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## TWO NEW ROADS FOR CALIFORNIA

Each Extends Entire Length of That State.

SMALL TOWNS CONNECTED.

Highways Being Constructed at Cost of \$18,000,000—How Economy is Practiced and the Shortest Possible Routes Are Followed.

California wants and is going to have two trunk roads, north and south, and its well defined plan presents an object lesson to other states of great distances and emphasizes the fact that the through road is a modern necessity in a general system.

The California law requires roads to be built the length of the state along the most direct and practicable routes, one along the coast and another traversing the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, with lateral roads to such county seats as may not be on the main lines. For constructing these roads \$18,000,000 was voted two years ago.

The automobilists naturally worked for this legislation, and it is worth noting that California has more motorists than France, in excess of 75,000. In the eastern and central states not only are conditions different, but the topography of the country is less severe and lends itself more readily to the building of roads that will best serve the interests of the people.

The great bulk of travel on the through roads of the east is not from one terminal to the other, but between the important cities along the route and between them and either terminal. Consequently it is more expedient to build main roads so as to reach all the important points along or near the route, even to the extent of sacrificing a part of the directness and adding some mileage.

That the comparatively few people who travel the whole length of a road should go a few additional miles rather than compel a large number of short distance travelers to go additional distances is self evident. For every ten persons who travel across a state there are probably ninety who travel from one point to another within the state, so that as a matter of convenience to the great majority a route across a state should touch all of the important cities within reasonable reach.

With the amount of money provided the utmost economy must be practiced and shortest possible routes followed to comply with the law. To build roads that will stand the strain of much motor travel the state highway commission has adopted concrete for almost the entire system. In building the road the grade is prepared and drained so as to leave the subgrade dry that it will not freeze and heave with frost.

It is then thoroughly rolled. On this is placed four inches of rich concrete, which is surfaced with a coat of heavy asphaltic oil and sand about three-eighths of an inch thick. This surfacing, according to the commission, costs 5 cents per square yard and can, if necessary, be renewed every year or two under the head of maintenance.

## FOUR STATES BUILD ROAD.

Highway to Connect Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri.

For the purpose of building 150 miles of improved automobile roads, connecting more than 400 towns and 5,000,000 people, the Ozark Trails association was organized at Monticello, Ark., by 300 delegates from Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri and Kansas.

The association plans to raise \$5,000 annually through dues paid by members. This will be used in the promotion of good roads and their upkeep after they are built. The association will not contribute financially to the actual building of the roads, but will offer \$2,000 in prizes yearly for the best pieces of road built.

## BAD ROADS LOWER PRICES.

Government Issues Report Citing Losses to Farmers.

Where bad roads prevail farmers are forced to move their crops, not when the market price is favorable, but when the roads are favorable and frequently at heavy pecuniary loss as a result, according to the office of public roads of the department of agriculture.

In a statement it cites specific cases of such losses, asserting: Excessive fluctuations in market prices are seldom due to overproduction. They frequently take place in regions where the local production does not equal the consumption. There are counties rich in agricultural possibilities, burdened with bad roads, where the annual incoming shipments of food exceed the outgoing shipments in the ratio of four to one.

Many such counties with improved roads would not only become self supporting, but would ship products to other markets.

Dawn of Manhood. The time to worry about a boy is when he leaves the house without snuffing the door.—Detroit News.

No Way Out of It. "We are worried about Julia. She got out of a sickbed to go to the matinee."  
"How could she?"  
"She had to go; she had a ticket."—Exchange.

## Tapped the Church Sleepers.

Nowadays no protest is made or any action taken against the sleepy man or woman who falls into a doze in the midst of the minister's sermon. In England 300 years ago the quality of fender would have been severely rapped over the head by men especially appointed to the task of keeping the congregation awake. For instance, in one parish in Shropshire, 25 shillings a year was regularly paid to a poor man to go about the church during the sermon and keep the people awake. He carried a thin, long wand in his hand, which he could conveniently stretch out over considerable space and rap offenders on the head or about the shoulders. With women he was always instructed to be gentler, to tap softly, but persistently, until the slumber was broken. For women, it was learned, were not so amiable as men on being aroused from a comfortable nap, and, if gentle means were not employed, were likely to get up and leave, causing no little commotion about them.—Chicago Tribune.

## Newton's "Observatory."

There is an interesting mystery associated with 35 St. Mary's street, once the home of Sir Isaac Newton, which is now in the property market. On the roof there used to be a curious structure made almost entirely of glass, and for many years this was confidently believed to have been Sir Isaac Newton's observatory. Fanny Burney, whose father, the noted musician, Dr. Charles Burney, was at one time an occupier of the house, occasionally used the erection as a study, and in her memoirs of her father she refers to it as Newton's observatory. In 1855 doubt was cast upon the story by John Timbs in his "Curiosities of London." He asserts that the observatory was built by a subsequent tenant, a Frenchman. It has been further declared that this Frenchman not only built the room, but also equipped it with various instruments and then, claiming that it was the observatory of Newton, charged a fee for admission to view.—Westminster Gazette.

## If He Were Knighted.

The lecturer was known as Professor Key, and a very genial, nice old fellow he was. In fact, he was a remarkable contrast to most of these dry as dust old gentlemen and would often introduce into his lecture interesting facts concerning the manners and customs of the countries he had visited.

On this particular morning his subject was Spanish history, and he felt it was necessary to illuminate his discourse.

"As no doubt you know, gentlemen," he said, "when a man attains to eminence in Spain he is knighted, but then he is known not as 'sir,' but as 'don.'"

"Then I suppose, sir," gravely said the young man who always insisted on being funny, "if they knighted you, you would become a Don-Key?"—London Tit-Bits.

## Profitable Beauty.

That "beauty of beauties," Mme. Recamier, would sometimes become a beggar for the poor, and it was good for the poor that she was so rich in 1801, celebrated in the Church of St. Roch, the priest asked Mme. Recamier to act as collector. She accepted.

A returned emigrant, M. de Thiard, was her cavalier. The task was no sinecure. To walk around the church through the enormous crowd occupied more than an hour. Another hour was occupied in counting the receipts, which amounted to 20,000 francs. From each lip came a cry of admiration at the marvelous beauty of the young collector. As she advanced step by step through the church these cries were translated into pieces of gold for the poor and many pieces of verse to offer to the fair collector.—"A Great Coquette."

## Laughing.

Laughing is a series of short expiratory blasts which, acting upon the vocal chords, help to tense for the purpose, cause certain sounds of various pitch. The differences in the sound of the laughter of different individuals is largely due to the varying vibrations of the larynx and pharynx. It has been noted that many in a family "have the same laugh," possibly because of similar throat formations. It also is an imitative process.—New York World.

## A Tale of Taps.

When Guizot, the great French historian, was staying at Windsor castle in 1840 he wrote to his daughter that he had won over £20 at the Ascot meeting: "Twenty-three sovereigns for me, which will balance the £20 I had to spend in fees to the servants at Windsor castle."

## Selfish Rejoicing.

"I rejoice that the world is filled with sunshine," said the fat man.  
"Ah, you are an optimist," remarked the thin man.  
"No," replied the fat man, "I am an availing manufacturer."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Hopeless.

"He's no good at an argument, is he? Not at all convincing?"  
"Well, I should say not. Why, that man couldn't convince a woman that she was pretty!"—Cleveland Leader.

## Liberal.

Nett—She's a woman of liberal views, isn't she? Belle—Well, I notice she's always giving others a piece of her mind.—Philadelphia Record.

A man who dares waste one hour of time has not discovered the value of life.—Charles Darwin

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## FLYING WIND

Her Illusions Soon Vanish

By JEFFERSON PORT

"You sure are a little wild Indian, Bess," reproved Phil Dawson as they rode away from the small circus that had pitched its tent on the outskirts of Red Brick.

Bess looked up quickly, and the moonlight was reflected in the bright pools of her eyes.

"You mean my entering the cowboy race?" she asked sharply.

"Yes!" she exclaimed, flourishing the silver spurs that jingled from a twisted ribbon on her wrist. "Besides, Annie Larsen was in the race. I wasn't the only woman."

"I know, but Annie Larsen does lots of things that I don't want you to do when you are my wife."

"When I am your wife? I'll never be your wife. So there!" blazed Bess wrathfully. "I'm tired of your nagging. Phil Dawson, I'd rather be a circus rider than marry you."

"Do you mean that, Bess?" asked Phil in a queer voice.

"Yes, and we may as well part now. Here's your ring."

Two days later Phil Dawson learned that Bessie Madison had left home, taking her favorite pony with her. Her stepmother, who was about to be married again, was openly relieved by the girl's departure, and while she affected to know that Bess had gone to Chicago, no one was certain what had become of their favorite.

It came early summer, and in an Ohio village the circus was in full swing. It was a small circus, but well



A STRONG ARM PULLED HER FROM THE PONY'S BACK.

equipped. The tent was roomy, the animals were sleek and well fed, and the performers were a well dressed, sober company.

A frock coated, silk hatted man came out and announced the opening attraction—the famous Buzon brothers, kings of the trapeze.

While the villagers hung open mouthed on these hairbreadth acts, Bessie Madison peered wistfully from one of the canvas doors that formed the performer's entrance.

She wore a khaki divided skirt and blouse laced with a red silk cord, a leather banded sombrero, brown boots and leggings and fringed and beaded gauntlet gloves. In one hand she carried a Mexican quilt.

Bessie Madison looked older, sadder eyed. If she regretted her hasty action in flinging off Phil Dawson no one should know it; if her eyes hungrily scanned each audience the country over, hoping to see his keen, dark gaze searching for her, no one was the wiser.

"Of course he wouldn't be out here in Ohio with the spring roundup coming on," murmured Bessie, closing her eyes for an instant. Angry at her own weakness, she snapped out suddenly, "I wouldn't speak to him if he was here, either."

"What is it, dearie?" asked Mme. Huda, the tight rope dancer, laying a carefully powdered hand on Bessie's shoulder.

"Nothing much," smiled Bessie. "That pink is the most becoming costume you've got, madame."

"Thank you, dearie; that's good to hear," laughed the other pleasantly. "Have you seen the new star attraction yet?"

"No. Has he arrived?"  
"Joined the show this afternoon. Peterson says he is some wonder tool. Can ride a bucking broncho to a finish and does some fancy riding. Calliecon is his name."

Bessie turned indifferently away. She was not interested.

It was her turn to go on after the Calliecon act. She mounted her little brown pony and waited near the entrance for her call. There was a little confusion behind her, and a great cream colored horse dashed past her

with a man dressed in yellow standing on his back.

"Calliecon! Ain't he a wonder?" whispered Mme. Huda in her ear.

Bessie nodded. Her eyes followed the flashing yellow satin figure of the rider as it showed against the dark masses of onlookers, saw him enter the ring and witnessed his daring riding on the unsaddled horse. Never could she catch a glimpse of his face, for the lights were so arranged, and always some head or shoulder of her companions blocked the way when his face was turned in her direction.

Suddenly he stripped off the yellow satin costume, flung it to an attendant and showed himself dressed in the costume of the plains. Some one tossed him a broad brimmed hat, and he crammed it on his head and with one graceful movement left the back of the cream horse and dropped lightly into the saddle of a vicious little broncho which had been led to the ring.

The ring was cleared instantly, and Calliecon was alone with the beast he was expected to conquer.

For an instant they stood motionless—the grizzled broncho and the dark eyed, keen faced man, his lean brown hand gripping the bridle.

The broncho rolled a reddened eye and neighed shrilly. His head went between his fore legs; his heels flew up. Calliecon's knees gripped the wiry little shoulders. The man seemed part of the beast. The battle was on, and the onlookers watched breathlessly. Which would win?

There was a thunder of applause as Calliecon rode away on his conquered animal, and it was Bess' turn to go on. Her act was a thrilling one. The beautiful figure of a rancher is pursued by Indians on sweating horses, rescued by a cowboy. The daring riders on the fleet footed ponies always drew applause from the crowd.

Bessie felt dizzy as she rode into the tent. Her pony leaped forward at the word of command and reared around the grassy track. Behind her half a dozen Indians on sweating horses streamed after her, whooping madly and waving tomahawks. Twice around the track was the course, and then the rescuing cowboy would enter the chase.

Thump, thump, thump, went the hoofs on the turf. Bessie looked behind her at the painted Indians approaching so near. She felt, with a thrill of terror, that she was losing her nerve. Once as a little child she had been horrified at the sight of an Indian raid, a mock invasion of Red Brick by a band of drunken Apaches, and she felt the old terror creeping over her now at sight of the ugly painted faces so close behind.

Bessie glanced over her shoulder and saw coming up the track a bay horse with a white blazed forehead. On his back was a cowboy in swift pursuit of the Indians. Now was the time to crown her act with its most daring performance.

There was a flash of her slim, brown clad form, and she was standing on the saddle, her little brown pony rearing around the track in half crazed delight in the contest of speed and daring.

The Indians yelled. The gun of the pursuing cowboy barked up at the roof of the tent and loud excitement to the scene. Bessie turned her head again. There was a strange familiarity about that blazed sorrel horse.

Her foot slipped, the brown pony swerved suddenly, and Bessie fell heavily across the saddle, her foot feeling for the stirrup. Her need for help was desperate now. The crowd cheered wildly at what they believed to be a new deed of daring. The Indians screamed madly. But underlying the noise was the steady beating of the sorrel's hoofs, the baritone music of a man's voice calling over and over again: "Steady, there—just a moment! Steady, there, girl! I'll be there!"

Just when she felt herself slipping from the saddle, where she would fall under the rushing feet of the Indian ponies, there came the sweeping rush of the sorrel. A strong arm pulled her from the brown pony's back to a safe refuge, and Bessie Madison promptly fainted for the first time in her life, while the audience thundered applause at the daring rescue, not knowing that they were witnessing grim reality instead of an Indian play.

"Good for you, Calliecon!" cried Peterson, the manager, as the new rider gently handed down Bessie's unconscious form. "The girl has lost her nerve lately. I've been going to advise her to take a rest. Seems to be always watching the audiences. She is like a homesick cat. There, Huda; give her another dose of the ice water. That's bringing her around! I've got to go!"

He dashed away, and Calliecon was left alone with Mme. Huda and Bessie Madison. There came a call for the tight rope dancer.

"I'll stay with her," said the new rider, and he picked up a fan and sat down in Mme. Huda's vacant seat.

Bessie opened her eyes and looked sadly at him. Then the lids drooped, and tears fell from the long lashes and rolled down her thin cheeks.

Calliecon took out a handkerchief and gently wiped the tears away.

"Don't, Phil," whispered Bessie. "You are so good. It hurts me. I don't deserve it."

"You can't be blamed for being a foolish little girl," growled Phil, continuing to dry the tears and then to add familiar pats to the slowly reddening cheeks. "If you're bound to stay in the show business, Bess, I'll stay with you, and the ranch can go to grass. But I wish you wanted to come home."

"You wouldn't want such a wicked, ill tempered wife," sobbed Bessie.

"I'll take a chance," grinned Phil. "Is it the show—or what?"

"It's home, Phil, dear," whispered the disillusioned circus lady meekly.

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