

Every Part of the Art of  
**LAUNDERING**  
Has Had Our Careful  
Attention

It is our business, so it is necessary that we use the very best and latest methods to turn out the best work possible

Our service is at your command. If you are not already a customer we would be glad to add you to our host of satisfied patrons.

**COQUILLE LAUNDRY & ICE CO.**

**Str. Elizabeth**

Regular as the Clock

**San Francisco and Bandon**

First-class fare only \$7.50  
Up freight, per ton, 3.00

**E. & E. T. Kruse**

24 California Street, San Francisco

For Reservations

**J. E. NORTON**

Agents, Coquille, Oregon

**POLK'S**

OREGON AND WASHINGTON

**Business Directory**

A Directory of each City, Town and Village, giving descriptive lists of each place, location, population, telegraph, shipping and banking points, also classified Directory, compiled by business and profession.

**R. L. POLK & CO., SEATTLE**

**Theo. Bergman Shoe Mfg. Co.**

Incorporated

**The Celebrated Bergmann Shoe**

The Strongest and Nearest Water Proof shoe made for loggers, miners prospectors and mill men.

621 Thurman Street

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale

By virtue of an execution duly issued by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the County of Coos State of Oregon, dated the 13th day of June, 1914, in a certain action in the Circuit Court for said County and State wherein Walter Sinclair as Plaintiff recovered judgment against The Salmon Mountain Coarse Gold Mining Company Defendant for the sum of Three hundred Eighty-one & 00/100 Dollars and costs and disbursements taxed at Twenty-three & 00/100 Dollars, on the 9th day of May, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that I will on Saturday the 8th day of August, 1914, at the front door of the County Court House in Coquille in said County, at 10:30 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following described property, to-wit:

Commencing at the Southwest corner of Section 16, Township 32, South of Range 12 West; thence running South 50 chs; thence West 30 chs; thence South 10 chs; thence West 5 chs; thence South 20 chs; thence East 35 chs; thence North 20 chs; thence East 10 chs; thence North 50 chs; thence West 10 chs; to the place of beginning. Said tract being known as the Salmon Mountain Placer Claims, containing one hundred sixty acres, more or less, also a quartz claim commencing at a post of the Long Tunnel, or better known as the More Tunnel, on the West end of Salmon Mountain, and running in a Northernly direction 100 feet to a fir tree, marked (1), which is the supposed center line of the claim; thence in a Westernly direction, 300 feet to a stake marked (2); thence in a Southernly direction, 1500 feet to a Cedar tree marked (3); thence in an Easterly direction, 600 feet to a fir tree marked (4); thence in a Northernly direction, 1500 feet to a stake marked (5); thence 300 feet to a stake marked (1); thence 100 feet to the place of beginning, and also a Placer Claim filed upon by Philip Guthardt, lying North of the last described claim and also the Guthardt Quartz claim on the West end of Salmon Mountain, described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post at the mouth of Discovery Tunnel, thence running in a Northernly direction to a post marked North centerpost; thence running in a Westernly direction, 300 feet to a post marked N. W. C. thence running in a Southernly direction, 1500 feet to a post marked S. W. C. thence running in an Easterly direction 300 feet to the South Center Stake; thence in an Easterly direction 300 feet to a post marked N. E. C. thence in a Westernly direction, 300 feet to a post marked North Center Stake situated in the Johnson Creek and Salmon Mountain Mining District, and being adjacent to and lapsing over as described in this instrument, all in Coos County, State of Oregon. Taken and levied upon as the property of the said defendants or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said judgment in favor of Plaintiff against said defendants with interest thereon, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from the 9th day of May, 1914 together with all costs and disbursements that have or may accrue.

W. W. GAGE  
Sheriff.



**THE CASE OF JENNIE BRICE**

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Copyright, 1913, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

**SYNOPSIS**

Jennie Brice and her husband, Ladley, quarrel. She disappears from Mrs. Pitman's boarding house during a Pittsburgh flood.

Mrs. Pitman recalls that Howell, a reporter, was with Jennie Brice and Ladley shortly before Jennie disappeared.

Holcombe finds incriminating evidence in Ladley's room. An onyx clock is missing. Mrs. Pitman's knife has been stolen and broken.

Ladley is arrested, but as no body has been found he is released for lack of evidence.

Holcombe believes Ladley is guilty. Heedful after Mrs. Pitman's, Holcombe watches him through the ceiling.

A woman's headless body is found. Howell was seen with a veiled woman resembling Jennie Brice the night she disappeared.

No one can identify the headless body, which has an odd scar on the breast. Ladley is rearrested.

Apparently Jennie Brice was alive three days after her disappearance, and this fact is known by Howell. Ladley's trial begins.

Alice Murray, a stenographer, with whom Ladley is infatuated, has disappeared from her home. The evidence favors Ladley.

Holcombe appears with a mysterious witness. Howell testifies that he took Jennie Brice alive away from Pittsburgh.

Dr. Littlefield identifies the scar on the woman's breast and says she was Jennie Brice. Howell, Ladley and Jennie had planned a fake murder for advertising purposes.

Ladley, however, actually killed Jennie and sent Howell away with Alice Murray, dressed in Jennie's clothing.

**CHAPTER XIV.**

**M**R. HOLCOMBE was up very early the next morning. I heard him moving around at 5 o'clock, and at 6 he banged at my door and demanded to know at what time the neighborhood rose. He had been up for an hour and there were no signs of life. He was more cheerful after he had a cup of coffee. He commented on Lida's beauty and said that Howell was a lucky chap.

"That is what worries me, Mr. Holcombe," I said. "I am helping the affair along and what if it turns out badly?"

He looked at me over his glasses. "It isn't likely to turn out badly," he said. "I have never married, Mrs. Pitman, and I have missed a great deal out of life."

"Perhaps you're better off. If you had married and lost your wife— I was thinking of Mr. Pitman."

"Not at all," he said with emphasis. "It's better to have married and lost than never to have married at all. Every man needs a good woman, and I don't know how old he is. The older he is the more he needs her. I am nearly sixty."

I was rather startled, and I almost dropped the fried potatoes. But the next moment he had got out his notebook and was going over the items again. "Pillowslip," he said, "knife broken, onyx clock—wouldn't think so much of the clock if he hadn't been so damnably anxious to hide the key, the discrepancy in time as revealed by the trial—yes, it is as clear as a bell, Mrs. Pitman, does that Maguire woman next door sleep all day?"

"She's my now," I said, looking out the window.

He was in the hall in a moment, only to come to the door later, hand in hand. "Is she the only other woman on the street who keeps boarders?"

"She's the only woman who doesn't," I answered. "She'll keep anything that doesn't belong to her—except boarders."

"Ah!"

He lit his corncob pipe and stood puffing at it and watching me. He made me uneasy. I thought he was going to continue the subject of every man needing a wife.

"But when he spoke he was back to the crime again. 'Did you ever work a typewriter?' he asked.

"What with the surprise, I was a little sharp. 'I don't play any instrument except an egg beater,' I replied shortly, and went on clearing the table.

"Remember do you remember about the village idiot and the horses? But of course you do, Mrs. Pitman, you are a woman of imagination. Don't you think you could be Alice Murray for a few moments? Now think—you are a stenographer with theatrical ambitions. You meet an actor and he with you in love with him and he with you? 'That's hard to imagine, that last.'"

"Not so hard," he said gently. "Now the actor is going to put you on the stage, perhaps in this new play, and some day he is going to marry you."

"Is that what he promised the girl?"

"According to some letters her mother found, yes. The actor is married, but he tells you he will divorce the wife. You are to wait for him, and in the meantime he wants you near him—away from the office, where other men are apt to come in with letters to be typed, and to chaff you. You are a pretty girl."

"It isn't necessary to overwork my imagination," I said, with a little bitterness. I had been a pretty girl, but work and worry—

"Now you are going to New York very soon, and in the meantime you have cut yourself off from all your people. You have no one but this man. What would you do? Where would you go?"

"How old was the girl?"

"Nineteen."

"I think," I said slowly, "that if I

were thirteen and in love with a man and hiding I would hide as near him as possible. I'd be likely to get a window that could see his going out and coming in—a place so near that he could come often to see me."

"Bravo!" he exclaimed. "Of course, with your present wisdom and experience, you would do nothing so foolish. But this girl was in her teens. She was very far away, for he probably saw her that Sunday afternoon, when he was out for two hours. And as the going was slow that day and he had much to tell and explain I figure she was not far off, probably in this very neighborhood."

During the remainder of that morning I saw Mr. Holcombe at intervals going from house to house. Finally he came back, flushed and excited.

"I found the house," he said, wiping his glasses. "She was there, all right, not so close as we had thought, but as close as she could get."

"And can you trace her?" I asked.

His face changed and saddened. "Poor child!" he said. "She is dead, Mrs. Pitman!"

"Not she—at Sewickley?"

"No," he said patiently. "That was Jennie Brice."

"But—Mr. Howell?"

"Mr. Howell is a young ass," he said with irritation. "He did not take Jennie Brice out of the city that morning. He took Alice Murray in Jennie Brice's clothing, and veiled."

Well, that is five years ago. Five times since then the Allegheny river, from being a mild and inoffensive stream, carrying a few boats and a great deal of sewage, has become a raging destroyer and has filled our hearts with fear and our cellars with mud.

A few days ago, as I said at the beginning, we found Peter's body floating in the cellar, and as soon as the yard was dry I buried him. He had grown fat and lazy, but I shall miss him.

Yesterday a riverman fell off a barge along the water front and was drowned. They dragged the river for his body, but they did not find him. But they found something—an onyx clock, with the tattered remnant of a muslin pillowslip wrapped around it. It only bore out the story as we had known it for five years.

The Murray girl had lived long enough to make a statement to the police, although Mr. Holcombe only learned this later. On the statement being shown to Ladley in the jail and his learning of the girl's death, he collapsed. He confessed before he was hanged, and his confession, briefly, was like this:

He had met the Murray girl in connection with the typing of his play, and had fallen in love with her. He had never cared for his wife, and would have been glad to get rid of her in any way possible. He had intended to kill her, however. He had planned to elope with the Murray girl, and, awaiting an opportunity, had persuaded her to leave home and to take a room near my house.

Mr. Howell had visited her daily, while his wife was at the theater.

They had planned to go to New York together on Monday, March 5. On Sunday, the 4th, however, Mr. Bronson and Mr. Howell had made their curious proposition. When he accepted, Philip Ladley maintained that he meant only to carry out the plan as suggested. But the temptation was too strong for him. That night, while his wife slept, he had strangled her.

I believe he was frantic with fear, after he had done it. Then it occurred to him that if he made the body unrecognizable he would be safe enough. On that quiet Sunday night, when Mr. Reynolds reported all peaceful in the Ladley room he had cut off the poor wretch's head and had tied it up in a pillowslip weighted with my onyx clock!

It is a curious fact about the case that the scar which his wife incurred to enable her to marry him was the means of his undoing. He insisted, and I believe he was telling the truth, that he did not know of the scar—that is, his wife had never told him of it and had been sure to conceal it. He thought she had probably used paraffin in some way.

In his final statement, written with great care and no little literary finish, he told the story in detail; of arranging the clues as Mr. Howell and Mr. Bronson had suggested; of going out in the boat with the body, covered with a fur coat, in the bottom of the skiff; of throwing it into the current above the Ninth street bridge, and of seeing the fur coat fall from the boat and carried beyond his reach; of disposing of the head near the Seventh street bridge; of going to a drug store, as per the Howell instructions and of coming home at 4 o'clock to find me at the head of the stairs.

Several points of confusion remained. One had been caused by Temple Hope's refusal to admit that the dress and hat that figured in the case were to be used by her the next week at the theater. Mr. Ladley insisted that this was the case and that on that Sunday afternoon his wife had requested him to take them to Miss Hope; that they had quarreled as to whether they should be packed in a box or in the brown valise, and that he had visited Alice Murray instead. It was on the way there that the idea of finally get-

ting rid of Jennie Brice came to him. And a way—using the black and white striped dress of the dispute.

Another point of confusion had been the dismantling of his room that Monday night, some time between the visit of Temple Hope and the return of Mr. Holcombe. This was to obtain the scrap of paper containing the list of clues as suggested by Mr. Howell, a clue that might have brought about a premature discovery of the so-called hoax.

For the girl he had told nothing of his plan. But he had told her she was to leave town on an early train the next morning, going as his wife; that he wished her to wear the black and white dress and hat for reasons that he would explain later and to be veiled heavy; that to the young man who would find her on the train and who had seen Jennie Brice only once she was to be Jennie Brice; to say as little as possible and not to raise her veil. Her further instructions were simple—to go to the place at Horner where Jennie Brice had planned to go, but to use the name of Belows there. And after she had been there for a day or two to go as quietly as possible to New York. He gave her the address of a boarding house where he could write her and where he would join her later.

He reasoned in this way: That as Alice Murray was to impersonate Jennie Brice and Jennie Brice hiding from her husband she would naturally discard her name. The name Belows had been hers by a previous marriage, and she might easily resume it. Thus to establish his innocence he had not only the evidence of Howell and Bronson that the whole thing was a gigantic hoax; he had the evidence of Howell that he had started Jennie Brice to Horner that Monday morning, that she had reached Horner, had there assumed an incognito, as Mr. Pitman would say, and had later disappeared from there, jealously concealing herself to work his undoing.

In all probability he would have gone free, the richer by \$100 for each week of his imprisonment, but for two things. The flood, which had brought opportunity to his door, had brought Mr. Holcombe to feed Peter, the dog. And the same flood, which

should have carried the headless body as far as Cairo or even farther on down the Mississippi, had rejected it in an eddy below a clay bluff at Sewickley.

Well, it is all over now. Mr. Ladley is dead, and Alice Murray and her Peter lies in the yard. Mr. Reynolds made a small wooden cross over Peter's grave and carved "Till we meet again" on it. I daresay the next flood will find it in Molly Maguire's kitchen.

Mr. Howell and Lida are married. Here he had inherited some money. I believe and what with that and Lida declaring she would either marry him in a church or run off to Steubenville, O., Alma had to consent. I went to the wedding and stood near the door, while Alma swept in, in lavender chiffon and rose-point lace. She has not improved with age, has Alma. But Lida—Lida—I wanted to run out and claim her, my more than child.

I sat down and covered my face, and from the pew behind me some one leaned over and patted my shoulder.

"Miss Bess," old Isaac said gently. "Don't take on, Miss Bess!"

He came the next day and brought me some lilies from the bride's bouquet that she had sent me and a bottle of champagne from the wedding supper. I had not tasted champagne for twenty years!

That is all of the story. On summer afternoons sometimes when the house is hot I go to the park and sit. I used to take Peter, but now he is dead. I like to see Lida's little boy. The nurse knows me by sight and lets me talk to the child. He can say "Peter" quite plainly. But he does not call Alma "grandmother." The nurse says she does not like it. He calls her "Nana."

Lida does not forget me. The other day she brought me, with apologies, the chiffon gown her mother had worn at her wedding. Alma had never worn it but once, and now she was too stout for it. I took it. I am not proud, and I should like Molly Maguire to see it.

Mr. Holcombe asked me last night to come home. He says he needs me, and that I need him.

I am a lonely woman and getting old, and I'm tired of watching the gas meter, and besides, with Peter dead, I need a man in the house all the time. The flood district is none too orderly. Besides, when I have a wedding dress laid away and a bottle of good wine it seems a pity not to use them.

I think I shall do it.

THE END.

**Hits Scrub Sires**

"The scrub sire has done inestimable damage to the quality of Washington livestock. He is a curse to his owner, who is cursed by his neighbors. The pure bred sire that is backed by parents and grandparents of high merit will add quality to the offsprings of your herd."

From the foregoing, which was taken from the Washington State College news letter, it is evident that Oregon is not going to be left alone to fight the battles for the better sires for the dairy herds. Better herds, right feeding, proper management and sanitary products, are the things sought by the Dairy department of the Oregon Agricultural College.

**REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS**

Reported for The Herald by the Title Guarantee and Abstract Co.

June 27

T. E. Edgell et ux to H. H. Harst, w d lots 6, 7, 8 & 9, blk 3, Riverside add to Bandon, \$10.

T. E. Edgell et ux to H. H. Harst, w d lots 23 & 24, blk 5, & lots 41, 43 & 42, blk 4, Riverside add to Bandon, \$10.

Henry H. Lehmann et ux to Clara Gardner, w d lot 1, blk 2, Portland add to Bandon, \$10.

Albert S. Hisey et ux to Sarah E. Chase, w d lots 29, 30, 31 & 32, blk 16, Bangor Plat "A", \$10.

Wm. A. Border to N. G. W. Perkins, w d lots 3, 4, 5 & 6, blk 26, Bangor and Benders add to Myrtle Point, \$10.

Proceedings in Guardianship of Levi M. Wiley, incompetent.

Marshfield Land Co. to Peter M. Sonneson, w d lots 24 & 25, blk 13, Bay Park, \$10.

**He Was Frantic With Fear.**

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I think I shall do it.

THE END.

**Envious of the Immune.**

Little Henry (at the table, to the visitor)—I wish I were like you. Visitor (flattered)—Why, little man? Little Henry—Because no one boxes your ears when you eat with your fingers.—London Opinion.

**For County Surveyor**

I hereby announce myself an independent candidate for the office of county surveyor of Coos County, Oregon. I am a regular graduate of the Kansas State Agricultural College, class of 1884. Engaged for 14 years in the location, construction and maintenance of railroads, with the C. B. & Q. Ry., Mo. Pac. Ry., A. T. & S. F. Ry., C. R. I. & Pac. Ry., and for 10 years employed in irrigation and mining engineering work. Am also a member of the Oregon State Society of Engineers. Will you support me at the polls?  
E. H. KERN

**Notice to Creditors**

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Coos, in the Matter of the Estate of Mary L. Peterson, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed Executor with the will annexed, of the estate of Mary L. Peterson, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified as by law required to the undersigned at the law office of C. R. Barrow, over Geo. A. Robinson's store, Coquille, Coos county, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 30th day of June, 1914.  
Elson M. Peterson,  
Executor.

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"The scrub sire has done inestimable damage to the quality of Washington livestock. He is a curse to his owner, who is cursed by his neighbors. The pure bred sire that is backed by parents and grandparents of high merit will add quality to the offsprings of your herd."

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**Have You Bought A New Car?**

KEEP your new car in our garage. Prices are low. Service is the best.

You can rest assured that we will take the very best care of your auto. We give lessons to beginners. We keep cars so that they are always ready to run. We take trouble off your shoulders.

Garage is fireproof, finely equipped and open at all hours.

**This is a private garage, as well as a public one. We take the greatest care of private autos. This saves you trouble.**

**KIME & VON PEGERT**

**Roseburg Myrtle Point Stage**

**And Auto Line**

Leaves Myrtle Point 7 a. m. Arrives Roseburg, 5 p. m. Leaves Roseburg, 6 a. m. Arr. Myrtle Point by 5 p. m.

Make reservations in advance at Owl Drug Store, Marshfield.

**Carrying Baggage and United States Mail**

**J. L. LAIRD, Proprietor**

Office at Laird's Livery Barn, Myrtle Point, Both Phones

A. J. SHERWOOD Pres. R. E. SHINE, V.-Pres.  
L. H. HAZARD, Cashier J. C. SANFORD, Asst. Cashier

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
OF COQUILLE, OREGON.

Transacts a General Banking Business

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Correspondents: National Bank of Commerce, New York City; Crocker-Woolworth N.Y. Bank, San Francisco; First National Bank of Portland, Portland.

R. S. KNOWLTON, President GEO. A. ROBINSON, Vice-Pres.  
R. H. MAST, Cashier.

**Farmers and Merchants Bank**  
COQUILLE, OREGON

Op ned for Busines March, 1890

CORRESPONDENTS:  
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National Park, New York First Trust & Savings, Coos Bay

OLD RELIABLE—EQUIPPED WITH WIRELESS

**STEAMER BREAKWATER**

ALWAYS ON TIME

Sails from Portland at 8 A. M.,  
July 2nd, 7th, 12th, 17th, 22nd, 27th.

Sails from Coos Bay  
At 12:30 P. M., July 4th, 9th, 14th, 19th, 24th, 29th.

P. L. STERLING, Agent Phone Main 181



**Have You Bought A New Car?**

KEEP your new car in our garage. Prices are low. Service is the best.

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Office at Laird's Livery Barn, Myrtle Point, Both Phones

**60 CENTS**

Why not have an extension telephone installed in your residence, the price has been reduced to 60 cents per month. Think of the unnecessary steps this will save you.

**Coos Bay Home Telephone Co.**

Main Office Marshfield, Oregon

July 3

Thos. Dadd to T. Hillyer, w d lot 24, blk 34, Coos Bay Plat B, \$500.

U. S. of A. to Walter Stull patent neq sec 10 tp 24 s r 11 w w m.

F. E. Empey et ux to Joseph W. Mitchell, w d n/2 of n/2 sec 8 twp 30 s r 10 w w m.

July 7

Fred L. Leeper to C. L. Johnson w d lot 15 except s 14 ft. & all lot 16 blk 1 Industrial add to Bandon, \$10

J. D. Fine et ux to Webster L. Smith w d lot 13 blk 3 Portland add to North Bend, \$10