

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



**K**ITTY 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.

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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.

# E. E. JOHNSON

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon and for the County of Coos  
**JOHN D. GOSS** Plaintiff  
vs.  
**JOHN G. MULLEN** as administrator of the Estate of John W. Negithon, deceased, et al.  
**SUMMONS**  
To Alfreda Negithon, John Doe and Mary Doe and all heirs, known and unknown of John W. Negithon, deceased, Defendants.

To Alfreda Negithon, John Doe and Mary Doe and all heirs, known and unknown of John W. Negithon, deceased, Defendants.

In the Name of the State of Oregon: You and each of you are hereby notified that you are required to appear and answer the Complaint filed against you, in the above entitled Court and cause, within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to wit, within six weeks from the 15th day of February, 1916 and if you fail to appear on or before the 28th day of March, 1916, said date being the last day of the time prescribed in the order for publication, judgment will be taken against you as each of you for want thereof for the relief demanded in plaintiff's complaint, a succinct statement of which is as follows:

That plaintiff recover from the above named defendant John G. Mullen as Administrator, of the estate of John W. Negithon, deceased, the sum of Six Hundred Dollars together with interest hereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from the 1st day of June 1912 to date and the sum of Seventy Five Dollars as an attorney fee herein together with the costs and disbursements of this suit. That a decree of Foreclosure issue as against all of said defendants and all persons interested in the hereinafter described real property and that the same be sold in the manner prescribed by law, to wit: The west one half of the southwest quarter (w 1/2 sw 1/4) of section three (3), the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter (ne 1/4 se 1/4) of section four (4) and lot four (4) of section ten (10) all in township twenty-five (25) south range twelve west of the Willamette meridian Coos county Oregon. That all of the interest of the above named defendants and each of them and of all persons claiming by or under them in the above described real property be forever barred and foreclosed. That the plaintiff have judgment and execution against the defendant John G. Mullen as administrator of the estate of John W. Negithon, deceased, for any deficiency which remains after the proceeds of the sale of the above described real property have been applied to the satisfaction of said judgment herein. That Plaintiff or any other party to this suit may become a purchaser at the sale of said real property; that the sheriff execute ad eam to the purchaser and that said purchaser be let into possession thereof forthwith.

Service of this summons is made by publication pursuant to an order made by the Hon. John S. Coke Circuit Judge, dated February 12th 1916, directing publication hereof in the within newspaper for a period of six weeks.

John C. Kendall  
Herbert S. Murphy  
1st Nat'l Bank Bldg. Attorneys for Plaintiff.  
Marshfield Ore. 2-15-7t

**Notice of Final Settlement**

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, has filed his final account in the matter of the administration of the estate of Sarah J. Ferry, deceased, and that the County Court has set Thursday, the 16th day of March, 1916, as the day and the County Court room in the County Court House at Coquille, Coos County, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections to said final account, and the settlement of said estate.

Dated this 14th day of February, 1916.

WILLIAM FLOYD,  
Executor of the last Will and Testament and of the estate of Sarah J. Ferry, Deceased.

2-15-7t

**One Thing Worse.**

Said the Man—What can be worse than taking a kiss without asking for it?

Replied the Maid—I don't know unless it is asking for a kiss and not taking it.—Exchange.

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## SEVEN YEARS TO SERVE

By M. QUAD  
Copyright, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

One day in June, 1890, I was ordered by a circuit judge to stand up and hear my sentence, and when I sat down again it was with the knowledge that I had seven years to serve in prison. The crime? Well, that goes to five years he would be quite willing to ask the governor to shorten my sentence. I had not been in prison more than an hour, however, when I made a change in my program. Such a loneliness came over me—I felt such a horror at being shut out from the world—that I determined to escape at the first opportunity.

I was a fine machinist, and after awhile I was placed in charge of all the machinery in the prison—that is, I kept everything in repair, and it was an occupation in which I delighted. I had a little shop in the engine room, and I looked after my work so well that I soon had the confidence of the prison officials. The man who ran the big stationary engine was a "free man" or an outsider hired by the month, as was also the fireman. While both treated me kindly and well, they no doubt felt it their duty to watch me and report anything suspicious. My little shop had no door to it, and while working in it I was under the eye of the engineer—that is, if he sat on his chair in the usual place he could see my every movement. My room had a window looking out on the garden of the prison. From the first day I entered the little shop I determined to escape by that window.

The engineer came on duty fifteen minutes before I did and remained fifteen minutes later, while the fireman slept at the prison and was aroused about half past 5 o'clock. I had to leave the shop at 5:55 to march in to supper with my gang. To attempt to leave by daylight would be foolishness, as I would be seen by the guards stationed on the walls. I must have some excuse for lingering in my room until after dark, and I had just planned it when an unforeseen circumstance knocked me out. I was going to disable the donkey engine just before 8 o'clock, knowing that I would be called back to help repair it after supper, when the prison authorities gave the wagon contractor leave to occupy a portion of the garden with his lumber. A great lot of it was hauled in and piled up directly before my window, obliging me to use a lamp to work by and cutting off my chance to escape. I made some cautious inquiries and found that it was all green stuff and might be left there four or five years to season.

It was a bitter disappointment. The prison had been overcrowded, and a new wing was being built. This took thirteen months, and I was one of the men transferred to it. I was put in cell No. 7, which was the last on the left hand side and at the corner of the building. I knew at about this time before we occupied it. The east wall, which contained the windows, was still in the prison yard, while the north wall ran along a public street. Under the window nearest my cell was piled a lot of worn-out machinery and refuse lumber.

I had no sooner entered my cell than I determined to make it the basis of operations. As the cement was not fully hardened, as I knew, I decided to tunnel out.

That week I spent in raising one of the flagstones in my cell, which was about three feet square, and then started the hole. I went down perpendicularly two feet and then drifted down toward the north wall at a slant so as to strike the foundation. I was, however, greatly troubled to get fresh air down in my tunnel, and the cramped position in which I worked kept me sore and lame. While working at night I had to be in bed regularly every hour as the guard came around and every morning the stone had to be replaced and the crevices filled in with breadcrumbs.

I knocked off work the next week, and it was well I did, as the guard came creeping along to the different cells at odd times during the night, and I should certainly have been caught. It got so at last that I couldn't work in the tunnel over fifteen minutes before the want of air drove me out, and along toward the end my health failed me and I lost strength. I dug under the stones and upward about a foot on either side and then I was sick for five weeks. Before I got to work again June had come, and it was a dark and rainy night on the 22d of that month that I took a farewell leave of my cell and crawled into my tunnel. I had three or four feet of earth to dig away, and I was almost perishing for want of air as I got to the crust.

It was about half past 12 when I crawled out of the tunnel into the storm and luckily no one was abroad to catch sight of me.

I lost no time in getting away from the neighborhood of the prison, and long before my cell was unlocked in the morning I was safe with friends. Yes, I was hunted and a reward was offered for my capture, but they never got me.

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### Voices of the Sea.

In "The Log of the Snark," by Charman Kittredge London, is this bit of sea description:

"The sea is not a lovable monster. And monster it is. It is beautiful, the sea, always beautiful in one way or another, but it is cruel and unkindly of the life that is in it and upon it. It was cruel last evening in the lurid low sunset that made it glow, dully, to the cold, mocking, ragged moonrise that made it look like death. The waves positively beckoned when they rose and pitched toward our boat laboring in the trough. And all the long night it seemed to me that I heard voices through the planking, talking, talking, endlessly, monotonously, querulously, and I couldn't make out whether it was the ocean calling from the outside or the ship herself muttering groggily, finding herself. If the voices are of the ship they will soon cease, for she must find herself. But if they are the voices of the sea they must be sad stems that cry, restless, questioning, unsatisfied—quaint homeless little sirens."

### Beautiful Fish.

Japanese gardens are almost like a part of the house. The people live in gardens far more than most Americans do. In almost every garden is found a pond with goldfish in it. The golden carp is a kind of goldfish which was brought from China to Japan, and the species named ranchu is greatly admired. It has a tail made of three or four fanlike fins that open and close. When floating about in the water and looked at from above it appears like one of the old Japanese gold coins called the lohan. It is supposed to look like a lion, when one gazes straight into its face. The Japan Magazine tells us of these fish and says that the Japanese are fond of giving fancy names to their favorites, such as "lancing butterfly" and "double cherry blossom." Sometimes the fish take their names from appearance and sometimes from habits.

### Austria's Historic Crown.

The crown donned by the monarch of Austria, which was made originally for Stephen of Hungary some eight centuries ago, has been stolen, lost or pawned.

One occasion it was pilfered by a queen who fled across the frozen Danube with it, and there, being in need of ready cash, she pawned it for 2,800 ducats. When it was finally traced and recovered it was placed in a fortress in Hungary and guarded night and day.

At the time of the revolution it was buried in a forest to prevent its being annexed by the Austrians, and it remained under the soil for nearly a hundred years. The crown is adorned with fifty-three fine sapphires, fifty good sized rubies, one emerald and 338 pearls. The gems are sunken in a mass of pure gold, and the crown weighs altogether about fourteen pounds.—Exchange.

### The Common People.

Coronets, miters, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies and a huge empire are, in my view, all trifles, light as air and not worth considering, unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage, and unless the light of your constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and condition of the people, rely upon it, you have yet to learn the duties of government.—John Bright.

### Beating Off a Dog.

If a dog springs for a man the latter should guard his face with his arm and try to meet the animal with his forearm. With his right hand he should attempt to catch one of the animal's front paws. The paw of a bulldog is ultra sensitive. If it can be caught a vigorous squeeze will make the animal howl for mercy and retire disgruntled.

### Oak Wood.

The oak is a historic wood. As early as the eleventh century it became the favorite wood of civilized Europe, and specimens of carving and interior finish have come down to us from that early day, their pristine beauty enhanced by the subduing finger of time.

### Giving Due Credit.

"Willie, I hope your teacher appreciates how much I teach you at home."  
"That's what I keep telling her, ma. She said yesterday, 'I wonder where you learn your bad manners, Willie,' and I said right away, 'Ma teaches 'em to me.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A Wise Child.

"Johnny, do you know that your mother has been looking for you?" asked the neighbor next door.  
"Sure I do," replied Johnny. "That's the reason she can't find me!"—Judge.

### She Was So Precise.

"Do you go in for aviation?" he asked the Boston beauty.  
"No, not for aviation. One goes in for sea bathing, but for aviation one goes up."—Judge.

### Cause and Effect.

There is nothing so calculated to give a young man that tired feeling as annexing a rich father-in-law.—New York Times.

The innocent seldom find an uneasy pillow.—Cowper.

### First English Book on Sport.

The first book on sport ever printed in the English language was a rimed treatise called the "Boke of St. Albans," its author being a woman, Dame Juliana Berners. Its second edition was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496. A descendant of her family, Lord Berners, was the translator of Froissart's "Chronicles." It is true that old manuscripts existed, such as the "Veneria de Twece" of the time of Edward II, but it was Dame Juliana who was the real ancestress of sporting literature in England, for she also composed an essay on hawkling and another on "Fishing With an Angle," the last being of such excellence that Isaac Walton himself did take a hint from its pages.

### Parasol Monoplanes.

The "parasol plane" is really a bi-plane with the lower pair of wings removed, the engine, pilot and observer all sitting under the upper plane and thus giving rise to the nickname of "parasol." This type of monoplane is chiefly used for directing the fire of the guns. In an ordinary monoplane it is difficult for the observer to see below him.—Pearson's Weekly.

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