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The Scrap Book

Shutting Off Competition.

Bishop Nathaniel S. Thomas of Wyoming visited the state penitentiary and endeavored to ascertain what causes had led to the downfall of the various prisoners. Almost to a man they told the bishop that love of drink had put them behind the bars. This interested him, and he asked each prisoner for his solution of the liquor problem, carefully tabulating the answers for future reference. All but one of the prisoners announced themselves advocates of prohibition.

One man, a lean, rugged, leather-necked convict, not yet blenched by prison life, denounced this plan when the bishop suggested it to him.

"The trouble with prohibition is it don't prohibit," he said vigorously. "What you want to do is to close up the distilleries. They're the boys to go after."

"A sensible idea, certainly," said Bishop Thomas, making a note of it. "Your plan is to stop the traffic at its source. Excellent! You seem like a very intelligent man. May I ask who you are—what you are here for?"

"Oh, me," said the prisoner. "I am a moonshiner."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Anger.

Bride thy passion. Anger is the sin of all the greatest. It leads up to deeds known only to the darkest hours of night. It tempts the upright man to throw aside his cloak of reason and go forth to dip his hands in human blood. It covers up the path where duty walks with steadfast foot.

It will not listen to the soft appeals of maiden loveliness or turn aside from its fierce purpose when the dimpled hands of mercy are held up before its gaze. It will not falter in its stubborn course when old age counsels with great swelling words.

It is the curse of youth and middle age. Of gray haired men and women. It be- numbs the sensibilities of all alike.

'Tis only fit to live where madmen live. Safe stilled behind the strongest prison bars.

—Herbert E. Day.

Misnamed.

An old lady was going over the London zoo, and after some time she went up to a keeper and tapped him on the shoulder with her umbrella.

"Well, mum?" said the keeper.

"I want to ask you," explained the old lady, "which of the animals in the zoo you consider the most remarkable."

The keeper scratched his head for awhile:

"Well, mum," he replied, "after careful consideration, as you might say, I've come to the conclusion as the biscuit goes to the laughing hyena."

"Indeed!" said the old lady in surprise. "And why do you consider the laughing hyena so remarkable?"

"Well, mum," answered the zoological expert, "the only has a sleep once a week, he only has a meal once a month, and he only has a drink once a year. So what he's got to laugh about is a bloomin' mystery to me!"

A Case of Economy.

Mrs. Johnson, the wife of the new minister in a New England town, asked a neighboring farmer's boy to bring her a dozen eggs and a roasting chicken when he brought the vegetables the next day. The boy appeared promptly, but in his basket were only eleven eggs. "Ma says she will send over the other egg after a while," he explained.

"But what about the chicken?" Mrs. Johnson asked. "That does not seem to be here either."

"She will send that, too," was the answer.

"But," complained Mrs. Johnson, "I want to cook the chicken for dinner. Why didn't you bring it over with you this time?"

"Because," replied the boy, "the hen isn't killed yet. You see, ma's waitin' till she lays the other egg."—Lippincott's.

Scared Him Off.

Ralph R. Bradley, a Chicago lawyer, had a client who had some differences with a farmer down state. Mr. Bradley wrote in the interest of his client on a letterhead showing the address of the lawyer's firm in the Hookery. He received no reply and was obliged eventually to make a trip to close the litigation.

Meeting the farmer, he asked him why he had not shown him the courtesy at least to acknowledge the receipt of the letter.

"Well," said the down state, "I noticed 'The Hookery' on your letterhead, and it bothered me. I am not an educated man, so I had some one look 'hookery' up. He told me it meant a den of thieves, and I concluded not to have anything to do with you."

Literal Interpretation.

A sneak thief had got into the car and made off with a fellow traveler's pocketbook. A greeny, who was evidently on his first trip to the city, had taken the episode in with a certain amount of relish and, despite his supposed greenness, apparently knew more about the identity of the guilty one than any one present when the alarm was raised.

He touched the conductor on the arm and pointed to a man who was hurrying down the block for dear life.

"There's the thief," he chuckled dryly.

The conductor turned on him sharply.

"You — fool! If yer saw 'im pickin' the gent's pocket why didn't yer report 'im 'stead of lettin' 'im slip off that way?"

"That sign up there scared me," returned the hayshead.

"What sign?"

"Th' one that sez 'Beware of Pickpockets.'"—Exchange.

If you are looking for a cosy modern home close to Coquille this is it. Owner must sell. Price is so low and Oh well what's the use of reading, just call on the Coos Collection Co. and they will tell you all about the three acres of fine cleared land and running water in house, good sidewalk etc.

In Japan the Rich Pay More.

A common complaint made by tourists in Japan is that they are obliged to pay for everything for higher prices than the natives are charged, or, in other words, that because they are foreigners they are being deceived, but a glance at the social conditions by which the people have been educated would reveal the curious fact that throughout Japan's long period of isolation it was must live for the sake of the poor, and prices have always been based upon the purchaser's rank in society or upon his presumed ability to pay. This understanding remains largely in force today, being fully recognized and acted upon by all favored classes throughout the empire.

The occidental, coming from lands where the reverse practically holds good—the poor living for the sake of the rich—naturally complains of being robbed, as from his point of view he really is, but it is not because he is a foreigner, but because, being a tourist, he is presumably wealthy.—Arthur May Knapp in the Atlantic.

Saved the Crown Jewels.

A very romantic adventure once befell the Scottish crown jewels while they were deposited for safety in Dunottar castle. This stronghold was besieged by Cromwell so hotly that the little garrison decided to surrender. On the eve of yielding the wife of Ogilvie, the commander of the beleaguered castle, managed, with the aid of the wife of the local minister, to elude the besiegers and get the jewels away. The latter were buried under the pulpit in the parish church and lay there till the restoration, though the minister and his wife were tortured to disclose the place where the jewels were hidden. Ogilvie was afterward rewarded with a baronetcy, and Keith, who stoutly declared he had seen them in the possession of the exiled King Charles II., was made an earl. But the faithful minister and his wife went unrewarded.

Old Superstitions.

It is only when we begin to investigate the origin of certain old customs and superstitions that we gain any real idea of how deeply rooted in men's minds during the dark and middle ages was the fear of the supernatural and particularly of evil spirits. To this day in a certain country the cottagers after the Saturday morning scrubbing take a piece of chalk and draw a rough geometrical pattern round the edge of the threshold stone. This they do, not knowing that their ancestors thought it a sure way of keeping the devil from entering the house. Another custom, often noticeable in country parishes, is the reluctance to bury the dead on the north side of the churchyard. This is because evil spirits were always supposed to lurk on that side of the church precincts.—London Spectator.

The Gentle Sex.

An eminent English statistician has calculated that of two children, a boy and a girl, born on the same day the boy will have only seventeen chances against eleven of living one year, while the girl will have twenty-one chances against eleven. From five to fifteen there appears to be but little difference, but from fifteen to nineteen the boy will have 299 chances and the girl 277 chances of living against one of death. If a thousand able-bodied men and a thousand able-bodied women be armed and equipped for battle and ordered to march, we may march more men, says this authority, would probably reach their destination, while more women would be found exhausted, but more men would be found dead by the way-side.—New York American.

A Connoisseur.

A great painter was asked by his little son, "Father, what is a connoisseur?"

"Well, my son," the father answered, "did you notice that tall, white haired gentleman at my studio tea yesterday?"

"The one with the sable lined overcoat, father? Oh, yes, I noticed him."

"Well, my son, he is a connoisseur."

"But how do you know he's a connoisseur, father?"

"But, father, he acted like every one else at the tea, didn't he?"

"Certainly not, my son! Certainly not! The others drank my Russian tea, ate my fole gras sandwiches and took leave. But he—he bought a picture!"

A Biting Retort.

Lady Wortley Montagu, one of England's most brilliant women, incurred Pope's undying hatred in the following manner: The poet, who was deformed and very dark and addicted to questioning everybody, once asked her to define an interrogation mark. She defined it as "a little, crooked black thing that asks questions."

Particular Woman.

Judge—She insisted on having a woman lawyer secure her divorce.

"Why was she so particular?"

"She did not want to go contrary to that portion of the marriage ceremony that reads, 'Let no man put asunder.'"—New York Herald.

His Use For Soap.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "would you lend me a cake of soap?"

"Do you mean to tell me you want soap?"

"Yes'm. Me partner's got de hie-cups an' I want to scure him."—Washington Star.

Ignorance.

Have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything.—Sydney Smith.

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W. W. GAGE, Sheriff.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

Taxes for the year of 1911 are due and payable on and after February 5th, 1912. Three per cent rebate up to March 15th. From March 15th to April 1st pay taxes at face. There will be no further notice of the amount of taxes due sent out by mail, except upon the taxpayers request. Sped in your lists of property as early as possible. W. W. GAGE, Sheriff and Tax Collector. Dated January 15th, 1912.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Chas. L. Wilcox, deceased, and all persons having claims against the said estate are required to present them with the proper vouchers within six months from the date of this notice, to the undersigned as such administratrix, at the office of J. J. Stanley, in the City of Coquille, County of Coos and State of Oregon.

Dated this 25th day of January, 1912. ERVY WILCOX, Administratrix of the estate of Chas. L. Wilcox, deceased. 1-25-12

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Minnie Black Davenport, was by order of the County Court of Coos County, in the State of Oregon, duly made and entered on the 8th day of January, 1912, appointed administratrix of the estate of E. W. Black, deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of the said E. W. Black, deceased, are hereby required to present the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, at the office of W. C. Chase, attorney for the administratrix, at his office in the City of Coquille, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 11th day of January, 1912. MINNIE BLACK DAVENPORT, Administratrix of the Estate of E. W. Black, Deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Genie S. McAdams, was by order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Coos, duly made and entered on 5th day of January, A. D. 1912, appointed Administratrix of the Estate of Edward J. McAdams deceased.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to present the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned at the law office of R. H. Smith, in the City of Coquille, Coos County, Oregon, within six months from date of this notice.

Dated this 18th day of January, A. D. 1912. GENIE S. McADAMS, Administratrix of the Estate of Edward J. McAdams, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, William J. Floyd, was by order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Coos, duly made and entered on the 5th day of December 1911, appointed Administrator of the estate of Joseph Ferry deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are required to present the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, at his residence in Riverport, Coos County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 28th day of December 1911. WILLIAM J. FLOYD, Administrator of the estate of Joseph Ferry, deceased.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the County Court for Coos County, Oregon, his final account in the matter of the estate of Thomas Anderson, deceased, and that the County Court has set Friday, the 2nd day of February, 1912, as the day and the County Court room at the court house in Coquille, Coos County, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections to said final account and the settlement of said estate.

ANDREW ANDERSON, Administrator of the estate of Thomas Anderson, deceased.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of an execution and order of sale duly issued by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the County of Coos, State of Oregon, dated the 9th day of January, 1912, in a certain suit in the Circuit Court for said County and State wherein Emily C. Converse, as plaintiff, recovered judgment against Mae MacClary, formerly Mae Graves, and Lucius D. MacClary, her husband, for the sum of Two Thousand Ninety-one and 65-100 Dollars and costs and disbursements taxed at One Hundred Eighty-two and 25-100 Dollars, on the 28th day of April, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that I will, on Saturday, the 17th day of February, 1912, at the front door of the County Court House in Coquille, in said County, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following described property, to-wit:

The South-west quarter of the Northwest quarter of Section Thirty-six in Township Thirty-South of Range Twelve West of the Willamette Meridian in Coos County, Oregon, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said judgment in favor of plaintiff against said defendants with interest thereon, together with all costs and disbursements that have or may accrue.

W. W. GAGE, Sheriff.

Provide For Tomorrow



By saving today. Don't put off the saving until the morrow which may find you with nothing to save. Start a savings account now with the Farmer's & Merchants Bank and add to it as often and as much as much as you can. The longer you put it off the harder it will be to begin and the greater the sorrow the morrow may bring.

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