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The Manufacturing Town.

The Coming Summer Resort of the Oregon Coast.

COQUILLE NEWS NOTES

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

The last week's rain has purified the air and at the present time we are enjoying the balmy weather of the season.

Circuit Court has adjourned and the dove of peace and tranquility is hovering over us. There was a large docket to dispose of. Some of the cases were settled and others were continued. The all important one—Baxter Bros.—remains unsettled and enshrouded in mystery. However, they still continue to dispense the elixir of life to the thirsty notwithstanding the prophesy of what would happen. There was some contention relative to the divorce cases and only one granted of the number asked for and that was not Lynn Doyle's, for that was waiting Judge Quick's decision. Divorce cases form a prominent factor in our court calendar at the present time and it is to be regretted that there are so many mismatched couples; today divorce is an every day occurrence, its prevalence is indeed something like an epidemic in the land. Yet in the days when no divorce was possible with the masses, murder by poisoning, was almost as common as divorce is today. When two people find life under one roof and one name obnoxious, separation is the only moral and decent course to pursue. Surely of the two evils divorce is preferable to murder.

One of our fellow townsmen, Judge Cecil has sold his property here, and accompanied by his estimable wife took his departure for California to reside in the future. We regret to lose them, but our loss is California's gain.

There is considerable activity in the real estate business; several sales have been consummated recently, showing an increased valuation. It is assuming a Bay boom.

The all absorbing topic now is the approaching fair at Arago. There is some 20 horses being trained to test their speed, and the old renowned track is in excellent condition consequently the lover of sport can satisfy his most sanguine expectations. Mrs. Alfred Johnson and Mrs. Bruce are both convalescent and their legion of friends have assured hope of recovery.

There are a great many strangers in our city at the present time; some are seeking investment, others are on pleasure excursions.

The houses of Wm. Nye and Paulson are nearing completion. They are fine designs of architectural construction and when completed will be a handsome acquisition to our city.

The Clean up Club is still in existence. Mayor Stanley is in collusion with them and have weekly meetings and designate some one that will fall a victim to their soap and scrub brush. My old friend, Lynn Doyle was the last victim. The ladies have cleaned him up so he looks like a young dude in lieu of one that had been kept on Peoples' butter-milk. The good book tells us there is redemption for the vilest sinner.

One of the problems that confronts us now is why does Becky Luvkias hang around the mill store so much and make a specialty of trading with Fay Jones. Is she trying to coquette and trifle with his affections the same as she did with Geo. Moulton and Varney.

LEANDER.

Bandon Real Estate Co. report the following transfers:

Mrs. Jennie Gross to H. F. Morrison lots 1, 2, 7, 8, \$650.

R. W. Lundy to Domenico Petronio block 45, Portland Add., \$176.

State of Oregon to C. T. Blumenrother, the Edwin Crook ranch, 356 acres, \$892.

C. T. Blumenrother to R. W. Lundy Edwin Crook ranch, \$1070.

Warren Parker has a good cow for sale cheap.

Several families from San Diego are expected here soon to locate in this vicinity.

A. G. Hoyt has been seriously ill of grippe, the past week, but is reported better today.

Frank Mayer, the fellow who robbed his bunk-mates on the Elizabeth was sentenced to one year in the pen.

Col. Ross, Chris Rasmussen, W. H. Logan and the Recorder man drove down to the Clark & Dwyer ranch last Saturday to spend a couple of days in the hills. To say that we were royally entertained would be putting it mildly. They have one of the best stock ranches in Curry county, a fine large house well furnished and a model in neatness—but both of these men are bachelors, and have lived there under the brow of old Edson Butte for 10, these many years. How they have escaped the snares of the handsome widows and buxom lassies for the past thirty years is a question that is shrouded in the deepest mystery. Of course, it is hinted that it is not too late yet for them to be inveigled into an alliance.

Pat is the housekeeper and his long experience has made him an adept at the business. He bakes bread and cooks spring chicken like a French chef. Pat is also a singer of the first class. He composes his own songs and has a string of them as long as your arm. He favored us with a number of them including The Dairyville Organ, Marguerita, and Bachelor's Life. We print below the words of the latter:

1st Spasm.
A bachelor's life is nothing but strife
Tho some call it free from care;
You make your own bread—
It's as heavy as lead,
It will sink you in your boots I declare.
Why don't you get a wife, she's the comfort of man's life,
She will bake and mend your clothes
with care;
Your bread will be so light it will raise
you out of sight
You will float like a buzzard on the air.

2nd Spasm.
If you are poor, hard work you must
endure,
Go and get a wife if you can;
To live in the mountains and lead
a single life

It was never intended for a man,
If you wished you lived there to breathe
the mountain air,

How happy it would be for two;
You would call her little pet
She would love you, yes you bet,
Wouldn't that be nice for you.

3rd Spasm.
Then pity the batch, on his door he
has a latch,
When he goes out he puts on a latch
and key,

When he comes home at night he looks
like a fright
There is no one to help him to his tea,
The cabin it is dark, on the hearth
there's ne'er a spark
Everything is silent as the grave;
Ah! then where is the pleasure of a
single life

A man had better be a slave,
I suppose you'd like to know the reason
why it's so

There are so many lead a single life:
The ladies are so gay, in the mountains
they will not stay

A man there cannot get a wife,
The bachel's aunt to blame
The girls should be ashamed,
They put on so many airs and flirt about,
You must let them have their way and
do just as they say

4th Spasm.
The men they are sincere, the girls they
act so queer
They must have a dozen beaux—no less;
They will play with you and fool,
They are tricky as a mule
You had better let them be I guess.

But if you should fall in love
It's a blessing from above
If your darling should love you in return,
Better take her for your wife,
Settle down for life,
You bet your boots you'll never, never
mourn.

When we arrived Clark was getting
out some rails the same as Abe
Lincoln was accustomed to do. He
said he had a bad dream—he did not
dream that he was president, but
something equally as bad. He was
invited to have something and forget
it. He then told us to go down to the
house and if we could persuade
Pat to keep us, all well and good—
and Pat agreed. Their only regret
was that we did not bring Adam
Pershaker along—they said Adam
was Adam good hunter and could
furnish us with meat. However, we
took Columbia river salmon from the
Coquille river along and it did not
make and difference whether we had
meat or not. It was agreed, nevertheless, that Adam should go along the
next trip.

The party would surely have slain
many a deer had not an accident hap-
pened just as we were preparing to
hike for the mountains at sunrise.

One of our horses decided that the
livery business is not what it cracked
up to be and decided to commit sui-
cide. He she found a nice little
gulch three feet deep, three feet wide

and ten feet long and rolled into it
with all four feet high in the air. It
was a plain case of suicide and Logan
insisted on burying her and finishing
the job. Clark & Dwyer informed us
that they had no extra horses that
they would loan us, and as we could
not pull the wagon up the mountain
we had to pull the mare out of the
hole. There was a look of sad dis-
appointment on her face when she
realized that she was not to die and
she was broken hearted all the way
home.

On the way in the party stopped at
the N. R. Smith ranch for dinner. N. R. was not at home but Mrs. Smith
was and she soon fixed us out with a
dinner that was fit for the gods. The
Smith ranch is located on top of the
mountain and anyone who thinks the
soil is not good on the hills should
go up there and see their garden,
orchard and grain fields.

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Sept 18—Stm Elizabeth, 125 tons
from S F.

SAILED.
Sept 16—Sch Lizzie Prien for S F
with 175 M lumber.

Sept 16—Stm Coquille River for S
F with 200 M lumber, 20 cords match-
wood, 300,000 shingles.

Sept 19—Tug G. R. Vosburg for
Astoria.

Sept 19—Tug Triumph for Port-
land.

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