

Thanksgiving at Lonesome Hollow

By FRANCIS A. MILLER

SEEMS awfully lonely to eat a Thanksgiving dinner alone," said Milly soberly, looking over at the young fellow who sat mending a harness strap beside the blazing hearth. "I haven't the heart to get up a big dinner for just us two."

"I don't see what else we can do. No neighbors to invite except old Pete Spratt, and he wouldn't come. We might send him something by way of being neighborly."

"And he turned away for our pains," the woman laughed.

"You can't even go out on the 'highways and hedges' and gather in stragglers like the ancient host of Billee fayne. Maybe it is just as well not to have all the work of getting up a Thanksgiving dinner, for it seems to me that you look tired, Milly. What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Jim; I guess I need a little outing. I'll take a run across the hollow and be back before supper."

Milly put on her cloak and went out into the crisp autumn afternoon. The woods were bare except for a few torchlike flames of red which furnished the presence of an occasional gum tree. The sky was clear, cold and pallid, tinged with a greenish glow where the dark forests rimmed the far horizon. Not a sign of human habitation was visible, and not a sound broke the vast stillness save the steady tap-tap of a woodpecker. The loneliness oppressed Milly strangely. For two years she had endured it in cheerful silence, working patiently at whatever her hand found to do in the rough little shack, which had gradually assumed



"I'd like to have you advantage dinner with us tomorrow."

"You're homelike appearance," she said, left the busy grinding and in quest of health for her young husband, who was slowly regaining his lost strength and vigor in the warm climate of Colorado, which alone kept his heart light and cheerful, but in spite of that joyful fact she could not shake a shiver of loneliness when she thought of the long, dreary winter here.

"I'm getting morbid simply for the want of a little company," she said as she walked down the untraveled road in the face of the crisp north wind. "That will never do for you, Milly Bond. For Jim's sake, you mustn't give way to such foolishness."

Suddenly Milly's ear caught the sound of chopping which seemed to come from the hollow beyond the divide. She turned and made her way into the thicket, talking briskly over the top and down to opposite descent with the distinct heard voices. Further on in the lee of a natural clearing she came upon a party of travelers camped beside a newly kindled fire, where a lean, untanned fellow busied himself with preparations for the evening meal. They were eight in all—a rough, unemptied, but leather-jacketed party of men. Beside the cook lay a bag of flour, a side of bacon and two tin cups. Milly stopped abruptly when she heard the man's voice, and the curious eyes of the eight travelers, then changing her mind and crossing the way, she took and made her way toward the big, black withered man who dropped a handful of horse feed and looked at her pleadingly. "Lost?" he asked anxiously.

"No. I have two miles up the divide happened to hear you chopping and stepped out of curiosity."

The man's indistinct gaze annoyed her. "The forlorn" countenance of a little group, filled with a little of sympathy and made her think gratefully of her own cozy, cheerful little shack, with Jim waiting for her beside the living hearth.

"I suppose you're simply camping here for the night," she ventured, looking about at the meager comforts of a camp.

"Well, no," answered the black-jacketed man, who impressed her at once as being spokesman of the party.

"We came down to prospect a bit. There's talk of gold in this claim, and if it's worth anything, we may set up for a week or two."

"Oh, then you'll be here over Thanksgiving, won't you? I'd like to have you all take dinner with us tomorrow."

The man looked at his fellows with a curious smile. "It's rather unlikely, but he remained humorously.

"Oh, you're all neighbors out here, you know," Milly explained eagerly.

"My husband would be very glad to have you with us. We are from the east, and we're used to having company for Thanksgiving."

"Your husband is a prospector, too, I take it?"

"Oh, no. He came out here for his health two years ago, when he was all run down with overwork. We expect to stay here until he's quite well."

"We didn't notice any houses as we passed along. Where do you live?"

"Two miles below here on the Sunrise road, not on the trail. Will you come over tomorrow?"

"Well, because you're so kind as to make the trouble to invite us, we'll be glad to accept your hospitality and thank you."

"Very well. I shall expect you promptly at 12. There are eight of you, aren't there? I'll get you all ready. Now I'll go for the things. It's rather long. You cross the hill and go straight south till you reach the Sunrise wagon road, which will take you directly to our shack, going west."

"Good night."

Milly returned in great good spirits. Jim looked dubious at first, but he was soon to change the color of his good little homestead by voicing his doubts as to the wisdom of inviting eight strangers to their home.

"I hope we have enough stuff on hand," said cautious Jim. "It will take heaps to satisfy eight hungry men, you know."

"Of course we have plenty. We'll kill both turkeys, and I'll make four pies, instead of one, and two hotted puddings besides. We'll have potatoes and turnips and the canned corn I put up myself and as much elder as they can drink. For dessert we'll have real good coffee and good cake. Oh, we'll have enough, you may be sure. Jim, you must rig up a table big enough to seat them all."

They worked till bedtime that night, peeling apples, seasoning turkeys and plucking the turkeys. The next morning Milly rose long before dawn and set about her baking and brewing, while Jim put up a big deal table that stretched almost the length of the homestead by noon it was set with all the precious "things" of an eastern table, and the dinner, set with homely plates and dishes, to be like, in appearance, in appearance, than the best of the country. Jim himself hospitably drew his place at the head of the table and tried dutifully to act as if the company belonged there, as Milly said. The big, black-jacketed fellow who the others addressed as Blackie, watched Milly with a curious interest which made her uncomfortable.

"You're mighty comfortably fixed for these districts," said he presently, looking about the walls with their homely, quaint and comfortable furniture.

"Yes, we are pretty comfortable. Thanks to Milly's husband's savings, we've got a few of affectionate wife."

"You're lucky, to be able to afford such luxuries for all these hardy fellows are luxuries in Colorado," Blackie said, remarking significantly.

"Yes, about myself one of the best best men in the world. I was a poor first student when we were married, and when my health broke down she simply took all responsibility into her own hands. It was her money that pulled me to come here. It's her lot of money that we're living on now. All that she has in the world is in the bank at Sunrise, where she goes once a month to draw the necessary sum for our provisions. For now that I've got to work, we're getting on our way along with much help from the bank. I tell you, I hated to find that money had run out, but if it hadn't been for that, the Lord only knows what would have become of me."

Milly blushed deeply and hesitatingly. "Why, if doesn't amount to that," said she, with a snap of her brown fingers. "All the money in the world would be worthless to me if I didn't have Jim."

"I've heard a saying about a good wife being a treasure," Blackie retorted. "Your wife proves the truth of it."

The dinner was a great success. Blackie, who seemed to exert a mysterious influence over his fellows, grew very talkative and entertaining. He told stories of queer places and queer people, which savored of familiarity with lawlessness and lawbreakers, but which kept Jim breathlessly interested until the eight strange guests made their adieu. Blackie, who was last to go, turned to the threshold and held out his hand to Milly.

"You remind me of some one I once knew," he said simply, "and for her sake I'd like to shake hands with you. Thank you for your hospitality. You won't forget your kindness."

That night when Jim and Milly sat talking beside their cheerful hearth a sense of white apparition mysterious,ly in the door. Jim rose hurriedly and threw back the door, but no one was in sight and not a sound broke the deep stillness of the living night. Milly read the note over his shoulder, and this is what it said:

"I was curious when you prompts me to tell you that it was our intention to break into and rife the little shack bank at Sunrise before getting these dinners, but for the sake of the 'old man' it was of no account. I shall go unharmed, thanking you for a pleasant hour."

BLAISDALE.

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

Geo. W. Moore Lumber Company, Plaintiff, vs. D. R. Bagcum and Anthony Beck, and the Coquille Mill & Log Company, Defendants.

Summons: To D. R. Bagcum and the Coquille Mill & Log Company, Defendants.

In the name of the State of Oregon, you and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons, and if you fail to do so, appeal and answer said complaint on or before the last day of the time so prescribed, the plaintiff like judgment against you and will apply to the court for the relief demanded in its complaint, a copy of which is as follows:

For judgment against the defendant, Isaacson, in the sum of \$500.00, with interest at the legal rate from and after September 24th, 1913, together with \$75 reasonable attorney's fees and disbursements of the suit, and against all of the defendants in this suit upon the property described as a single mill, constructed and lying upon a portion of Lot one, in section thirty, township twenty-eight, south of range fourteen west of the Willamette Meridian, standing on the right bank of the Coquille River, comprising the sawmill of the Geo. W. Moore Lumber Company, near the Town of Bandon, Coos County, Oregon, together with the land upon which same is constructed, including a convenient space around said mill as may be required for the convenient use and occupation thereof, described substantially as commencing at a point one hundred feet north of the said building, running thence east to the Coquille River, thence easterly along the Coquille River one hundred feet, thence to a point one hundred feet south-west of the said building, thence to the place of beginning including all appurtenances, fixtures and hereditaments for the satisfaction of the said judgment, and the lien of plaintiff with costs, disbursements and attorney's fees.

This summons is served upon you pursuant to an order of the above entitled Court, made and entered on 16th day of October, 1913, and requiring the publication hereof in the Bandon Recorder, a semi-weekly newspaper, once a week for the period of six weeks, the date of the first publication of this summons is October 24, 1913.

G. T. TREADGOLD, Attorney for Plaintiff, Bandon, Oregon, Oct 24, Dec 5, 1913.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the Common Council of the City of Bandon, Oregon, until 10 o'clock p. m. Wednesday the 10th day of December 1913 for the improvement of First Street from the point where it crosses the East line of Chicago Avenue to the West line of Fillmore Avenue in the City of Bandon, Oregon, according to the plans and specifications on file in the office of the City Recorder, and there open to the inspection of all persons interested therein.

All bids must be accompanied with the requirements accompanying said specifications, and upon the bids the City Recorder will be notified by the City Recorder of the City Recorder. A certified check for ten per cent of the amount of bid must accompany the bid to be forfeited to the City of Bandon in case the contract is awarded to the contractor and he fails to enter into a contract with said city within five days from the date said contract is awarded.

The Common Council reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Dated at Bandon, Oregon, this 21st day of November, 1913. Publication authorized by Ordinance No. 317. E. B. KAUSRUH, City Recorder.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the Common Council of the City of Bandon, Oregon, until 10 o'clock p. m. Wednesday the 10th day of December, 1913, for the improvement of Second Street from the east line of Grand Avenue to the west line of Pine Avenue and from the east line of Pine Avenue to the west line of Michigan Avenue in the City of Bandon, Oregon, according to the plans and specifications on file in the office of the City Recorder and there open to the inspection of all persons interested therein.

All bids must be accompanied with the requirements accompanying said specifications and upon the bids the City Recorder will be notified upon request at the office of the City Recorder. A certified check for ten per cent of the amount of bid must accompany the bid to be forfeited to the City of Bandon in case the contract is awarded to the contractor and he fails to enter into a contract with said city within five days from the date said contract is awarded.

The Common Council reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Dated at Bandon, Oregon, this 21st day of November, 1913. Publication authorized by Ordinance No. 317. E. B. KAUSRUH, City Recorder.

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