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### NEW WALL PAPER.

Handsome Effects in New Japanese Fabrics.

It is unfortunate that words cannot convey the subtlety or peculiarities of the opalescent coloring to be found on the silver sheen of the beautiful luster wall paper just imported from Japan.

The body of the paper is truly Japanese in character, resembling the bronze and gold papers in material, but not entirely in appearance, for superficial observation might lead one to believe that the foundation of the paper was a coarsely woven burlap, while, as a matter of fact, it is evidently a tough jute fiber of exceptional quality, treated by a secret process known only to the Japanese.

On the wall it creates a rarely beautiful artistic effect—purely silver on direct view, but shimmering with crimson, peacock blue, tender greens, a hint of gold and a suggestion of violet—all in an elusive effect that tempts you to say, "I saw such a color here," but you put your finger on the spot and it is gone. Used in combination with silk, satin or silk plush upholsterings of any one of the colors mentioned, it is surpassingly effective, but with crimson of the American Beauty order it is unrivaled.

### THE PATROL SYSTEM.

Great Success of Government Staff Near Fort Myer.

The office of public roads of the department of agriculture has been making experiments on an eight mile stretch of road in Virginia to demonstrate the results that may be obtained on country earth roads by continuous work under a patrol system. A patrolman was employed to furnish a horse, cart and small tools, and he was supplied with a road drag built of plank and required to furnish two horses to drag the road whenever it was in suitable condition for dragging, usually following each rain.

The entire eight miles of road are well traveled, and there is considerable heavy teaming over parts of it. The United States cavalry stationed at Fort Myer frequently passes over a portion and batteries of artillery also use the road at intervals. A traffic census for three days last March showed the following daily average of teams traveling over the road: Loaded one horse wagons, fifteen; unloaded one horse wagons, fifty-eight; loaded two horse wagons, thirty-eight; unloaded two horse wagons, forty-nine; loaded four horse wagons, four; saddle horses, ninety-six, and motor runabouts, one.

The patrolman was paid \$60 a month and \$1 a day extra whenever he used two horses to drag the road. His presence was required on the road from 8 a. m. until 4:30 p. m., with one-half hour allowed for lunch.

The average cost of dragging last year was \$16.11 per mile for six and a half months, which is at the rate of \$29.74 a mile for the first year of twenty-four draggings, or approximately \$1.25 per mile for each dragging of three round trips.

The use of the road drag has greatly improved the daily condition of the road and rendered it smooth and comfortable for travel for a greatly increased number of days in bad weather. The department expects to continue the experiment this year, for it is already apparent that the entire eight miles of road will show remarkable improvement under the systematic work of the patrolman.

### ROAD MAINTENANCE.

Keep the Improved Roads in Their Present Condition.

The present year promises to be the greatest in the history of the movement for the improvement of the public roads of the United States, according to the reports received from all parts of the country. A joint committee of congress is engaged in an investigation of the feasibility of federal aid in the construction, improvement and maintenance of public highways, and a number of the state legislatures now in session are considering good road legislation. In connection with the general impetus that the good road movement has recently had in all parts of the country, the director of the office of public roads says:

"Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of maintenance in connection with the work of improving the roads. The people in nearly all the states are filled with enthusiasm for road improvement and are spending enormous sums of money in the construction of superb roads, and yet almost without exception they are making little provision to care for the roads after they are built. This is true not only in the various counties, but under many of our state highway departments.

"To maintain the roads in good condition year after year requires a considerable annual outlay, but this outlay is infinitely less than the loss which must fall upon the people eventually if they allow their roads to go to utter ruin. The thing for all advocates of good roads to do is to urge continuous, systematic maintenance and the setting aside every year of an amount per mile estimated by the engineer in charge to be sufficient for the proper maintenance of the road—a course which must make for economy and efficiency."

**English and Scotch.** It being the southerner's turn, he told about a county in Missouri so divided in sentiment that year after year the vote of a single man prohibits the sale of liquor there. "And what," he asked, "do you suppose is the name of the chap who keeps a whole county dry?"

Nobody had an idea. "Mackintosh, as I'm alive!" declared the southerner.

Everybody laughed except the Englishman. "It's just like a Scotchman to be so obstinate!" he snuffed, and was much astonished when the rest of the party laughed more than ever.—Lippincott's.

## A Secret

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

The day I was twenty-one years old I was walking on the street when a gentleman accosted me, saying:

"You are Joseph Stirling, I believe."

"I am," I replied, surprised, for I had no knowledge of the man whatsoever.

"If you will call on me at my office you will hear something which you may or may not consider to your advantage. But I warn you to say nothing about this meeting until you have heard what I have to say."

Handing me a card with his name, Francis Doyle, and his address on it, he turned away and was soon lost in the crowd.

I was naturally much disconcerted. I walked about aimlessly for an hour, then went to the address given me.

"Today you come into an inheritance of \$300,000," he said to me.

"What?"

He repeated, "You don't mean it?"

"But I have something else to tell you that you may not wish to hear."

I paced and waited.

"You are the son of either of your parents nor the brother of your supposed brothers and sisters."

This was indeed a blow. I dearly loved all of those he had mentioned. I had no heart to ask him to proceed, but he did.

"When your supposed father and mother were married no children were born to them. This was a great disappointment to your father especially. Friction came between them, and they separated. In time your supposed mother, believing that the birth of a child would bring back her husband, took you from your mother when you were born and wrote him that a child had been born to her and him. He returned to her, and a reconciliation was established.

"Those whom you have considered your brothers and sisters came on, the real children of Mr. and Mrs. Stirling. Only Mrs. Stirling knows that you are not her son. Your own mother was of good family who made a runaway match with your father. He was unable to take care of her and died, the cause of his death being his poverty. You were born shortly after his death, and at that time it occurred to Mrs. Stirling to offer an adopted son to her husband instead of a real one.

"Your own mother placed with a law firm a record of your birth and the persons who had adopted you. That was twenty-one years ago. I was then a clerk in the employ of the firm and am now the firm myself. Cousins of yours who would have inherited certain property have died, and you are the heir. It has become my duty to notify you of your inheritance. This has it solved giving you the other information concerning your birth. If you accept the fortune the secret must come out, for your supposed father must necessarily know whence came your fortune. What change this may make in the present relations between husband and wife is impossible to tell."

He had given me the situation in a nutshell. I was like a weather vane in a changing wind—two air currents disputing for the mastery. On the one side there was the possession of \$300,000, on the other the revelation of a secret that would give my dear mother pain—I could not at once consider her as not my mother—make trouble between her and father and make known to my brothers and sisters that I was of a different family.

But all this was not in complete possession of my mind. The shock I had received on learning that I did not really belong to those I loved was uppermost. I dreaded the first meeting with them all after the information I had received. I should certainly give away the fact that there was something on my mind, and doubtless mother would suspect what it was. What a life she must have led, dreading all ways that her secret would come out!

"Well," said the attorney, "I presume you will take time to recover from the information I have given you and devise some means of softening the blow to Mr. Stirling?"

"I will think over what is best to be done in the premises," I replied, "and let you know."

I left him a different man from what I had been when he entered his office. Going to a telephone, I called up my home and informed the household that I was going somewhere with a friend and could not tell just when I would be at home. How I wished I could go to father or mother for advice! This being obliged to settle so important a matter without any one to consult with was, to say the least, trying.

The next day I went home. For the others it was the same home it always had been, but an invisible gulf had come between them and me. Father welcomed me, mother kissed me with her wonted affection.

The same afternoon I gave in my decision to the attorney. My fortune went into a hospital, the name of the donor being kept secret. I signed a lot of papers and departed somewhat relieved. The evening I spent at home trying to analyze the madness I felt. It was not for the loss of a fortune, but for the knowledge that had come to me.

The secret has been kept. Mother does not know that I am aware of it and she shall never know. We are the same happy family, but I wish that lawyer could have got rid of my patrimony without my knowledge.

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### RIVERS AND GREAT CITIES.

Whereas the Thames and London Are Different From Others.

London without the Thames is unthinkable. Not only is it the source of the great wealth and trade of the world's metropolis, but it brings food and drink to its many millions. Yet this is not the case with other great cities of the world whose rivers have had little to do in the building of their fame and position. In "The River of London" Mr. Hilaire Belloc points the contrast:

"Little sea borne traffic reaches Paris by the Seine; the Tiber could never be a street for Rome; Vienna neglects the Danube; Antwerp protects no great crossing nor has ever been the nucleus of a state, and Rouen, the nearest parallel, was not the strategical pivot of Normandy nor ever formed, as London forms, a chief fraction in the economic power of its province. The two rivers which are sacred to Lyons never fed that town; the Rhone watered but did not lead to Arles."

The towns of Lombardy depend upon the fertility of the Po valley, but the stream is nothing to their commerce or to their political eminence, and Milan and Venice and Turin are independent of it. Saragossa was the mistress of Aragon, but the Ebro did not make Saragossa, and, as for Madrid, the trickle which runs below Madrid is best described in the story of the Spanish patriot who was dying of thirst after battle, but upon being offered a cup of water said, "Give it to the poor Manzanares—the river upon which Madrid stands."

### A SWEET FROM THE PAST.

Whistles, a sweet which must have been a great dainty in the days when it was first concocted, are made, according to an ancient recipe, in the following manner:

Cream a half pound of sugar and a quarter pound of butter and beat six eggs, yolks and whites separately. Add the eggs to the creamed sugar and butter and then add enough flour to make a thick batter. In the old days rosewater was considered a delicate and delicious flavoring, but vanilla might suit the modern palate better. Anyway, add some flavoring.

Butter a sheet of paper and spread on a molding or bread board. Drop the batter with a tablespoonful at intervals of three or four inches on the paper, spreading each drop out. Bake it in a hot oven for about five minutes, when it should be slightly browned; then slip the little cakes on a molding board sprinkled with sugar and quickly roll them about a stick. When they are cold fill them with jelly or jam.

### Glasses and the Eyes.

Every one knows that in using a field glass it is necessary to adjust it to a proper focus. Suppose that you put one of the tubes at your focus and the other tube at a focus that suited some one else and then you looked through both tubes. You would have a more or less blurred vision, and if you kept on looking the chances are that you would feel giddy and get a headache. Now, the two eyes are supposed to have an equal natural focus, and when by any chance that focus is unequal a headache results. The remedy is a pair of glasses or a single glass to make the eyes equal in power.—Exchange.

### Colonial Fear of Lawyers.

In the columns of the New York Gazetteer of Sept. 8, 1783, there was a paragraph lamenting the increase of lawyers as threatening to the future prosperity of the community and degrading to freemen. "An honest trade in former days," said the writer, "was all that people of common ability and education were ambitious of, but now no profession is gentler, but the lawyer and the merchant. The lawyers are now creeping into every post of importance and thrusting themselves wherever there is a vacancy. Our congress, our assembly, are crowded with them, and even in our great commercial convention there are five lawyers to one merchant."

### A Short Love Story.

In a certain school in New York city the English teacher offered a prize for the best story to be written by a class of little girls. The children, who were just reaching the romantic age, begged to be allowed to have it. "Love Story Competition." With amusement the teacher agreed, and the result was astounding in many ways, also enlightening. Professional writers have sweat great drops of agony and rambled through 350 pages trying to tell the story of woman's victory over man, which one little girl accomplished in a dozen words:

"She talked until he thought she was good. Then they were married."—Woman's Home Companion.

### Mr. Cleveland's Portrait.

During his first administration, says Hilarly A. Herbert in the Century, Mr. Cleveland, disliking a certain portrait of himself painted at that time, had it relegated to the garret. President Harrison caused it to be brought down. In his second term Mr. Cleveland spoke familiarly of the portrait and asked Tom Reed if he did not think that one who had twice been elected president was entitled to have two portraits. "Well, y-e-s," said Reed in his well known drawl, "if he has grown any handsomer."

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## Heroic Treatment

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH

My friend Rogers was forty years old and a bachelor. He had no taste for society, and his life was solitary in the extreme.

I had been to his room occasionally, and his landlady knew my name. One day Rogers had worked himself up to such a condition that she feared he was going to commit suicide. They hunted my name in the telephone register and called me up to say that she wished I would come round and take charge of him. I went to his room and found him walking the floor with a desperate look in his eye. I took him out with me for dinner, after which we went to the theater, and he spent the night in my room. Before going to bed I said to him:

"Rogers, the thing for you to do is to get married."

"Who would marry me?"

"I know several young women who would be glad to get you. I'll introduce you to the one that I think would be the most likely to suit you if you like."

"Anything to relieve me of myself."

The young person to whom I introduced Rogers was twenty-seven years old. Not having thus far fulfilled the condition for which she was made—a wife and mother—she was beginning to get dissatisfied with herself and those about her. I told her of Rogers' case, and she confessed that it was much like her own. She, too, said "anything but the life of an old maid." It was understood when I brought them together that it was for the purpose of matrimony, and they didn't pretend to what they did not feel—that they were in that delirium commonly called love.

"They made short work of the preliminaries and, being very much pleased with each other, became engaged and were married."

I think their honeymoon was as happy as it is with married couples usually. Both seemed to have taken laughing gas. There was no attention too great or too trivial for Rogers to pay his wife, and she seemed disposed to suffer any inconvenience rather than put him to the slightest discomfort.

I called on them soon after their marriage. Then I did not see them again for six months. I met Rogers and, grasping him by the hand, said: "How are you, old man? How goes married life?"

"Oh, married life is well enough, I suppose."

"Well enough? Why, I thought at first you couldn't get it delightful."

"That was in the beginning, when we hadn't really settled down to the business of married life. I find double harness pretty hard to work in sometimes."

"Have any company?"

"All we want."

"Well, I'm coming round to see you pretty soon."

When I called Rogers had been detained at business, and I was entertained by his wife. Being an old friend of mine, I did not hesitate to ask her how married life suited her.

"Oh, I don't suppose," she said, "that Ed is any harder to live with than most men?"

"He isn't, is he?"

"Oh, no; he is cheerful enough, but I surprise him every now and then by not being what he has always supposed a woman to be, and if all men are what he is sometimes they must be!"

While we were talking in came Ed. He saw by his wife's expression that he had been pouring her troubles into my ear, and he didn't like it. He sat down with a very ugly look on his face.

"Well," he said to me, "I suppose she's been making me out a pretty hard nut."

"See here," I said, faring up, "I did the best I could for you two in bringing you together. If you want to quarrel I would prefer that you leave me out."

"Who's drawing you in?" asked the husband, with a smart grin.

"He's drawn himself in," snapped the wife. "He tried to pump you when he met you the other day, then came around here to pump me."

"Pump you? What interest have I in whether you get on or don't get on together? I did you both good evening."

I seized my hat and got out of the house as quickly as I could, followed by more caustic remarks from both of them and making to myself more caustic remarks still.

"What a fool I was to try to do anything with a bachelor and an incipient old maid! One might as well try to make a crooked tree grow straight. Catch me trying to help any one that way again."

When we do a kindness we don't know whether it will turn out such or an injury. I thought I knew that in this case I had done the latter. But I was mistaken. The two needed heroic measures to bring them together and heroic measures to get them fused. After the holiday of wedlock had passed they needed a blowpipe. I was that blowpipe. When they both turned and fought me they found a common vent for their irritation, and its flow upon each other was directed in another channel.

Rogers came to see me, apologized for himself and his wife and begged me to dine with them the next Sunday. I went, and we have been excellent friends ever since.

A baby took up the case where I left it.

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