

Earth Quake Coos Bay?

The Coos Bay Times of Friday, January 8th says: Did Coos Bay experience an earth quake tremor this morning?

This is the cause of much debate on the streets this afternoon. A large number declare it did and others ridicule the idea.

W. S. Turpen who went through the Frisco earthquake a few years ago, declares that there were three distinct shocks between 10 and eleven o'clock this morning. He was in his office on the floor above the Chamber of Commerce and is positive he was not mistaken. He says others in the building noticed it. H. W. Skinner and Otto Schetter, Mrs. E. Mingus, Miss Mamie Mahoney and other declare that they felt the tremor.

Dr. E. Mingus said that there was blasting being done back of the city and it was barely possible it might have caused a tremor like a real earthquake but he doubted if it would be felt as far as down town.

Today was one of the days for which the big quakes for Sicily and Southern Italy was prophesized but it is beyond reason that a quake could be detected other than by the seismograph at this distance. Owing to the telegraph wires being down, it was impossible to secure any information from possible earthquakes today.

Attempted Suicide

Tom Maguire, a logger, attempted to commit suicide at the Central hotel this morning by slashing his throat with a razor. He succeeded in severing his windpipe but the large veins escaped and in consequence, he may recover. He was taken to the Marshfield General hospital where Dr. Mingus dressed his wounds.

Maguire is about forty years old and his attempt to shuffle off the mortal coil was the result of despondency. He was working near Allegany but came to Marshfield shortly before the holidays to do a little celebrating before his New Year's resolutions became effective. The resolutions were evidently lost sight of in the remorse that followed.

The following note was found by Marshal J. W. Carter in Maguire's room and was evidently written after he had slashed himself as it was not complete:

"Thomas McGuire, Tiller, Oregon—I am not to blame for this trouble and never had anything to do with those girls.—Friday's Coos Bay Times.

Orvil Dodge Has Hopes

The Coquille Valley Sentinel gives the following extract from a letter written by Orvil Dodge, who is in Washington, D. C., to E. H. Kern, of Coquille. The letter was dated December 27 and is in part as follows: "I am much encouraged in believing that my mission here will be successful. At least I believe we shall get an appropriation to bring the dredge 'Oregon' to the Coquille and operate it. We have succeeded in getting the Chief Engineer's recommendation for it. Congress is on holiday vacation now, so matters in our line are dull. In fact everyone is on pleasure bound, but Mr. Hermann and myself are seeking every opportunity to advance our cause. You may give these facts to the City Council and Chamber of Commerce if you wish."

Presbyterian Church

Preaching at the Presbyterian Church the first and third Sundays of each month, both morning and evening. Sunday School and young people's meeting every Sunday.

Visitors and transients are cordially invited.

Geo. H. ROACH, pastor,
A. HABERLY, temporary supply.

For Sale—A complete course in civil engineering in the I C S will be sold cheap. Inquire at this office.

Seen at Big State Fairs.

Reviewing the cattle section of the huge Minnesota state fair, the giant exponent of the great northwest, the Breeder's Gazette, Chicago, from which the cut is reproduced, includes the following in its running comment: The awards in the class of aged Shorthorn bulls scattered this fair's money and commendation from Kentucky to North Dakota. A contest that will prove memorable in Shorthorn history was waged in this spacious and well appointed arena.

Most of the strong herds at Iowa moved up to Minnesota, where they were not exactly "welcomed with bloody hands to hospitable graves," but where the breeders of the home state gave them all the competition they wanted and then some. But even at that one grand championship went to faroff Kentucky and the other to Missouri.

White Hall Marshal fought his way to another championship, winning in the aged class over the beautiful white Bapton Favorite, which wants only some filling of the bottom line to give pause to nearly any competitor.

Memory does not recall such unanimous favor for a cow denied as was



MAKING UP FOR THE SHOW RING.

freely manifested for the beautiful roan three-year-old Dorothea II., which was left down in third position. She was the only one fit to the minute in the ring. The others had dipped too often in the meal tub or else had been too long divorced from it. She stands a trifle from the ground, and the judge is notably fond of the low legged ones and hence got her wrongly in mind. Much of the massiveness inheres in his first choice, the roan Woodhill May Blossom II., but there is a lack of finish at both ends and a somewhat sagging top line against her.

One of the most interesting exhibits of the company was the red Marchioness IV., the Van Horne cow that was at the front in the Winnipeg show. Here is such perfection of Shorthorn type that, soft as her flesh is, we should not have hesitated at ranking her next to the top.

It need not be recalled that comment is current to the effect that the fat show bulls are "no account," that they cannot sire calves and are so "burned out" that they are useless and of no value as stock getters. Not a few people of limited observation and cross eyed reasoning are wont to descant eloquently to this effect. Among the fourteen clinking good heifer calves in this exhibit five out of the six places (all of them but the fifth place) fell to calves sired by that very fat bull Princeps IV., many times champion.

At the Big Buckeye.
"The 'Ohio idea' is one of education—to teach, to show, to illustrate by graphic example. At Columbus there is this year, as is usual, graphic example of how best to do the best things." Thus neatly Joseph E. Wing sums up in the Breeder's Gazette, Chicago, his impression of the big Buckeye fair, but he adds, among other remarks:

The defect in the management of this fair was one so familiar that men have forgotten to see it any more, the failure to mark or catalogue animals so that any intelligent study of them could be made. Ohio is no worse sinner in this respect than some other states. The writer, wandering in the horse barn searching for a particular animal, overheard this from a man who, with his wife, was seeking to learn something: "I can't tell anything about them. There is no one around to tell a man anything." Turning to the writer, he asked, "I want to see the Belgians and to compare them with the Percherons, and I wish to find one Percheron especially."

It is nearly as bad in the cattle barns. If not catalogues, why not simple, plain, but good sized cards announcing names of owners, name of animal, breed and age? Would not more men go to fairs if they could really study the animals with any comfort or understanding?

In Iowa.
The Shorthorn show at the Iowa state fair has been declared to be the best ever seen on American soil. Professor Curtiss, dean of the Iowa state college, is quoted by an exchange as saying that it probably has never been surpassed even in England, the home of the Shorthorns. Exhibitors from Kansas, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio and Iowa warmly contested the ribbons. A new class, Iowa Specials, was crowded. This was for Iowa bred stuff only.

DYNAMITE IN THE MAKING.

Workmen Who Are Encircled by Death in Gallons and Tons.

So thoroughly deceptive is dynamite in the making that you are apt to be disappointed on viewing the surface of things. You could more readily fancy thunderbolts leaping and crashing from tender blue skies than that the most fearful forces in creation are hidden under such a peaceful exterior. Nitroglycerin, a cupful of which would distribute you over square miles of landscape, is diligently mixing around you in hundreds and thousands of gallons.

It is making itself in big iron retorts, cascading down leaden gutters and merrily tumbling in minute Niagaras into immense vats, where the deliquescent yellow peril pursues its journey powderward. Out of one receptacle it fares furiously through special lead coils, driven only by cooling blasts of air, and is drawn off like draft ale and piped on to the next perfecting stage. Gaze with the nitroglycerin expert into one of those big caldrons. The interior is brilliantly illuminated by electricity, the only illuminating agency permitted in or about the danger houses.

Around you are other houses at uniform distances apart and connected by a series of narrow gauge tracks wherein workmen are ralloading nitroglycerin from here and pulp cotton from there to be compounded into dynamite and blasting gelatin. Greatest care is taken in rolling the product from house to house. As soon as a loaded cart is ready to pass out of the nitroglycerin house, for instance, a semaphore signals from an adjoining station, to which the consignment is carefully hurried.

Around you are long storehouses packed with pulp in tons of innocent whiteness. Presently this pulp will assume a tan color under the nitrating process, and then, suddenly becoming carbonite, red cross, hercules, judson and giant powder, forcite or what you order, it develops the quasi virtues of dynamite—dynamite or blasting gelatin in its more natural forces are condensed to the cubic inch than exist anywhere else in creation. Death, curbed and sleeping, encircles you in gallons and tons. Annihilation threatens at every turn in the form of potential pulverizing forces. But the man and the mercury are there also, alert, responsive, reliable.—Leslie's Weekly.

LIBRARY SLOW POKES.

Time Killing Methods of Officials in Continental Europe.

"Americans who grumble about having to wait a long time for books when applying to a public library," said a Boston literary woman, "should try to work or study in a foreign library, particularly in Germany."

"The typical continental librarian takes no account of time. The reader, worker or student must turn in his or her application for books at least a day in advance. The men who search for the books applied for are aged, tottering creatures who have been shuffling around the dusty piles of books for years, and the word hurry is not in their vocabulary."

"The most priceless books and manuscripts are kept in places which are perfect fire traps, and disorder predominates in every department. When you speak about the impossible methods employed the librarians tell you that they are too poor to introduce any modern indexes or catalogues. This is to some extent so, but as a matter of fact they would not change if they had all the money in the world at their disposal."

"They do not wish to encourage the common people to use books. The learned are among the aristocracy, and the spread of the knowledge which is hidden in those wonderful literary museums is far from the purpose of the men at the head of Europe's libraries."

"There may be some delay in our libraries, but our people in the lower walks of life are certainly ahead of the common people of the old world in the matter of getting books when they want them, and generally free of charge."—New York Telegram.

The Town to Be Born In.

In the German town of Klingenberg, near Aschaffenburg, Bavaria, in addition to having no rates to pay for the upkeep of the town, those actually born in the parish receive from the municipal authority a sum of £12 15s. a year. This sum, if invested regularly at, say, 3 per cent, would entitle the owner to receive about £1,500 at the age of sixty—a very handsome old age pension. Were it not necessary that the inhabitants should prove birth in the parish before becoming entitled to this payment the popularity of Klingenberg as a place of residence would doubtless be enormous.—Westminster Gazette.

For Bargain Day.

"She's no lady!"
"Why, I always thought her most refined."
"On the surface, yes. But what do you think of a woman who wears her little boy's football shoes to the bargain sales and spikes every one who gets in her way?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

After Him.

"It's hard to lose your friends," remarked the man who was down and out.
"Hard?" snorted the man who was on the high tide of prosperity. "It's impossible."—Philadelphia Record.

The Prompter.

"I suppose that inspiration prompts many of your jokes."
"A few," admitted the press humorist. "Desperation, however, prompts the most."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior. Land Office at Roseburg, Or.

November, 19, 1908
Notice is hereby given that Jesse M. Perkins, of Bandon, Oregon, who, on Nov. 19, 1908, made Timber Application, No. 02366, for NE 1/4 SW 1/4, Section 22, Township 29 South, Range 14 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Proof to establish claim to the land above described before G. T. Treadgold, United States Commissioner for Oregon, at Bandon, Oregon, on the 9th day of February, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles Swift, Kenneth Perkins, Fred N. Perkins and Robert Walker, Jr., all of Bandon, Coos County, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

First publication Dec. 3

Notice for Publication—Isolated Tract

PUBLIC LAND SALE

Department of the Interior, General Land Office

Roseburg, Oregon, January 2, 1908

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office under the provisions of the act of Congress, approved June 27, 1906 (34 Stats., 517), he will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m. on the 20 day of February next, at this office, the following tract of land:—the NE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 29, T. 30 S., R. 14 W., W. M. Any persons claiming adversely the above described land are advised to file their claims or objections on or before the time designated for sale.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.
J. M. LAWRENCE, Receiver

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85 acres on the Coquille river, close to Bandon, with 1-4 mile river front, a snap for \$1,500

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Edward E. Oakes, - Manager

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A big stock of well chilled meats New clean ventilated rooms free from odors

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