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THE HERALD

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FIRST IN DARKEST AFRICA.

Mungo Park's Daring Plunge Into the Heart of the Continent. Mungo Park started out on his African expedition—the first serious attempt that was ever made to explore the "dark continent"—on Oct. 24, 1795. The lion hearted Scotman, with two negro servants, set out from Gambia, on the west coast, and plunged fearlessly into the task which before him no white man had ever attempted.

It took a real man to plunge into the unknown interior, filled with tales of the monstrous and the terrible. Huge serpents, roaring lions, great black cannibals, scorching heat, deadly fevers—who would dare to challenge these things? And so Africa remained "dark" until yesterday, as it were, while Moses was battling with his problem in the Arabian wilderness; while civilization was maturing in Egypt and Greece; while Roman republics and empires were rising and falling; while the modern nations were coming into being; while crusaders were fighting and troubadours singing; while Columbus was discovering the new world and Washington was founding the United States of America.

But at last the man and the hour met, and the son of the Selkirkshire farmer took his brave leap into the mystery. In the mystery he remained a year and a half, when he reappeared, returned to England and wrote "Travels in the Interior of Africa," a book which is still one of the most interesting in the libraries of the world.

In the year 1805 Mungo Park started on his second trip to the dark continent, a trip from which he was never to return. Resolved, with true Scotch grit, to "discover the mouth of the Niger or perish in an attempt," Park pushed through the pathless forests until he reached a point between 9 and 10 north latitude, where in attempting to make his escape from the natives, who were about to kill him, he was drowned in the mighty stream, which should be accepted as his most fitting monument.—Rev. T. B. Gregory in New York American.

NAMES FROM THE BIBLE.

Odd Ones From the Old Testament That Pleaseth the Puritans.

A certain set of Christian names taken from the Bible have been in use so long that we do not think of them as Bible names. Among them are Adam, Moses, Samuel, David, Daniel, Solomon, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Others taken from the saints, like Peter, Paul, John, Stephen and Matthew, originally given to children because they were born on the saint's day, are still so common that we think of them as English names.

These names antedate the use of surnames, as may be inferred from the fact that nearly all of them have given rise to patronymics, like Jacobson, Peterson and Stevenson. In the twelfth century missionaries sent out by the authorities used to baptize whole villages at once and to save time invested all the men with the name of John or some other saint and the women usually Mary or Martha. To distinguish the Johns some additional name like Short or Strong or White or Black was given him by the neighbors, and so Christian names and surnames were united.

After the reformation it became the fashion among the Puritans to give children the names of characters like the Old Testament, and odd ones like Melchisedec or Barzillai were preferred. Among these were Abel, Levi, Jesse, Amos, Asa, Isiah, Ephraim, Gideon, Malachi, Job, Abner, Hosea, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Zechariah, Asher, Eli and hundreds of others.—Hartford Times.

The English Penny. The English penny has had a good long lining. For over six centuries it was practically the only English coin, for while the forin did not appear until 1343, the penny was introduced by Offa, king of Mercia, who took as a model a coin struck by the father of Charlemagne.

This penny of Offa's was a silver coin, and it was followed in 1357 by one of gold, and it was not until the time of George III. that copper pence were struck, the present bronze not coming until Victoria had been over twenty years on the throne.—London Chronicle.

Old Time Rowing Costumes. English rowing men a century ago wore costumes far different from what they wear now. In 1805 it was the correct thing for them to wear a green leather catskin cap with a jacket and trousers of nankeen. In the first university race at Henley in 1829 Oxford wore wearing blue checks, while Cambridge was in white, with pink waistcoats. Broad brimmed heavy straw hats came in a little later.

Curiosity. Maud—Why didn't you protect yourself when Jack kissed you? Betty—Why, at first I was simply speechless, and then I thought I would just see how many times the impudent fellow would dare to do it.—Boston Transcript.

Maybe. D. A. R.—I have the drum that my great-grandfather carried all through the Revolution. The Filippant One—And when he saw the enemy did he beat it?—Puck.

Both Affected. She—You really should give up smoking; it affects the heart. He—By that reasoning I ought to give up you also.—Boston Transcript.

Work will be done from most of us much needless worry.

BUTTER WRAPPERS

AT THE HERALD OFFICE

Seville's Tower of Giralda.

From its bell tower its light alone if from nothing else it is plain that the Giralda at Seville could not have been studied from the tower of the Madison Square Garden in New York, which the American will recall when he sees it. If the case must be reversed and we must allow that the Madison Square tower was studied from the Giralda, we must still recognize that it is no servile copy, but in its frank imitation has a grace and beauty which achieve originality. Still, the Giralda is always the Giralda, and though there had been no Saint Gaudens to tip its summit with such a flying footed nymph as poises on our tower, the figure of Faith which crowns it is at least a good weather vane and from its office of turning gives the mighty bell tower its name. Long centuries before the tower was a belfry it served the mosque, which the cathedral now replaces, as a minaret for the muezzin to call the faithful to prayer, but it was then only two-thirds as high.—Harper's Magazine.

Cultured Hindus. In Bengal there are about 70,000,000 of people, and they boast of perhaps the best culture in India at the present time. The language as a written language is only fifty years old. Though for over a thousand years it has been a dialect, there is in Indian history unfortunately no trace of Bengali having been an important literary tongue. The language originates from Sanskrit, the mother tongue from which every other Indian language has borrowed its alphabet, grammar and vocabulary; but, unlike the others, Bengali never shrinks from gathering new materials. There are numerous Persian, French, Arabic and English words incorporated in it, and the wonder of it is that, instead of having been degraded into some vulgar form like pidgin English, Bengali has become the most literary, scientific and perhaps the most philosophic of modern Indian languages.

Shrewd Sexton. Among the tourists who travel through France a considerable number visit the cathedral at Rheims, a magnificent example of gothic architecture. In the tower there is an enormous clock, and it is the sexton's business to wind it every day, a very tiring job, as the weights are naturally extremely heavy. The sexton, however, is a very shrewd fellow. Whenever he shows the trippers this wonderful piece of mechanism he remarks, "Ladies and gentlemen, if you do not believe me regarding the heaviness of the clock weights try for yourselves."

Each of the trippers immediately give a turn or two to the wheel, and as there are some 500 visitors a day the trippers unconsciously and eagerly wind the clock for him and in addition give him an extra tip for being allowed to do his work.—London Onlooker.

Emily Bronte's Looks. A discussion as to the personal appearance of Emily Bronte reveals the remarkable fact that no one knows anything about it since there is no authentic portrait in existence. When Charlotte Bronte first saw George Henry Lewes she said that he was wonderfully like her sister Emily, but this is unfortunate for Emily since Lewes was very much like a baboon. Possibly the comparison was due to a sisterly candor that so seldom errs on the side of mercy. Thanks to photography, the historian of the future will not be in doubt as to the appearance of celebrities of the present generation, but he is likely to have his own opinion as to those worth knowing about.—Argonaut.

"Suburb." When did the word "suburb" first find its way into the language? It is used in a recently discovered fourteenth century ordinance of the city guild of carpenters providing that the members should attend the funeral of any one of the fraternity resident within the city "or in the suburbs." The natural inference is that even then it was part of the everyday talk of the citizens.—Pail Mail Gazette.

Good Substitute. "Why have you not come to my bridge party as you promised?" telephoned the irate hostess. "You are breaking up one table." "I am sick," was the reply. "That's an odd excuse." "Really, I'm sick. I have a trained nurse." "Well, you should have sent a substitute. Ask the nurse if she plays."—Kansas City Journal.

An Inducement. Wife—I wish, Harry, dear, you'd get me a nice clock for my room. Hub—But I am really very short and can't afford. Wife (interrupting)—If you will I'll set it back two hours the evening you go to the club.—Boston Transcript.

Hope. "There is no sweeter suffering than hope." So runs an old German proverb, melancholy text for hearts that bitter disappointment has cured and to whom all hope is but memory.

An Alarming Tale. Mr. Staylate—The other night I heard a story that gave me such a start. Miss Muchbored—I wish I knew it.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Attraction. Ella—Did the bride smile as she walked down the aisle? Mal—I don't know; I was watching her hat.—Kansas City Star.

Realism in Art. Two artists were boasting how they could paint. "Do you know," said one, "I painted a sixpence on the ground one day, and a beggar nearly broke his fingers trying to pick it up?" "That's nothing to what I did," said the other. "I painted a leg of mutton on a stone, and it was so realistic that a dog ate half the stone before he found out his mistake!"

THE SHE HAD A NIMBLE TONGUE.

The Old Duchess Could and Did Swear Like a Trooper.

The old Duchess of St. Albans, who had been the widow of Mr. Coutts, the banker, when the duke, much her junior in age, married her, was one of the habitual visitors at Talmouth. My first view of her, however, was at the Criff hotel, on her way through to Kenmore, when the duchess and her retinue arrived in eight carriages; for though by birth of no family, she had a most exalted idea of her own importance and when paying a series of short visits to country houses was so convinced of the savage condition of the highlands that she traveled always with her own chef and patissier, who alone were permitted to cook her meals at the Inns she stopped at on the road.

I shall not easily forget the sight of the disgorging of the duchess's own chariot when it pulled up at the Inn door! First emerged her grace herself, an enormously fat woman; then followed her three nieces, daughters of Sir Francis Burdett, whereas the youngest and best looking became inheritor of her wealth, and Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

These young ladies, evidently in mortal terror of their awful relative—without reason—followed the duchess in single file, dutifully carrying each some article necessary to her grace's comfort—reticule, cushion, wraps, boots, footstool and bag of toilet requisites, the duchess favorite lap dog and her pet parrot in a cage. After them came her grace's private physician, who traveled always in the same carriage as herself, so as to be on the spot, while the duke preferred the coach box to the company inside—and no wonder!

All the time the duchess's tongue was heard going—scolding, complaining, abusing everybody, from her maid and downward, in unmeasured terms. The unfortunate nieces came in for no small share of her harangue and earned painfully any share of her fortune she may have left them in her will, for she swore like a trooper or a Billingsgate fishwife the whole time.—Lady Login in Cornhill Magazine.

CHEMICAL EXACTNESS.

Bunsen's Feat After His Goblet of Solution Had Been Upset.

The remarkable skill in dealing with the material of their experiments that some chemists have is well illustrated by the following story told of the great German chemist Professor Robert Bunsen:

Professor Bunsen evaporated fifty hogheads of water from the Durkheim spring and carefully isolated from the residue a small quantity of the salts of two very rare elements, caesium and rubidium. He dissolved these salts in a small beaker of water and set them aside on his laboratory table.

One day a friend came to see Professor Bunsen. Unnoticed by the chemist his visitor in leaning against the laboratory table tipped over the beaker and spilled its contents on the floor and on his clothing. The solution looked like plain water, so the man thought nothing of the accident and a few minutes later took his departure.

Shortly after the gentleman had gone Bunsen noticed that the contents of the beaker had been spilled. Instantly he ran out to the street, overtook his friend and brought him back to the laboratory.

With water Bunsen carefully extracted the salts from the sleeve of the gentleman's coat and his underclothing, washed his arm, cleaned off a drop that had splattered on his shoe, carefully washed the floor and the table, collected all the solutions together, purified them and on evaporation found that he had recovered the valuable salts! So perfect was his skill that he had not lost a weighable amount.—Youth's Companion.

Chinese Idols. The Chinese, according to a missionary, are the most exacting of worshippers. When they pray to their idols they ask for definite material blessings and they expect results. The life of an idol in China is precarious. Gifts will be heaped before it only as long as it seems to be bringing about the wishes of its followers. If the shrine falls upon evil times and disappoints its worshippers their homage soon fades. Not only do the gifts cease, but the resentful people of the countryside will come in a body and smash the inefficient symbol.

A Change. "Tommy," said an irate mother to her incorrigible offspring, "if you don't behave I'll give you a good whipping!" "Well, that'll be a change, anyway," replied the little fellow. "All the other whippings I ever got from you were bad!"—Chicago News.

Nothing but Fun. "How's your wife these days?" "Well, she has found a soap that makes washing a pleasure, a machine that makes sewing delightful and a contraption that makes sweeping a dream of bliss. She ought to find life one continuous round of joy."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Pa Knew. "Pa, what's an agnostic?" "It's one of those poems where the first letters of the lines spell out a word. Now run along and let me read."—Boston Transcript.

Tact. Tact is when you cover your mouth with your hand and make the other party believe that the yawn was a smile.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Narrow Escape. "I tell you, the closing of the Steenth National was a mighty close call for me." "How was that?" "Why, a friend had advised me to put my money in it and—" "And you took his advice?" "No, but I would if I'd had any money."—Philadelphia Ledger.

FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

(Continued from first page)

century. As a rule the states have selected their great statesmen for the two places allotted to each of the states in the Hall of Fame.

WIRE TALKERS IN RETREAT

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has not been slow in making haste to get under cover, and shield itself from the prosecution instituted by the Attorney General of the United States. The action of this telephone monopoly is viewed in Washington as an attempt to forestall government ownership, but it is safe to say that the sentiment that has been created by Postmaster Generals and other public officials has been advanced by the retreat of the wire people.

GOVERNMENT SEIZES SHIPMENTS

In emphasizing the determination of the federal government to enforce the food and drugs act, recent large shipments of tomato pulp from Baltimore to Galveston, Texas, have been destroyed. It is charged that it is a common thing among shippers to can filthy, decomposed, and putrid vegetable matter. "TEACHER'S PETS" AT WEST POINT We all remember the teacher's pets in the public schools, and now it appears that this feature of human nature has been asserting itself at West Point, resulting in a resolution by Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, asking for an investigation.

IS POLYGAMY SPREADING?

It appears that there is a suspicion in New England that polygamy exists even outside of Utah, and Senator Weeks of Massachusetts has introduced a resolution in the Senate asking for an investigation.

From off the Map

(Gold Hill News)

The Man Without a Country had nothing—in the vulgar vernacular—on John D. Rockefeller. The powerful oil magnate is in his country but not of it. The hamlet of Rockefeller, Illinois, irking under an appellation that is considered disgraceful and un-American, petitioned the postoffice department for permission to change its address to one less conspicuous and abhorred. Colleges and institutes may bear the Rockefeller name, memorial windows may make gay twilight in his honor—for the Rockefeller gusher is bounteous and grasses even the portals of the church—but the respect and affections of his countrymen are forever closed to him. Area, Illinois, isn't much of a name, but it has no associations that constantly remind the citizens of personified privilege and grinding greed.

Lonely John Rockefeller—with his chaplain, his caddie, and his paid sycophants, alone to do him honor and estimate their probable bequests.

Ingenuity at Allegany

The Pacific Homestead has a picture showing a view of an automobile and a silo, and under it appears this legend: "Modern way of filling a silo on the farm of W. A. Gage, near Allegany, Coos county, Oregon. The automobile furnishes the power for operating the ensilage cutter; a 14-inch pulley was put on one of the rear wheel axles. Power was plenty and some to spare."

Another Lesson

(Bandon Surf) There is no use in trying to be patriotic by patronizing Portland. Several of our business houses ordered Xmas goods from Portland weeks ago and owing to the delay occasioned by reason of the Tillamook being barbed in some God-forsaken imitation port along the coast, their holiday trade in seasonable goods is nix. Portland merchants handle but very little of our products, but have in the past sold largely to us. They have insisted upon our buying in that market but they have provided no satisfactory means of delivering the goods. As there are no less than four reliable freight boats plying between this port and San Francisco, and as San Francisco takes all our surplus products, why do not our merchants practice reciprocity by transferring their trade to that city and be done, once for all, with the disappointments incident to shipping via the jerkwater route.

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