

In Bygone Days in Curry.

The first newspaper ever published in Curry County was the Port Orford Post, established at Port Orford in 1880, by J. H. Upton & Son. In 1882 the Post was purchased by Walter Sutton, who moved it by boat to Ellensburg, enlarged it, changed its name to the Curry County Post, and continued the publication without missing an issue. He published the paper as the Post for a couple of years, then again enlarged it and changed its name to the Gold Beach Gazette, although the name of the town was not changed from Ellensburg to Gold Beach for some time afterwards. In 1892 he sold the Gazette to R. D. Home, and established the Port Orford Tribune, the first issue of the Tribune appearing on May 10, 1891. At the time of the removal of the Post to Ellensburg there was no wagon road between Port Orford and Chetco, although the people of Northern Curry had completed a road from Port Orford to the Coos county line. The mails were carried on horseback, and travelers had their choice of traveling on foot or on horseback, providing they could get a horse. Although there had been periodical discussions of the road question almost from the first settlement of the county, the first earnest agitation of the subject was in 1883, and the various conflicting ideas, as to the probable cost and the manner of building the road is certainly amusing to all the old settlers who are still living in the county. Each one knew about what the road would cost, the figures varying from about \$15000 to \$200,000. Each friend of the proposition knew where the road ought to run and each one could lay out a good practical route on an excellent grade. But each settler was unanimous in his belief that the only practical route was via his house. Some of the leading citizens were bitterly opposed to the building of any kind of road. The county was too worthless to justify a road; there was no vacant land left that any family would live on; to undertake to build the road would bankrupt the county before it was half finished; even if it could be built without cost to the county it could not be kept open for two years. As a sample of the enthusiasm of some of the friends of the proposition we quote ex-County Judge Woodruff, who in an article in the Post proposed building the road from Ellensburg to Port Orford by private subscription, and alleged that the cost would not be above \$8000. Finally during the 80's Hon. A. H. Crook was sent to the legislature and obtained an appropriation of \$14,000 to assist in building the road, to be paid over to the county when the road was finished. Then the county court took a hand and appointed three road commissioners, and surveyor, with orders to lay out a road on an 18 inch grade from Chetco to Port Orford. After many disputes, much wrangling and more or less bitter feeling the survey was accomplished, contracts let, and the road was let, and the road was completed in 1890 at a cost of about \$50,000. The work was well done, and was a great credit to the people of those days, considering the sparsely settled county, and a \$500,000 tax roll. From the date of the completion of the road a marked change for the better began to take place. New people began to come in, looking for land and building up new homes; old settlers began to think of building up new and more substantial and attractive houses in the place of old log cabins and shacks, and more substantial improvements began to appear on the sides. And although the progress has been slow it has been continuous and sure. The cause as a means of travel has given way to the wagon, carriage and automobile. The telephone has made social neighbors of the people of all parts of the county, as well as placing us in close communication with the United States. And it will be but a short time when our coast will be traversed by trains of a coast railroad. The ranks of the settlers of the old days have been

deplorably thinned until they form a small minority of the population, yet they are entitled to the greatest credit for opening up the country under very adverse conditions, and making it easy of access for those who have since arrived, and who are now in the large majority.—Port Orford Tribune.

MADE A SECRET PACT.

Yet In Some Way the Story Was Pried Loose, and Here It Is.
Homer Croy, the humorist, was visited the other day by Frank Smith, who had sold a story to a magazine and wanted some money right away. It was a 3,000 word yarn. Croy figured it would bring 2 cents a word, so he loaned Smith \$50 and Smith gave Croy the following agreement:
"Whereas, Indent, and Know all men by these presents:
"I, the undersigned, Frank L. Smith, being, to the best of my belief, in my right mind, do hereby bequeath, bestow and otherwise make a free, gratis gift of any and all moneys that may be paid to me for a story entitled, 'Breaking Up the Bunch.' The facts of the case being as follows: Me, I, the party of the first part, having received written info. that the mag. has decided to fall for my story, and, being broke, I have decided to discount my claim for fifty (\$50) beans, cash money, to be paid me by said H. Croy. It is understood that if paid more than fifty I am to turn it all over to Croy without a murmur, yea, I must never squeal nor advertise to the world that Croy has made this soft money. And, likewise, and by the same token, if paid less than fifty beans Croy is to keep his trap closed and make no reference in any way, shape, form, manner, language (including the Scandinavian), or dialect, to the fact that he has made an error in judgment."
"Will you be satisfied with \$70?" asked Smith some weeks later. Croy thought a moment and then said, "Ye-es."
"Before a witness the money was paid over, but Croy still hung about. Finally he asked:
"Would you mind telling me what you got for that yarn?"
"Sure you are satisfied?" asked Smith.
"Yes," said Croy.
"Well, I got \$185 for it," said Smith.—New York World.

Discouragement.
What kills men is discouragement. It is sitting down under trouble that destroys them; it is standing up and mocking trouble that enables them to go through it without harm.

Too Rich For His Blood.
During the street car strike in Boston a few years ago the cars were put in charge of conductors who were far



"NO MA'AM," HE SAID WITH A GRIN, from exhibiting the courtesy and obliging manners of the regular men.
A lady signaled a car in Brookline, and as it stopped she said to the conductor, "Do you stop at the De Swell hotel?"
"No, ma'am," said he, with a grin; "I can't afford to." And he gayly started the car Bostonward, leaving the lady agape with astonishment.—Youth's Companion.

The Adored One.
He is a confirmed bachelor. In fact, his attitude toward women is almost that of a misogynist. His particular bete noire is a new acquaintance of his sister, Miss Blank.
He met her in the street the other day and, seeing no way out of it, stopped and spoke to her. She saw how he was fidgeting to get away and said:
"You seem very preoccupied. Ah, I know! You are thinking of the one you adore."
"I adore no one," was his stiff rejoinder.
"You can't deceive me. I know you are deeply in love. Besides, your sister showed me a photo of the object of your devotion only last night. It isn't a type I admire. But, there, every one is his taste. I won't tell any one. Goodby."
And before he could reply she was gone.
When he reached home he said to his sister, "What girl's photo did you show Miss Blank last night?"
"Not any. The only photo I showed her was one of yourself."
Then it dawned upon him what Miss Blank was driving at.—London Scraps.

COULTER'S QUEER STORY.

It Was Thought He Had Discovered Hades, but He Hadn't.
At a gathering in Milwaukee a well known minister was called on to tell a story, and this is what he told:
"Did you ever hear of Coulter's hell?"
Of the two men lost by the great Lewis and Clark expedition of 1803 on its long journey through the northwest one was a man named Coulter. He was captured by Indians, who stripped him and set him to running the gantlet.
"Outrunning their blows, he snatched a spear from the last Indian, killed him with it and ran into the mountains naked and wounded, but at last free and armed. Wandering toward the southeast, he presently found himself in a land where the forces of nature appeared to have gone mad together. Rivers from which he sought to drink ran hot water, boiling fountains gushed hundreds of feet in the air, volcanoes of black mud vomited at him, bubbling fountains of snow white mud gushed around, with others of crimson and blue and green. A mountain of pure sulphur crystals rose on one hand, and from beside a stream rose another composed of black glass almost as clear as a window pane.
"At last, escaping from the place, he was found by some trappers, who clothed him and took him to St. Louis, where they reported him as one whose mind had been wrecked by his experiences. Wherever he told of the frightful country which he swore he had seen men roared with mirth at the yarn and made him tell and retell it till within a few years it went all over the west as an example of the effect of the horrors of being lost on the human mind. It was commonly known as 'the story of Coulter's hell,' and under that name it frequently appeared in the eastern papers in the early thirties and forties. Coulter himself finally died regarded to the last as a hopeless maniac.
"And then in 1869 some Montana trappers wandered into the region and came back with the astounding tale that Coulter had told the truth and had never been insane at all. The government immediately rushed soldiers and scientists into the country, and before long it became the Yellowstone National park. And that is the story of Coulter's hell."—Milwaukee Journal.

NERVE IN BASEBALL.

Result of a Wild Throw to Third With the Bases Full.
Charley Doolin, one of the famous catchers of the National league, tells a story to the effect that after a brief trial with the St. Paul club in 1889 Charles A. Comiskey, then its manager, advised him to return to the tailoring business and stick to it.
Another yarn concerning Doolin tells how a little later on and when he was still little more than a youth and weighing in the neighborhood of 115 pounds, he wished himself upon Manager McKibben of the St. Joseph club. When Doolin reported Mac walked around him twice and then announced that he wanted a catcher and not a jockey. Injuries to regulars, however, gave the boy his chance, and he was sent in to backstop for "Big Jim" Wiggs.
In his first game Doolin wanted to prove that in addition to being a catcher he was some thrower. When he heaved to second the baseman would have needed a ladder to get the ball; to third his pegs were low, and his shoots to first nearly took the sacker off his feet. After his wild throws had filled the bases in one inning he threw to third again to catch a runner off the cushion. The ball went so high the left fielder almost got to it on the fly, while "everybody came home."
When the inning was over Doolin had four errors charged against him, and he walked to the clubhouse and began to pack up his clothes. McKibben stopped him, saying his nerve in daring to throw to third to catch a man off with the bases full, caused by his previous bad throws, deserved another chance. Doolin stuck and caught almost every game that season. His next jump was to the Phillies, and his reputation was made.—Ed A. Goewey in Leslie's.

Made Her More Nervous.
She was rather a nervous old lady and, fearful of being robbed of her purse, kept it in a pocket of her undershirt. Taking a cab, she, at the end of the journey, began searching, as ladies do, for the carefully concealed pocket. The cabbie, misconstruing her movements, looked on grimly.
"Well, mem," he broke in, "when you've done a-scratching, me fare's 18 pence."—London Tatler.

Impeachment.
In England it was the old practice to impeach for conduct out of office. Private citizens could be impeached. Dr. Sacheverell was impeached for preaching an unpopular sermon, the Duke of Richmond for proposing an adjournment of the house of lords and Intzo Jones for tearing down a church. But in America impeachment has been restricted to men in office for conduct in office.—Argonaut.

Crazy as a Loon.
"Before I sentence the prisoner I should like to ask the attorney why he thinks that the defendant is insane."
"Your honor, he admits that he had a perfectly fair trial."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Holding on Tight.
You can't always tell; the young man who holds on to you as tightly as a vice before marriage, girls, may hold on to his money the same way afterward.—Florida Times-Union.

WATCHES THE CLOUDS.

One New Yorker's Easy and Well Paid, but Important, Job.
There is one man in New York who would seem to hold an easy and unique job. From Jan. 1 to Dec. 31 he puts in his whole time watching for clouds from the top of one of the tallest skyscrapers. He does nothing else, is well paid if he performs his duty vigilantly and has no one to boss or hustle him around—except the clouds. For tools he works with a telescope, and he can smoke, read poetry or do what he pleases, provided he keeps his weather eye keenly peeled for the first sign of a storm cloud sweeping down the Hudson. On that rests his whole job, for should a thunderstorm catch him napping it would mean a serious strain on the leading electric light and power company.
In no other city but New York do conditions make for such a contingency. Owing to the compact construction of the huge blocks of downtown skyscrapers an enormous amount of electric light is suddenly demanded whenever the sky becomes darkened. Thousands of bulbs are simultaneously switched on. At nightfall this need for light is easily calculated, but no certain provision can be made against the sudden overshadow of a storm cloud other than by stationing a lookout man on the top of a skyscraper. Consequently when he sees a cloud sweeping down the Hudson or advancing from any other direction it is his business to watch its approach carefully.
Therein he must use a bit of judgment. If it is likely to sweep clear of the city he need not bother about it. But should he reckon it will pass over Manhattan it is his business to telephone the chief power station a warning that a storm cloud is coming. At once a red light glows in the engine room, and the stokers hustle to shovel coal into the furnaces. Presently the huge generators revolve at greater speed to supply the emergency demand for electricity. Thus when the thousands of lights are switched on downtown few are likely to guess how the sudden call for light has been met.
Meanwhile the cloud watcher is in no fear that a mechanical device will deprive him of his job, for the weather instrument that can record just the direction a cloud will take in sweeping on toward Manhattan is yet in the dim future of invention.—New York Tribune.

Course of the Panama Canal.
There is a somewhat popular delusion about the Panama canal—to wit, that the course from Colon, on the Caribbean or Atlantic side of the isthmus, to Panama, on the Pacific side, is from east to west. Of course the Atlantic is at the east and the Pacific is at the west, but the isthmus is very crooked and at this point tends from a little south of west to north of east, and Colon is actually farther west than Panama. As a result the canal runs from north-northwest to south-southeast, and on reaching the Pacific one finds himself farther east than he was when he left the Atlantic. Queer, isn't it, to go westward by going eastward? But it's a geographical fact, all the same, which few realize until they study the map.—New York Tribune.

Canine Etiquette.
In their relations one with another dogs have a keen sense of etiquette. Unless they are on very intimate terms they take great pains never to brush against or even touch one another. For one dog to step over another is a dangerous breach of etiquette unless they are special friends. It is no uncommon thing for two dogs to belong to the same person and live in the same house and yet never take the slightest notice of each other. We have a spaniel so dignified that he will never permit another member of the dog family to pillow his head upon him, but with the egotism of a true aristocrat he does not hesitate to make use of the other dogs for that purpose.—Henry C. Merwin in Atlantic.

No Canes For Actors.
There is one profession that has always refrained from carrying a walking stick. The actor knows well that on the stage he must walk without extraneous support, and he knows that the mere hint of a walking stick in his hand as he walks the streets is a temptation to lean this way or that. Actors, even when out of a job, never lean on a stick. They know that their balanced walk is their asset. If the whole of society recurs to walking sticks the actors will refrain.—London Chronicle.

Not Even Bent.
Little Eric had dropped a basket containing some eggs on his way home from the grocery.
"How many did you break?" asked his mother.
"I didn't break any," replied Eric, "but the hulls came off two or three."—Chicago News.

Tomato Seed Oil.
An excellent burning oil has been extracted from tomato seeds. These, with the skins, are thoroughly dried in the sun. The seeds are then crushed in a hydraulic press and yield a thin yellow oil. This when burned in a lamp gives a bright, odorless light.—London Mail.

Made Him Too Good.
"So she married him to reform him. And what is the result?"
"He's so good now that he's shocked by the gowns she wears."—Boston Transcript.

It is the surmounting of difficulties that makes heroes.—Louis Kossuth.

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