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PORT ORFORD REPORT.

(From Port Orford Tribune.)
Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Oren Johnson, Aug. 23, a little daughter.

J. W. Tyson has been receiving the congratulations of his many friends during the past week, so he returned from San Francisco recently bringing back one of California's fair daughters as a bride. Mr. and Mrs. Tyson was residing on the Charley Forty place on Elk river.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Sherrard were down from Bandon and spent a day at the Carnival. While here M. D., who is the hustling agent for the Buick and Dodge automobiles delivered a Buick six to N. C. Divilbiss and took the order for two Dodge cars to be delivered as quickly as possible. The lucky Dodge owners will be Ed. Divilbiss and John Fromm Jr.

Thomas Cornelius an old resident of Coos and Curry, died at his home near Port Orford on Friday Aug. 29, 1915, and was buried at the Port Orford Cemetery Aug. 25, 1915. He had been afflicted for several years with kidney trouble. He was a widower

and the father of a son and two daughters who were notified by telephone and arrived at Port Orford in time for his funeral.

And the annual school fund farce has just been repeated at Salem. One dollar and seventy five cents per enrolled pupil has been distributed in Oregon against—
Eighteen dollars in California,
Sixteen in Washington,
Fourteen in Idaho,
Eleven in Nevada,

and the which is why we should not be in great haste to turn over to the tender mercies of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, Senator Day of the mid-night conspiracy and Treasurer Kay and Governor Withycombe, the railroad lands recently in litigation with Southern Pacific Company. We may never have another West in the Governors chair.

Crookston, Minn.—A fisherman here has placed a mirror in the water and in front of it a plate glass, slanting at 45 degree angle. The bait is placed between the two. He claims that when a fish approaches and sees his image in the mirror, he speeds up, thinking another fish is after the morsel; strikes the plate glass and slides up it into a trap net at the top.

An Apparition

A Story of the Great European War

By F. A. MITCHEL

During one of the incursions of the Russian armies into German territory a general, passing the estate of a noble, said to one of his aids:

"Captain Ivanovich, I wish you to remain here till you get further orders from me. Take half a dozen couriers from my escort, and whenever you see or hear of any movement of the enemy send me word immediately."

Captain Ivan Ivanovich left the staff, directed the commander of the escort to detail six men to attend him and, followed by them, rode into the grounds of the house, which was set upon an eminence and commanded a view of the surrounding country. Dismounting at the main entrance, he went up on to the porch and rapped loudly on the door with the hilt of his sword. An old man appeared, who seemed to be a major domo, and the captain said to him:

"I desire quarters here for awhile for myself and my men."

The old man invited him in, telling him that the family, on the appearance of foreign troops, had left the premises in his care and gone elsewhere.

The captain chose a room for himself on the second floor and quartered his men in the basement, for Ivan Ivanovich, being a noble himself and a refined man, felt disposed to treat the place as he would wish his father's estate far back in Russia to be treated if the fortunes of war should bring about its occupation by the enemy. Having thus taken possession of his quarters, he asked the major domo, Peter, if there was anything to eat in the house. Peter said that there was, but no one except himself to cook it. But, since he had been a chef, he could get up a meal of such provisions as were in the house. The captain directed him to prepare breakfast for him and give the men such supplies as they needed.

Having refreshed himself, Captain Ivanovich went out on the porch, which extended entirely around the house, and made the circuit, now and again raising a pair of binoculars to examine rising smoke here, a flag there, a strong position on the crest of the hill—anything, in short, that might be of military importance. There was no flag in sight except the Russian Imperial standard, and the captain, lowering his glasses, went back into the house. Being free to use the library, he took down a book and, being a student as well as a soldier, was soon lost in its contents.

The next morning it occurred to him that a cupola that topped the house would afford him a better view of the surroundings, and he started to go up there for the purpose. Finding the door leading from the second floor to the third locked, he called to Peter for the key.

"I haven't the key, excellency," said Peter. "When the family left the premises they placed articles valuable only to themselves, such as papers and heirlooms, on the floor above, locked the door and took the key with them."

Ivanovich could have forced the door; but, as has been said, he was a refined man, unfitted for the barbarous side of war, so he concluded to be content with the view he could get from the porch. Quite likely he was also influenced by the earnest look on Peter's face, which indicated anxiety that he should not intrude on the floor where the family heirlooms and archives had been stored.

One night while Ivanovich was lying awake he heard a sound without his room, in a large open space, through which ran a massive stairway. Soldiers in an enemy's country are naturally on the lookout for danger, and, taking his pistol from under his pillow, he got out of bed and walked noiselessly on his bare feet to the door, which was ajar, and peeped out. A surprising sight met his view.

Bright moonlight was streaming in through a large window at the head of the staircase and dimly illuminated what at first the captain conceived to be an angel. It was a female figure robed in white. It was standing as if to listen. The face was sufficiently lighted to indicate that it was that of a young girl. On second thought Ivanovich believed that the figure was one of flesh and blood wearing a nightgown and walking in sleep.

The figure presently started on, descended the staircase and disappeared in the darkness. Ivanovich, too honorable to follow, remained where he was, thinking that probably the girl would return. His anticipation was realized. She reappeared holding something in her hand, though the watcher could not see what it was. Ascending to the door opening on the third story, she passed in and closed it behind her. Ivanovich listened and heard a faint sound, like the grating of a bolt moving in a lock.

There was no doubt in the captain's mind that this girl was ensconced on the floor above and that Peter knew of her presence there. Who she was, whether any one else was with her, he knew not. He resolved to keep his own counsel, at least for awhile. It was evident that a woman was hiding on the floor above, and he did not conceive it to be his duty to disturb her. Indeed, he had already been attacked

by the horrors of war and ready to shield any of its victims even among his country's foes.

But Captain Ivanovich thereafter kept his eyes and ears open. He walked around the house, looking up at the windows. The blinds were all closed, and there was not a sign of life to be seen. "After all," he said to himself, "I wonder if I could have dreamed it."

However, Ivanovich repudiated this idea. He had seen a figure robed in white descend the staircase, return and disappear through the door leading to the floor above. Of this he was certain, and the absence of any appearance of life there did not convince him that he was in error.

Soon after the appearance of the mysterious figure the captain's attention was diverted from its consideration by the appearance of a large force of the enemy to the southeast. He dispatched a courier to find the general, if possible, and, later, hearing heavy firing and seeing columns of smoke in the same direction, he dispatched another courier with another message.

Those matters having been attended to, the young captain's mind again reverted to the mystery of the upper story. He said nothing to his men about the matter, fearing that if he did he would excite a desire on their part to investigate, whereas if there were any investigating to be done he preferred to do it himself. One day one of the troopers came to him and told him that he had better leave his quarters, for the man was sure the house was haunted. He had seen in the middle of the night a figure clad in white standing at an upper window. The superstitious Russian, having considered the third story vacant, naturally regarded the figure at the window as a wraith. Ivanovich told him that the figure he had seen must have been an illusion, but failed to convince him.

There was a hillside back of the house, covered by trees. Ivanovich went out there with his binoculars and remained a long while, watching what was going on. The distance was too great for him to gain much knowledge of any value, but he kept his watch till satisfied that it was useless, then turned and was emerging from the wood, when, casting an eye at a window on the third story of the house, he saw standing there a young girl looking at what he had been observing.

This time the sun was shining full in her face, and the captain saw not only that she was comely, but there was on her features that anxiety which is so touching in the young. Realizing that if she saw she was discovered it would add to her distress, he remained in concealment till she withdrew, closing the window.

That face, once seen by moonlight and again by sunlight, produced a vivid impression on Ivan Ivanovich. It floated before him during the day, and at night he saw the wraithlike figure descending the staircase. It was evident that a girl was hiding, and it was possible that there was some other cause for suffering than fear of an enemy. The location was German Poland, and Peter had told him that the residents of the house were Poles. But in wartime one is as likely to be plundered by friends as enemies.

One night Ivanovich heard quick footsteps overhead. Getting out of bed and putting on some of his clothing, he went out and listened at the door leading to the third story. He heard signs of something happening above. Then the door was unlocked and a woman—this time dressed in ordinary apparel—came out and met him face to face. She turned to go back, but Ivanovich said:

"You have nothing to fear from me. Tell me if there is anything I can do for you."

Having been thus given confidence, the girl revealed the mystery. When the Russians appeared in the region her mother, herself and her brother, aged seventeen, a wounded conscript in the German army, expecting to be murdered, retreated to the third story, leaving Peter to deliver, if possible, whoever might come. They had taken provisions with them and would have got on had it not been for the wounded boy, who was deprived of medical care.

The night she had appeared on the staircase she was going below for a bottle of medicine which a surgeon had left for the use of the invalid. On this her second appearance her brother was much worse, and she was trying to steal out with a view to getting medical advice as to what to do for him. She closed her explanation with pleading that Ivanovich should not make her brother a prisoner, for if deprived of her and her mother's tender care he would surely die.

The captain, having assured her that, though an enemy, he had a heart, went below and ordered one of his men to find a surgeon and bring him there at once. Then he went upstairs and found the mother and the wounded boy, whose fears he allayed. They were comfortable so far as their quarters were concerned, and he ordered Peter to bring them properly prepared food. A surgeon arrived in due time and treated the wounded boy, who began at once to improve.

A week passed after the unravelling of the mystery before Captain Ivanovich and his men were withdrawn from their quarters. During this week the young officer by his consideration for his captives secured the most will of the mother and the son and a more tender response from the girl. When he left her there was an interview between them, the result of which was that only to themselves, though there was a lot of little doubt that they referred to what might be when the war should be over and peace should return to the place of one of those periods referred to by poets in which the world is a thing for love's delight.

Duluth, Minn.—Chas. French wanted a job in Uncle Sam's navy and applied for a position as a piano tuner. He is still waiting for the job.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF COOS

C. R. Wade, Plaintiff, vs
A. J. Barre, as administrator of the Estate of R. P. Hempel, deceased; G. T. Treadgold, and Ellen Hempel, widow of R. P. Hempel, Defendants.

Summons
To Ellen Hempel, widow of R. P. Hempel, one of the above named defendants:

In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within six weeks from the date of first publication of this summons: to-wit within six weeks of the 24th day of August, 1915 and if you fail so to appear and answer on or before the 5th day of October, 1915 that being the last day of time prescribed in the order

for the publication hereof, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, a succinct statement of which is: a judgement against the estate of R. P. Hempel deceased for \$213.80, with 9 per cent interest thereon from October 2nd, 1913, \$35, attorney fee, costs and disbursements, and for a decree foreclosing a mortgage given by R. P. Hempel to secure plaintiff's claim covering land described as SE 1/4 of SW 1/4 Sec. 30, and E 1/4 NW 1/4 and SW 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec. 31, all in Tp. 29 S. R. 14 W. W. M. in Coos County, Oregon, and for an order of the Court declaring the interest of you, Ellen Hempel, to be inferior to plaintiff's claim in the premises, and for such other relief as the Court deem proper.

This summons is published pursuant to an order of the Hon. James Watson, County Judge of Coos County, Oregon, made at his office in Coquille, Coos County, Oregon on the 21st day of August, 1915, on motion and affidavit made by plaintiff, and filed in the above entitled cause.

Dated at Bandon, Ore. Aug. 24th, 1915.
C. R. WADE, Plaintiff in person.

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