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BAFFLED THE BEAR

Exciting Domestic Event in the Early Days of Vermont.

TALE OF AN ALL NIGHT SIEGE.

An Ugly Visitor That Gave Himself a Warm Reception in a Settler's Cabin, a Quick Retreat by the Inmates and a Display of Presence of Mind.

Two of the first English settlers in the town of Addison, Vt., were John Strong and Zadok Everest. Early in the fall of 1776 Strong and Everest had to go to Albany for provisions. Pioneer women seldom worried, but for some reason Molly Strong felt uneasy after her husband had gone. She and her sons got in a good supply of fuel and did the chores early.

When they came back to the cabin the baby was crying for his supper, and Mrs. Strong gave him a cup of warm milk and sat him down in front of the fireplace. She had just swung the kettle of sump from the fire when she heard a noise. Looking round, she saw the blanket that served for a door swing aside as a great bear thrust her head into the room. The children screamed, and the bear backed out in haste, but Molly Strong knew that she would return.

"Quick, children!" she said as she caught up the baby. "Climb the ladder. Let sister go up first, now Johnnie, now Frank—hurry, hurry!"

When the others were safe in the loft Mrs. Strong climbed up with the baby and drew the ladder after her. She laid it across the hole, and then she and the children sat down and waited. The floor of the loft was made of round poles laid closely together, but not fastened. It was dangerous to move about on it.

Peering down through the pole floor, they listened and watched for the bear to come back. They could hear her moving round the house, and once a big paw crashed through the oiled paper at the window hole. Finally she came to the door and, after blinking uncertainly at the fire, walked in. Two cubs followed her. The old bear presently upset the pan of milk on the table, and the cubs began to lap it up eagerly.

"I'd like a taste of that myself," Frank whispered.

"So would I," Johnnie replied. "I'm awful hungry."

Next, the bear found the pudding kettle and took a mouthful of the boiling sump. Jumping back with a cry of pain and rage, she broke the pot with a swift blow of her paw, and then sat up on her haunches, growling and whining, and began to dig the pudding out of her mouth. The cubs sat and watched her in grave wonder.

That was too much for the children, who burst into laughter. Instantly the bear gave a loud roar and rushed toward the hole with the ladder across it. Mrs. Strong gave hurried orders: "Get me a pole, Frank, quick! Now, get another. Punch her if she tries to climb up. Be careful. Don't fall through."

The baby, awakened by the noise, began to wail, and Mrs. Strong soothed him with one hand while with the pole in the other she warded off the bear. The little girl clung crying to her mother's skirts, but the boys each had a long pole and prodded the bear through the rungs of the ladder. The big brute finally shuffled off toward the door. She pulled down the blanket and tore it into shreds; then she went out, followed by her cubs.

"She's gone!" Johnnie said. "Do you think she'll come back, mother?"

"I expect she will, son, but we can manage her—if we keep awake."

"I won't go to sleep!" groaned Johnnie. "I'm too hungry!"

Nevertheless, the silent wait in the dimly lighted loft made them all drowsy, and before the bear returned Mrs. Strong knew by their heavy breathing that the children were asleep. It was near midnight when the bear came in and renewed her efforts to reach the loft. Mrs. Strong rapped her sharply with her pole, and there was a roar that brought the boys to their feet.

Dazed and only half awake, Johnnie ran across the loft. His foot slipped into a gap between the poles, and as he fell other poles spread apart. Down he went into the room with the bear and her cubs. The bear did not see him fall, but she faced about at the noise and started toward him.

Quick as a flash, Mrs. Strong brought her pole down on the nearest cub and pinned him to the floor. The bear turned to rescue her squealing offspring, and Frank drew his brother up into the loft unharmed.

No injury to herself could have weakened the old bear's courage like the attack on her cub, and although at intervals she slouched in and out of the cabin, she made no further attempt to reach the loft. As it grew light, Mrs. Strong, watching through the chinks in the wall, saw her lead her cubs across the clearing into the woods.

As soon as she thought it safe she lowered the ladder and the family came down. They saw no more of the bear, and when Mr. Strong came home he made the cabin secure with a door made from basswood slabs and hung on wooden hinges.—Youth's Companion.

Beware of the man who does not return your blow. He neither forgives you nor allows you to forgive yourself.—George Bernard Shaw.

HIS OWN LAST WAGER.

Even Though It Was a Sure Loser, He Was Perfectly Satisfied.

They were talking in the smoking room about steamship sharpers, and Alf Hayman, the impresario, said: "I'll tell you a story about an American easy mark."

"Mr. Easy Mark, on the way back home from a summer tour of Europe, shared a stateroom with two men who he had reason to believe were sharpers."

"He believed they were sharpers because they were continually proposing the most tempting bets to him—bets where it seemed impossible for him to lose—and yet, as soon as he put up his money, the two men took it away from him."

"So he came to believe that the bets were crooked. Nevertheless they were also so tempting that he couldn't resist them, and finally his funds got down to \$8.50."

"On the last day of the voyage he said to the two men:

"Well, fellows, you've cleaned me out of everything but my honor and \$8.50, and I'm willing to risk the \$8.50 on a last bet with you, provided you'll let me decide what the bet is to be."

"They agreed, for they were curious, and there was little to be lost."

"Well, fellows," he said, "this is the bet. I'll bet you \$8.50 that as we sail up the bay I'll yell louder than the ship's steam whistle."

"He looked in their astonished faces and added:

"Of course, I'll lose, but, by gosh, I know the whistle can't be fixed."—Washington Star.

Strike Hard.

The world is no longer clay, but rather iron. In the hands of its workers, and men have got to hammer out a place for themselves by steady and rugged blows.—Emerson.

Life and Love.

In the Democratic cloak room of the house not long ago a statesman, having discussed at length the tariff, currency reform and the Central American situation, announced kindly:

"Now, I'll give you fellows the difference between life and love."

Everybody immediately expressed eagerness to know the difference.

"Life," he said, "is just one fool thing after another. Love is just two fool things after each other."—Popular Magazine.

Taken Unawares.

It is likely that the most embarrassed man in New York could be found the other day in a Sixth Avenue store. He was a mild, inoffensive looking man. He stood leaning over the balcony that



THE BOY HAPPENED TO LOOK UP.

surrounds the first floor of the store looking with interest at the crowd below. Presently his eye alighted on a small boy who was being rushed from counter to counter in tow of a very large woman. Just as he looked down at the boy the boy happened to look up at him. Instinctively perceiving with diabolic instinct, what would be his own youthful propensity if he occupied a similar point of vantage, the boy struck a beseeching attitude and called out in imploring accents:

"Oh, mister, please, mister, don't spit on me!"

For a man with no intention of spitting on that particular boy or any one else the situation was certainly awkward, and the man retired in red faced confusion.—New York Times.

All in the Same Boat.

This is one of President Wilson's stories:

"A friend of mine was in Canada with a fishing party, and one member of the party was imprudent enough to sample some whiskey that was called Squirrel whiskey because it made those who drank it inclined to climb a tree. This gentleman imbibed too much of this dangerous liquid, and the consequence was that when he went to the train to go with the rest of the company he took a train bound south instead of a train bound north. Wishing to recover him, his companions telegraphed the conductor of the south-bound train: 'Send short man, named Johnson, back to the northbound train. He is intoxicated.'"

"Presently they got a reply from the conductor: 'Further particulars needed. There are thirteen men on the train who don't know either their name or their destination.'"

FILLING THE LUNGS.

Correct and Deep Breathing is Essential to Good Health.

No piece of advice the physician can give will bear more frequent repetition than the pithy sentence, "Breathe deeply." It is a perfectly simple rule of health, yet it is constantly broken.

There are two ways to learn to breathe. If our powers of self discipline are poor, as is the case with most insufficient breathers, it is a good plan to join a gymnasium or calisthenic class and learn to use the lungs as a baby learns to use its feet and hands. But remember that lessons in breathing will do no good if the scholar thinks he is absolved from his task except when he is in the class.

A simpler method for those who have not time or opportunity to attend a gymnasium is to turn life's daily routine into a continuous discipline in breathing. If the poor breather takes the trouble to watch himself carefully he will find that when he is engaged upon any work that calls for close attention he does not even breathe as deeply as usual; he almost invariably holds his breath. Thus the blood current is vitiated when it ought to be cleansed, and the worker exhausts himself, not so much by his labors as by his neglect.

Draw in deep drafts of air every time you take a breath, and every little while stop everything else and fill your lungs a few times with breaths that test their capacity. You will be surprised to see the improvement that it will make in your general condition.—Timely Doctor.

PRUNING BY RAIN.

One of Nature's Many Methods of Thinning Her Forests.

Nature has many ways of thinning and pruning and trimming her forests—lightning strokes, heavy snows and storm winds to shatter and blow down whole trees here and there or break off branches as required. The results of these methods I have observed in different forests, but only once have I seen pruning by rain.

The rain froze on the trees as it fell and grew so thick and heavy that many of them lost a third or more of their branches. The view of the woods after the storm had passed and the sun shone forth was something never to be forgotten. Every twig and branch and rugged trunk was encased in pure crystal ice, and each oak and hickory and willow became a fairy crystal palace. Such dazzling brilliance, such effects of white light and fringed light, glowing and flashing, I had never seen, nor have I since.

This sudden change of the leafless woods to glowing silver was, like the great aurora, spoken of for years and is one of the most beautiful of the many pictures that enrich my life. And besides the great shows there were thousands of others, even in the coldest weather, manifesting the utmost fineness and tenderness of beauty and affording noble compensation for hardship and pain.—Atlantic Monthly.

Red as a Cure.

In England, says the London Globe, apothecaries for many years were firm believers in the efficacy of the color red as a combatant of disease. Patients, especially those suffering from rheumatism, were frequently wrapped in red blankets and dressed in red clothes. "Let your nightcap be of scarlet," recommended Andrew Borden in his discourse on sleep, "and petycote of scarlet also," while a physician in the sixteenth century advised that the face be washed once a week and then wiped with a red cloth. Upon this latter item of the prescription great stress was laid—no doubt the color of the cloth was intended to act as an antidote against the chill of such frequent ablutions.

Grease a Cause of Disease.

Grease in a sink is a very prolific cause of disease. It cannot but accumulate from dishes and utensils, and when small bits of vegetable matter adhere to it a shelter is given to mischievous bacteria. Besides, grease will clog the drain and become a menace and an inconvenience. The surest and simplest cleansing agent is a strong solution of washing soda and boiling water. The sink should first be scrubbed with soapsuds and the hot solution then dashed down the drain. This cleaning should be done at least once a week.—Chicago News.

Different Viewpoints.

Duncan Macpherson was playing golf. Going out he drove brilliantly over a stream in a hollow. "My, but you wis a fine drive owre the bonny wee burn!" he remarked to his caddy. Coming home he had to play over this same "burn" for another hole and drove right into it. "Gang ye an' fish th' ba' o' ye dirty sewer!" he growled.—Argonaut.

Use For His Head.

Old Gotrox (to his fashionable son)—You and your set thoroughly disgust me. You could get along as well without a head on your shoulders as with one. Algy—Aw, fawther, how weddulous! Why, wench would a fellah weah his hat?—Puck.

His Delicate Touch.

"That Muller is a peach at borrowing. At the dance last night he put my tie straight, and when he had finished I was 100 marks poorer."—Fliegende Blätter.

Next to acquiring good friends the best acquisition is that of good books.—Collier.

LODGE DIRECTORY

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.
C. R. Moore, 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.
L. Kate Rosa, W. M.
Rosa Bingham, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.
S. E. Hines, N. G.
Logan Kay, Sec.

Knights of Pythias

DELPHI LODGE, No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Knights hall. Visiting knights invited to attend.
G. R. McNair, C. C.
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Loyal Order of Moose

Meets Thursday evenings in I. O. O. F. Hall. Transient Moose cordially invited. Something doing every Thursday.

Rebekah

OCEAN REBEKAH LODGE, No. 126, I. O. O. F., meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday at I. O. O. F. Hall. Transient members cordially invited.
Lena Davidson, N. G.
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