

Bandon Recorder

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by the
Recorder Publishing Company
C. E. KOPF L. J. BUTTERFIELD

Subscription, \$1.50 per Year in Advance. Advertising Rates Made
Known on Application. Job Printing a Specialty
Entered as the Bandon Postoffice at Second Class Matter.

FRIDAY, February 2, 1912

Ten Commandments For Girls

By the Rev. W. B. MILLARD, Pastor of the Park Congregational Church, Chicago

- Thou shalt not deceive thy mother.
- Thou shalt not think of thyself first, disregarding others.
- Thou shalt not esteem silk petticoats and diamond rings as of greater value than the family's general welfare.
- Thou shalt not regard false pretense as the highway to popularity.
- Thou shalt not gossip.
- Thou shalt not use loud speech nor bold manner to attract attention.
- Thou shalt not think more of the culture of thy heels than of thy head.
- Thou shalt not hold the cup to thy brother's lips nor to the lips of somebody else's brother.
- Thou shalt not imitate the fine lady's language while thy mother washes the dishes and sweeps the house.
- Thou shalt find joy in the service of God, who created thee.

Seeking Rest

A Weird Story of Two Figures Met at Midnight

By F. A. MITCHEL

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911

City folk who go to the seashore for a couple of weeks, or at most a few months in "the season," see only the summer phase of it. Of the other phase they are as ignorant as the inhabitants of the earth are of the other side of the moon, which never presents its further hemisphere to us. These summer visitors doubtless think that in winter the coast is bleak. So it is at times, but it is only a different kind of bleakness from that which occasionally prevails in hot weather. In winter we have snowstorms; in summer we have fogs.

But a bright, crisp day in winter at the seashore can be anything more stimulating? It sets the pulses throbbing and brings the crimson to the cheek, and a moonlight night! The white snow reflects the moonbeams, and the ice breaks them into prismatic colors, while far out at sea there is the same shimmer on the restless waves that there is in summer.

It was on such a night that I set out to walk from a friend's house, a couple of miles inland. The snow on the road had been beaten into ice, and the footing was hard. From the eastward I could hear continued rattling which I have heard from my birth and which I could then hardly live without. I walked facing the moon, which was at the full and stood midway between the horizon and the meridian.

My dog, a collie, was scampering about ahead of me, evidently as much exhilarated by our surroundings as I. Suddenly I heard him give a quick growl; then he came running back to me whining and rubbing against my legs. I was surprised, for usually



"WAS CONDUCTED TO ME LYING ON THE ROAD."

when we walked together either by day or night he paid little or no attention to those we met on the way. I spoke to him encouragingly, but looked ahead to see what had frightened him.

I saw two silhouettes, for the moonlight was on their backs, leaving their faces dark, the one a man, the other a woman. There was something singular in their motion or something the matter with my vision, for they would advance and halt, advance and halt, keeping up this motion continuously, which seemed to me to be like the swaying of an object moved by waves. But as they drew near me I did not notice such motion, though this night

passed on, moving in that same undulating motion with which they had approached. I watched them till they turned to ascend the cemetery hill. Then the moon seemed to go under a black cloud and—

It was near dawn when I felt a shake and something hot pouring down my throat. Then I knew that I was being lifted up, rugs were put about me, and I was placed in some sort of conveyance, for I heard the sound of wheels and felt a jolting. Now and again liquor was poured down my throat till the vehicle stopped and I was carried into a warm room, and hot water bags were placed beside me. Then I opened my eyes and saw that I was at home.

As soon as I was able to talk I was asked how and why I had collapsed on the road. Had I been struck, had I felt illness coming on?

It is difficult for me to explain that, shrinking from giving the true cause of my breakdown. Was it a dream of being considered insane? Did I fear insanity myself? Was it the result of nervous weakness? Was it a dislike to talk about my frightful experience? All these causes were mingled. The only reason I gave was that I had been walking on the road and supposed I must have received a stroke.

But a physician declared he could not find that any portion of my physical makeup had given way. The only danger I had incurred was that of freezing. My dog had gone home without me and barked at the door. My brother, hearing him, had got up to let me in, supposing that I had left my night key at home. When he opened the door the dog ran away, barking, now and again running back to the house, then starting on. My brother, realizing that the dog was trying to persuade him to follow, put on his coat and hat and was conducted to me, lying on the road. I was nearly frozen.

Within a few hours after my arrival at home I was as well as ever—that is, bodily. Mentally I had received a shock. Those about me, seeing that I did not wish to be questioned about the cause of my trouble, refrained.

One day I heard that the bodies of a young man and a young woman who had been drowned during the previous season had been recovered. They had been thrown in a sort of cove during a storm and were found so tightly locked in each other's arms that they were separated with difficulty. They were taken to the cemetery on the hill and buried there.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

have been because I was interested in the persons themselves.

They were both young and, strange as it may appear, were walking clad in each other's arms, clinging so tight that I wondered how they could move at all. Both were pale, and there was an expression on their faces which I can only describe as unrest. They stopped when we met, though my vision continued to impart to them something of the swaying I have mentioned. And just then, whether it was a breeze from the eastward or something in the clothes of this singular couple, I smelled the sea. They did not speak to me, as I addressed them.

"You are out late," I remarked for the want of something better to say.

"Yes," replied the young man. "We are going up on to the hill yonder."

There was but one hill, and that was only an eminence on the crest of which was our cemetery. There were no houses there, only the tombstones, which even from where we stood were white in the moonlight. Why in the world should this young couple wish to go up there at midnight?

"There is a fine view of the ocean up there," I remarked.

"Not it's cold," said the girl, with a shiver.

"I don't see the view we want," said the young man. "It's the rest. The dead there are undisturbed. They lie there till day and night. They do not fear that continued distant rattle of the waves we hear now nor the boom the waters make when they dash against a rock. Nothing is so frightful as a great black cold wave. It is merciless. Did you ever get caught out among them?"

"No," I stammered. "I never did."

"Then you don't know the terror there is in waves. We know, don't we?"

He looked down at the girl of whom he asked the question, and she replied with a look of dread and by clinging closer to him.

"We were bathing," the man continued. "The waves were running high, and we had been advised not to go in. The beach was shelving and the undertow strong. Both good swimmers, we delighted in buffeting the huge rollers, and when women and children were dandling in the shallow foam or a few clinging to the rope, squatting to let an expended breaker sprinkle their shoulders, we walked hand in hand out to meet the advancing monsters, at first turning sideways to let them pass us, then jumping above them and at last diving under them. In this way we got beyond their white manes and swam, now buoyed up toward the sky and now lowered toward the bottom of sand.

"Oh, the exhilaration of sport on the monster's backs! They were our playfellows, tossing us like friendly giants, whose laugh is a roar. We swam side by side on our chests, on our sides, on our backs, under the surface. Why should we fear our enormous comrades? When they threw us up we knew that they would break our fall when we came down, as a strong man will catch a child.

"But, when I looked and saw that we were drifting, suddenly I became conscious that the billows would not help us back. It was then that their merciless nature first struck me. We stopped our play and struck out for the shore. But we gained nothing against the current setting seaward. Then you, darling, became frightened. I strove to encourage you. I assisted you with one arm, while I swam with the other. When we rose upon a wave we could see that our danger was known to those on the beach. The bathing master had plunged in and was waiting for us, while others were trying to launch a boat. But the bathing master could not reach us. Now and again, despite my support, you sank beneath the surface; then all grew black."

He ceased, while the two clung to each other as if they were again sinking under their playfellows, whose merciless nature they had not understood till their own welfare came in conflict with their innocent force.

"But you were saved at last?" I gasped, shuddering. "The boat reached you and took you in?"

There was no reply. The couple

passed on, moving in that same undulating motion with which they had approached. I watched them till they turned to ascend the cemetery hill. Then the moon seemed to go under a black cloud and—

It was near dawn when I felt a shake and something hot pouring down my throat. Then I knew that I was being lifted up, rugs were put about me, and I was placed in some sort of conveyance, for I heard the sound of wheels and felt a jolting. Now and again liquor was poured down my throat till the vehicle stopped and I was carried into a warm room, and hot water bags were placed beside me. Then I opened my eyes and saw that I was at home.

As soon as I was able to talk I was asked how and why I had collapsed on the road. Had I been struck, had I felt illness coming on?

It is difficult for me to explain that, shrinking from giving the true cause of my breakdown. Was it a dream of being considered insane? Did I fear insanity myself? Was it the result of nervous weakness? Was it a dislike to talk about my frightful experience? All these causes were mingled. The only reason I gave was that I had been walking on the road and supposed I must have received a stroke.

But a physician declared he could not find that any portion of my physical makeup had given way. The only danger I had incurred was that of freezing. My dog had gone home without me and barked at the door. My brother, hearing him, had got up to let me in, supposing that I had left my night key at home. When he opened the door the dog ran away, barking, now and again running back to the house, then starting on. My brother, realizing that the dog was trying to persuade him to follow, put on his coat and hat and was conducted to me, lying on the road. I was nearly frozen.

Within a few hours after my arrival at home I was as well as ever—that is, bodily. Mentally I had received a shock. Those about me, seeing that I did not wish to be questioned about the cause of my trouble, refrained.

One day I heard that the bodies of a young man and a young woman who had been drowned during the previous season had been recovered. They had been thrown in a sort of cove during a storm and were found so tightly locked in each other's arms that they were separated with difficulty. They were taken to the cemetery on the hill and buried there.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight, when the discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this committal often unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new sense may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

Brown & Gibson

The Leading Contractors and Builders

We furnish plans and specifications and if you are going to build anything, no matter how large or how small, we can save you money. Let us figure on your building.

WILSON & WALRATH

Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers

Wagons of all kinds made to order. All kinds of Blacksmith Work, both heavy and light, will receive prompt attention. Horse Shoeing a specialty. Shop on Columbia Avenue.

RICE'S TRANSFER LINE

R. H. RICE, Prop.

All kinds of light and heavy draying. Also sells and delivers all wood, coal, etc. Office at Schumann's Store. Phone orders promptly attended.

Gatchell Bros.' Transfer Line

GATCHELL BROS., Props.

All kinds of heavy and light draying. Phone orders given prompt attention. Barn Cor. First & Spruce St., Fish Property PHONE 641

Our Bread is the Largest



loaf in town for the money. Big in quality as well as quantity too. We couldn't use better flour if we charged twice as much for our bread. We buy and use the very best now. Try a loaf and see how everybody will go into it. A body would think it was cake to hear the youngsters begging for another slice.

Bandon Bakery

Great Combination Offer

THE RECORDER management has made arrangements with the San Francisco Bulletin whereby we can give subscribers the advantage of a gigantic combination offer that will furnish them all the news of the country in a metropolitan daily and all the news of Bandon and vicinity in the Recorder at marvelous low price

The Daily San Francisco Bulletin, \$3.00 per year
The Bandon Recorder, 1.50 per year
Total, \$4.50

Both papers through this office if paid in advance, per year \$2.75

We are Agents for the

Famous Baldwin Pianos

If you are contemplating buying a Piano, give us a call. It costs you nothing to examine them.

Prices \$250 and up Easy Terms

BANDON DRUG CO.

DR. R. V. LEEP

Physician and Surgeon

Office Rasmussen Bldg. Phone 72 Bandon, Oregon

Lodge and Professional Directory

Lodges are requested to notify this office on election of officers and on change of meeting night. Cards under this head are 75c per inch per month.

Lewah Tribe No. 48, Imp. O. R. M.

MEETS First and Third Tuesdays of each month at 8th run at the Bandon Wigwam. Sojourning Chiefs in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
J. J. Hartman, J. C. Shields, C. of R. Sachem.

W. O. W.

Keep the logs rolling boys!
SEASIDE CAMP NO. 212, WOODMEN OF THE WORLD. Meets First and Third Thursdays. Visiting Neighbors welcomed.
H. E. Boak, Secretary C. M. Gage, C. C.

Masonic.

BANDON LODGE, No. 130 A. F. & A. M. Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. Special communications second Saturday thereafter. All Master Masons cordially invited.
W. E. Craine, W. M. Phil Pearson, Secretary

Eastern Star

OCCIDENTAL CHAPTER, No. 45, O. E. S., meets Saturday evening before and after stated communication of Masonic Lodge Visiting members cordially invited to attend.
Louise M. Boyle, W. M. Merla Mehl, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.
Wm. Lundquist, N. C. S. A. McAllister, Secretary.

Knights of Pythias

DELPHI LODGE, No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Knights hall. Visiting knights invited to attend.
C. R. Moore, C. C. B. N. Harrington K. of R. S.

Saturdays at Hotel Gallier M. G. POHL, Optometrist

Well Recommended by Patrons

C. R. WADE Attorney at Law

Agent Pacific Surety Company. Office Bank of Bandon Bldg. Phone 102, Bandon, Oregon

DR. SMITH J. MANN PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OFFICE IN PANIER BUILDING Office Hours 9 to 12—1 to 5 BANDON, OREGON

Dr. H. L. Houston PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Office over Drug Store. Hours, 9 to 12 a.m.; 1:30 to 4, p.m.; 7 to 8 in the evening. Night calls answered from office. BANDON, OREGON

Dr. L. P. Sorensen DENTIST

Office Over Vienna Cafe Telephone at Office and Home. BANDON OREGON

G. T. TREADGOLD ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC

Bandon, Oregon Office With Bandon Investment Co

Dr. H. M. Brown. Resident Dentist.

Office in Panier Building Office Hours: 9 to 12 M., 1 to 5 P. M. Phone, BANDON, OREGON

C. R. BARROW Attorney and Counselor-at-Law

COQUILLE, ORE Office over Skeels' Store Office Phone, Main 335; residence, Main 346

CLARK & WRIGHT Lawyers Washington, D. C.

Public Land Matters, Final Proof, Desert Lands, Contests and Mining Cases, Script Associate Work for Attorneys

PURE DRUGS

Do you want pure drugs and drug sundries, fine perfumes, hair brushes and toilet articles? If so, call on C. Y. LOWE, Bandon, Oregon.