Mount Vernon

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON a well known banker who had receive

By J. E. Jones

Mount Vernon on the Potomac-"im- I might incur some responsibility." pressions and sentiments like yours and mine," explains the author to those and finally he made this proposition.

Bound in colonial blue and buff, with trated with handsome half-tones and by you will do that for me?" pen drawings, it is a dainty and invaluable reminder that will instantly appeal not mention any name I cannot be to every person who has been to Mount | beld responsible in any way." Vernon, while to those who have not had that good fortune this clever happy little story of our beloved George and Martha gives a clearer view and understanding of their colonial home." which is today the pride of Virginia and the Nation.

As a souvenir or gift book, for young or old, there is nothing to approach the elegance of this little volume, and it firm which has falled?" asked the will make one feel more like a patriotic banker in surprise. American to possess it.

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SPECIAL NOTE: Mr. Jones is the Washington correspondent of The Herald, and if you will Mother Nature usually ornaments the state that you are a reader of this state that you are a reader of this paper, an autographed copy of the male birds usually excel in music also first edition will be furnished on -Exchange. the regular order.

P. O. DEPARTMENT AND GOOD ROADS.

It Directs Co-operation With Authorities For Improvement.

Good roads movements throughout the country are to have substantial support from the postoffice department. First Assistant Postmaster General Roper has notified officially postmas-

ters of all classes that "It is the desire of the department that they co-operate with state and county authorities in the endeavor to improve the condition of the public roads. "The department's attention," con-

tinues Mr. Roper, "has been attracted saw you with today, Hicks?" to proclamations issued from time to time by the governors of states designating certain days as good roads days, and postmasters, as representatives in their communities of the national government, are expected to manifest as active an interest in this movement as is consistent with the

He Used a Clever Ruse to Get the Information He Needed

A wealthy merchant in Paris who had an extensive business with Japan was informed that a prominent firm in Yokohama had fatled, but he could not learn the name of the firm. He could have learned the truth by cabling, but to save expense be went to ed the news and requested him to re veal the name of the firm

"That's a very delicate thing to do," replied the banker, "for the news is A pretty little story of visits to not official, and if I give you the name

who have seen our country's greatest shrine.

"I will give you," he said, "a list of ten firms in Yokohama, and I will ask you to look through it, and then telme, without mentioning any name hand illumined cover design, and colonial ribbon book mark; profusely illus- which has falled appears in it. Sure-"Yes," said the banker, "for if I do

> The list was made out, the banke looked through it and, as he handed

it back to the merchant, said: "The name of the merchant who has falled is there."

"Then I've lost heavily," replied the merchant, for that is the firm with which I did business," showing him name on the list.

"But how do you know that is the

"Very easily," replied the merchant. "Of the ten names on the list only one is genuine-that of the firm with-Now Being Printed which I did business. All the others are fictitious." Notes About Birds.

A peculiar characteristic about birds is that the young of those that build nests in trees are blind when hatched. are naked, unable to walk and are fell by the parent bird. Among the wading birds the young can walk, swim and pick up food immediately upon leaving the egg. With birds, as with higher animals, the females seem to bead, neck and tails of the males that

A Pleasant Way to Help. "Mamma," lisped the cherub, while a smile of seraphic sweetness illum nated his baby face, "do you know that sometimes I help Catherine's mam

"That's nice," prompted the proud parent. "And what do you do to help

"Oh," replied the cherub, "when Catherine's naughty I punish her!"-Youth's Companion.

Very Engaging.
Aunt Anna-Your wife is a perfect dear, William; she has such engaging ways. Mr. Stubbs - Right you are. aunt: she has engaged fully two dozen different cooks in the last six months to my certain knowledge. - Florida Times-Union.

Retreating In Disorder. "Who was that tough looking chap I "Be careful, Parker. That was my

twin brother." "By Jove, old chap, forgive me! really ought to have known."-Kansas

Ancient Silk. A book published in Japan 1,000 years ago notes that at that time good silk was already produced in twenty-

five provinces of that country

Found on the Battlefield

Why a Soldier Didn't Like to Talk About His Deed

By F. A. MITCHEL

between the states, but what year 1 earliest remembrance is being in a foundling institution in Harrisburg. Pa. How I came to be there I could never find out, for it was, judging from my age, toward the close of the war and when everybody and everything was in a state of commotion I left the asylum when I must have been about sixteen years old. At any rate, the inmates were not kept there after sixteen, and since there was a record on the books in 1863 of "a female baby apparently about a year old" that was called Betty or Hetty or something like that-the first letter was blurred-and I was called Betty it was assumed that

the record pertained to me. At leaving, being old enough to understand the importance of learning as nuch as possible about my antecedents. I made every inquiry concerning them, but all I could learn was the above. The clothes in which I was brought to the institution had been preserved, but the only thing on them for identification was the letters "H C.," which were carefully embroidered.

On leaving the asylum I went to serve as nursemaid with a lady in Philadelphia She and her husband were refined persons and on hearing my story took an interest in me, expressing themselves ready to help me to find my parents.

One day Mr. Sawyer, husband of the adv by whom I was employed, return ed after an absence.

He told me that he had been in Harrisburg and while there, being interested in my case, had gone to the asylum where I had been brought up to make inquiries concerning me. Being a man of affairs, he was more success-



DOWERO -"I AM THAT BABY!"

ful than I had been. He had got from the records the names of persons who vere connected with the asylum when was sent there and had advertised for several of them. An elderly woman living in the country not far from Har-risburg answered the advertisement. Mr Sawyer learned from her that she was at the asylum from 1862 to 1864; that during that time a girl baby was brought in by a Union soldier. That was all she could remember, for she had left the institution soon after the child was received

I think Mr. Sawyer took more interest in the matter than I. Perhaps it was a detective instinct in him that led him to busy himself about it. At any rate, his curiosity was aroused, and be kept thinking about it much of

"You're a war baby, Bet," he would say to me. "I have an idea that you got lost somehow during the war. Maybe your father was a soldier and got killed and a comrade took his little girl and not being in a position to care for her left her at the asylum. This theory is supported by the fact that about the time you were taken there General Lee invaded Pennsylvania, and every citizen who could carry a gun turned out to oppose him We

will establish your identity and don't you forget it." When the war ended, everybody, both north and south, had had enough of it. About fifteen years after its close hose who were interested in it began to talk about it and write about it and liscuss who should have the credit of this and who was to blame for that. and all the prominent Union and Confederate officers who were living found an opportunity to explain their records. As to those who had died in the struggle, they had nothing to say and those who had lived to tell their stories. It was about this time. I believe, that

years old there was a gathering of vetruns on the field of Gertysburg, and Mr. Sawyer proposed to his wife that they make an excursion and visit the field themselves. Mrs. Sawyer would not go without taking their son, Tommy, now four years old, and that in volved taking me along to have the care of him while his father and mother were visiting the scenes of the different fights on the battlefield.

So we all went down together on one of the anniversaries of the struggle, and, since Tommy manifested a desire to go about with his father and mother, I had an opportunity to go too. The veterans we saw moving about in groups locating different scenes of those exciting days of 1863 were not the old men they are today. Many of them have never known till recently. My had fought as mere boys, and they were fine looking middle aged men.

One Union veteran-he was between thirty-five and forty years old-a friend of Mr. Sawyer, took charge of our party and showed us over the field, telling as in a very interesting manner where this and that engagement had taken place, Little Round Top. Cemetery Ridge and other interesting points, pointing out where his own regiment had fought without claiming that it had won the fight or, indeed, saying anything about its or his achievements

There was something in his appearince that attracted me, and this refraining from making claims for his egiment or himself added to my admiration for him. I had bemoaned my umble position, but now it was donby hard to bear, for I could not but think that, though he was courteous to ne as to the others, he must look down

After we had seen the scenes of herosm of others I asked our mide to be ore exact in the matter of his own participation in the battle. Yielding to my solicitations, be told his story, which was interesting, though be refrained all through it from claiming bave done anything very brave. After driving about the field we stop-

ped at a farmhouse not far from it for laner. A woman who served us seemed interested in our chat about what we had seen and, being asked whether she had lived there when the battle took place, said:

"Yes, I lived here, and I wish I andn't, for there is a matter connected with the battlefield that has been a regret to me ever since and always will A lady had come from the city of Philadelphia to be in the country for her health. She boarded with my other, who lived in a house where part of the fighting took place. We country people didn't know that there was to be a battle here and were not prepared for it. There were lots of soldlers gathering here, and we were all much excited over their coming. This lady from Philadelphia had a onby and had brought a nurse with her to take care of it. The nurse was taken sick and went home. Then the lady hired me to take care of her child.

"One morning I wanted to go to see my aunt, who lived across the field where the soldiers were to fight, and I hought it a good plan to take the baby with me in her little carriage. So I out the bottle in her mouth and started. I was passing along quietly when I heard a lot of firing all about me. nd it seemed as if a dozen thundertorms had broken out at once. I was cared to death."

The woman seemed to live again in

"Then I did what I have regretted all the rest of my life. I deserted the baby, leaving the little thing sucking at its bottle in its carriage, and ran away and hid in the first house I came to. The child was probably killed, for nobody has ever heard of it since." "I can assure you," said our guide, 'that it wasn't killed, for our regiment

loved through the trees when you left My captain detailed me to take charge of it. I never have since liked to talk about my part in the battle of Gettysburg-at least, to mention this ncident-for when I say I was wheelng a baby carriage everybody laughs." "For land's sake!" exclaimed the wo-

nan, "What did you do with it?" "Put it in a barn till the battle was ver, then found it safe and sound, but bawling for more milk. Before the next day's fight came on I had provided for it temporarily, and, after the ighting was over and the Confederates had withdrawn, my captain sent me off to hunt for its mother. I couldn't find her, and I was sent to Harrisburg with it, where I chucked it in an or-

"I am that baby!" I exclaimed, much excited and, not realizing what I was any advantage of him because he isn't doing, threw myself into the arms of as tall as I am. He can't help his

the man that had rescued me There was a commotion at this, and my longness." then the rest of the matter came out. The woman who had been my nurse reambered my mother's name Chenowith-and I had been baptized Harriet. This corresponded with the initials "H. C." embroidered on my baby clothes.

What remains I will tell in a few My mother and father were both living, and I was requited with them and several brothers and sisters. They were overloyed at finding me and lavished every blessing on me that they could think of One day the sol dler who had rescued me asked me. Where do I come in?" and when I ingaired of him where he wished to come in he said. "Finders are keepers." which, being interpreted, meant that he wanted me for himself. He didn't

have any trouble getting me. After our marriage we went to the vere lucky if they didn't have to bear than twenty years before and examthe brunt of blunders committed by Ined the record. There I saw that the given was intended for a G. I had ople began to take an interest in the | been called Getty, from the battle of battlefields which now are made na- Gettysburg, but the name was soon onal parks. When I was nineteen changed to Betty.

OREGON and WASHINGTON

He Fulfilled the Conditions

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Cyrus Mudge was an Indianian six feet four inches high. Having inherited some means and desiring to see the world, he went abroad. In Paris he met Joel Halsted, a fellow townsman who introduced him to Jules Laboudier, and he kindly consented to pilot the two Americans among the sights of Paris and the vicinity. One day after having visited Versailles the trio returned tired and hungry, and Laboudier led the way to a cafe in the Champs Elysees for dinner.

How these two plain inhabitants of the western world ever secured the services of so elegant a gentleman as Laboudier to show them about is a mystery, though possibly the fact that Mudge paid the bills had something to do with it. Seeing that Mudge was unaccustomed to the tone of high life in Paris, the Frenchman took Halsted apart and told him be feared that his friend might through ignorance put him to the blush. But Halsted quieted his fears, and the three continued the sightseeing copartnership.

During the dinner in the cafe in the Champs Elysees a party sat at the next table to Mudge and his friends, one of whom was a dapper gentlem: five feet five inches high, with a waxed mustache and imperial, who seem ed to be the center of attraction o those with him. When Mudge arose from his chair this gentleman turned to look at him with wondering eye When Mudge finally finished going up toward the ceiling the Frenchman exclaimed loud enough for all to hear: "La tour d'Eiffel!"

Now, Mudge was sensitive on one subject-his height. He knew that the Frenchman had said something detrimental, but, not understanding French was not aware that he had been co pared with the Elffel tower. He glared at the man who had criticised him supposing the remark to be more in sulting than it really was; then, mak ing one step, he covered the distance between himself and his critic and taking him by the cont collar, held him dangling in the air for a moment, then let him gently down on the floor.

The Frenchman's face was as red as a turkey cock's comb, and his eyes countenance was equally expressive though in a different way.

"What have you done?" he cried to Mudge. "Do you know who that gen "That sawed off chap! Why, I reck

on he's a dwarf escaped from a dime "He is M. Garnier, the best swords-

man in France.

"That doesn't make any difference to me. I'm not a soldier.

The outraged Frenchman whippe out a card with his name on it and flung it down on the table before Mudge. Laboudier picked it up and joining the other party, held a conver sation in French, which his friends did not understand. Presently he re turned and said that he had endeavor the scene she was describing and trem. ed to explain that Mudge was an American unacquainted with the man ners and customs of Europeans and tried to excuse him on that ground He had finally induced M. Garnier to accept an apology.

"Apology for what?" asked Mudge. 'Mon dieu! For holding him up the air like a jumping tack!" "Didn't be insult me first?"

"He simply compared you to the Eiffel tower. "He did, did he! If I'd known that

wouldn't have let him down "Then if you will not apologize you

"Fight! With that little chap! Why I'd eat him up in two minutes!"
"My dear M. Mudge, you do no

nderstand. You must fight him un der the code." "What's the code?"

"Why, he'd challenge you. Therefore you have the choice of weapons-pis-tols, folls, any weapon you like. You also have the choice of the time and the place of the combat

"Oh, I have, have 1? Well, I choos fists, I to stand on the ground, my enemy to fight me through a second story window. I don't want to take as tall as I am. He can't help his shortness any more than I can belp

"Monsieur, you do not understand our Parisian customs. You cannot fight with the fists. The code does not allow. The weapons must be some thing that will kill,

"M. Laboudier," Mudge replied, "1 consider it my duty under the circumstances to fight this M. Garnier. But since you say that, according to our code. I can choose time, place and weapons I choose any place in the Seine where the water is exactly five feet five inches deep, the weapons to be picknxes."

The Freuchman gasped. Then he protested. But Mudge was not to be noved from his position. It complied with the conditions of the code as it had been explained to him. What if t did give him an advantage of s clear sight above water, while his antagonist's eyes were below the sur face? Was be not entitled to such advantage?

Finally Laboudier was satisfied since Mudge was ready for a fight to the death, though in a peculiar way. It is needless to say that the duel did not take place.

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