

Local Lore

Six fine residence lots opposite new Presbyterian church, on easy terms. Mills & Strauhel.

There has been considerable building activity in this locality and indications are that Azalea Park will be one of our finest residence districts.

For all kinds of home made pies and cakes phone 311, the Wigwam. 31-12.

Prof. H. L. Hopkins will give an address at the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning in which under the title of "Instead of Socialism" he will discuss some economics and social questions and suggest a remedy for their cure. Prof. Hopkins has done post graduate work in Yale and Chicago Universities and has studied economic conditions in some of the largest cities of the country and has also first hand knowledge of business problems. 23-12

A 5 room house for rent. S. B. Anderson, Prosper. 22-4Tx

There will be an April Fool Ball at the Wigwam Tuesday evening April 23d which promises to be one of the best and most interesting dances ever given in Bandon. A feature of the evening will be a guessing contest for both ladies and gentlemen and two prizes will be awarded to the lady and gentleman that make the biggest april fool guesses. The admission will be gentlemen 75c, ladies free.

FOR SALE—Five Jersey cows and one Jersey bull. \$300 takes all—T. H. Shaw, Fourmile. Phone 1x2, Farmers. 22-12

A half dollar of the year 1843, which Bryce Halwood a prisoner at the Ohio penitentiary, has carried as a pocket piece for many years, may net the man a fortune and furnish capital to start him in a respectable business when he is released from the institution. There are only four coins of the special mintage of that year in existence. A Los Angeles collector refused \$25,000 for one of the mates of the coin owned by Halwood, and he succeeded in getting into correspondence with a New York banking house with a view to placing the coin upon the market. Halwood is serving fifteen years for robbery.

WANTED—Watches to repair. H. Sabro, Atwater St. 76-tf

P. B. Hoyt has moved into his new barber shop on the Timmons corner, and has the same fixed up in the most modern fashion, making a very fine appearance.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Five room house with quarter acre of ground. Chicken yard, barn and fences. Inquire at this office. 18-tf

The Gun Club dance at the Wigwam pavillion Saturday night was a decided success in every particular and was one of the best dances ever given in the city. No pains were spared on the part of the Gun Club, nor the proprietors of the Wigwam to make the affair a success, and everybody had a fine time.

Team, wagon and harness for heavy work. Will sell or exchange for lumber or cattle—H. E. Brown, Fourmile. 22-tf

Mrs. Anna Jones has sold four lots in block 9, Azalea Park, the sales being made by Mills & Strauhel. The purchasers expect to build at once.

FOR SALE—New modern 6 room bungalow with concrete basement and floor. Will sell cheap. Cash or terms. H. Schrieber. 98-tf

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Osborn are the proud parents of a seven pound girl, born March 21st.

FOR SALE—Driving team, can be used for either plow or wagon. Apply to Arthur Coach. 22-16x

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Sullivan visited over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Russell of Beaver Hill.

Eggs from pure bred Buff Orpingtons, White Rocks, Pekin ducks and Indian Runner ducks at one dollar per setting. Also Mammoth Bronze turkey eggs for two dollars per setting.—Mrs. F. F. Eddy Bullards, Phone, Farmers 64. 18-tf

C. C. Carter was down from Myrtle Point Monday.

Dr. S. T. Boland, Dentist, Res. menden Bldg. Phone 31. 33-tf

S. J. Carter has been over from Coos Valley for a few days visiting his son, Howard, and looking after his business affairs.

FOR SALE—New modern bungalow. Inquire at this office. 98-tf

J. M. Upton was over from Myrtle field on business yesterday.

Jas. P. Osen was up from Langlois the first of the week looking after business affairs.

The County Superintendent is in his office every Friday from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m., at which time he will be pleased to meet any body interested in the educational work of the county. 18-12

The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will hold a cooked food sale at the home of Mrs. Olive Kieg Saturday morning at 10:00 o'clock.

Geo. E. Peoples, the popular landlord of the Hotel Baxter at Coquille, was in Bandon yesterday.

Carpet and rug weaving, on 9th street, South of school house. Bandon, Ore. Mrs. J. L. Foster. 96-tf

Atty. Walter Sinclair was down from Coquille Friday.

Witter Water for your liver, kidneys and rheumatism. C. M. Spencer, Agent.

For a house to rent see Spencer.

C. R. Barrow, attorney, was down from Coquille on legal business last week.

The Bandon Water Co. is making extensive improvements a fuller account of which will be given in Friday's issue.

Veile Caldwell Perry, young son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perry, was one of the prize winners in the Borden Eagle Brand Milk Co.'s contest, recently held in Portland. Photographs of babies from all parts of the country were sent in and little Veile was one of the prettiest and healthiest babies entered in the contest. The prize was a nice silver spoon. Mr. and Mrs. Perry are justly proud of the fact that their baby was one of the winners.

WORK.

The time is never lost that is devoted to work.—Emerson.

The result tests the work.—Washington.

A work well begun is half ended.—Plato.

Work first and then rest.—Ruskin.

At the workman's house hunger looks in, but does not enter.—Franklin.

A skillful mechanic is a good pilgrim.—Addison.

Labor, if it were not necessary to the existence, would be indispensable to the happiness of man.—Johnson.

All work, even cotton spinning, is noble. Work alone is noble.—Carlyle.

Labor conquers all things.—Vergil.

To labor is the lot of man below.—Homer.

The three things most difficult are to keep a secret, to forget an injury and to make good use of labor.—Chilo.

Labor is preferable to idleness, as brightness is to rust.—Plato.

Time mispent is not lived, but lost.—Fuller.

Notice to Creditors.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Coos County.

In the matter of the Estate of George W. Rea, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executrix of the estate of George W. Rea, deceased, to the creditors of, and to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within six months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executrix, at her office, in the Lowe-Laird building, at Bandon, in said county and state, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate.

Dated this 26th day of March 1912.
ELLA M. REA,
Executrix of said Estate.

A MAN OF EXTREMES

Will Usually Swing as Far One Way as the Other

By MARGARET BROTHERTON

Edgar Crane from the time he could talk was considered peculiar. As a little boy he evinced a distaste for little girls, and as a youth his antipathy for the opposite sex increased rather than diminished. By the time he came of age he was a hardened woman hater. Such men usually are devoted to their own sex. Not so Crane. He had but little more use for men than women.

An aunt vainly endeavored to get what she called "this nonsense" out of him and, failing, told him that he would some day become a convert to her views and surrender under circumstances no more sensible than was his opposition. When she died her nephew was still of the same opinion. The old lady left him her fortune, \$100,000, with the stipulation that if he married half the amount was to go to a foundlings' home. Thus did she arrange to show her spleen after her death.

Edgar Crane had \$10,000 of his own, and, taking his fortune with him, he went west to become a rancher. He bought a large tract of land and built a house in the middle of it, thus keeping as far as possible from neighbors. His house was comfortable, and his domain was attractive, being made up of plains and rolling land, partly wooded. He stocked it with a few sheep, but spent more money for books to put in his library than for sheep to stock his ranch.

His hands were so extended that it was some time before he had visited every part of them. Indeed, he spent most of his time at home reading. When he did ride out it was for the purpose of seeing if there were trespassers on his grounds. Several years passed and he showed no signs of dissatisfaction with his mode of life. Then one day when riding up on an eminence he saw a little shanty built of a few logs, some boards and considerable brush on a spot that he knew was within his bounds.

With blood in his eye he put spurs to his horse and rode to the cabin. Reining up before the door, he called for the trespasser to come out. Receiving no reply, he dismounted and put his head within the door. He surveyed one room, all there was. A mud chimney with an open fireplace stood at one side. Instead of a bedstead a bunk was built in a corner. There were a chest of drawers, a table and several chairs, the bottoms of the latter being imperfect.

Crane went inside with a view to leaving a notice for the trespasser to quit. A charred stick he found on the clay hearth served his purpose, and a board which constituted a part of the wall stood in lieu of writing paper. He wrote simply:

Leave at once.

OWNER OF PROPERTY.

He was turning to leave when on the bunk he saw a heap that excited his curiosity. Removing a light covering, he looked upon the face of a sleeping babe. The covering had evidently been laid to protect it from flies and other insects. There was something in this little lump of unconscious non-resistance that was diametrically different from Edgar Crane's combativeness.

The child slept on, unmindful of being at the mercy of the man on whose property it had illegally squatted.

As Crane looked down upon the innocent face his pugnacity began to ooze out. A fly lit on the soft round cheek, causing a slight twitching on the part of the sleeper. Crane brushed it away. Then, carefully replacing the covering, he tiptoed from the bunk lest he should awaken the baby. Leaving the cabin, he mounted his horse and rode away.

He had no sooner left the influence of the innocent little squatter than the habit of his life regained its mastery. He was pleased at remembering having left his notice to quit—not that he expected the child on awakening to pay any attention to it, but when the parents, who were away doubtless providing in some way the necessities of life, returned they would see it and understand that they must move on.

The rancher gave the squatters three days to get off his premises—not that so much time was needed, but he didn't wish to listen to excuses; then he went to the spot again. He found the same status as before. No one was at home but the baby, and this infantile squatter was asleep. He approached the bunk to find that, though the head was covered, a foot and five little toes were exposed. Crane was about to draw the clothing down over them when he paused for a look. From a look he proceeded to a cough. How wary they were! He bent down to examine them more closely, and the first thing he knew he had touched his lips to them.

The baby pulled its little foot out of sight, and that ended its connection with Crane's visit. Turning, he looked for a reply to his message. Though he searched everywhere, he found none. With a charred stick he wrote: Will give you three days more. Instead of giving three days he gave

it and doubtless would have given more had not a border be employed within up to his nose one evening and laid to rest.

"My Crane, did you know I got a foundling asylum on your ranch?"

"What do you mean?"

"Some one has put up a mud and board shanty over by the creek and left a baby in it. I rode past there as I come in and, hearing a child squint, looked in, and there was no one there but the baby."

"I'll go and see about that," replied Crane with severity, though in his heart was a fear that the pink toed baby had been deserted by its parents.

Somehow the conditions under which his aunt had left him her fortune came up to mock him. She had predicted that he would eventually do something erratic in the way of marriage, and in case he did he must turn over the legacy to a foundlings' home. He had just been informed that he had a foundlings' home on his ranch. There was something uncanny about the affair.

Nevertheless he rode on. When he came near the cabin he heard the child crying piteously. All was dark. He entered and after a search found a candle and some matches. Striking a light, he went to the baby and began to pat and sling to it as he had heard mothers and nurses do. The baby ceased to cry. Taking the candle to the bunk, he let the light fall on the baby. The little thing blinked its eyes, and Crane held the candle where it was not to be seen. Then the tiny face broke into a smile.

But the child was hungry, and its good humor did not last long. Crane, divining the cause, went to a cupboard made of a box, where he found milk, and since there was plenty of wood for a fire he soon had the food warmed and in the baby's bottle. Then, putting it between the pink lips, he had the satisfaction of seeing his charge pull lustily.

Ten o'clock came, but no human being. Eleven passed, and when an old loud ticking Connecticut clock wheezed 12 Crane came to the conclusion that the baby had been left to die. Lying down beside it, he determined to remain with it till morning, then take it to his own house.

He awoke to see the sun shining in at the open door. And he saw something else—a woman about twenty years old, standing, looking down on him and the baby, who was using his breast for a pillow and had one leg thrown over him. On the woman's face was an expression of terror, which as she looked faded into one of satisfaction, then broke into a smile. For a few moments while Crane was awakening he was too confused to speak. When he did so he said:

"For heaven sake, why did you leave this baby here all night alone?"

"Are you the owner of this land?"

"Yes."

"Well, we hadn't anything to eat, and I took one of your lambs. A herder saw me do it and took me in. I told him my baby was here alone, but he wouldn't believe me. Just before daylight he fell asleep, and I got away."

"Where's the child's father?"

"Dead."

"Were you his wife?"

"No."

Crane understood. Matrimony in that region was regarded rather as a luxury than an essential.

The rancher went home and sent back to the mother a good breakfast, with fresh milk for the child. He had not yet sufficiently recovered from his prejudices to bring them to the ranch house. Instead he built them a fine cabin near by.

Crane considered that he had saved the child's life or might have saved it and regarded the fatherless little thing as under his especial protection. The mother needed protection as well as the child. Crane took care to build her cabin just far enough from his house to prevent her troubling him. She was a comely young woman and, though uneducated, developed under better surroundings than those to which she had been accustomed a good deal of sense.

Crane got into the habit of going to talk with her, then consult with her, and in time she became necessary to his comfort. His books meanwhile had lost a good deal of their freshness for him. He visited "his kid," as he called the little trespasser, daily, and he couldn't very well see the kid without seeing its mother.

Several years went by, and Crane began to think of bringing the trespassing family to his home—marrying the mother—so that he would have them handy. But his aunt's will stood in the way. He was too honorable to attempt to get round his aunt's provision or to compromise those who were in his power.

Then he went east for a while to try a separation, but he had had few friends there, and they had scattered. He returned to his ranch and his squatter family.

It was hard for him to make up his mind to take a widow who had never been married and hard to give up half his estate, but as time wore on he couldn't see anything else for himself to do.

He was drifting toward the inevitable. At last he succumbed. His wife proved a treasure to him, and, living in a land where there was no social station to keep up, the family did not live under a cloud. The child, a boy, grew to be a fine young fellow, and children were born to Crane as well. "My aunt," Crane said, "had a remarkable faculty for looking ahead." Doubtless the old lady recognized the fact that a man of extremes must pass from one extreme to another. At any rate, she got ahead of the man whom she could not influence and made him pay well for his obstinacy.

FOR ASSAULT.

I will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for the office of Assessor of Coos County, at the primary election to be held April 19th, 1912. I served as assessor of this county from 1895 to 1898 inclusive. My motto: "Justice to all." I respectfully solicit your support.

—K. H. Hansen,
Myrtle Point, Oregon.

SNAP

One and One-Half Acres in Highest State of Cultivation; Good Four Room House; Two Wells; Good Barn, Etc.

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See Butterfield, at Recorder Office.

SNAP

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Wagons of All Kinds Made to Order. Horseshoeing a Speciality.
Job Work attended to promptly and all work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Prices reasonable. Shop on Atwater Street, Bandon, Oregon.

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Rates \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day. Special rates by week or month. Sample Room in Connection.

Bandon

Oregon

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.. The ..

Grocers

Free Delivery at all times to any part of the city. Phone 163.

F. W. RUEBENACK

The Tailor

My Line of Suitings is Most Complete and having had many years practical experience, am justified in guaranteeing a perfect fit. A man is often judged by the clothes he wear, so cast aside those hand-me-downs and try one of my suits and see how much better you will feel. Cleaning, pressing and repairing; also a full line of gent's furnishings.

W. E. Steinhoff

The Harness Man

GLOVES, DOG CHAINS

AND

OIL CLOTH