

## Telephone Service to Powers

WE ARE pleased to announce to our patrons the extension of our long distance telephone service to Powers. A long distance pay station has been established in the Busy Corner Drug Store at Powers. For connection to Powers call local long distance operator + + + +

Coos and Curry Telephone Co.

## Souvenir From George Washington's Estate

**Compass Watch Charm:** Made from the bean of the Kentucky Coffee Tree. This tree was presented by Thomas Jefferson and planted by General LaFayette, and is still living and flourishing at Mount Vernon. Postpaid 75 cents.

**Souvenirs from Wood on the Estate:** 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 Vernon Mansion. Any article sent post paid.

**MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON,** is the name of a beautiful new book, made in Colonial Colors, and indorsed by the best authorities. It contains 33 illustrations. It is a story of a trip to Washington's old home, to your shrine—if you love your country. Makes a fine souvenir, gift book, or addition to the choice things of the home library. \$1 post-paid—and if you are not satisfied with it, send it back within ten days, and your money will be returned.

Send one dollar for a plant from the green houses on the Washington Estate

Write us about Mount Vernon Souvenir Spoons and plates

We Guarantee Every Article Just as Stated Above

**U. S. PRESS ASSOCIATION**  
Bond Building  
Washington, D. C.

Are you looking for real bargains? Then read our our Want Ads.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Coos County

W. J. CONRAD, Plaintiff vs. E. B. PERRIN and all PERSONS UNKNOWN CLAIMING ANY RIGHT TITLE OR INTEREST IN THE HEREIN DESCRIBED LAND Defendant

To E. B. Perrin and all persons unknown claiming any right title or interest in the herein described land the above named defendants

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby notified that W. J. Conrad the holder of Certificate of Delinquency numbered 14 issued on the 30th day of Dec. 1914 by the Tax Collector of the County of Coos, State of Oregon, for the amount of Twenty-six and 87-100 Dollars, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for taxes for the year 1911 together with penalty, interest and costs thereon upon the real property assessed to you, of which you are the owner as appears of record, situated in said County and State, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit: South West Quarter of the North East Quarter (S. W. 1/4 N. E. 1/4) Section Two (2) Township Twenty-five (25) South, Range Eleven (11) West of the Willamette Meridian, Coos County, Oregon.

You are further notified that said W. J. Conrad has paid taxes on said premises for prior or subsequent years with the rate of interest on said amounts as follows:

Year's Date	Tax Paid	Rate	Rec't No.	Am't Int.
1912 Dec. 30, 1914	9746	\$27 72	12	1913
1913	9252	\$31 01	12	1914
1914 Mar. 10, 1915	1272	\$24 35	12	

Said E. B. Perrin as the owner of the legal title of the above described property as the same appears 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 foreclosing the lien against the property above described, and mentioned in said certificate. And you are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the date of said first publication, and defend this action or pay the amount due as above shown together with costs and accrued interest and in case of your failure to do so, a decree will be rendered foreclosing the 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 24 day of May 1915 and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 25th day of May 1915.

All process and papers in this proceeding may be served upon the undersigned residing within the State of Oregon, at the address hereafter mentioned.

JOHN K. KENDALL, Attorney for the Plaintiff  
Address 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg  
Marshfield, Oregon.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Coos County

W. J. CONRAD, Plaintiff vs. E. D. McARTHUR, R. E. FALCONER, R. C. FALCONER and UNKNOWN OWNERS and H. G. HILLIARD and A. J. HACKETT, Defendants.

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

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 and 62-100 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 which you are the owner as appears of 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 3-4-5-25-26-27 & 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 the rate of interest on said amounts as follows:

Year's Date	Tax Paid	Rate	Rec't No.	Am't Int.
1908 March 26, 1909	4892	\$2 16	15	(4891)
1909	15, 1910	4373	\$4 65	15
1910	" 1911	3270	\$6 29	15
1911 April 1, 1912	6495	\$10 40	15	
1912	7, 1913	6814	\$12 96	15
1913 Feb'y, 6, 1914	1914	\$14 72	15	

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 appears of record, and each of the other persons above named are hereby notified that W. J. Conrad will apply to the Circuit Court of the County and State aforesaid for a decree foreclosing the lien against the property above described, and mentioned in said certificate. And you are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the date of said 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 together with costs and accrued interest and in case of your failure to do so, a decree will be rendered foreclosing the 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 11th day of May, 1915.

All process and papers in this proceeding may be served upon the undersigned residing within the State of Oregon, at the address hereafter mentioned.

JOHN K. KENDALL, Attorney for the Plaintiff  
Address, Marshfield, Oregon. 5-11-74

Notice to Creditors

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator 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.  
LAURA J. HANSEN, Administratrix of the Estate of Charles R. Phillips, Deceased.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

## PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS & CO. COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone wanting a sketch and descriptive may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is patentable. Communications confidential. FREE BOOK on Patents sent on request. Address: MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, New York

Scientific American.

A hand-book of the most valuable information, containing all the latest news, is published by MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, New York

## CANCER

I WILL GIVE \$1000

IF I FAIL TO CURE ANY CANCER OR TUMOR I treat before it POISONS deep glands or attaches to bone TO KNIFE, NO PAIN TO PAY UNTIL CURED WRITTEN GUARANTEE TO PAY \$1000 if not cured within 30 days. An Island patent makes the cure ANY TUMOR, LUMP OR SORE on the lip, face, neck, body long or short. 120-PAGE BOOK Sent Free Write to: 10,000 CURED. HOME

ANY LUMP in WOMAN'S BREAST is CANCER

It always poisons deep glands and KILLS QUICKLY Poor cured at half price if cancer is not small

Address Old Dr. & Mrs. Dr. Chamley & Co. for the book 434 & 436 Valencia St., San Francisco, Cal. KINDLY MAIL THIS to someone with CANCER

## The Boy Next Door

Story of the Two Jims

By FRANK M. O'BRIEN

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Two little houses side by side in what the rest of the city called "Shantytown" held two boys who had known each other all their lives and who had until now lived those lives exactly the same.

From veriest boyhood the red head of James Doherty and the black head of James Moore had bobbed along together.

They had lived from the same string-piece on the docks, drunk from the same ink bottle at school, and each had honored the Great Telegraph company by entering its service on the same day.

But now their lives had come to a fork in the road and separated, for, though each lay with closed eyes in his respective little attic room in his respective little house, James the Red was only thinking, thinking hard, but James the Black was dying—dying hard.

In the abstraction caused by grief for his friend, however, James the Red had ceased to be useful to the messenger service of his employers.

There was nothing to do but loaf, and the Red, sitting at his window watching the Black's window and listening for the scream that came at intervals from the sick boy.

When Jimmy went downstairs to supper his mother told him that Jimmy—the Black—was still alive.

At 8 o'clock James the Red found himself with enough courage to go to the Moore door. He wanted to see Jimmy, please.

"Nobody can see him, the doctor says," said Mrs. Moore.

As Jimmy turned to go Dr. Whiffler came out, very young and very important.

He ran quickly down the steps of the front stoop and started up the street. James the Red went after him.

He wanted to know whether Jimmy would get well—whether something couldn't be done about the screaming. But just as the questions were framed an obstacle came from a saloon



"DRINK IT QUICK!" HE SAID.

doorway into the doctor's path, and the doctor, seeing no way to dodge, stood still.

"Good evening, Jameson," said Whiffler, but it was about to have some other meaning from him.

A loan, Jameson called it. Had he not been the patron of the young doctor in the first days of his own decay as a practitioner, the days when Whiffler was struggling up and was an ingrate, had a dollar to spare.

"Patient in the neighborhood?" asked Jameson, to show a dollar's worth of interest in his young friend.

"Boy with typhoid pneumonia," said Whiffler.

"I used to have lots of 'em," said Jameson. "They're usually tough jobs too."

"This is bad," replied Whiffler. "Tough youngster, but it's hard to beat the disease off when it has malnutrition on its side. A poor fellow like this can't afford to have a trained nurse to pump in the strychnine when the heart begins to go. If he holds out tonight he'll pull through, I think."

Jameson's eyes, pale and wet as they were, kindled reminiscently.

"I had to tackle a case in camp once when there wasn't any strychnine to use when the crisis came," he said, "and nothing else in the drug line was handy, either."

"I found a cure out of my own noodle," continued the rumny one. "When the man was fading and I had to do something, champagne was handy, and I poured about a quart of it into him. Well, I remember poking the fizz into the fellow at 4 o'clock in the morning and nobody about to dispute my judgment," he said as he shuffled away.

James the Red stood still. What he had learned was discouraging.

He wandered the streets until 10 o'clock and then went home.

His mother had more news of the patient, Jimmy the Black was very weak, but his fever seemed to be going down, and he slept most of the time.

James the Red went to his room, made ready for bed, but out his light and went to sit at the window which looked upon the sickroom.

And so, watching and listening, he fell asleep. At last, dreaming he was weeping, he woke. One o'clock and silence.

Darkness, too, but for the lamp through the open window in the room of James the Black.

No movement was there, for the tired women, finding their boy asleep, had crept away to the rest they needed so much.

James the Red put on his shirt and his undershirt, cap and all. From a corner he dragged a pair of old canvas shoes, rubber soled.

From a cigar box in a closet came a revolver which must have cost \$1.20 when it was new and which had cost nothing on the happy day when young Mr. Doherty captured it in honorable combat.

It wouldn't shoot, and James the Red knew it, but he was going to see James the Black—peaceably if he could; if not, then by force of arms.

The surreptitious entrance appealed to him more than the loud and dramatic of the sneakers.

He left his own house without sound or challenge and from the yard surveyed the job to be done. It was simple.

Across the street was the house of Henkel, the painter, and Henkel had every style ladder but Jacob's. James the Red chose one twelve feet long.

He crept to the sidewalk and surveyed the street. No sound—therefore no cop!

He lugged the ladder to his own yard and, staggering, raised the end to the window where the light burned.

The ladder, as if a conspirator, never slipped, and presently the Red poked his head into the dimly lighted room.

On the bed lay the wrath of his friend, hollow checked and white—a slight that made the Red's throat close.

He crept into the room, silent as a thief and feeling like one. Not until he had reached the head of the bed did he whisper:

"The sick boy's eyelids rose slowly as if the weight of death had been on them, and his eyes, dull of expression, met toward the intruder.

"'La, Jim!' he gasped. Then his eyes closed again as if the effort had been great.

"How'd y'e feel?" Jim asked. The eyes slowly opened again.

"I'm all cool now," said Jimmy faintly. "I've been so hot, and now I feel sleepy—awfully sleepy."

"The eyes closed again, but the boy in the bed spoke once more.

"Why do all the flowers have stars in them?" he asked dreamily.

James the Red had watched his own cousin die months before.

Out of the window he went and down the ladder into the street.

It was raining in earnest and the night was black.

James the Red stepped into it and was swallowed up.

An hour went by.

"The eyelids lifted weakly. James the Red knelt on the floor, but not in prayer.

He had taken a blanket from the bed, and in its folds was something with which he struggled.

He twisted and wrenched and his face contorted in unison with his wriggling arms.

An explosion, muffled by the blanket, announced his triumph.

He held a glassful of foaming, jumping stuff to Jimmy's face.

"Drink it quick!" he said.

"I never take no booze," said James the Black. "I never will touch it."

"This ain't booze," said James the Red.

"What was a lie to him now?" "Drink it!"

He put his arm around the Black's shoulders and, lifting his head, poured the stimulant between his lips.

The sick one made a face. He took the next dose in silence and, when the third was ready, took it with a little sigh.

"Jimmy," he whispered twenty minutes later, "feet gettin' warmer now. Give 'em more medicine!"

But Jim, with the caution of a nurse, withheld the flagon. It was half empty, and he guessed that that would do.

The first of dawn showed through the window.

"I'm going, kid," said James the Red. But James the Black made no reply. He was snoring.

He was still snoring when Dr. Whiffler came at 5 o'clock and gave a verdict that made Mrs. Moore weep with joy.

In the complaint book of a police station was written, synchronously with the beginning of the Black's convalescence, an article from the pen of one Sergeant Mulqueen, famed for his terseness:

"An undersized young man in messenger boy's uniform rang the basement bell at the home of Henry Z. Carstairs, 29 Remington avenue, early this morning and, flourishing a pistol, gave him a bottle of champagne. The latter says the fellow looked like a desperate criminal."

Newspapers of the day, in an effort to glid the rhetorical lily, added that Mr. Carstairs was a leading citizen who founded the Great Telegraph company and made a fortune thereby.

## The Claimant

By EUNICE BLAKE

On the estate of Lucien Marivaud, in France, lived a poor man named Soubise and his wife, Marie, the couple having a little son, Francois. M. Marivaud had extensive vineyards, from the product of which he manufactured wine. Soubise had charge of the grape growing, and Marivaud not only valued his services highly, but was very fond of him. Soubise's wife died, and he soon followed her, leaving little Francois without a home.

M. Marivaud had a son, Victor, about Francois' age. When the latter was left an orphan he was taken to the chateau and became a playmate of Victor. There was a brother of Victor, Louis, much younger than either of these two boys.

When Victor was eighteen he entered the military school and became an army officer. Upon graduating he was ordered to join his regiment in Tonkin. Francois was anxious to see service and, enlisting in the same regiment, went out with Victor, who agreed to interest himself in his promotion that he might become an officer.

A year later after a fight Lieutenant Marivaud was reported missing. This meant that he had fallen into the hands of the Chinese, in which case it was quite likely that he had been murdered. When nothing was heard from him for several years he was given up by his family, and when his brother, Louis, came of age he inherited the family patrimony, his father having died without a will. M. Marivaud had purposely omitted to make one because he never ceased to hope that his son would one day turn out to be among the living.

Ten years after the departure of Victor Marivaud, when there was no member of the family living, Louis, who had for some time possessed and managed the wine business, became engaged to Hortense Villaret, the daughter of a neighbor. Mlle. Villaret belonged to an aristocratic family, but the estate had been confiscated during one of the many changes in the sovereignty of France, and she was very poor. She and Louis were much in love with each other, and her father favored the match because Louis was wealthy and could enable Hortense to return to the style of living to which the family had formerly been accustomed.

All went happily for the lovers till a few weeks before the day set for the wedding. Then one day a man appeared at the chateau claiming to be Victor Marivaud. Louis was but twelve years old when his brother left home, and granting that this man was Victor, he would not have remembered him. There was no other person at hand who had been familiar with Victor to identify him.

But the claimant was able to tell of many incidents that had happened on the estate, which went far to prove that he was what he claimed to be. He explained his long absence in this wise: During the fight in which he was reported missing he was knocked on the head by the butt of a musket in the hands of a Chinaman and stunned. When he came to himself he remembered nothing of the past, not even his name. The dead were traveling about him; the wounded had been removed. He arose and walked till he came to a city, where he eventually entered the service of a French merchant. After passing through various vicissitudes he was taken suddenly ill and was removed to a hospital. After having been delirious on returning to his former condition he had exclaimed, "You rascally Chinaman, take that for yours!" But seeing a nurse before him instead of a Chinaman he appeared much surprised. He had returned to a normal state, remembering that he was Victor Marivaud.

His appearance was a terrible blow to the lovers, for, according to the French law of inheritance, Victor Marivaud was the owner of the estate, including the wine business. He told Louis so many things that had occurred during the latter's childhood that Louis became convinced that the stranger was his brother. Nevertheless it was not to be expected that he would be pleased to see a brother of whom he had no remembrance and who would dispossess him of his property. But the severest blow was that M. Villaret immediately withdrew his consent to his daughter's marriage unless it could be proved that the claimant was an impostor.

There was an old blind woman living on the place, who, on hearing of the claimant, decided that he be brought to her. She asked him a few questions, which seemed to trouble him, though he answered them correctly. Then the old woman directed that he be uncovered to the waist. This was done, and her hand was guided to his chest. She slid her hand around to his side under his ribcage, and it rested on a small lump the size of a pea.

"This is Francois Soubise," she said. "I lived with his mother when he was a little boy and often dressed and undressed him. I know him by this lump."

That ended the pretense. Louis Marivaud after this attempt to impose on him went to Tonkin and made a search for his brother, Victor. But, although he spent much time on the matter, he failed to obtain any information whatever. Victor never returned.

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

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF COQUILLE, OREGON.

Transacts a General Banking Business

Board of Directors: R. C. Dement, A. J. Sherwood, L. Harlocker, L. H. Hazard, Isaiah Hacker, R. E. Shine.

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

## IDLE MONEY

Is useless money. If you have any cash that isn't working put it to work for you as you worked for it. Open a savings account with this bank and your money will at once begin earning interest for you and will keep at the task 24 hours a day, 7 days a week and 52 weeks in the year. Do it today.

## Farmers and Merchants Bank

## Roseburg Myrtle Point Stage and Auto Line

Leave Myrtle Point on arrival of boat from Bandon. Auto to Rock Creek and from Cannon; only 14 miles of staging. Arrives at Roseburg 7:30 p. m. connecting with north bound train. Arrive Myrtle Point 4 p. m.

Make reservations in advance at Owl Drug Store, Marshfield.

Fare from Myrtle Point \$7.00

J. L. LAIRD, Proprietor  
Office at Laird's Stage Barn, Myrtle Point, Both Phones

OLD RELIABLE—EQUIPPED WITH WIRELESS

## STEAMER BREAKWATER

ALWAYS ON TIME

Sails from Coos Bay Every Sunday at 9 a. m.  
From Portland 8 a. m. Every Thursday at 8 a. m.

Tickets on sale at Portland City Ticket Office 6th & Oak St.  
P. L. STERLING, Agent Phone Main 181

## HOTEL BAXTER

Under New Management

Having leased this well-equipped hotel, I propose to conduct it in such a manner as to merit patronage and give satisfaction to the traveling public.

M. M. YOUNG, Proprietor

## SELL THAT OLD Automobile

That old watch  
Photograph outfit of  
which you are tired  
Your cat, dog or goat  
That old wagon, horse or  
cow  
Churn, wheelbarrow, tools  
for which you have  
no use  
The unused shed that ought  
to be torn down  
The lot that you don't need

## The Herald Want Ads. Will Do It For You!

GET YOUR Butter Wrappers AT THE Herald Office

## CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND

Take one or other, any of your friends' Diamond Pills, for they are the best. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Have you paid the Printer?

## POLK'S OREGON and WASHINGTON Business Directory

A Directory of each City, Town and Village, giving descriptive sketch of each, with local population, telephone, shipping and banking points; also Classified Directory, compiled by business proprietors.

R. E. POLK & CO., SEATTLE