

"I'll Bet You a Year's Salary"



KITTY GRAY, an American newspaper reporter, finds and purchases half an old coin that she discovered in the window of an old curiosity shop. She is so impressed by the inscription which promises romance and adventure that she gives up her position on the newspaper in order to devote herself to solving the mystery. The derision of her editor moves her to bet him a year's salary that she can do it. She starts for the strange country and throughout the story she is shadowed by those who strive to thwart her at every turn.

How she triumphs over the most astounding obstacles, her hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures are told in the Universal's new magnificent picture serial, **THE BROKEN COIN**, founded on the story by Emerson Hough, the famous author who wrote such masterpieces of fiction as "The Mississippi Bubble," "4-40 or Fight," and scores of other huge successes. He has outdone his previous efforts in this wonderful story of **THE BROKEN COIN**, which is played by the strongest and most brilliant combination of moving picture stars ever brought together.

See Grace Curand and Francis Ford in this triumph of realism and sensation. Follow Kitty Gray through her devious and adventurous quest, in the finest picture serial ever shown on the screen.

See **THE BROKEN COIN** Every Week

The Photo Play Serial Supreme Episodes—One Each Week



3 More Chapters

At the Scenic Every Saturday

REMEMBER Pathe Program
Neal of the Navy
Get Rich Quick Wallingford
News and Comedy
Scenic Every Monday

Electric Heating Devices

ARE you searching for that something for mother, wife, sister, sweetheart or grandmother—wondering what to buy? Woman appreciates the tasty, the dainty, the ornate and the USEFUL combined. These qualities are all embodied in

Electric Heating Devices

WE HAVE THEM

OREGON POWER CO.

Announcement

HAVING bought the plant of the Coquille Mill and Mercantile Company, the undersigned is now prepared to fill all orders for any kind of

LUMBER

Especially attention will be paid to the local demand, and every effort will be made to supply anything needed at the shortest possible notice. Your orders are solicited.

F. E. JOHNSON

Notice of Sheriff's Sale

BY VIRTUE of an execution and order of sale duly issued by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the County of Coos, State of Oregon, dated the 14th day of January, 1916, in a certain action in the Circuit Court for said County and State, wherein L. Strong as Plaintiff recovered judgment against W. S. Jess and Lucy Jess, his wife, defendants, for the sum of One hundred forty-eight and 50/100 Dollars, and costs and disbursements taxed at Fourteen and 50/100 Dollars, on the third day of January, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that I will on the 4th day of March, 1916, at the front door of the County Court House in Coquille in said County, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described property, to-wit:

Lots 6 and 7, the East one-half of the northwest quarter, (less ten acres) of Section eighteen, township twenty-eight, south of Range twelve west of the Willamette Meridian, containing ninety-eight acres, all in Coos County, Oregon. Taken and devised upon as the property of the said defendants, W. S. Jess and Lucy Jess, his wife, or as much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said judgment in favor of plaintiff and against said defendants with interest thereon, together with all costs and disbursements that have or may accrue.

ALFRED JOHNSON, Jr., Sheriff.
Dated at Coquille, Oregon, January 28, 1916. 2-1-5t

Notice of Administrator's Sale

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of David M. Drew, deceased, under and by authority of an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon in and for the County of Coos, duly made and entered on the 25th day of January, 1916, authorizing and directing me so to do, will from and after the first day of March, 1916, proceed to sell at private sale all of the real property of the said estate, to-wit: the south half of the southeast quarter and the south half of the southwest quarter of section thirty-four, in township twenty-nine south, range fourteen west of the Willamette meridian, in Coos County, Oregon, to the highest and best bidder; terms of sale not less than one half cash in hand at time of sale, balance payable not more than five years from date of sale with interest on such deferred payment, if any, at the rate of not less than eight per cent per annum.

Dated February 1, 1916.
GUY DREW, Administrator of the Estate of David M. Drew, Deceased. 2-1-5t

Moon Signs.

The moon plays an important part in sign telling. I know several old ladies who regulate all their household affairs, and even the conduct of life, by this luminary. All kinds of weather hang upon the changes of the moon. As a matter of fact, you and I rather like to see the new moon over the right shoulder. To be sure, we have no faith in the beneficial influence of this sign. Still, it is just as well to be cautious about offending her ladyship. Farmers study the shape of the new moon to determine if the month is to be wet or dry. The Indians used to say that if you could hang a powder horn upon the curve of the new moon the month would be generally pleasant. A circle about the moon means a storm approaching. The number of stars within the circle tell the number of days which will elapse before the storm begins. Farmers tell about planting corn in the old of the moon.—Margaret Woodward in Countryside Magazine.

Serious Question.

"I am not wealthy," he said, "but if the devotion of a true and tender heart goes for anything with you, Miss Clara—"

"It goes well enough with me, Mr. Spoonbill," interrupted the fair girl, with a pensive look on her face, "but how will it go with the grocer?"—Puck.

Government Maps and Documents

We will supply a large Government Map, prepared by the Interior Department, at 50 cts. each, by mail prepaid. These maps are official

Bureau of Animal Industry Publications

Diseases of CATTLE, HORSES, POULTRY, etc., 50 cents a volume postpaid. These are all Government documents and some are out of print.

Write us for any Government Publications.

U. S. GOVERNMENT DOCUMENT EXCHANGE
612 F Street Northwest, Washington, D. C.

A FIND ON THE BEACH

By M. QUAD

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The Palawan Islands, in the China sea, are to the north of Borneo and form a part of the Philippine group. They stretch out for a distance of 700 miles and number nearly a thousand. In the year 1882 I was landed on one of the Palawans from a Singapore trader to get up and run a copra plant. I had with me four Chinese, and the trader landed provisions for a year.

Nothing of special interest occurred until I had been on the island three months. Then one morning as I went down to the boat to go on a fishing trip I was amazed to find tracks of a woman's bare feet on the wet sands.

Whoever had visited our island in the darkness had come up out of the depths of the sea. No boat or raft had landed on the shore. The footprints were as plain as a plaster cast, and we were immediately interested and more or less excited. After thinking the matter over I decided that the woman must have come from one of two islands north and south and determined to give both a search. I set off to the north and in the course of an hour made a landing. This island had an area of not more than five acres. I went over it carefully, but not a living thing did I find.

It was noon when I got back to my own island, and after dinner I set out to search the other. As this one had more vegetation I took with me a boy, who was about fifteen years of age and named Whang.

It was near sunset when we put off after a vain search, and when we reached the reef surrounding our island and a half a mile out to sea the evening breeze died out to a flat calm, and we lay like a log. Before taking to the oar to scull us into the shore I sat quiet for a minute listening to the whispers of the sea. Whang leaned over the rail of the boat and watched the sharks darting to and fro and leaving trails of fire behind them, and things were so still that I could hear the ticking of my watch, when there came a strange interruption. It was the voice of a woman in laughter, and it sounded close by. We both sprang up at the sound, wondering if our ears had deceived us, and as we stood listening the sounds came again. When they had died away the boy turned to me and whispered:

"Master, let us get ashore at once! There is a witch of the sea close by, and she will drag us down!"

I waited ten minutes, and hearing nothing more, I picked up the oar and sculled in to the landing. There I found the three Chinamen waiting for me, and they were in a state of great excitement. They had heard the laughter, and they believed with the boy that a witch of the sea was hanging about and meant to do us harm.

I stammered myself with saying that we would leave some provisions on the beach that night and see if they were missing in the morning and with sleeping with one eye open to see that the frightened fellows did not steal the boat and make off to some other island.

We were down on the beach when daylight came, and there were fresh tracks again. The woman had circled about the heap of provisions, but had touched nothing. The Chinese were absolutely knocked out with consternation, and only my promise to watch the beach that night and capture or shoot the witch calmed them down. I remained with them all that day to prevent them from plotting, and it was not until midnight that I took up my watch on the shore.

It was low tide at 2 o'clock. I was concealed behind a heap of brush, and it was a starlight night. At that hour a figure which looked like a human being came out of the gentle surf and began to walk up and down the beach. As it walked away from me I rose up and went forward on tiptoe and was within thirty feet of it when it caught the alarm and fled back to the water like a shadow. I heard an exclamation of alarm and splashes in the water, and saw the wake as the "it" swam away. I had meant to keep cool, but the sight of the figure excited me, and its escape when I figured on capture added to it, and so, hardly knowing what I did, I drew one of my revolvers and began firing as the swimmer moved away. I fired six shots, but I heard no cry of pain or other sound.

I went back to the Chinamen and found them chattering in terror, and if they had not been afraid of the witch they would have made a rush for the boat and left me alone on the island. I sat watching them all daylight came, and then we all went down to the beach. The tide was coming in, but we found tracks as before. While we were hurrying about, arguing and discussing, the tide brought in the naked limb and foot of a woman, a white woman. It had been torn from the body by the sharks, and it was the foot which had made the tracks in the sand. One of my shots had struck and killed her as she swam away, and the blood had brought the savage sharks to the attack. There lay the limb before us, with the flesh hard and firm, though showing a bruise here and there. But no other part of the body came ashore. To whom the limb had belonged, how she had been cast away there, where she was hiding, why she did not seek our protection—none of these questions can I answer. We buried the limb in the sands and heard no more of the nymph of the sea.

"My wife," said the man, "was going to the railroad station at Montrose to catch a train, but this mishap has delayed us. Since you are going in the opposite direction from Montrose, I conclude you will pass through Waterton."

To this I nodded assent. "A train passes through Waterton at 3 o'clock. If you would kindly carry my wife to that station she would be in time."

"I would be pleased to take you both. There is plenty of room in my car."

"Thank you very much, but I must remain with my machine and secure a workman to fix it or get it towed to a garage."

During this brief dialogue the woman, who was veiled, remained in the car without saying a word. After my offer the man went to her and said something in a low tone. What it was I did not hear, but she appeared to give a ready assent to it, for she got out of the car; the man took up a suit case and put both her and the case in my auto. Having shut the door and given her a pressure of the hand, he nodded to me to proceed, and I started on.

It was sufficiently late in the season for fur rugs, and the lady pulled them up to her chin. She partly removed her veil, and I saw that she was young and quite pretty. But when she put on a pair of dust goggles there was very little of her face exposed. We had not gone far before we met an auto coming at a furious pace. In it were two men, the driver and another. As they passed us they slowed down, and one of them called out something that I did not hear, but the other, who was driving, turned on full speed, and they were soon lost in a cloud of dust.

We reached Waterton in half an hour, and what was my surprise to see the lady's husband standing on the station platform. He cast a quick glance at the coming train, then at my car, evidently gauging the distance of each, anxious that we should be in time. I put on full speed and reached the platform just as the train was pulling out. The man seized the suit case, which seemed to concern him more than his wife, and both hurried to the train, climbing on when it was in motion.

My route thenceforth led me back a few miles from Waterton on the road I had come to a crossroad on which I was to change direction. As I rode along I wondered how the man I had left with the broken down auto could have reached the Waterton station ahead of me. I had not had time to ask him this or what he had done with his car.

I had nearly reached the crossroad when I saw coming a car with four men in it dragging another car. By this time I had become a bit suspicious that there might be something wrong with the couple I had assisted and that possibly I might have been helping undeserving persons. Seeing the auto dragged along caused me to refrain from letting it be known what I had been doing. When the men came to a point opposite me one of them, looking hard at me, said:

"See here, young fellow, who was that woman you were driving toward Waterton awhile ago?"

I recognized him as the chauffeur of the auto I had met after taking in the lady. There was nothing to do but to tell the whole story, which was listened to with eager attention. When I had finished the man who had asked the question said to me, evidently much chagrined:

"You've helped a precious pair of thieves to get away with a big lot of plunder. You have done it either as a confederate or a fool."

"You're the fool, Simmonds," said another. "I wanted you to stop 'em, but you wouldn't wait."

"I didn't dream the woman would come back to meet us," said the other. "It was a mighty clever trick," put in one of the others.

"Gentlemen," I said, "will you oblige me by explaining what has happened?"

This was the explanation: A butler and a lady's maid had got away with \$50,000 worth of jewels. They had taken one of the autos belonging to their master and made for a station on a railroad. Being missed, they were followed by the men in the auto I had met. Their machine had broken down, and had I not assisted them they would have been captured. It was a stroke of genius on the butler's part to send the maid back to the Waterton station without him. Soon after I left him he captured the machine at the point of a pistol and made for Waterton by a cut off that I knew nothing about.

In time the jewels were recovered, but the precious pair succeeded in keeping out of jail. I had some difficulty in clearing myself from a charge of having been accessory to the crime, but I told a straight story and furnished proofs of my respectability. This satisfied the judge, who, after giving me a long lecture on the stupidity of had displayed, kindly discharged me. It is easy for a judge on the bench to be wise.

A CLEVER RUSE

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

One morning in autumn, while taking an outing in my touring car, I came upon an auto standing in the road which had evidently broken down. A man was attempting to find the break, while a woman sat in the car. I pulled up beside the couple and asked if there was anything I could do for them.

"My wife," said the man, "was going to the railroad station at Montrose to catch a train, but this mishap has delayed us. Since you are going in the opposite direction from Montrose, I conclude you will pass through Waterton."

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It was sufficiently late in the season for fur rugs, and the lady pulled them up to her chin. She partly removed her veil, and I saw that she was young and quite pretty. But when she put on a pair of dust goggles there was very little of her face exposed. We had not gone far before we met an auto coming at a furious pace. In it were two men, the driver and another. As they passed us they slowed down, and one of them called out something that I did not hear, but the other, who was driving, turned on full speed, and they were soon lost in a cloud of dust.

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