in the evening.

There has been an unusually large amount of freight in transit the last week for the different points on the river. The Coquillers must eat not withstanding the recent strike inaugurated at the metropolis.

Death has again invaded our domain and knocked audibly at our door for admission, taking for its victim the wife of one of our most respected citizens Mrs. John Yonkam. Last Monday evening as the sun was sinking in the western horizon, the lamp of life of Mrs. Yonkam was extinguished. At her bedside was a loving and devoted husband, mother, and other relatives, doing all that human power could to alleviate her suffering and check the ravages of that dread disease, consumption. But by a decree from an omnipotent power her spirit took its departure making irreparable loss to a devoted husband and household. At times it seems cruel that one whose sun of usefulness was at its meridian height surrounded with all of the comforts of life should be marked for a victim

and death lay its icy hand upon her brow and palsied that tongue that spoke words of love and affection to her family and community. She was laid to rest in the I. O. O. F. cemetery at Marshfield by a large concourse of relatives and friends, Marshfield being her former home. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. Brown, and was very impressive, for she had a large circle of friends that turned out to pay the last sad tribute of respect that the living can pay the dead and assist to lay her away in her final resting place of sacred repose.

LEANDER.

Notice.

My wife, Floy I. Osborn, having left my bed and board without cause or provocation, I hereby notify the public that I will pay no bills incurred by her on and after this date.

SILVESTER E. OSBORN.
Dated at Bandon, Or. Aug. 30, 1906.

Moss Averill, who is now located at the Point Bonita lighthouse has a thirty-day lay off and is visiting Bandon friends.

At the term of the circuit court held at Gold Beach, Deputy Fish Warden Webster had a case against R. D. Hume because the latter refused to take out a cannery license this year. Hume claimed that the cannery and cold storage license law was unconstitutional, and Judge Hamilton so held for the reason that in the heading of the act there was no intimation that canneries were to be taxed.

The fireman's hat, started out by the San Francisco department and which was recently in Roseburg, is attracting much attention.

In speaking of the helmet which is now on its tour around the world, one of the Portland papers says, among other things:

The agent at Roseburg attached the following, written on a stiff piece of leather wired to the inside of the crown:

Every town has a slogan.
Just like "Watch Tacoma grow."
And the beer that made Milwaukee, Wash, that isn't so doggon slow,
'Tis h—ll with all these pikers,
Let's put them on the dump,
Now listen here's a warcry—
Watch Roseburg take a hump.

Redding, Cal., contributed: "Roses are red and violets are blue. You send me ten and I'll owe you," to which Gloomy Gus replied: "Roses are red and carnations are pink, I'll send you ten, I don't think." Brownsville attached a tag reading: "I want to go to the Bowery, so take me to New York," while the tag from Riddle says: "As you are but a hat you can go your way, but if you were Hattie we'd ask you to stay."

At Springfield the tag added read: "Made stop at this place; dry town, no beer and the water bad." The Salem tag is: "Stopped here and did not see the governor, and was kicked out of town by the night expressman." Addie Garbe, of Aumsville, Ore., wrote: "Would like to correspond with owner of this hat," while the use of the helmet as a matrimonial agency was likewise taken advantage of by George Busch, Russell McMullen and D. Matthews, of Roseburg who wrote: "If any young ladies should happen to read this and feel inclined to correspond with three fine young men, send a line and get acquainted by mail—the surest way."

Driver Mitchell, of the Wells-Fargo agency at Albany, was responsible for the following: "Check one Holy-Roller short." Elizabeth Francisco, at Chemawa, tied a diminutive horseshoe to the helmet and sent a card as follows: "Here's to the fireman with courage and pluck, and may this horseshoe bring him good luck." The express agent at Dillard tied to it an envelope containing a sum of money to be forwarded to the fireman who wore it. Another sent a tin watch and other trinkets became fastened to the helmet on its trip, making a total of 39 tags and contributions. As it is, the helmet is practically covered, and so many responded between San Francisco and Portland, the express employes are wondering what the helmet will look like when the journey is ended.

Langlois.

We were just reading what some one says about living without sleep, he claims it is a habit, a notion and not a necessity. We have often deplored the necessity of being laid on the shelf one third of the time. But what a transformation! No more sleepy time in the nursery, no more lullabies. When it was advocated to live without eating, and Tanner and others experimented on it, we thought how we could get ahead to live a year without eating; now, add to that eight hours per day formerly wasted in sleep, and what tremendous strides we will make, we are waiting to learn how.

School opened Monday, Sept. 3rd, under favorable auspices excepting that many prospective pupils are not yet in attendance.

Mrs. Nelson and little daughter arrived from Bandon last Tuesday and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Langlois.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Logan passed through town last Monday enroute for Brush's creek where Mr. Logan will soon resume teaching. They were accompanied as far as Langlois by Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Wm. Logan's mother, who remains to visit friends here.

Miss Cora Russell is home again after spending a few month at Marshfield.

A basket social dance will be held at Bowman hall next Saturday evening Sept. 8. The girls are getting ready and anticipating a good time.

Machinery for the oil well is now in Bandon awaiting transportation down, when work will again be resumed there. We hope their efforts may prove successful.



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Tub, Hot or Cold Baths 25 cents

MARINE

ARRIVED.

Sept 5—Stm Elizabeth with 250 tons of freight. Called at Port Orford and left 37 tons.

Sept 4—Sch Coquelle, loading at Prosper.

Sept 5—Lizzie Prien, loading at Prosper.

SAILED.

Sept 2—Sch Raymond, 200 M lumber.

Sept 4—Sch C T Hill, with 230 M lumber.

Stm. Coquille River has been chartered to run to this port.

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