

Watch this Space
for the An-
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of the
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RED CRAIN
DRUG CO.
Next Issue

Journey. After many a dip of the oar, many a song and jest, we arrived at Hall's Prairie, and scattered among the few settlers there for the night. I say a few settlers—I do not remember seeing but one house after leaving Hall's Prairie until we arrived at Mr. Kronenberg's, and that was occupied by a bachelor. This bachelor was a man of caution. I was told that when he had occasion to go out in the woods to any distance he took a ball of twine and fastened one end to his door. He unwound the ball as he went, and did not go farther than the twine would reach. He then wound it up as he went back, to be used for the next time. He was certainly not a very daring pioneer, and yet he was a man of intelligence.

Our walk through the woods seemed about three miles to me. After several rests we came to the home of Mr. Kronenberg, and found we were not the first to arrive there enroute for the celebration. Next morning each one of us attired in our Fourth of July clothes, which by the way were a little rumpled, started, with a few more added to our number, for Myersville, and arrived there early in the day. Fire crackers and torpedoes had not then got into the hands of the boys of the Coquille, and we were spared their annoyance. The house was full, and already they were "tripping the light fantastic toe." No millinery shops then. Some of the ladies wore sunbonnets, and blue and grey shirts had not been discarded by the men. The ladies who presided over the tables are now residents of Marshfield. If I told you their names you would know that we had excellent fare. I cannot describe the place as it appeared to me then, for my attention was taken up with the faces, all new to me at that time but some of them very familiar to me now. No brass bands in those days but we had vocal music and the best violin music on the Coquille. After dinner we had speaking, etc. Mr. Lockhart of Empire, I remember was one of the speakers. This was in the beginning of the rebellion. Mr. Lockhart advocated "war to the knife and knife to the hilt." Andrew Lockhart was then a babe in his mother's arms. Miss Ada Smith could just walk then. Mrs. A. D. Walcott was a little miss very tired and sleepy she said. Henry Schroeder was bearing some marks of an accepted lover. Mrs. Yoakam, I remember pronounced "the jell cake first rate." The young ladies were not many in number, but they were all sociable, kind and home-like with each other and very nice to strangers. Among the number that were there then who have gone where we all must go at last, are Mrs. S. Dement and daughter, Mrs. Perry, Mr. Yoakam and young Mrs. Hammerburg.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT OF LUCILLE LOVE, AT GRAND

The eighth installment of "Lucille Love, the girl of mystery," will be shown at the Grand theatre Wednesday night, August 12th. The story of this installment goes like this.

"No sooner than Lucille hides herself among the boxes on the wharf than she hears Loubeque's voice. An officer of the Chinese police is questioning him concerning the whereabouts of Lucille. Her overt act in protecting her life against a Chinese woman has been construed as murder and she is confronted by this new danger. Even while Loubeque is talking with the policeman, he looks around the corner of the boxes and sees Lucille. He is impressed by her forlorn situation, and out of sympathy for her he throws the policeman off the trail. Loubeque then goes aboard the ship, and it sets sail—not, however, before Lucille has stolen into the hold and found a hiding place. Again Loubeque is touched sympathetically for the girl and he sends a sailor into the hold that he may discover Lucille, and that she may not want for the necessities of existence, the girl is discovered and taken before the captain. The great old seaman takes on an air of good seriousness, and orders that the punishment shall consist in serving as his cabin boy during the voyage. The documents of which Lucille is in search are again in the possession of Loubeque. One day while he is in his stateroom he catches sight of Lucille spying on him through a porthole. Surmising her purpose Loubeque takes the documents from his pocket, places them in a scarf and hides the scarf under a cushion. The face of Lucille disappears from the porthole. The man now removes the genuine documents from the scarf and places a package of blank papers in their place. As a result, when Lucille steals into his stateroom, she falls into Loubeque's trap. She steals the blank papers, and when she discovers Loubeque's trick her anger is only equalled by her chagrin. But two can play at the same game. The girl holds the papers signed by Loubeque, which mark him as a smuggler of contraband arms into China. The international spy discovers the girl in his stateroom. He proposes to her that she give him the papers in exchange for the documents which will save her father's honor. She agrees and each hands the other a package of blank papers. It is still a neck and neck race of wits and cunning until Loubeque makes veiled threats as to what will transpire when the ship arrives at San Francisco. Lucille appeals to the captain for aid and describes her adventures to him. The captain calls Loubeque for an explanation of his conduct, and Loubeque tells the captain that she is insane. Her strange story partly corroborates this, and the captain is not decided in the matter when the boat arrives in San Francisco. Despite the captain's precautions Loubeque's agents press around Lucille at the gangplank and abduct her. She is whisked away in a taxicab in a city where she has no friends.

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AN EARLY DAY CELEBRATION IN COQUILLE VALLEY

(Coos Bay News)
We copy the following from an account of a celebration held on the Coquille, on the site of the present town of Myrtle Point, on July 4, 1861. It was written for the Coos Bay News by Mrs. E. A. Hillborn, at present a resident of Millicoma, on Coos river, and appeared in full in the issue of June 8, 1881:

After living a little more than a year on the coast of Curry county, I longed for a rest from old ocean's roar, which ended in a desire to visit the Coquille. A few days prior to July 4, 1861, we mounted our best riding horses, equipped with the needful traveling apparel of those days, and set out for the mouth of the river. After a ride of about 15 miles we arrived at the home of Wm. Smith where we remained over night, and the following morning Mr. Smith and family accompanied us on our journey. Our horseback ride ended about 10 a. m. We sent our horses home and proceeded up the Coquille in a boat. We were not alone in our desire to see the deep forests of the Coquille for several boats besides ours left the home of John Lewis (then a bachelor) at the mouth of the river for a pleasure excursion and to celebrate the 4th of July at what is now Myrtle Point. After a hard pull on the part of the men, we reached the home of John Hamblock in time for dinner. Then we proceeded up the river to the home of J. D. Lowe, where we remained until the day before the 4th. On that morning the Coquille seemed alive with little crafts (no steamers in those days). The bracing atmosphere coming through the fir and spruce gave me such new life, and the luxury of getting my blood warm away from the chilly winds of the coast, is perhaps what has caused me to recall that trip now so long after.

The first place we stopped for rest and refreshment was the mouth of Beaver slough, then the home of a bachelor. Our lunch baskets had been amply filled at the home of Mrs. D. J. Lowe, and by using such conveniences as were given us by the bachelor we spread a tempting meal. Long before the turn of the next tide we were ready to proceed on our

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