

# The time to sell is

right now. Carriers of fruit are bidding recklessly against each other on all sides for berries and berry contracts. They are making big guaranteed prices for ten years. The pendulum always swings the other way and in a few years they will all be holding back. If you are wise you will get into the berry game

# When everybody wants to buy

Bradley, Berry Booster, will make you a ten-year contract now

## LIVE STOCK INSURANCE

### Insurance Against Death from any Cause

You can insure your whole herd or individual animals against death from disease, accident, fire, drowning, tornado, or, in fact, any cause. Rates reasonable. Write to address below for rates or other information.

**GEO. C. HUGGINS**

78 Central Ave.

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"Nothing But Insurance  
But Everything In That"

**ELIMINATE RUBBER**

**BERGMANN SHOE OIL**

Nobody likes rubbers  
—they crack the feet  
—they look like the Dickens  
—they are a nuisance  
—they cost like the Dickens

Nobody likes wet feet  
—they produce colds

Everybody likes Bergmann Shoe Oil  
—it keeps feet dry  
—it preserves shoes  
—it will prevent chafing  
—it costs very little.

**Theo. Bergmann Shoe Oil Co.**  
PORTLAND, OREGON

**Miniature Castle From Sandstone.**  
Carved from soft sandstone, a miniature medieval castle on a California beach faithfully represents a feudal fortress on a small scale. The model building stands on a diminutive hill that strikingly resembles the precipitous elevations upon which such strongholds usually were built. Several styles of architecture are to be seen in the small castle, which was fashioned on a scale of one-fourth inch to one foot by a mechanical engineer who spent his leisure moments on the task.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

**Origin of Wall Paper.**  
The Chinese were the first to use paper for decorating or covering the walls of rooms. The Dutch are supposed to have introduced the use of wall paper into Europe in the sixteenth century. The earliest sale known in the United States was in 1746 in Philadelphia, where Charles Hargrave advertised the business. A person named Fleeson manufactured wall paper in Philadelphia about 1747.

**Tip for Mothers.**  
Hasten Headlight—The way to keep a boy looking neat is to launder him, shake his feet, and give him sleeping powders every five minutes.

## FROM A CLEAR SKY

By AGNES C. BROGAN.

Rosalie walked beside the tangled bushes of roses in her garden and looked wistfully up and down the road.

"Reckon," she said, "we may as well give up looking for some one to come or something to happen Susan, we've been looking a good many years."

The black cat who was the lone little woman's only companion, answered by a sympathetic purr.

"Susan," Rosalie went on, "that we ought to get over expecting. If anything new or pleasant had been coming our way, it would have come when the old house was fresh, when father tended the rose vines and kept them neat, when carriages drove past our door with happy folks coming to town for holiday, or stopping in to visit."

Rosalie sank down upon a grassy mound and drew the cat into her lap, silent with her memories.

"Carriages come no more down our quiet lane," she told the cat, "it's autos now, great whirling autos flying along the great white road." Rosalie rose to her feet smiling whimsically upward, "anything that will come our way these days, puss, must drop from out a clear sky." And as the woman stood gazing absently upward, a whirring sound coming not from the main road, rent the air. Then she saw it—the wonder thing with the outspread wings of a monster bird sweeping the sky. And before Rosalie could catch her astonished breath, the wonder thing circled, dropped, and still circling, came crashing toward her own neglected garden.

Like a throbbing monster it lay in the wide space beyond the rose hedge; and Rosalie, trembling, rushed to a man who frantically beckoned from its side. He was a young man and dead-white.

"You'd better get someone," he gasped, "to help carry me inside. Nothing but a broken bone, I guess—awful jar, but made landing—in time." Then the man of the airplane fainted.

When she returned with the assurance that help would soon come, the young man turned upon the cushions she propped about him.

"It's probably nothing to worry about," he said slowly, "but you never can tell. Might be internal injury. So I wondered—if you'd be kind enough—to write a sort of—message to a girl. You could mail it to her from me in case—" he smiled faintly, "Well, in either case," he said.

So Rosalie brought her best note-paper, and seated herself close to the great broken bird, which had soared toward the sky.

"Yes," she prompted.

"Begin it," the man said steadily,

"Dearest," that includes everything." "Dearest," Rosalie wrote, and waited. "Today only, do I dare to tell you that which has long been in my heart, I love you. Always, I think I have loved you—" She still waited as he lay with closed eyes apparently thinking.

Rosalie was thinking also. She had wished for something to happen. Something miraculous had happened, the "something" had darted into her solitude from out a clear sky. Romance itself, was close to her, and she, as usual, but an onlooker. She thought of this dearest girl far away, wondering if she had listened wearily for a step that never came back. But the "Dearest" girl did not live, she was sure, in an old house set far back from the road, where briars and cacti grew thick, to screen and choke young life. The dearest girl's lover had not gone away years before. He was a young lover still. Neither had heartless parents sent him abroad to finish a medical education, killing romance—country, romance they had called it, with one blow. And after twenty-five years the memory of that broken romance still had power to bring a mist to Rosalie's blue eyes.

He had married—her own lover of long ago—a gay creature abroad, who had not lived long enough to return with her husband to his home. And when he had returned, taking up in later years his father's practice of medicine, Rosalie kept resolutely and proudly out of his way.

As an auto rounded the curve, she jumped apprehensively to her feet and hurried into the house. It was the same step she remembered, which now crossed the porch, as the doctor carried the aviator upon his own broad back. The same confident laugh which schooled back from her sitting room.

Presently the doctor sought her out "We shall need you," he said, but his eyes were upon her, as he talked with his patient.

And later when Rosalie and her lover of long ago stood together beside the airplane in the garden, the doctor bent to pick up a piece of paper.

"Dearest," he read, "today only, do I dare to tell you that which has long been in my heart, I love you. Always, I think, I have loved you."

He turned, as he was leaving, to put the paper into Rosalie's hand.

"I will come again this evening," he said.

And as she would have continued the young lover's letter, she saw beneath her own handwriting a hastily added line:

"This is my message to you, Rosalie, the message I myself, would have written."

And when the moon shone through the old house windows at evening, she found herself again listening for a step.

**Brains Not Their Strong Point.**  
Even an oyster has a brain of a sort; and a clam likewise. The brains of fishes are very inferior, as compared with those of mammals, but the optic lobes are enormously developed, because fishy creatures, to get the food they need, must be able to see well in dim light under water. Reptiles generally are very stupid creatures, and so it is not surprising to find that their brains are remarkably small. That of a 12-foot alligator is no bigger than your thumb.

**Somewhat Hard to Explain.**  
The Indians of Venezuela have from time immemorial had a yearly fasting season of forty days, and so have the Aztecs of Mexico. So, also, it should be remembered, had the ancient Persians. We cannot attribute their adoption of the number of forty to any relationship with Christianity, and there is no evidence that it had any connection with Judaism. Why, then, forty? —Exchange.

**Quaker's Name.**  
The society of Quakers received that name originally because they bade certain magistrates to "tremble at the word of the lord."

## FOUR TO EIGHT AGAIN

(Continued from last page.)

The defendant was termed a happy-hearted boy and Sherwood was berated for having become an assistant prosecutor in the case. One might have thought after hearing him that Mr. Sherwood should hide his head in shame for having taken such a job.

Detective Riley, of the Pinkerton Agency, also came in for a tongue lashing. He was an underground sleuth. "No detective was ever born whose foundation was not built on a cornerstone of deception" and so on and on, until he could think of no more derogatory things to say of him.

He said they had requested the jurymen to ask any question they pleased of Harold Howell, and no attorney who believed his client guilty would ever dare to do a thing like that, any more than they would take the wings of the morning and fly to the forest primeval. For there is no limitation to the manner or form of a question a jurymen may ask in such a case.

Then he launched into a denunciation of Lillian's murderer. He wanted capital punishment restored so that he might get what he deserved.

He made the point that while Sam Whetstone went out and made an experiment with two shells and two bullets, only one was offered in evidence, as if a hatful of bullets in evidence would indicate the markings of the bullet any better than one would. Another statement that was made was that all the experiments made by the defense were made in the presence of an officer. So we were given to understand that all the bullets fired in Hark Dunham's woodshed were fired in the presence of the trust officer.

When he declared that "criminals don't act like you and I do," Mr. McKnight said something that everybody will assent to. That the tavern robbers and murderers on the Columbia highway were broken up by questioning and confessed, was stated, the implication being that if Harold was guilty he would have been brought to confession by the questioning he had undergone.

After Mr. McKnight concluded about 11:15 Tuesday morning Mr. Sherwood began his argument for the prosecution with a story of two Coos river ranchers, one of whom asked the other if he didn't plant his potatoes in the moon. The reply was that he planted them in the ground. So Sherwood proposed not to follow the attorneys for the defense into the upper air but to keep on the ground. His address not only continued for the rest of the morning but occupied the afternoon from 1:15, when court re-convened until after 5 o'clock at night, but not interruptedly, for at least eight exhibits of bullets were handed to the jury and passed around and closely scrutinized by all of them with a glass during that time.

The most dramatic scene of the trial came when the prosecutor came to speak of the murdered girl and the only possible motive for the crime, when the bereaved parents sat with bowed heads and every hearer hung upon the speaker's words.

He told how Harold was on just the road to meet Lillian going home when he left the Warden home a little before six and what kind of a proposal he evidently had made to her—how this sweet young girl had preferred death to dishonor and how if this crime remained unpunished, girls would understand that to save their lives they must submit to degradation when approached as Lillian was.

The address covered every phase of the evidence and no demand for explanation of any part of it made by the counsel for the defense was left unanswered.

As to the evidence of Harold's mother and uncle in regard to the time he reached home the evening of the murder he declared there were no mothers who would hesitate to shield a boy by misstatements and but few uncles.

As to the closeness with which the two shots were fired, he said that the girl must have fallen there in the middle of the road and that the second bullet which entered the opposite side of her head could not have been fired sooner than from a rifle such as Harold carried, as was claimed by the defense. The

## Scorched!

It will happen at times under the eyes, even, of the most responsible of housewives.

It may be an overheated iron, or momentary forgetfulness—but the damage is done. The garment may be scorched beyond all further usefulness. At the very least a mark is left that no washing can ever erase.

Such scorching occurs in the home because irons must be heated by fire and electricity that attain high temperatures.

But it can not take place when you send your washing to us.

Our presses are all heated by steam which never becomes hot enough to scorch. If you were to hold a gemmer silk over the steaming spout of your hot water kettle, the steam would not injure the fabric. We use the same steam in our laundry.

With its help we are able to give a beautiful lustre to your work with never a brown-tinted scar to mar it.

We will do YOUR ironing this steam-heated way if you will send your family bundle to us. Our driver will be glad to call.

### COQUILLE LAUNDRY CO.

automatic pistol, shooting with no interval between the shots, could have no place in this tragedy.

After Mr. Sherwood concluded his arguments Judge Coke immediately charged the jury, the bailiffs were sworn and it lacked but a few minutes of six when they went to their room.

### The Shoes That Were Burned

On Saturday of last week the young defendant in the Howell murder case went on the stand for four hours and stuck to his story of what he did on that fateful 27th of July without being entangled by Mr. Sherwood in his cross-examination. His testimony differed only slightly from that given at the former trial, the principal discrepancy being in denying that he burned his shoes about a week after the murder, whereas before he said, "we burned them" when cleaning up the yard in preparation for the expected visit of an uncle.

That the shoes he wore on the day of the murder were thus burned is not denied, but as considerable additional testimony in regard to shoes came out afterwards, during the trial, we might as well tell about them here.

Harold's father since the former trial had refreshed his memory in regard to the shoes by referring to the books at Mr. Sidwell's store where he bought them. That was on July 18, 1918, more than a year before the murder and one could well believe, as was testified, that as active a boy as Harold, had them pretty well used up within a year. They were English walking shoes, and Mr. Sidwell was on the stand with others of the same make and also a worn one of the same size. The Howell shoes were he said 5 1/2 inches and a fraction over 10 1/2 inches in length which corresponded with testimony at the previous trial as to the length of some tracks traced for a long way on the road from the scene of the crime.

Mrs. Lura Barkdoll and one other witness testified that about the date of the crime the shoes of that kind Harold was wearing were in good condition and not much worn.

At any rate Harold wore those shoes on Sunday School the morning of the 27th of last July. The question naturally suggests itself whether it was one pair of those shoes that were burned after the officers had taken the Howell rifle, or two. Shoes that he had worn for over a year would hardly have been in as good a condition as the witnesses said his were.

### Motor Boat For Sale

A new 25-foot cabin launch, 12 horse power engine, will carry 10 or 15 people. This launch is new and in a No. 1 condition, cost \$1,000. Will sell at a bargain. See T. A. Walker.

### The Daily and Sunday Oregonian and the Sentinel, both for one year, for \$8.50 at this office.

### Better Wrappers and Trousers Signs at the Sentinel office.

### FOR SUNSHINE LAND.

I want to hear the steamboat blow for sunshine land away,  
I want to hear the whistle ring for blue leagues down the bay,  
I want to hear the old stevedores yell out the bow line's drop—  
I want to go to sunshine land  
That lies in the fairy sea.

I want to watch the bugger's sail spread merrily in the light,  
I want to lie beneath the sky in the starry summer night,  
I want to hear the captain roar  
And the mate pass on the sign;  
I want to sail to the sunshine land  
On the ships of the old line.

I want to leave the winter world and all the storms that fret,  
I want to go to a summer clime and play  
For a year or so,  
I want to hear the steamboat blow,  
And I want to be right there  
When she shows her heels and her old side whistles  
Thru the spray high in air.  
—B. B., in the Baltimore Sun.

### WOMAN DIVER "MAKES GOOD"

Her Record in Toluernary Bay Compared Favorably With That of Male Companions.

Since 1914 it has become quite the usual thing to find woman invading what had always been regarded as man's own special domain in every direction, and now comes the news of a woman diver being employed in the salvage operations in Toluernary bay, which lies off the west coast of Scotland, near the Isle of Mull. Although the weather conditions were far from ideal on the first day she attempted her trip below sea, the venture turned out a complete success. In 1688 one of the treasure ships of the Spanish armada was sunk in Toluernary bay, and it is in connection with the recovery of this treasure that the services of a woman diver have been put into operation. During the last two months various articles have been recovered from the wreck, among them pieces of black African oak, sheets of lead, copper, and pewter, broken pieces of pottery, old Spanish coins, and some large roundish stones. With regard to the latter, in the general orders issued to the Armada by the duke of Medina Sidonia, appears the following instruction: "Every ship will carry on board casting stones to be used during a fight." The sheet lead was used on the largest galleons to protect their decks and sides. Among the coins are some pieces of eight, which are supposed to have fallen from the pockets of the Spanish sailors. These show the usual castles and also the claim of Philip II to be king of the Indies.

### Daily Thought.

Let us consider the reason of the case; for nothing is law that is not reason.—Sir John Powell.

### TAKE IT IN TIME

Just as Scores of Coquille People Have Waiting doesn't pay. If you neglect kidney backache, Urinary troubles often follow. Act in time by curing the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills are especially for weakened kidneys. Many people in this locality recommend them. Ask your neighbor! Here's one case: Mrs. J. H. Gustin, 521 S. Grape St., Medford, Ore., says: "I have been taking Doan's Kidney Pills whenever I have felt the need of a kidney medicine for several years and I have always received the most satisfactory results. My kidneys seem to be my weakest spot and every little cold or strain affects them and my back becomes weak and lame. After I have taken a couple of boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, my kidneys become normal and in every way I feel as well and strong as ever." Price 60c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Gustin had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.