

Notice

Notice is hereby given that the common council of the city of Bandon, by resolution passed at a regular meeting Nov. 1st, 1909, proposes sidewalk improvements upon streets as follows:

On South Fourth street, on the south side thereof, extending from the northwest corner of the Waterman's Park addition east to the plank road thence south where there is no walk at this time to Fifth street.

Also on Pacific avenue (otherwise known as Little and Wood streets) on both sides thereof (where walk has not already been built) extending from Atwater to Sixth streets. Said walks to be six feet wide and of usual specifications.

Now unless a separate written remonstrance against each or either of the above described and proposed improvements be signed by the owners of two-thirds of the real property adjacent to and abutting upon such streets or parts thereof as contained in each or either improvement, and such remonstrance or remonstrances be filed with the recorder on or before the 8th day of December, 1909, then the common council will pass an ordinance declaring and ordering such improvements, and both of them, or either of them that may not have been remonstrated against, which ordinance will assess the cost thereof to adjacent property, and provide for the collection thereof.

Dated at Bandon, Oregon, November 18th, 1909.
C. R. WADE,
City Recorder.

Notice of Sale of Tide Lands

Notice is hereby given that the State Land Board of the State of Oregon, will sell to the highest bidder, at its office in the Capitol building at Salem, Oregon, on December 14, 1909, at 10:00 a. m., of said day, all the state's interest in the tide and overflow lands hereinafter described, giving however to the owner or owners of any lands abutting or fronting on such tide and overflow lands, the preference right to purchase said tide and overflow lands at the highest price offered, providing such offer is made in good faith; and also providing that the land will not be sold nor any offer therefor accepted for less than \$5.00 per acre the Board reserving the right to reject any and all bids.

Said lands are situated in Coos county, Oregon, and described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the meander line of the Coquille river at the northwest corner of lot 6, which said point is 1320 feet east and 1965 feet north from corners sections 17, 18, 19 and 20, running thence along meander line as follows, to-wit:

- S 84° e 130 feet.
- S 74° e 45' e 492 feet.
- North 36 feet to low water line.
- N 75° w 15' w 257 feet along low water line.
- N 73° w 10' w 232 feet.
- N 80° w 137 feet.

S 100 feet to place of beginning, containing 1.31 acres, being tide land fronting on west half of lot 6, sec. 17, T. 28, S. R. 14 W. of W. M.

Applications and bids should be addressed to C. G. Brown, Clerk State Land Board, Salem, Oregon, and marked "Application and bid to purchase tide lands."

C. G. BROWN,
Clerk State Land Board.
39-10
Dated this Sept. 28, 1909.

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For further information address Registrar, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon.

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A LOAFERS' PARADISE

Life of the Happy-go-lucky West Indian Negroes.

LAZY JOY FOR LITTLE WORK.

Six Months' Labor Enables Them to Loll in Indolence For a Year and a Half—Combing the Islands For Men For the Sugar Plantations.

A happy-go-lucky, stand up and fall down, genial, inconsequential spirit animates the West Indian negroes in their labors and in their begging. From the sweating toilers on the dock at Macoris loading sugar into the steamers, with their warning cry, "Bee-low!" to the men in the hold, to the grinning boys hauling their fishing boats up on the beach at Dominica, they live from day to day and take no thought of the morrow. A West Indian negro with \$50 will live for a year and never do a stroke of work.

And why not? His living costs him only 9 cents a day. He has his little cabin for the occupancy. A mango tree grows in his yard, and he can pick plantains by the road at will. If he is too lazy to bake 5 cents will buy bread for the family for the day, and a few cents more will buy a dozen small fish and one large one. A single garment does for the women, and \$5 will clothe the man for a year, while the pickaninnies run as God made them.

The West Indies are the paradise of the happy loafer. Every year the islands are combed from end to end for hands to work the great sugar plantations in Santo Domingo, and at that the negroes must often be practically kidnapped to get them on the boats.

In November of each year the sugar boats, little sloops and schooners that spend the remainder of the year trading among the islands get into the Santo Domingo negro trade. Their captains and supercargoes, when they have them, and the owners go up and down the islands telling the negroes that on a certain day the vessel will sail for Santo Domingo and take all who want to go to work on the sugar plantations.

Take the little island of St. Martin's for illustration. For a week the island is combed, and on the appointed day a dozen sloops and schooners are crowded into Marigot bay. The night before the negroes have begun to stream into the little town that sleeps through the year, waiting for this one day to bring it to life. Boards are laid across boxes, and rum and whisky are set out to arouse the negroes to the pitch that will carry them out to the vessels bound for the plantations.

All day the men stream into the town, traveling barefooted along the sandy roads, swept in by the sailors, singing their song of riches to be had for the asking. Ahead of the men walk their women, toting heavy boxes on their heads, while the men are dressed in their best, with a cocky straw hat perched on one ear, swinging a dandy cane and carrying their shoes in their hands. At the outskirts of the town they put on their shoes and swing eagerly up to the open air bars on the beach.

The women lug the big boxes down to the beach and wall at being left alone until they, too, become filled with the excitement of the scene and urge their men folk on. The men hang back and laugh and drink and deny that they are going.

"Is you goin', Big Tawm?"
"Naw, Ah ain' goin'. Ah jus' come tuh see."

"Yas, yo' is goin', Big Tawm. Glt in dat boat."
"Come on heah, boy. Ya, ha!"

And all the time the rowboats, loaded to the gunwales, are plying back and forth between the shore and the sloops. By sundown the beach is swept clean and six little sloops and a schooner make sail and drift out of the harbor on a dying breeze, loaded down with a thousand black men and women, who will wake in the morning with a raging thirst. Then woe be to the captain who has not filled his water casks, for there is sure to be at least one body to be given to the sharks after the fight around the butts!

When the vessels drop anchor off Macoris the plantation foremen come off and look over the cargoes and pay the shipmasters \$2.50 each for passage money for the negroes. Then the blacks are herded ashore and are credited with 30 cents a day for a month for working from sunrise to sunset in the cane fields. By that time the \$2.50 passage money is paid back. Then they receive their 30 cents a day in cash for the next six months until the cutting and grinding season is over, when the sloops show up again and take them to their homes for \$2.50 each, paid in advance.

The foremen collect from the plantation owners 63 cents a day each for pay for the black hands, but with their share of the money the negroes can live for a year and a half before they have to think of doing another day's work. And they do it. Year after year the trade is plied, and the islands are combed for men for the plantations, and year after year the negroes return home to eighteen months of lazy joy.—New York Tribune.

Teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if any one could tell her what a groundhog was. Up went a little hand, waving frantically.
"Well, Carl, you may tell us what a groundhog is."
"Please, ma'am, it's sausage."—Everybody's Magazine.

IN A PYTHON'S COIL.

An Adventure That Nearly Cost a Zep Official His Life.

The attendants in zoological gardens are exposed to dangers of various sorts. The superintendent of the Cincinnati animal park once had an adventure with a python which came near costing him his life.

It became necessary to make some changes in the snake house, and the superintendent, Mr. Stephens, was in the cage of pythons, anticipating no danger, when to his dismay he saw the largest snake coming toward him, hissing and darting its tongue angrily. Instantly he realized his danger.

The superintendent quickly grasped the huge reptile just back of the neck with his right hand and with the left clutched the creature two feet lower down, where the greatest muscular power of the python is located.

He tried to thrust the writhing mass into a writing box, but the python coiled its twelve feet of length round the man's leg and began to constrict, carrying its tightening coils higher and higher.

Struggle as he might, Mr. Stephens seemed helpless in the serpent's grasp. His hands were so moist that the scaly body twisted in them. Perspiration streamed down his face. The python had worked its head free and was darting its horrid tongue almost in its victim's eyes.

The man threw up his hand instinctively to shield his face, and at the same moment the snake seized and began swallowing it.

By this time the attendants had rushed into the cage, and they began beating the python. Not liking this treatment, the big snake relaxed its coils. Mr. Stephens jerked his hand free and broke off one of the python's fangs in his thumb in so doing.

"If I had not held on to its heaviest muscle," said the superintendent, "I have no doubt it might have strangled me. As long as I kept my grip there I felt confident, but I was pretty weak after the adventure."

AGREED WITH THE ASP.

The Frenchman Got Around the Law Against Hissing.

A gentleman who had been unceremoniously hustled out of a Paris playhouse because he hissed when the curtain fell on the second act brought an action for damages against the manager of the said house.

The court decided in favor of the hissing gentleman, adding that if a spectator is allowed to show his delight by indulging in applause his neighbor has also the right to show disapprobation in an audible fashion.

But the law in France was not always so tolerant. In the middle of the seventeenth century it was strictly forbidden to hiss in a playhouse, and in every theater there were a number of "mardes Francaises" with strict orders to arrest any person infringing the law.

But the French are not easily put down by silly regulations, and when ever they see an opportunity they attack the authorities with that fearful weapon ridicule. In this case such an opportunity came at the Comedie Francaise during the performance of "Cleopatra," a play by Marmontel.

It was a badly written, dull work, and the people were waiting for a chance to give vent to their opinion. At last the chance came. The management had ordered a mechanical asp for the great scene in the final act, when Cleopatra puts an end to her life.

The actress raised the asp, which started hissing, whereupon a spectator rose to his feet and cried: "The asp is quite right. We all share his opinion!" Roars of laughter greeted this joke, and as it was foreseen that a similar scene would take place every night the piece was withdrawn from the repertory.

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