Are you properly listed? This company makes an effort to properly list the number, name, classification and location of every telephone subscriber in its directory. Please advise of any

Do You Advertise? If so, you cannot afford to overlook the telephone directory as a medium having the largest circulation in Coos County. It is consulted daily by 15,000 people at nearly 3000 telephones in Coos and Curry Countles.

For full information about telephone rates, directory listings and advertising, call Chief Operator.

market o carather o centrales on o

Coos and Curry Telephone Co.

Souvenir From George Washington's wood, in Coquille. Coos County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice. Estate

Compass Watch Charm: Made from the bean of the Kentucky Coffee and flourishing at Mount Vernon.

Postpaid 75 cents.

Souvenirs from Wood on the Estat::
Hatchet, 50 cents; gavel, suitable for Lodges, 75 cents; match holder, 50 cents; pin tray, 30 cents. Each article stamped with a picture of Mount icle state are hereby required to present them, with the proper vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice, to the undersigned administrator, at the law office of J. J. Stanley, in the City of Coquille, Coos County, Oregon.

Dated this 13th day of April, 1915. Souvenirs from Wood on the Estat :: ticle stamped with a picture of Mount Vernon Mansion. Any article sent

MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF In the Circuit Court of the State of Ore-WASHINGTON, is the name of a beautiful new book, made in Colonial Colors, and indorsed by the best au- W. J. CONRAD, thorities. It contains 33 illustrations. It is a story of a trip to Washington's E. D. McARTHUR, R. old home, to your shrine—if you love E. FALCONER, R. C. your country. Makes a fine souvenir, gift book, or addition to the choice H. G. things of the home library. \$1 post- A. J. HACKETT,
Defendants.

Send one dollar for a plant from the green houses on the Wash-

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DENVER, COLO

WOMAN'S BREAST is CANCER Address Old Dr. & Mrs. Dr. Chamley & Co. For the 434 & 436 Valencia St., San Francisco, Cal. KINDLY MAIL THIS to someone with CANCER

Notice to Creditors

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Charles R. Phillips, deceased, and that all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified that they are required to present the same, duly verified with the proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned, at the office of A. J. Sherwood, in Coquille, Coos County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 10th day of May 1915.

Notice to Creditors Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Elizabeth E. Davenport, deceased, and that all persons having claims against said estate, are hereby notified that they are required to present the same, duly verified with the vouchers therefor to the undersigned at the office of A. J. Sher-

Dated this 20th day of April, 1915.

E. F. DAVENPORT,

Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth E. Davenport, Deceased.

Notice to Creditors

Tree. This tree was presented by Thomas Jefferson and planted by General LaFayette, and is still living Draw decorded to the state of David M. Drew, deceased, and all persons having claims against the said estate are here-by required to present them with the

Guy Daew
Administrator of the Estate of
David M. Drew, Deceased.

gon for Coos County

PUBLICATION FORECLOSURE HILLIARD and

with it, send it back within ten days, and your money will be returned.

To R. E. Falconer, R. C. Falconer, H. G. Hilliard, A. J. Hackett and Unknown Owners the above named de-

In the Name of the State of Oregon:
You are hereby notified that W. J.
Conrad the holder of Certificate of Delinquency numbered 33 issued on the 6th day of January, 1909 by the Tax Collector of the County of Coos, State of Oregon, for the amount of Three & 52-100 Dollars, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for taxes for the year 1907 together with penalty, interest and costs thereon upon the real property assessed to you of the real property assessed to you, of kin crawi in. which you are the owner as appears of record, situated in said County and went to work record, situated in said County and State, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to wit: Lots 29-30-31-32-33 & 34 in Block 10; Lots 1-2-3 & 4 in Block 11; Lots 3-4-5-6-25-26-27 & 28 in Block 21 in Portland Addition to Bandon, Coos County, Oregon.

You are further notified that said W. J. Conrad has paid taxes on said premises for prior or subsequent years with

ises for prior or subsequent years with in under de wood, and dere wan a loud the rate of interest on said amounts as rap at de do'. Missy tol' me to go to

Rec't of No. Am't Int. 1908 March 26, 1909 4892 \$2 16 15 leave dey scattered all ober de house. " 15, 1910 4373 \$4 65 15 " 1911 3270 \$6 29 15 April 1, 1912 6405 \$10 40 15

de beds and in de cubberd in de dinin' room. When dey cum to de kitchen I said R. E. Falconer, R. C. Falconer, H. G. Hilliard and A. J. Hackett as the owners of the legal title of the above described property as the same box. Dinah wah cookin' de supper on appears of record, and each of the othppears of record, and each of the other persons above named are hereby further notified that W. J. Conrad will apply to the Circuit Court of the County and State aforesaid for a decree forelosing the lien against the property bove described, and mentioned in said to the county and the county and the county are the count

ien of said taxes and costs against the don't yo? lien of said taxes and costs against the land and premises above named.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable John S. Coke, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Coos, and said order was made and dated this 28th day of April, 1915, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 1 1th day of May, 1915.

All process and papers in this pro-

All process and papers in this pro-ceding may be served upon the under-igned residing within the State of Or-gon, at the address hereafter men-

you can depend on us to throw the clutch over to the third speed and do job printing as quick as any concern. de day befo' Marse Edward hau saw But we prefer to have more time-time him through a crack and knowed him in which to do the very best possible

That Job

this notice.

Dated this 10th day of May, 1915.

LAURA J. HANSEN.

Administratrix of the Estate of Charles R. Phillips.

Administratrix of the Estate of Charles R. Phillips.

The Job Uncle Ben Did

By SADIE OLCOTT

"Uncle," asked a little white child of septuagenarian negro in Alabama, were you in the war between the

"Yes, honey, I war in de wah. Leastways I war dar.' "Did you kill anybody, uncle?"

"No, I didn't kill nobody, but I saved mebody's life. "How was that? Tell me about it." "Well, honey, when de wah broke out

all de niggers on de ole plantation"-

"Case de plantations now ain't what dey was den. Now dey all cut up, some of 'em owned by de niggers. Den dey wah big and lots o' niggers on 'em. As I wah a-sayin', honey, most all de niggers wo'kin' on de ole plantation dug out 'cept me. My mars', yo' great-grandpop, wah mighty kind to me, and I wasn't a field band. I did

needed on de premises. "Yo' great-grandpop went off to de wah, and yo' grandpop went off to de Yanks cum. Dey used up de fences fo' firewood and run off all de stock.

jobs about de house. I wah a carpen-

ter and could make anything dat wah

"Yo' grandpop wah gwine to marry yo' grandma 'bout dat -time. Yo grandpop when he went to de wah lef Missy Lucy what he war gwine to marry with his mudder. One day when de Yanks war hyer yo' grandpop, Marse Edward, cum through de lines fo' to visit Missy Lucy. He wah dressed in common folks' clothes, case he had no business, bein' an ossifer in de south'n army, to be in among de Yanks. While he wah visitin' his ma and his sweetheart one o' de ole plantation hands cum in and said dat some body tole de Yanks dat he war dah. Dey wah comin' some time in de night to take him.

"Marse Edward wah cotched like a possum in de trap. He dassen't light out, fo' de Yanks had cum dat day and camped all about, and he dassen't stay where he wah. Yo' grandma sent fo' me and she says, says she:

"Ben, Marse Edward come hyer to see me. Ef de Yanks cotch him hyer make somep'n what he kin hide in dat dey won't suspec'

"I scratched my head and done a lot o' thinkin'. Den I said, 'I don't know missy, wot I kin do unless I make a double bottom to de wood box, wha he

"'De berry t'ing.' said missy, and I went to wo'k right off. De wood box wah in de kitchen and wah a great big un. I cut up some boa'ds and put in a oottom high 'nough fo' a man to lay down under, leabln' plenty o' cracks fo' breathin'. I hadn't mo'n got it done when Miss Lucy seen de Yanks sur-roundin' de house. Marse Edward got

"'Who dah?' I axed. " 'Open de do' right off,' said a man-I opened de do', and without askin' soldn' fo' vo' grandna Marsa Edward ler, lookin' into de closets and under de beds and in de cubberd in de dinin' de stove. Seein' an ossifer lookin' at

bove described, and mentioned in said provided in the contribution of the summoned to appear within sixty days after the first publication of this summons exclusive of the day of said first publication, and defend this action or pay the amount due as above shown to caller. After huntin, all oher de house celler. gether with costs and accrued interest and in case of your failure to do so, a decree will be rendered foreclosing the light of soil to be rendered foreclosing the "Yo' niggers know yo' own folks."

"'Reckon,' I says, with a wink in de "I put my mouf down close to he

"With dat be drawed off he men from de house, and I reckon he went out to de smokehouse, fo' I didn't heah

othin' mo' from him. "When de Yanks had gone away we uns had a con'ul'ation how Marse Edward gwine to git out o' de trap. De CANCER or TUMOR I treat

Attorney for the Plaintiff way he done it war to rub he face with special statement of the plaintiff way he done it war to rub he face with special s hair with her curlin' tongs, and he put on darky clothes, and he jist walked through de Yankees as ef he war as nuch a Yankee as any ob 'em. Nex' day be rode into de Yankee lines under a white flag with some south'n prison-

"I don't know, uncle; tell me." "De ossifer wot wah huntin' fo' him right off. Marse Edward larfed and tole him 'bout it all, but said he wasn't a spy; he only cum to see his ma and a livin'

in' de wah, but I did a might' good job sabin' yo' grandpop's life. Ef I didn't do dat yo' wouldn't been hyer nohow.'

GET YOUR

Butter Wrappers

Herald Office

A Stagecoach Romance

Contrasted With Travel In These Latter Days

By THOMAS R. DAWN

A gentleman riding in a luxurious parlor car on the Central Pacific railroad read a novel which appeared to bore him, closed it, yawned, cast a glance through the window, yawned again and was about to settle himself "Why do you say 'the old plantafor a nap when a white bearded septuagenarian in the chair next to him

> "Dull traveling nowadays, isn't it?" The bored man looked at the other as much as to say, "I have no quaintance with you, sir, and I don't wish any." Then he grunted an asfor slumber when the old man con-

"When I traveled as a youngster there was something to keep a fellow awake. At ten years of age I went from Pittsburgh across the Allegheny mountains, part way by stage, part way by canal and the rest on a snorting steamboat on a river. On that canalboat there wasn't any porcelain bowl to wash up as there is on this car. There were only a tin wash basin and a piece of bar soap, with a roller towel to wipe on. But there was something better than there is here.



Gravacho .

There were two of the most eminent lecturers in the United States aboard, and one evening they both gave the The man who was obliged to take all

this made a virtue of necessity and "I've crossed the prairies of Illinois

in a stagecoach with a party the members of which had never seen one another before starting and before the end of the trip became friends for life. One man who had a stentorian voice to sing except when he was on what was then called the grand prairie of Illinois. We turned in, sitting straight up as we were, about 10 o'clock and were jarred from side to side and joited up and down all night. But after the first night we slept well and were ready to crack jokes at one another in the morning. There were two matrimonial matches made on that trip. Curious, wasn't it? The parties had no acquaintance before."

A rough looking man not quite so old, sitting in a sent opposite, had been listening to this contrast between the old and new methods of travel and at this point spoke up:

"Mebbe you gents would like to hear one of them stagecoach romances." The old man acquiesced. The other issenger looked as if he would like to call the conductor and have both nen put off the train as nuisances. "I don't look like a man as has had

a romance, do I?" the third party went on. "I was better lookin' before a feller went gunnin' for me in the Alhambra gamblin' saloon at Cheyenne in 1868 and give me the scar. You talk about travelin' furder east in the forties and fifties. You didn't hev no sich places to stop as Cheyenne when it was the terminal of the U. P. And as for your canalboats, with lecturers on 'em, they couldn't 'a' been as lively as a stagecoach with road agents stop-pin' the way and linin' up the passengers for their valuables. I was sittin' on the box with the driver of a coach one day-the inside was empty-when right out on the plain, where there wa'n't anything but cactus and gopher holes-not a tree or even a shrub to shade her-we come up with the pur-tiest gal I ever see walkin' in the hot sun. She looked awful tired and hot, and I suggested to the driver to take her up. He said if she wanted to ride she'd have to pay her fare. I asked her why she was walkin', and she said she hadn't no money; she'd run away from home on account of a stepmother and was tryin' to get to some civilized town where she could locate and make

"The upshot of it was I agreed to pay "No, honey, I didn't kill nobody dur her fare, and she got inside. The money wa'n't nothin' to me, seein' I'd just raked in some \$3,000 at fare, and I didn't mind a little sum like that when and I got."

Have you paid the Printer?

a purty gal was concerned. The tears almost come into her eyes when she thanked me for doin' of it, and I wished ! had some excuse to give her a

t more. "Waal, after a spell I climbed down and got inside the coach. The old coachin' days in the east back in the fortles might 'a' been sociable, but I reckon a feller seldom had a coach all to hisself with a purty gal. And mebbe there wa'n't nothin' to start a love affair on one o' them lilinois or Allegheny mounting rides. In my case there was a mighty big favor to star one. A gal as has jist been saved from walkin' on an alkali plain in the hot sun and transferred to the leather seat of a stagecoach is in a mighty good condition to be made love to by

the man as done it. "She told the pitifulest story of that stepmother o' hers I ever heered. It almost made me weep. I couldn't un derstand how the gal could 'a' stood it, or, rather, would 'a' stood it, seein that she wa'n't no measly, bony little thing, but a real strappin', strong girl

"Suddint it occurred to me that this was a good chance for me to reform and settle down. I tole the girl about myself and offered if she'd marry a galoot I'd quit gamblin', put the mon ey I had in my pocket into stockin' a sent and was settling himself further store and we'd be as happy as two turtiedoves. She said it was awful suddint, but seein' she didn't know what on airth she was goin' to dohere she covered her face with her handkerchief and blubbered-she reckoned she'd better take up with me even if I was a stranger. I kissed her and promised to make her a good husband. Then she cried a leetle more and said such a generous man deserved a wife that would be kind to him and she'd devote the bull of her life

> "There's somepin I heered about 's rulin' passion,' and I reckon I had one on 'em in them days. I got tired o' lovemakin' after awhile, jist as some married pursons want to come home and stop loafin' before the honeymoon has come to an end. Happen in' to put my hand in my coat pocket, I felt a pack of keerds and, takin' 'em out, asked the gal if she knowed any game. She said she'd never seen any keerds before. I allowed I'd teach her a leetle poker, and, she sittin' on the back seat and I on the front, we made a table o' the middle one. I loaned her some money to begin on.

"She was so stupid about it and play ed so bad, bettin' when she hadn't nothin' and layin' down a full hand, that I soon won all I'd lent her. She said if I'd try it ag'in she thort she could do better, so I loaned her some more money, and we went on with the game. This time she did better, al though she was mighty stupid. "How much is one king wo'th? she

"'Nothin'.' I answered.

" "Two kings?" "'Not very much." "Five kings?"

" 'There ain't no sich thing.' "'Well,' she said, 'I'm goin' to bluf

this time. "I thort I'd show her that it didn' pay to tell she was goin' to bluff, and havin' three aces. I went for her After she'd exhausted what I'd loane her she borryed some more and raised me and kep' borryin' and raisin' til there was a big pot on the table When I thort I'd done enough to give her a good lesson I called her,

and cleaned me outen \$400. I larfe and thort I'd show her how easy would be to win it all back, and started in. In an hour she had my

"D'ye know, that gal held four king

into this yere coach out o' the brollin sun and paid yer fare and consideri that I lent you the fust stake, I recke you'll not refuse to lend me sor start in with to get revenge? "'No,' she said, 'I better not. Seein you're goin' to be my husband and

I've got to reform you. I'd better hold on to any cash that comes into my hands. Your passion for gamblin mought git the better o' yer in spite o all yer good resolutions." "I don't like to spile yer idee o' this yer stagecoach romance by tellin' the

rest o' it, 'cause it degenerated from love affair to a draw, not a draw in game o' poker, but a draw after game o' poker, the difference bein' that the article drawed wasn't a keerd, but a weepon. I was so gol darned disgusted with the gal that I tole her I wouldn't trouble her to keep my cash as my sweetheart or my wife nuther and she could jist turn over the win

"She answered that the days when wimmen knuckled down to me over and she proposed to stand for her rights. With that she tuk her hand from under a jacket she wore, and before I could say Jack Robinson she had me covered.

"'Up with yer hands, y' measly ga loot,' she hollered, 'or I'll bore a hole through that stupid skull o' yours.' "Somehow her voice didn't sound so soft as before-fact is, it sounded like

a man's. "Who be you, anyway? I asked. "'Jimmle the Kid?'

"My brain become illuminated sud-dint. Jimmle the Kid was a desperado with a face and voice as soft as a gal's. He had lots o' ways o' doin' strangers, but his favorite one was the gal racket. I knowed that my money was gone and if I give the feller any sas I'd go up too.

" 'I reckon you kin walk the rest of the way,' he said. 'Walkin' was good enough fer me, and it's good enough fer my husband that is to be. Seein' the wimmen is gettin' the upper hand. I've calculated to be one of 'em my solf."

"Openin' the door, he told me to git

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