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Wants Case Transfered

Omaha, Nov. 3.—A petition signed by W. R. Hearst before a notary public in New York and asking that the \$600,000 libel suit filed recently by Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, against Mr. Hearst in the State Supreme Court of Nebraska in Omaha, be transferred to the Federal Court was filed here today by J. W. Battin, Mr. Hearst's attorney.

The basis of the petition is that as parties to the suit reside in states other than Nebraska, the case cannot be tried in a state court.

There is a legal question involved in the case as to whether such case can be transferred to the Federal Court.

E. D. Smith, the local attorney for Governor Haskell, said:

"I would rather try the case in a Federal Court if it has jurisdiction, for the reason that the statelaws of Nebraska do not allow any punitive damages and the Federal Court does. Half the amount we are suing for, \$300,000 represents punitive damages."

Japan Dines 200 U. S. Business Men

Tokio, Nov. 4.—The various Japanese associations interested in foreign trade tonight gave a banquet in this city in honor of the representatives of the Pacific Coast business interests now visiting in this country. The function was attended by fully 200 business men, and in the speeches delivered there was a frank and free interchange of views and ideas, the general tone taken by the speakers being such as to clearly prove that all apprehension as to the possibility of a clash of commercial interests between the two countries is entirely unfounded.

The American speakers showed keen appreciation of the receptions accorded them by the business men of all sections of Japan, and the function as a whole is viewed by all who attended as being highly significant and successful, and portending a great future development in the trade of both countries.

Will Report to Harriman Soon

Col W. H. Holabird, the special representative of E. H. Harriman who recently investigated the Coos Bay country to ascertain whether there was sufficient business here to justify the construction of a railway from Drain here, has wired friends in Marshfield that he will leave Los Angeles, Nov. 13, for New York where he will go over the matter

with Mr. Harriman and his board of directors.

Judging from this statement, an early announcement of the decision of E. H. Harriman in regard to the construction of a railroad to Coos Bay may be expected. Col. Holabird will reach New York about November 20, and the matter will probably be decided by December 1.

Since leaving Coos Bay, Col. Holabird has gone over the Tillamook project. While he has not made any statement concerning it, the understanding is that the Tillamook line does not tap as rich a country as is to be found in Coos county.—Times.

Klamath Farmers Begin Hog Raising

Klamath Falls, Or., Nov. 4.—Two carloads of hogs were loaded at Dorris for shipment to Sacramento a few days. The hogs came from the Klamath basin and were the first to be exported from the country this year. They were driven 40 miles to the nearest railroad point, making the trip in four days and arriving at their destination in good condition. The shipment was consigned to Gerber Bros. of Sacramento, and the price was 4c gross weight.

It has long since become an established fact that the Klamath country is especially adapted to the growing of pork, the alfalfa making excellent feed and the climate being a preventive for diseases which often prove disastrous to the hog industry in other sections. Owing to the lack of transportation facilities little attention has been given to this industry in the past, but with the approach of the railroad many of the farmers are turning their attention in this direction and the result is that the production is already much heavier than is needed to supply the home demand. Livestock dealers report hogs plentiful in the basin, but most of them not ready for market.

HOW TO TREAT A SPRAIN

Sprains, swellings and lameness are promptly relieved by Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This liniment reduces inflammation and soreness so that a sprain may be cured in about one-third the time required by the usual treatment. For sale by C. Y. Lowe.

COLDS AND COUGHS IN CHILDREN

"My little girl is subject to colds," says Mrs. Wm H. Serig, No. 41, Fifth St., Wheeling, W. Va. "Last spring she had a severe spell and a terrible cough but I cured her with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy without the aid of a doctor, and my little boy has been prevented many times from having the croup by the timely use of this syrup." This remedy is for sale by C. Y. Lowe.

GODOWNS OF JAPAN.

Safety Warehouses Made Necessary by the Frequency of Fires.

Fire is one of the terrors that dodge at the elbow of the Japanese householder all the time, and because he lives in a matchwood dwelling Sakuro-san has to take a curious precaution against the sudden loss of all his household goods. This precaution is the godown.

The stranger in Tokyo or Yokohama who sees from his rickshaw a strange iron plated building with doors like turret shutters and pointed roof heavily incrustured with tiles is led to believe that here perhaps is some feudal fort of the old time, ready to house fighting men against the attacks of a street mob. But when the tourist finds one of these black sheeted buildings on every other block he learns from the country dweller that these things are godowns, or storehouses for household goods.

When a fire gets well started in the crowded blocks of dolls' houses in a Japanese city, it is rarely stopped until from ten to fifty houses have been consumed and a black scar has been drawn across the whole face of the district. Because the houses are so flimsy and crowded so closely together that the Japanese firemen even at their best can do little with a well developed blaze certain astute citizens erect these iron sheathed and shuttered two storied storehouses, wherein the householders of the neighborhood and the storekeepers of the district can store away their valuables.

The godowns are so heavily sheathed with iron plate and so weighted with mud tiles that they rarely burn. All day long their windows are kept almost hermetically sealed by heavy swinging shutters that look like the doors of a safe. When a fire comes to a certain district the first thing is to close district the first godown and put it in shape to weather the flames.

To these public fireproof safes the householders take their best furniture, their porcelain and their delicate prints. The wives keep locked up there their best kimonos and their odds and ends of jewelry. Merchants have their excess stock stowed away within them.

Whenever there is a fete in any Japanese home or preparations are being made for the entertainment of some special guests the servants are sent to the nearby godown to bring home all the valuables. Pictures are again hung on the wall, the heavy bronze vase is restored for the day to its special taboret, and the wardrobe of madame is replenished.

Then with the passing of the special occasion passes also the household grandeur. All the fleeting prettiness of print and flowered kimono is swallowed up in the black maw of the godown.—New York Sun.

A Practical Rotation.

"I suppose you follow a system of rotation in your agricultural operations," casually observed the high browed graduate of the modern agricultural college.

"Follow what kind of a system?" inquired honest, hard handed Uncle

Ezra.

"A scheme of rotation. That is, take that large field there. You put that to one purpose one year, another purpose the next year and still different the third year, and so on."

GOT IN ALL THE NEWS.

Cummings Killed a Lot of Ads. and Raised a Row.

When Amos Cummings was managing editor of the New York Sun, many years ago, an important news story came in late one night and was sent to the composing room with "must" written above it, which meant that on no account must the news be left out of the paper. A few minutes after the copy boy returned to the editorial rooms and reported that the foreman had said the paper was already overset and that two columns of other news would have to be killed if the "must" story was to get in. Cummings took the copy from the boy and went himself to the composing room. He demanded an explanation. The foreman told him that there was a pressure of advertisements that night and that they had usurped some of the space usually given to news.

"What shall I kill?" asked the foreman.

"Kill two columns of advertisements and print all the news," ordered Cummings, and it was done.

The next day there was trouble around the Sun office. A hurried meeting of the stockholders was called, and it was a stormy one. Some of the stockholders wanted to have Cummings discharged, but Charles A. Dana stood up for him, and as Dana owned the greater part of the stock his voice was all powerful. After the meeting Mr. Dana walked out of his office and straight to Cummings' desk. He put his hand affectionately on the managing editor's shoulder and said:

"Amos, you have my permission to throw out advertisements to make room for the news whenever in your opinion it is necessary. We are publishing a newspaper, not an advertising poster."

Shortly afterward an improvement was made in the presses so that two or more pages could be added to the paper at the last moment if necessary.

Beecher's Fee.

On one occasion when Henry Ward Beecher was on a lecturing tour Major Pond, his manager, was sitting beside him in the railway car. Suddenly the preacher slapped his hand on the little watch pocket of his trousers and drew forth a small envelope. For a moment he looked at it in surprise, then opened it and smiled. Presently he turned to his companion.

"Major," said he, "I married a great railroad magnate a few months ago, and as I was taking leave of him he handed me an envelope, which I slipped in my pocket unopened. That was the last I thought of it until today. Just now I opened it, and this is what I found."

The major took the envelope. Within it were five \$1,000 bills.

THE BLACK SHADOW.

A Very Curious Superstition of the Tupi Indians.

We had been listening to the stories of an officer recently returned from service in the Philippines about the curious superstitions among the brown races, when one of the party, who had been several years a resident of Brazil, related an experience he had had among the native Indians along the Amazon river at the time of a lunar eclipse. He said: "I noticed that for several days every Indian employed in my hosts' sawmill, ten or twelve in number, spent their entire noon hour in making arrows and testing them by shooting them at a large tree, not less than 100 yards distant, which stood in the clearing around the mill.

"Of course these men are familiar with the use of firearms and use guns in hunting. But for some reason, probably a tradition, superstition or prophecy, still preserved, it is a part of nearly every Indian boy's education to make and use bows and arrows, even though residing in the cities. I was astonished at the skill these men displayed. They rarely missed the target or struck it so high that they could not reach and withdraw the arrows. When asked what so many arrows were made for, their only answer was 'To shoot the black shadow,' which term was no explanation at all.

"Now, making these arrows is both difficult and delicate work. Both shaft and feathers must be carefully chosen, while fashioning the points, which are made of a separate piece of harder wood and charred and shaped in the fire, requires both skill and patience. Only the wing feathers of a bird possess the spiral twist necessary to give the arrow a rotary motion in flight.

"The night of the eclipse I went to my hammock, as usual, not remembering that one was due. It occurred about midnight. I was sleeping soundly when I was awakened by some one gently shaking my hammock. Rousing myself, I found the oldest man employed in the mill bending over me. The eclipse was on and the room was so dark that I could not distinguish his features, but his voice was very grave as he said in Portuguese, 'Pardon, senhor, but do you not want the moon to shine again?' 'Moon—what's the matter with it?' I asked, only half awake. 'It has gone out and will not shine again until we shoot the black shadow. Will the senhor let me take his gun to begin driving it away?'

"I gave him my double barrel gun and half a dozen cartridges, and he went out. Greatly mystified,

Meteors.

In Chinese literature there is mention of meteors which fell in 644 B. C. The oldest known meteorite which was seen to fall is now on exhibition at Ensisheim, Alsace, Germany. In 1492 it came crashing down through the air with a roar that prostrated the peasantry with fright. It buried itself deeply in the earth. It weighed 260 pounds and hangs today in the parish church.

THE MALIGNED BARBER.

A Defense of the Meek and Lowly Tonsorial Artist.

The professional humorist has a few jokes which have survived the fall of dynasties and the crash of worlds and which will pursue their triumphant career until Gabriel appears with his official announcement, "Time is, time was, but time shall be no more!"

One of these jokes relates to the loquacity of barbers. Because of the industrious professional humorist the tonsorial artist has to live down a worldwide reputation for idle, superfluous and unprofitable conversation.

Have you ever seen a barber who talked too much? The Gazette never has.

When you go into the temple of the barber to have an operation performed upon your aching whiskers you will find him and his associates attending to their work quietly and industriously. If they are not busy they will all go quietly to their chairs, treating you with pleasant courtesy, but not volunteering any conversation. If you insist upon discussing the living issues of the day while your alfalfa is being mown you will probably have an attentive listener, but there will be no debate. The barber who is making your face look human will let you do the talking.

Many worthy old men and women who shave themselves or don't shave at all have a deep seated idea that a barber shop is a wicked sort of place, where people read sporting papers and tell yellow stories and exchange spavined jokes. This is also entirely erroneous. Pink papers are no longer seen in first rate barber shops, and the customer given to vulgar language would soon be made to understand that his patronage was not wanted at such a place.

There are low down barber shops, just as there are low down drug stores, hotels and grocery stores. But in the places of the better class the atmosphere is always good and clean, and the proprietors, being decent and respectable themselves, do not want the money—or the conversation—of those who are not decent and respectable.

So much for men who have been misrepresented and maligned by jay humorists.—Emporia Gazette.

Birds as Ventriloquists.

Many birds form their sounds without opening their bills. The pigeon is a well known instance of this. Its cooing can be distinctly heard, although it does not open its bill. The call is formed internally in the throat and chest and is rendered audible only by resonance. Similar ways may be observed in many birds and other animals. The clear, loud call of the cuckoo, according to one naturalist, is the resonance of a note formed in the bird. The whirring of the snipe, which betrays the approach of the bird to the hunter, is an act of ventriloquism. Even the nightingale has certain notes which are produced internally and which are audible while the bill is closed.