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VOL. 18. COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1899. NO. 13

DR. J. BURT MOORE,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN.
COQUILLE CITY, OREGON.

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THE COMMERCIAL
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MYRTLE CAMP, NO. 197, WOODMEN
of the World, meets at Masonic Hall 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month. A. J. STEWART, Consul.

George T. Moulton, Clerk.

COURT COQUILLE, NO. 18, FORESTERS
of America, meets every second and fourth Thursday evening, at Masonic Hall Coquille City, Oregon.

Geo. O. Leach, C. R.
H. N. Lorenz, R. S.

CLADWICK LODGE, NO. 68, A. F. and A. M., meets on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock each Friday. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

HARRY KNIPS, W. M.
C. W. White, Sec.

DELANE CHAPTER, NO. 6, O. E. S., meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock each full moon at 8 o'clock from April 1st to October 31st, and thereafter at 7:30 and such fifteen days thereafter at 7 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mrs. Nora A. McEwen, W. M.

COQUILLE LODGE, NO. 53, L. O. F., meets every Saturday evening. Visiting brethren in good standing cordially invited.

J. A. Sreed, N. G.J. S. Lawrence, R. S.

COQUILLE ENCAMPMENT, NO. 25, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday at 7:30 P. M. Cordial invitation extended to all visiting patriots in good standing.

R. E. Beck, C. P.
J. F. Houtell, Scribe.

MARIE REBEKAH LODGE, NO. 29, I. O. O. F., meets every 2nd and 4th Wednesdays in each month, at Odd Fellows hall. Mrs. Julia Collier, N. G.

J. S. Lawrence, Sec.

COQUILLE COUNCIL, NO. 288 OF THE
F. M. S. Association meets the 23d Tuesday evening of each month.

Mrs. Ella Fassenden, Pres.
D. F. Dean, Sec.

HANMACK & JAMES,
Manufacturers of
First-Class Red Cedar Shingles,
Arago, Oregon.

Agents: J. T. Lamb, Coquille City;
Dimension Shingles, \$2.30 at mill; Common Shingles, \$1.55. Only one grade of Shingles made.

Central Meat Market
Curran & Gass, Proprietors.

HAVING BOUGHT OUT THE CENTRAL MEAT MARKET, we will be able to furnish all kinds of Meat—Beef, Mutton and Pork, and will pay the highest cash price for beef, hogs, sheep, etc.

CURRAN & GASS.

The Lone Star
C. O. GILKEY, PROPRIETOR.
Coquille City, Or.—Opposite Depot.

Keeps only Pure Wines and Liquors and the American Club Whisky is one of the specialties served in these Clubrooms.

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L. C. Thurman,
SKILLED
BLACKSMITH
and **WAGONMAKER**

ALL-ROUND HORSESHOEING MAN. Manufacturing and repairing of Wagons and Farm Implements, and Machinery of all kinds.

Shop—late W. Drane's, rear of Messer's Livery Stable and opposite Coquille Pharmacy.

L. C. THURMAN.

COOS BAY Marble and Stone Works
C. W. PATERSON, Prop.

Manufacturer of Marble Monuments, Headstones, Tablets, etc.

cemeteries lots enclosed with stone coping or curbing. Iron railings furnished to order. Correspondence solicited from parties living in the country or other towns who may wish anything in my line of business.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

NERVITA
Cures Impotency, Night Emissions and wasting diseases, all effects of self-abuse, or excess and indiscretion. A Nervetonic and Blood Purifier. Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth.

By mail 50c per box; 6 boxes for \$2.50; with a written guarantee to cure or refund the money.

NERVITA MEDICAL CO.,
Clinton & Jackson Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.
For sale by Coquille Pharmacy

LETTER FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

A Coquille Soldier Boy Writes Entertainingly and Intelligently of Events and Scenes.

CARACAR, Island of Cebu, P. I., July 24, 1899.

DEAR SISTER: Your letter of the 14th of May, containing the sad news of our father's death, was received yesterday. I was much pained to hear of his death, but it was not all a surprise, as I had had a presentment for some time that he was dead. One thing I am glad of—he had good care in his last hours and now he lies beside our dear mother.

I wrote you a letter from Jaro, island of Panay, in June, which I suppose you have received before this. Since then I have seen some little service—enough anyway to try a man's mettle. On the morning of the 23d of June we were ordered to roll our blankets and be ready to leave in half an hour. None of us knew where, but at the time appointed we were all ready and were marched down to the waterfront and aboard of the steamship Churushko, and were soon off for the city of Cebu, capital of this island. Next morning we arrived at our destination and were disembarked and assigned to companies, one battalion of the 231 U. S. being there, and I was assigned to company A—the company which bears the distinction of being the first American to set foot on the island.

The rulers here profess to be friendly to the U. S., but it remains to be seen whether or not they are—in the meantime Uncle is keeping a pretty close watch and is prepared for an outbreak any time.

This island is the oldest settled island in the archipelago, and is the island on which Magellan was killed; a monument to him stands in the city of Cebu. The island is 139 miles in length, and varies in width from 12 to 40 miles. In shape it greatly resembles Cuba. It has a north and south, as a range of hills, varying from 500 to 1500 feet in height run the entire length of the island. It is entirely destitute of minerals, but is very rich in vegetable productions. The fertility of the soil is wonderful and the crops enormous, one acre of land sufficing for a family of eight or ten. All kinds of tropical fruits flourish here with the notable exception of the orange. The population is something enormous. This small island is estimated to have a population of 3,000,000 souls, and nine out of every ten are Catholics. In complexion these people are just about a cross between a negro and a Chinaman. They have stiff black hair, which they invariably wear pompadour, and coal black eyes, small and wicked looking. The climate is not exactly all that is to be desired, but altogether it is very good for a tropical climate. In the day time the thermometer ranges from 100 to 130 degrees, but the nights are nice, and cool enough to make a blanket desirable.

As this is the rainy season, we have frequent showers, but of short duration. But when it rains here, it comes in torrents; the water seems to come down by the barrel full.

I had been with my company just a week in Cebu city when we—about a wild yell and started to charge under heavy marching orders, with two days' rations in our haversacks, and out we started, none of the rank and file knowing where. About four miles out of the city we were halted and our captain told us that news had been received that there was a lot of rebels out about eight miles south, on the coast, at a town called Nagi, and that we had been sent out to disperse them, and that he hoped every man would do his duty. We gave him three cheers and moved on. About 11 o'clock a. m. we came in sight of the town and could see their flag flying from the church tower. We were quickly deployed as skirmishers and advanced on the town at double-quick with fixed bayonets and our rifle magazines full of cartridges. When we entered the town you never heard such screaming or saw such running in your life. Men, women and children ran, screamed, fell on their knees and begged for mercy, but as long as we were not fired on we let them alone. It was the flag we were after. At last we brought up close to the church and found that it stood on a small hill, up which we would have to advance for about 100 yards without a particle of cover. Up to this time not a shot had been fired by either side, and just as the company was forming for advance a volley was fired at us from the church. Without a word of command every man uttered a wild yell and started to charge the church, and then you ought to have seen the niggers run! They ran so fast that they had to turn sideways to keep from flying. We fired a few shots at them to hurry them along, but accidentally hit 29 of them and they did not run any farther. Into the church we went (and inside found a couple more

niggers that won't run any more), pulled down the flag, and another town of about 20,000 niggers was ours without the loss of a drop of American blood. I believe this niggers here on this island would put up a pretty good fight if they had guns, but only about one out of a thousand have guns, the rest being armed with knives about 2 1/2 feet long, made in all shapes and called bolos. Well, that night we bivouacked in the church which had never before been desecrated by protestant feet.

Next morning one company of the Tennessee regiment brought us two days' more rations and orders to move on down the coast to this town of Caracar, while they occupied Nagi. We started immediately, expecting to have some fun, but were disappointed as to that, for everywhere along the road we found people with white flags in their hand, and they were showing that they did not care to fight.

We reached this town about 6 o'clock the evening of the same day—July 23—finding no opposition on the way and taking peaceable possession of the town. We found about 400 Filipino soldiers, armed with spears and bolos, in this town, but they offered no resistance at all when we hauled down their flag and raised Old Glory in its stead—and here she floats undisturbed since the 24 day of July. After taking formal possession of the town and the flag floating in the breeze, the priest came out and offered us quarters in his residence, which offer was accepted by our officers and we were soon installed beneath a roof, the officers above stairs, with the priest, and the company below on the brick floor.

Every city and village here has three noticeable features—cathedrals, priests' palaces and military barracks. You go into the interior and rising from a mass of bamboo hotels are the tall spires of costly cathedrals and the sentry towers of Spanish barracks, and still Spain never controlled these islands, never had undisputed possession of 350 years. And the same trouble that Spain had with them from the beginning will be the experience of our government. It is the religious fanaticism of these people that is responsible for this war; that and the vast ambition of a band of shrewd men of whom Aguinaldo is the star. Their devotion to the external forms of their religion is nothing less than idolatry. It is not Christ, the son of God, they worship, but the visible miniature cross which bears His carved image; not Mary, the madre, but the ebony figure carved by skilled hands; it is not the beauty of Christianity they see to worship, but the richly robed priest, the figures of saints, the pomp and ceremony. Nor do they hear the "still small voice of God"—rather the oratory and anathemas.

"That fill the vast cathedral's aisles With symphonies sweet and low." Their religious ardor is astonishing. It is not the Catholicism of America, but of the bloody days of that church of centuries past. You cannot go into the lowest, meanest hovel on this island without finding images of Christ, the Virgin Mary and saints.

I have devoted some study to the conditions that exist here, the character of the people and the delusion they labor under as a people, and from that study, little as it is, I have formed conclusions that I think are reasonable. These people are not going to submit to foreign interference as long as their leaders desire them to fight. There will be no decisive battle, but pillaging, assassination, deprecations, treacheries and uprisings by scattered bands every day in the year unless our government sends an army of sufficient numbers and force to make them know the power and strength of American arms, then they may come to learn that our ultimate purpose is not war, but civilization. But I think that Aguinaldo's death would do more to silence them than a hundred American victories. The people, as a rule, are very ignorant, knowing nothing but their religion. Of course there are some that are fairly well educated; that is, they know there is a rich and powerful country called America. They seem to think that all Americans are made of money, by the way they talk and act. Since we occupied this town Uncle Sam has changed some of the Filipino soldiers we found here into policemen, paying them the magnificent salary of three dollars (Spanish money) a month. That would be about \$1.50 in American money, and is the best wages they ever received in their lives.

This town is estimated to contain about 10,000 inhabitants, but you must not think that a town here covers as much land as a town of the same size does in the U. S., and it does not cover more than one-fourth as much. The houses are nearly all bamboo huts, jammed tight together, twenty people often

living in a shack twenty feet square. A stove is unknown in this country; nothing but a rude pile of stones under a roof of thatch, a few earthenware pots to cook in and the outfit is complete. I do not know what this country would do if it was not for bamboo; nearly everything is made from it—houses, waterbuckets, churns, chairs, tables, beds, fences, mats, baskets—in fact everything that one wishes it for. There is only one substantial dwelling-house in this town, and that is the one we are now quartered in. It is built of white coral, with walls four feet in thickness. It is built on a hill slightly apart from the rest of the town. In front of this house is a level space of about an acre covered with a grass greatly resembling bluegrass and set out in the beautiful and famous "flame" tree of India. It is an everblooming tree, with flame-red blossoms. Through the foliage we can catch glimpses of the China sea, and across the channel about 20 miles we can see another small island called Kola. About 50 feet to the east of our quarters the church stands. It was erected in 1700 and is a beautiful building. It is built of white coral also, and has a red tile roof. In the night, when the beautiful moon shines on it, it is a beautiful sight to behold. The floor is paved with marble imported from Italy. It is all colors and is laid in beautiful patterns. The ceiling is covered with paintings of the saints and the Virgin Mary. The walls are of mahogany in beautiful designs. The altar decorations are of pure gold. The church has two towers, and a chime of twelve bells, imported from Spain, which rings nearly all the time. The church is 300 feet long and nearly 100 feet wide. No one knows how much it cost, but it surely cost a large sum of money.

The priest is all-powerful. Everybody pays tribute to them and they have the best there is in the land. This province (or as we would call it, this county), has a population of 20,000, and when a death occurs in the province the head of every family in the province has to pay the priest 10 cents each, and when the body is buried a vast sum has to be paid for it or it will be taken out and thrown into a heap and the bones left to rot in the sun. Truly a horrid custom.

The "The Angels" bell at sundown, and every person, no matter who he is, where he is, or what he is doing, falls on his knees, crosses himself and utters a prayer, but our rejoicing was soon checked at times to see everybody suddenly prostrating themselves. Well, after resting for a week at this place, one night at retreat roll call a list of the names of 30 men was read out, who were ordered to be ready at 6 o'clock next morning for a three days' march, and my name was on the list. Next morning, at 6, every man was ready to go wherever led and none of us knew where that would be. But we started toward the hills, and word passed down the line that we were going scouting across the island (which is about 12 miles wide at this point), and of course we felt elated at the thought that we were going where no American foot had ever trod before; but our rejoicing was soon checked at times to see everybody suddenly prostrating themselves.

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But at last we reached the summit and a sight that was well worth all our trouble and toil met our view. Below us lay a beautiful valley, sparkling like an emerald, dotted thickly with bamboo huts shaded by lordly banyan trees with their sea of foliage, the huts in the distance looking like beehives, while those nearer looked like shocks of corn. The valley appeared to be about four miles in width. On the further side was a lower range of hills, and down the center of the valley ran a small river, sparkling in the sunlight like a thousand diamonds, while over the tops of the smaller range of hills we could see an arm of the China sea, blue as indigo, and still farther on, across the channel, we could see Negro Island, her mountains looking blue and hazy in the distance. Turning about and looking back from whence we came, another beautiful picture met our view. Seemingly at our feet lay the town we had left, the zinc roof of our quarters flashing brightly, while through the air came the faint tones of the chimes ringing the hour for midday mass, while up and down the coast for several miles we could see the twelve spires of cathedrals and old Spanish watchtowers

(Continued on 21 page.)

ANOTHER DEWEY TO THE FRONT.

Declares for Government Ownership of All Industries—Agent of Federal Labor Bureau.

Spokane, Wash., Oct. 15.—"I declare myself a socialist; I believe in national paternalism, in governmental ownership of all industries. The competitive system of labor is today the curse of the toilers. There is no hope for the betterment of the evil conditions which now exist as a result of the antagonism of capital and labor, save in the establishment of a socialistic form of government."

These words were the keynote of an address delivered today to an audience of union workmen by a special agent of the federal bureau of labor sent here to investigate the Coeur d'Alene riots and other labor difficulties. The speaker was Adelbert M. Dewey, cousin of the admiral, and historian of the Dewey family. His words created a considerable sensation.

Speaking of the Coeur d'Alenes, Mr. Dewey said:

"I, who am one of you, say to you that labor organizations cannot afford to stand sponsor for crime."

This won applause.

The speaker also counseled his hearers to moderation in the use of intoxicants, to the end that they might never while under the influence of liquor do ought to bring discredit upon organized labor. He refused to discuss the report he will make on the Wardner riot, saying it must be given out through the department first, and not from him.

Today's meeting was of representatives of all labor organizations of the city, to report to Mr. Dewey data concerning all labor difficulties here in the past five years.

A Criticism of Our Pioneer History.

A late issue of the Oregon Native Son, a magazine devoted to the history of Oregon and now in its 5th month, gives this appreciative review of the "Pioneer History of Coos and Curry counties." It says:

"Pioneer History of Coos and Curry counties," by Orville Dodge, is probably the most complete, most reliable, and most interesting history published on the Pacific coast. It is so complete, and so full of evidence of such an energetic and efficient work in its preparation, that the wonder is that it should ever have been finished. As a business venture, such books seldom, if ever, pay the writer for his care and labor, owing principally to the fact that those most benefited by its words are selfish and fail to extend to it the support it deserves. It is a valuable contribution to Oregon history, and no one interested in the state should be without it. Every page bears evidence that its preparation has been a work of love, rather than a hope for financial gain, which gives it an earnestness that makes it all the more to be appreciated, especially among pioneers of Coos and Curry counties.

Gets a Fortune.

Pendleton (Or.), Oct. 16.—Rev. Paul Krueger, pastor of the United Brethren church at Ukiah, and cousin of the Transvaal president, has fallen heir to a fortune in Germany left him by his deceased father.

He received the news of his good fortune today from August T. Dorn, an uncle who was in Los Angeles and had come to America to search out an heir to the property left by Ernst Krueger, who was killed in the Franco-Prussian war.

The property consists of four coal mines and ten thousand marks.

[Rev. Paul Krueger, mentioned above, cousin of President Paul Krueger of the Transvaal republic and now twisting the British lion's tail right hard, seems to have the same brave spirit as his cousin. Although a minister, a few days ago he was commissioned a deputy sheriff at Pendleton and given papers for the arrest of a saloon-keeper at Ukiah, who is a desperate character, selling liquor without a license and was charged with the murder of a man in his saloon a few nights before. The ministerial deputy sheriff went lone-handed and took his man, delivered him at the county jail, some 60 miles distant, just as he would attend to a matter of ordinary business.—Ed. Herald.]

How to Prevent Croup.

We have two children who are subject to attacks of croup. Whenever an attack is coming on my wife gives them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it always prevents the attack. It is a household necessity in this country and no matter what else we run out of, it would not do to be without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. More of it is sold here than of all other cough medicines combined.—J. M. NICKLE, of Nickle Bros., merchants, Nickleville, Pa. For sale by R. S. Knitow.

Is there Acid in Your Blood?

That rheumatism in its worst form can be cured by proper treatment is shown by this interview with Mat Tanner, of 231 Hamilton St., Albany, N. Y. He said: "I was taken with rheumatism that began in my hips and spread throughout my body. For two years and a half I was confined to my bed. I employed nine of the best physicians of Albany, and two specialists from New York, but all declared my case hopeless. My niece recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The use of several boxes enabled me to leave my bed and go about with crutches. Finally I abandoned the crutches, and am now as well as ever. No praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is too strong for my case."

MAT TANNER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of Sept., 1898.

NELLE F. TOWNER, Notary Public.

—From the Albany (N. Y.) Journal

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and vigor to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes \$2.50.

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In your paper, made for you and not a misfit. It is 32 years old it is the great best-seller. Hit the nail on the head—cut after you have said it, Farm and Household paper in the world—the biggest paper of its size in the United States of America—having over a million and a half regular readers.

Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL 2 YRS. (remains in shape 1899, 1900 and 1901) will be sent by mail to any address for a DOLLAR BILLY. Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.

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A strictly high-grade Sewing Machine, finished throughout in the most desirable manner. It possesses all modern improvements, and its mechanical construction is such that it is combined simplicity with great strength, thus insuring ease of running, durability, and great reliability. It is possible for the machine to be put out of order. It sews and makes a perfect stitch with all kinds of thread and all classes of materials. Always ready for use and unexcelled for speed, durability and quality of work. Notice the following points of superiority:

The Head of the "Arlington" swings on patent socket hinges, firmly held down by a thumb screw. Strong, substantial, neat and handsome in design, and beautifully ornamented in gold. The plate has rounded corners and is inlaid or counter sunk, making it flush with top of table. Highest Arm—space under the arm is 2 1/2 inches high and 8 inches long. The widest opening the largest skirts, and even quilts. It is Self-Threading—Absolutely no holes to put thread through except eye of needle. Shuttle is entirely self-threading. Easy to put in or take out; holds in a large amount of thread. Stitch Regulator is on the back of the machine; he checks from 8 to 10 stitches to the inch. Feed is double and extends on both sides of needle; sews fairly to take woods through; never stops at seams; movement is positive; springs for crack and get out of order can be raised and lowered at will. Automatic Bobbin Winder—For filling the bobbin automatically and perfectly smooth without holding the thread. Machine does not run while winding holder. Light Running—Machine is easy to run, does not fatigue the operator; makes little noise and sews rapidly. Stitch is a double lock stitch, the same on both sides, and can be changed without stopping the machine. Tension is a flat spring tension, and will admit thread from 8 to 100 speed cotton without changing. Never gets out of order. Gear is sound, made of case-hardened steel, with oil cup at the bottom to prevent oil from getting on the goods. Adjustable Drawings—All bearings are case-hardened steel and easily adjusted with a screw driver. All lock motion can be taken up, and the machine will last a lifetime. Attachments—Each machine is furnished with necessary tools and accessories, and in addition we furnish an extra set of attachments, including a set of four levers, different widths up and down, and a set of four levers, different widths up and down, and a set of four levers, different widths up and down. Woodwork of finest quality oak or walnut, Gothic cover and drawers, nickel-plated rings for drawers, dress stands to wheel, and device for replacing belt.

OUR GREAT OFFER. \$23.50 is our Special Wholesale Price, and as our \$18.50 machine is the highest quality machine ever made, we will give you a first-class machine at the lowest price ever offered. On receipt of \$8.50 cash and \$10.00 on order, we will ship the above-described machine any time you securely packed and sealed, and guarantee satisfactory delivery. A ten years' written warranty sent with each machine. Money refunded if not completely satisfied after thirty days' test trial. We will ship C. O. D. for \$19.50 with privilege of twenty days' trial on receipt of \$10.00. Money refunded if not completely satisfied after thirty days' trial before paying, send for our large illustrated catalogue with testimonials of the lowest manufacturer's prices without asking one cent in advance. The best plan is to send all cash with order, as you then save the \$1.00 discount. Remittance for the same must be sent with order.

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