

CROSMAN TIMMONS, President
 R. H. BASSA, Vice President
 G. T. TRFAGOLD, Secretary
 A. E. HADJALL, Treasurer
D. D. MOORE, Manager

Bandon Investment Corporation
 Incorporated May 6, 1907

Real Estate, Townsites, Promotions BANDON

A. McNair, The Hardware Man

BRIDGE & BEACH Stoves, Ranges and Heaters have in them so many excellencies that they are now acknowledged the greatest sellers on the coast, and they are growing in favor every year. We have the exclusive agency in Bandon for these household and office necessities, and prices range exceedingly modest in either case.

TINNING AND PLUMBING A SPECIALTY

Our Assortment of Hardware, Tinware and Edged Tools is Most Complete

Chas. S. McCulloch CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR
 High Classes of Work Solicited
 Bandon Oregon

HOTEL GALLIER

Rates \$1 to \$2 per Day. Special Rates by the Week or Month. Sample Room in Connection

Bandon Oregon

SHIELDS & KENNEDY, Blacksmiths and Wagon Makers

Wagons of All Kinds Made to Order Horseshoeing a Specialty
 Job Work attended to promptly and all work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Prices reasonable. Shop on Atwater Street, Bandon, Oregon.

Bank of Bandon
 BANDON, OREGON
 Capital, \$25,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: J. L. Kronenberg, President; J. Denholm, Vice President; F. J. Fahy, Cashier; Frank Flam, T. P. Hanley

A general banking business transacted and customers given every accommodation consistent with safe and conservative banking.

CORRESPONDENTS: The American National Bank, of San Francisco, Cal.; Merchants National Bank, Portland, Oregon; The Chase National Bank, of New York.

Bank is open from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 1 p. m. to 3 p. m.

The New, Elegantly Fitted and Speedy Steamer ELIZABETH
 CAPT. J. OLSEN, Master

This steamer is new, is strongly built and fitted with the latest improvements and will give a regular 5 day service, for passengers and freight, between the Coquille river, Oregon, and San Francisco. E. T. KRUSIE, managing agent, 23 Market St., San Francisco.

J. T. WALSTROM, Agent, Bandon, Oregon.

California and Oregon Coast Steamship Co. Steamer Alliance

Now plying between Portland and Coos Bay only
WEEKLY TRIPS

Geo. D. Gray & Co., Gen. Agents 421 Market Street, San Francisco L. W. Shaw, Agent Marshfield. Phone 441

Port Orford and Red Cedar Shingles

For Sale at the Shingle Mill

All orders filled promptly. Office in mill. We pay highest price for red cedar logs and bolts

J. E. YOUNG & CO.

W. N. WRIGHT
 Successor to HOOVER & MONDAY

BANDON MEAT MARKET

Dealer in All Kinds of
Fresh and Salt Meats, Vegetables, Lard, Etc.
 Farm Produce Bought and Sold

Having purchased this old and well established business, and moved the same to the Marshall building, east side Main street, we solicit a continuance of past generous patronage guaranteeing honest goods, fair prices and courteous treatment to all.

VARNEY & TUTTLE

A full line of Confectionery, Fruit, Cigars, Tobacco, Soft Drinks, Etc. News Stand in Connection

Next to Vienna Cafe BANDON



"What are you a-doin' here, anyway, Bill?" asked the baggageman of the brown-faced loafer in the ragged hat, who was frowning on the truck.

"Jest a-waitin'," answered Bill, easily.

"Whatcher waitin' for?"

"Waitin' for the train to come in."

"Expect anybody?"

"Dunno's I do."

"Seems to me, Bill," said the baggageman, mildly, "seems to me that if I was you I'd go to work."

"Why?" asked Bill, simply.

"Why? To earn your livin'. Ain't you got no ambition?"

"Got more ambition 'n you e'd shake a stick at. I got forty acres o' land, too."

"That don't do you no good. All you make out o' that is your board an' cloze's rentin' it. You might be well fixed, jest as well as not, if you'd get up an' hustle, 'stead o' loafin' around."

"Didn't I tell you I was waitin'?"

"What in the nation are you waitin' for?" demanded the baggageman.

"To get well fixed," replied the loafer.

"I've got that forty acres, ain't I? Worth \$30 an acre, ain't it? Well, all I've gotter do is to wait till it gets to be worth \$200 an acre. Then I'll be part well fixed, won't I? All I'd have to do then'd be to put that \$8,000 out at interest an' wait till the interest fell due. It might git to be worth more'n that."

"How?" asked the baggageman.

"Land around this town'll get more valuable as the town grows, won't it?"

"Not if folks didn't have no more git up and git than you."

"That's their lookout," said the loafer. "As long's they hustle there ain't no way o' stoppin' me benefitin' by it. An' there ain't no need o' me doin' anythin' but wait."

The baggageman shook his head. "There'd ought to be some way," he said. "But you'll probly have to wait a long time."

"Maybe, an' maybe not. My eyes ain't shet all o' the time. How much hustlin' has o' Sam Harding done in the last thutty years? Or Lute Merriweather? Yes, sir, I've got ambition. I'm goin' to be richer'n bottom-land mud. I'm goin' to have stock in the Farmers' National an' another farm or two, an' a good house. You wait an' see."

"I ain't got no forty acres," said the baggageman.

"My credit'll be gilt edge anywheres in town," said the loafer, taking a chew of tobacco. "I'll have folks stand around for me. I'll have good grub to eat an' I'll smoke seggars. I'll have a woman to cook for me, mabbe."

"That's the only hope for you, dern your ornery hide," said the baggageman. "If you git a woman with some snap to her mabbe she'll make you go to work."

"I'll wait an' see," said Bill, smiling.

"Not around this deopo you won't, you blamed sheeptick," said the baggageman. "If I stay in this town I may have to help make you rich, but that won't prevent me kickin' you now. Git off that truck now."

"I don't see no reason for you gettin' mad," said the loafer, as he moved slowly away.—Chicago Daily News.



The Story of Eleven Poor Boys.

John Adams, second President, was the son of a grocer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was reared in the pine woods for which the State is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a new farm in North Carolina. He was afterward a clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was a son of the New York farmer, and his home was a humble one. He learned the business of a clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small town in the Allegheny Mountains. His father cut the logs and built the house in what was then a wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a wretchedly poor farmer in Kentucky, and lived in a log cabin until he was 21 years old.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of 10 years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up all the education he ever had.

Ulysses S. Grant lived the life of a village boy, in a plain house on the banks of the Ohio River until he was 17 years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on the farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter's tools, when he learned the trade. He afterward worked on a canal.

Grover Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian minister with a small salary and a large family. The boys had to earn their living.

William McKinley's early home was plain and comfortable, and his father was able to keep him at school.—Rocky Mountain Advocate.

Hide and Seek.

Any group of four or more players can have great fun in the woods or where there are tall grass and other objects to hide behind. First, two leaders are chosen, by any of the usual counting-out methods, and these two leaders choose sides. Then there is a toss-up to see which side is "R" first. The players on this side all hide their eyes and count together out loud up to say, 300. Meanwhile the players on the other side hasten away in a group and hide as completely as possible.

Then the search begins. When any one of the hunting party discovers the hiding group, a great shout or a war whoop is raised, and that side then has to count while the other side hides. It should be agreed that certain limits or boundaries are not to be crossed. Where the woods are thick, or where there is plenty of underbrush, the sport is fine.

Coaching Inns of London.

A century ago London was noted for its coaching inns. To-day only one remains in London proper to recall the gayety of coaching parties that assembled in the comfortable parlors for an evening of pleasure, says the New York Herald. George Inn, the last of the famous taverns where the nobility of England gathered in years gone by was probably the most popular that lined the roadways of the English capital. It was through his association with the people who frequented George Inn that Charles Dickens began to attract widespread attention as a novelist and writer. More than three score years ago he was a familiar figure when revelry held sway in the now antiquated tavern.

Here it was that Mr. Dickens met Mr. Penwick and the various characters he immortalized in "Pickwick Papers" and bounded at once into popular favor as a humorist and close student of character. The attractiveness of the old inn is still maintained at a high standard, and it is to-day a favorite stopping place for travelers and coaching parties. Nothing has been removed from the place to dim the memories of the past. The same old-fashioned chairs, benches, tables and furniture are there that were in use a century ago, and the decorations have never been altered. Ownership has remained with the same family for many generations, and it is said the present owner is a direct descendant of the man who originally opened it.

Baby Elephant.

Among the many odd presents received by Queen Victoria was an elephant, which, when a mere baby, was sent to her by an Indian prince. He traveled as a deck passenger on one of the Indian mail steamers from Bombay, and as he had attained but the height of a well-grown calf and was always docile and tractable, he was permitted to have the run of the decks for an hour or two every morning.

By the sailors he was known as the "bos'n's mate," owing to the penchant he had for carefully picking up every loose coil of rope that he could find and then throwing it over the side, being, as Jack said, "as bad as a naval lieutenant for keeping the decks tidy."

Among other acquaintances that he formed was that of the ship's baker, whose galley he soon discovered to be the place of origin of all the sweet dainties with which he was fed. Here he made a regular morning call, and was generally regaled with a tart or piece of cake.

But one morning, when he called and extended his trunk, as usual, the cook happened to be in ill humor, and instead of a cake the elephant received a tap on the trunk from the rolling pin. The blow was not severe, but the bos'n turned tall and went trumpeting up the deck, where he took a position

that enabled him to watch for his assailant.

Before long he saw the baker leave his "shop," and having apparently made up his mind what to do, the bos'n promptly marched down, and with a few vigorous sweeps of his trunk cleared every shelf in the bakery. Loaves, tarts, cakes, patty-pans and cake-tins lay in a confused heap on the deck. This achieved, he bolted like a mischievous schoolboy and was locked up in disgrace; but when the circumstances became known the popular verdict was in his favor, and he was allowed his liberty as before.

Bos'n was no sooner set free again than he marched down to the baker's and from that day he never failed to exact his tribute. It was regularly paid and he and the baker became the best of friends.

Chinese Crusoes in Port.

Put to Sea on a Raft, Leaving Command on Desert Isle.

The Nam Sang, arrived here from Hong Kong, picked up three emaciated Chinese coolies on a bamboo raft. The men, who are very thin, say that about a month ago they sailed from Singapore in a junk, the persons on the craft numbering eight all told.

Everything went well till their voyage had been a week in progress, and then one morning a terrible storm arose and their vessel was whirled before it like a cork.

After driving before the gale for some hours the junk suddenly went to pieces on a small island and with good luck they all managed to get ashore, though they were severely bruised and battered in the surf.

For two weeks the eight men remained on the island, eating shellfish and drinking water caught in the crevices of rocks. As no sail bore in sight, three of the most daring decided to build a craft and put to sea in the hope of drifting into the track of steamers.

With the aid of their comrades the three adventurers built a raft out of giant bombos, which grew in profusion on the island, and with a stock of dried fish and a little water put to sea one day amid the farewell shouts of their less daring comrades.

For six days the buoyant bamboo raft drifted steadily away from the island without a single sail appearing on the horizon, and as their stock of food and water was gone the men prepared to die.

On the evening of the sixth day, however, smoke was seen on the horizon and then the hull of a steamer came into view making right for the castaways.

The coolies say that they believe their five comrades on the lonely island to be still alive, but they cannot give its position.—Singapore Free Press.

Most Ancient Apple Trees.

The oldest apple orchard in America, if not in the world, is in the center of the ancient town of Manzano, eighteen miles southwest of Estrella, Torrance County, N. M. Many of the trees are more than six feet in circumference, but all are still fruitful and vigorous, although neglected for generations. Little is known of the history of this orchard, but the oldest inhabitants of the valley of the Rio Grande remember the orchard from childhood and claim that the trees have not changed in appearance since then. Venerable Mexicans and Pueblo Indians tell of visiting the orchard as far back as they can remember and finding apples on the ground in all stages of decomposition at least two feet deep.

The Estancia valley has been peopled for ages probably by the kinsmen of the natives found by the Spanish explorers at Gran Quivira. Abo and other ancient cities. Probably in the early days of the Spanish occupation some Franciscan monk found his way to Manzano and there planted the seeds that have developed into these venerable trees. They are no doubt fully 300 years old.

Close by the orchard is a little lake fed by a large spring. A short distance away is a grove of pines and cedars, making an ideal place for picnic and camping parties.

Sordid.

"Do you believe in art for art's sake?" asked the transcendentalist.

"No," answered the materialist.

"The mention of art for art's sake usually means a request to work hard without getting paid for it."—Washington Star.

WANDERING BOUNDARY LINE.

The Missouri Shifting Its Course Between Iowa and Nebraska.

The Missouri river has been making trouble again, and as a result the Iowa and Nebraska Legislatures have been asked to appoint a commission to negotiate a swap of land so that the river may again be the actual boundary line between the States.

School children are taught that Iowa is bounded on the west by the Missouri river. The maps bear out this statement, but the map makers have not been on the ground lately. If they had been they would have discovered that in the past year the Missouri has been busy adding some of the State of Iowa to its west bank and a part of the State of Nebraska to its east bank.

Every few years the river forsakes a part of its old channel and seeks a new one. Four years ago Nebraska and South Dakota had to do a lot of reconstructing of the State line, and Nebraska lost several hundred citizens and some fifty farms, but came very near to getting the city of Yankton in return. A little time before that Nebraska and Missouri got into the federal supreme court over a question of jurisdiction over an island in the river opposite Nemaha County, Neb. The river cut off a section of the county and made an island of it, placing it close to the State of Missouri line. The newly made islanders protested against being so suddenly transferred into Missourians, and persist in voting in Nebraska.

Within the last few years changes in the river's course have transferred a lot of Iowa land in what was once known as the East Omaha bottoms to the Nebraska side, while other changes a little further south have transferred a part of Sarpy County, Nebraska, to Iowa. As a result the children in each new section have to pay for tuition in the counties of which they are not legally a part, and are unable to take advantage of the free schools on the other side of the river toward the support of which they pay taxes. Land titles are also mixed, and as there is also a conflict of jurisdiction it is becoming a sort of no man's land for criminals.

COQUILLE STEAM LAUNDRY
 NOSLER & MORRISON, Props.
FIRST-CLASS LAUNDRY WORK
 Of every kind done on short notice and at reasonable prices.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
 Orders left on Mondays with our Bandon agent, A. D. TROWBRIDGE, will be given careful attention and delivered in Bandon at the store Friday evenings.
 COQUILLE, OREGON.

BOOTS---SHOES

You can't expect to get \$2 worth for \$1, but you can get your moneys worth at

M. BREUER'S
 Dealer in Boots and Shoes

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done at Lowest Living Prices.

Lewin's Meat Market

All Kinds of

Meats & Provisions

Furnished at living prices. A share of the public patronage solicited

E. LEWIN, Proprietor

Furnished Rooms

AT

THE PACIFIC
 MRS. SARAH COSTELLO

Nice clean rooms 25c and 50c a night; \$1.25 a week; \$5 a month

BANDON OREGON

BANDON TRANSFER CO.
 C. H. PATTERSON & SON
 Dray and General Deliveries

Meets all boats. All orders handled with care

BANDON OREGON

Clarence Y. Lowe
 BANDON, OREGON

Druggist and Apothecary

[Is just in receipt of a new and fresh stock of

Drugs and Chemicals, Patent and Proprietary Preparations, Toilet Articles, Druggists Sundries, Perfumes, Brushes Sponges, Soap, Nuts and Candies, Cigars Tobacco and Cigarettes, Paints, Oils, Glass and Painters' Supplies.

A. B. SABIN
 Manufacturer of and Dealer in

All Kinds of Saddlery
 Harness and Saddles Repaired

BANDON OREGON

The Eldorado

RASMUSSEN BROS., Props.

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

Bandon Oregon

The OPERA
 Has a Select Stock of

Wines, Liquors & Cigars
 Steam Beer on Draught

COURTEOUS TREATMENT

GROSS BROS.
 Bandon Oregon