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**New Perfection OIL COOK STOVE**

will cook a quick, light breakfast for you, or it will cook a big dinner with roast and bread and pastry. The New Perfection doesn't overheat the kitchen. It doesn't smoke or taint the food. Think of the comfort of summer cooking in a cool kitchen. No wood or coal to lug; no ashes to dirty up the house. Why not ask your dealer to show you the New Perfection.

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**Recorder Print Shop**

**Keshiono's Garden**

"It Must Be Fate."

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The curio seller who sits at the crossing of the Two Roads in Tokyo grinned amiably up into Terry Preston's sunburned face.

"If the honorable lord desires to see delightful flowers it would be much recommended that he pay call visit upon the garden of Keshiono."

"Where is this wonderful garden?" inquired Terry, to whom all parts of Tokyo were alike, to whom all the world was flat and stale and uninteresting now that Dulcie Morse had jilted him and married Oscar Converse.

The man pointed along the upper road.

"If the honorable lord will follow that road until he comes to a red gate in the bamboo hedge he will find beyond the gate a path that will lead him straight to the garden. Many have found happiness there," he added, with a sly glance at Terry's moody face.

"Happiness?" jeered Terry. "Pray, tell me how happiness may be found in a garden."

"Happiness," mused the curio dealer, fanning himself gently, "consists in being with those we love—in the case of a lover, with the particular beloved one. The story goes that many centuries ago a beautiful maiden named Keshiono lost her lover through a quarrel, and to console herself she made this beautiful flower garden. The gods pitied her and sent her lover wandering into the garden, and when he saw Keshiono flitting among the iris beds he fell on his knees and begged forgiveness. They were married and lived long and happily in a house which has long crumbled to ruin. When they died they were changed into two beautiful plum trees that guard the inner gate. Ever since then the garden has been noted for bringing happiness to disconsolate lovers. One has only to wander there."

Terry grinned in spite of himself at the man's fluency. "You have told the story many times?" he questioned as he moved away.

"And have witnessed the desired to be end," came back the answer promptly, and he deftly caught the coin that came spinning toward him from Terry's hand.

A laughing red haired youth came swiftly from the upper road and paused by the curio seller's booth.

"You're a cheerful liar!" he declared. "The garden is only for the disconsolate lover," chided the curio dealer sedately as he pocketed his accuser's liberal tip. "The honorable lord is too insanely cheerful to be in need of the pity of the gods."

"Thanks. I suppose that's a compliment," grinned the other as he went on to catch a trolley car. "But you get us coming or going, eh, Togo?"

"Excuse. Name is not Togo, but is Yunisho. Good day, honorable sir. Get them coming or going. That sounds funny English," he mused.

Terry Preston sauntered along the upper road under the arching trees. The shaded footpath rambled beside a high hedge of bamboos, whose green feathery tops rustled pleasantly in the light breeze.

Now a well defined path wandered idly between green hedges until he reached a second gate that swung wide open. On either side of this gate was a beautiful plum tree, fresh in its May bloom of pink and white. These trees represented the beautiful Keshiono and her loving husband.

Terry involuntarily removed his straw hat as he passed under the trees, and he blushed a little at the surrender to sentiment that the little act implied.

"Bosh!" he muttered. Beyond the gate he found the garden, a charming mixture of old and new. There were ancient corners where dark cryptomerias made a dim green shade. Here one came upon stone lanterns green with years and perhaps a summer house crushed in the deathlike grip of a giant wistaria vine that might be a century old, so hoary was its trunk.

Birds sang in the trees, and the waterfalls tinkled musically. It was very beautiful and deliciously still.

Terry found an old stone seat half hidden in a group of lovely oleanders in the older part of the garden. Surely this spot must have been the garden of Keshiono as it was in the old days.

Women's voices broke the quiet. "Dear Aunt Ophelia," said the girl's sweet tones, "is it not perfectly wonderful?"

"It is. It is hardly to be believed. May," responded the older woman eagerly. "But look; see if that is not the colonel yonder! See, he is looking at the goldfish in the pool! Mark the sad drop to his shoulders in spite of his military training. Ah, but I do regret my cruelty to him!" she sighed.

"Terry got up. He was feeling very uncomfortable now, but before he could make his presence known the girl had spoken quickly, discretely.

"Now, Aunt Ophelia, you know this is the garden of beautiful Keshiono, and who knows what may happen? You look awfully neat; indeed, you do! Now

William was wicked. When I pick out one man from a mining camp made up of 300 run aways, debt jumpers, cutthroats, gamblers, horse thieves and murderers and call him wicked I mean for the reader to infer that he was right up and down bad.

Which was exactly the case with William Tripp. Wicked! Well, he was that! Such a swearer as William was! He would begin as soon as his eyes were open in the morning and keep up a steady fire until 10 o'clock at night. And he was a cheat and a liar.

You wonder that we didn't run him out or hang him. Well, somehow we always intended to, but always put it off to a more convenient date. The success of hounding a man depends a good deal on who the man is. On our first gentle hint to William Tripp that unless he was packed up and out of camp inside of thirty minutes his anatomy would be riddled with bullets he produced a couple of revolvers, backed up against the Red Eye saloon and calmly observed that he was aching for a little excitement. I think his actions at that particular time had something to do with our giving him the rope and seeking to get along with his eccentric traits of character.

"I move," said Elder Beacon one night when we were talking about William's bad ways, "that the committee get the drop on him and then run him into the hills."

Just so, but who were the committee? That was another point we could never satisfactorily determine, and that was another reason why William continued to abide with us.

Shoot? Well, you never saw such an eye and such nerve. Just as far as he could see the bowl of a pipe in a man's mouth he could smash it with a bullet. Almost every hat in camp had an air hole made by one of his bullets, and though I was prejudiced against William, I had to admit that he respected men's heads in shooting at their hats.

But there came a halt in William Tripp's mad career, and it happened in a queer way. A fire in his tent one night burned up a lot of his traps, and he had to make a ride of thirty miles on Colonel Cooper's old mare to replace them with new. The morning he rode out of camp was the last time we saw him, but we heard from a dozen different ones just what happened. About twelve miles from our camp was the Overland trail, and just where our own trail struck in was a pretty little valley with plenty of water and wood. It was a favorite camping spot with immigrants, and the day William Tripp reached it he found half a dozen wagons and as many families halted for a breathing spell.

The devilry in William's nature bubbled over when he struck that valley and beheld such a scene of peace. Children were playing around, women were washing and mending, and the brawny men were repairing wagons and harness and whistling over their work. William drew rein and gazed upon the scene for a few minutes. Then he out with his revolver. Seated before one of the fires was an old woman with her knitting in hand and a pipe in her mouth. It was a long shot, but the evil one urged William to try it, and try he did.

What happened? Something even worse than murder. The bullet went straight for the old woman's head and crashed into her brain. Then something awful followed. She rose to her feet, whirled around to face the shooter, and true as you live she seemed to look at him for thirty seconds before she tottered forward and shrieked out: "William! Oh, my son William!"

Then she pitched forward on the grass and was dead in a second, and the red blood oozed out and made a terrible stain on the green grass.

And William—what did he do? He was like one turned to stone. The old woman's words plainly reached his ears, and he must have recognized her face. In the awful moment in which he sat gazing at the corpse on the grass it must have flashed across him that his poor mother had made that long journey with neighbors for no other purpose than to hunt him up—the boy who had left her years ago and had been the subject of her nightly prayers ever since. Wicked as he was he must have felt her devotion and sacrifices.

And then? He sat there in his saddle, his eyes fastened on his mother's corpse, and the revolver still in his hand. The situation had petrified him. While he sat thus one of the immigrants, who, believing that the camp was to be attacked by a force, leveled his rifle over the wheel of the wagon and sent a bullet plowing through William's heart.

Ah, well; it's years and years ago, and the twin graves in the valley have long since been trampled out of sight, and White Dog Diggings can be found no more, but the day the news of that awful tragedy came back to us we dropped made and pick and could work no more for the day. And after a long period of silence among the men, who had instinctively gathered around Judge Deane to hear his opinion the judge arose and said: "Fellow citizens, the wicked don't live out half his days, and don't you forget it!"

**William Tripp's Old Mother**

By M. QUAD

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**Notice of Sheriff's Sale**

By virtue of an execution and order of sale duly issued by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the County of Coos, State of Oregon, dated the 20th day of February, 1915, in a certain action in the Circuit Court for said County and State, wherein William Horsefall, as plaintiff, recovered judgement against William Logan, defendant for the sum of two hundred dollars, on the 2nd day of September, 1913.

Notice is hereby given that I will on the 27th day of March, 1915, at the front door of the County Court House in Coquille in said County, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described property, to-wit:

Lots 5, 6, and 7, Block 14, Woodland Addition to the City of Bandon as per plat thereof on file and of record in the office of the County Clerk of Coos County, Oregon.

Taken and levied upon as the property of the said William Logan or as much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said judgement in favor of the plaintiff against said defendant, with interest thereon at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from the 2nd day of September, 1913, together with all costs and disbursements that have or may accrue.

ALFRED JOHNSON, JR. Sheriff

F 25

**A Pretty Bungalow Church**

Rapid progress has been made on the new Catholic church, which is already roofed and enclosed, so that the interior work can go right along in all weathers. It is going to be a very pretty little structure of the bungalow type and a decided addition to the public buildings of the city. P. M. Hall-Lewis is the architect and Shelley & Ensele the contractors—Coquille Sentinel.

WANTED—One of the large magazine publishing houses desires to employ an active man or woman in this community to handle a special plan which has proven unusually profitable. Good opening for the right party. Box 155, Times Sq. Sta., New York City.

Dinner 25c at Anderson's Restaurant.—981f.



**I was worried sick until he told me—**

When he was put to bed, I couldn't figure out how we were going to make ends meet. It takes almost every cent he earns to keep us going.

But the next day he said: "Don't worry, dear. It cost me so little that I forgot to tell you I'd taken out an AETNA ACCUMULATIVE DISABILITY POLICY."

Doctor says he's a pretty sick man, but will pull through all right. And that policy brings us \$50 a week while he's too sick to go out—and \$25 a week afterward while he can't attend to his work.

You can't imagine how relieved I am. With that money coming in regularly, we don't have to worry.

**AETNA-IZE**

protect yourself and your loved ones. Write or telephone, and let us tell you about this policy.

**E. E. OAKES**

Agent BANDON, OREGON

**A Compromise.**



The Proprietor—I don't know what to do about this music question. Some don't like the noise, and some won't eat here if we don't have music. The Manager—Let's just print the popular tunes on the bills of fare, and those that want music can read 'em.—Chicago News.

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Moreover, a year's subscription to it will take you far into our next presidential campaign and will give to western readers the eastern situation. It contains a vast amount of reading matter at a very cheap price.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers.

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