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FIRST NAT'L BANK
Open during Noon Hour and Saturday Evenings.

CONSUMERS OF WATER TAKE NOTICE

Those who are using water for irrigation purposes, and not paying for same are violating the rules of the company, and your water service will be discontinued if not paid for at once, or the practice stopped. Your leaky faucets must be repaired so the water will not run to waste. Sprinkling will only be allowed between the hours of 5 and 8 a. m., and 5 and 9 p. m. Sprinkling streets is forbidden under any circumstances. Where the violations of the rules are found to exist the water will be turned off from the premises.

BANDON WATER COMPANY
Lost on Elmira Avenue two sacks barley and one sack wheat. Finder please notify C. H. Chandler and receive reward.—4242

A. D. Mills

Real Estate
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Good Lots in Azalea Park, \$25 Down and \$10 per month. Bargain in Business Lot on First Street.

DO YOU KNOW

The City Market has the most up-to-date Sausage Kitchen in Southern Oregon

Having just installed modern machinery to facilitate turning out tempting, juicy sausage.

The City Meat Market

Geo. Brdman, Prop. Phone 193

UNFAMILIAR FACES

Historical Characters of Whose Looks We Know Nothing.

THEY LEFT NO PORTRAITS.

Many of the Famous Figures and Heroes of Colonial and Revolutionary Times Are as Blanks to Us So Far as Their Personal Appearance is Concerned.

In the search for a portrait of Thomas Willett, the first mayor of New York, the committee from the City club visited nearly every print dealer in the city in addition to scores of private collectors of Americana. But there was no portrait to be found.

Any one who has ever attempted to make a collection of the pictures of the big men of early New York soon realizes that there are many blanks. For instance, of the four Dutch governors Peter Stuyvesant is the only one of whom we have a correct portrait. Of Peter Minuet, William Kieft and Wouter van Twiller there is absolutely nothing accurate, although various caricatures have appeared from time to time.

The same is true of a still more eminent New Yorker, William Bradford the first printer, who founded in 1725 the New York Gazette, which was the first newspaper printed in the province. Bradford was so prominent a man and so active for years, both in Philadelphia as well as in New York, that it is rather surprising not to have something worthy of being called a true portrait. If there was, perhaps his features might be on the tablet erected on the site of his printing office, now of the Cotton Exchange, at Hanover square.

The lack of an authentic portrait of Nathan Hale, the martyr spy of the Revolution, is somewhat better known, although the sculptors MacMonnies, Partridge and others have not allowed this to restrain them from depicting the features of the young soldier in stone or bronze. Of Colonel Ethan Allen there is no known portrait, and the same is true of the doughty warrior, General Nicholas Herkimer.

One of the heroes of Bunker hill, Colonel Richard Gridley, has left no portrait. He was the artillery and engineer who built the fortifications the night before the battle. Other prominent Revolutionary fighters of whom no pictures exist are Colonel William Ledyard, the defender of New London, who was killed by a British officer when Ledyard surrendered the fort General Thomas Conway, leader of the notorious cabal to depose Washington from the command of the army in 1777; Colonel Seth Warner, who was prominent in the attacks on Ticonderoga and Crown point and in the battle of Bennington; General Seth Pomeroy of Massachusetts, and General Samuel Holden Parsons, one of the board which tried Major Andre and was appointed by Washington as the first judge of the northwest territory.

No accurate portraits exist of two of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, John Morton of Pennsylvania and John Hart of New Jersey, although a portrait which is said to be that of Hart hangs in Independence hall in Philadelphia and is said to have been painted from a miniature.

There is nothing extant of the father of George Washington, Augustine Washington, nor have any portraits been discovered of Colonel Ball, father of Mary Washington, mother of the general, or of John Dandridge, father of Washington's wife, Martha Washington.

A portrait which a great many collectors of old New York material would give a good deal to obtain is that of Samuel Francones, the West Indian tavern keeper, whose best known house was the old Francones' tavern, now owned by the Sons of the Revolution, restored since they purchased it a few years ago to its original condition. It is on lower Broad street, on the corner of Pearl street, and the famous long room in which Washington took farewell of his officers has been restored as closely as possible to its original form.

There is no portrait of William Cunningham, the heartless keeper of the provost jail in a corner of City Hall park during the Revolution. Betsy Ross, the celebrated maker of the first stars and stripes, has no portrait. Captain Miles Standish is among those who have left nothing of their personal appearance, nor is anything known of the intrepid French explorer Joliet, who traced the sources of the Mississippi.

Others of more or less note of whom there are no portraits are the old English dramatist, Christopher Marlowe; Richard Savage, another well known English dramatist, who died in 1743; Marquis Duquesne, from whom Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh, got its name from the French; George Clinton, royal governor of New York from 1743 to 1753 and father of the British general in the Revolution, Henry Clinton; Colonel John Henry Cruger, General Oliver de Lancey, Governor William Tryon, General John Forbes, Baron Dieskau, General Robert Howe and Bourlonne, Napoleon's famous secretary, who wrote an excellent life of the great French emperor.—New York Times.

Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most like it least.—L. Johnson.

NO SLUMS IN NEW YORK.

Verdict of an Expert After a Search Through the City.

I have made an amazing discovery. It is the result of three days and nights of going to and fro in New York—sometimes alone and sometimes with a wise but not cynical detective. And the amazing and disconcerting discovery is this: There are no slums in New York.

You can find crime and criminals; you can find vice, poverty, drunkenness, disease, but you cannot find a slum—such slums as blacken and fester in Antwerp, Genoa, Naples, Paris, London and many another old world city. The reason is that you cannot have a slum without filth, and New York is a clean city. Neither crime nor poverty nor crowds make a slum. You must have filth as well, and that is what New York hasn't got. I looked for it east and west and north, from river front to river front. Everywhere, anywhere, were crime, vice, mean poverty. Everywhere thieves, rogues, outcasts, men and women isolated from their kind by sin or mere suffering, but no slums.

Dirt, of course, is relative, but the tenements—even the old nests of low houses lined with fire escapes—were habitable human dwelling places. And the night going detective declared he could show me nothing worse. I wanted to see the fetid caves where wretchedness lay moaning on garbage heaps, the windy garrets where it starved, and there were no fetid caves.

In the old streets and the dingy courts of Paris you can still find hundreds of them; you have but to walk peeringly through the street of the Three Gates or the street of the Iron Pot; you have but to go into the suburbs that lie outside the fortifications—for year by year the centrifugal force that stirs in every great agglomeration of human atoms has thrown Parisian beggary into that dreary circumference.

But in the washed and lighted underworld of New York there are no slums. There is not one slum that half deserves the name. Wretchedness all you please; hunger in the streets and on the boulevards, it may be, but none of those gangrened holes of filth without which no real slum can exist.

I speak almost with the decision of an expert, for I spent many years prowlingly investigating the slums that rot and blacken the surface of Europe from Moscow to Lisbon—Vance Thompson in New York Sun.

THREE EMPIRES.

Monarchies That Practically Sprang Into Being Overnight.

Prior to Jan. 18, 1871, the German empire, as we know it today, had no existence. Instead it was a jumble of kingdoms, states, duchies, grand duchies and principalities, all joined together by a like language and common political aspirations, it is true, but otherwise quite separate and distinct.

Then came the historic ceremony in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. Paris had just been captured by King William of Prussia, and it was held to be a fitting time and place to proclaim him the first German emperor. Never since the dawn of history was an empire born more dramatically. By a strange irony of fate, too, its birth took place amid the ruins of the French empire, itself the creation of a day, or, rather, to be strictly accurate, of a night. France went to bed on the evening of Dec. 1, 1851, a republic. When it awoke next morning it was an empire. During the hours of darkness Paris had been occupied by troops, and the prince-president had become Napoleon III.

Equally sudden and almost as sensational in its way was the birth of the modern Greek empire. After the yoke of the Turks had been thrown off in the war of independence the country became a republic. But the people soon tired of that democratic form of government and promptly proceeded to assassinate their first and only president. Then they met together, elected a king and settled themselves down to be ruled by him in a quite orderly and contented fashion.

High Cost of Living Again.

Prosperous ex-German (on visit to fatherland)—Donner und blitzen, what are you givin' us? Forty pfennig for this sausage! When I went away a few years ago I used to pay only 20 pfennig.

The Waiter—They was different sausages.

The P. ex-G.—Precisely the same. The Waiter—No, you're wrong there. The old ones was bigger.—New York Post.

In Good Company.

A contemporary wants to know what's become of the old fashioned man who used to say, "I says, says I."

When last seen he was standing on a street corner in close conversation with the old fashioned man who says, "Sezee to me, sezee."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Home Secrets.

Teacher—Tommy, next time you are late bring an excuse from your father. Tommy—Who? Pa? Why he ain't any good at excuses; ma finds him out every time.—Boston Transcript.

Peated.

"However did you hear such dreadful things about Mrs. Hulter?" "You forget she was once my dearest friend."—Villegoede Blatter.

The world does not require so much to be informed as to be deceived.—Hassan Mera.

Excursion "Estabrook Line"

In order to induce the public to acquaint itself more fully with the fact that the steamships of the

"Estabrook Line"

are the only boats plying regularly between Coos county and California ports, that can offer all of the following Safety, Speed and Comfort Facilities:

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