ASTHMA CURE FREE

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in all Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.
Write your name and address plainly.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. P. WELLS, of Vail Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with pound and throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had exaggerated your loss, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full sized bottle."

Rev. Dr Morris Wechsler,
Rabbi of the Cong. Beth Israel.
NEW YORK, Jan. 3, 1901.

DRS. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO.,
Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its continuous administration allevates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful. After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours,
REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER
AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

ASTHMALENE MEDICINE CO.
Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with paroxysmal asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I promised to see your sign upon your window on 125th street, New York. I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the 1st of November. I can now notice a marked improvement. After using one bottle her asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can conscientiously recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.
Yours Respectfully, O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. Feb. 3, 1901.
Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-sized bottle and I am cured. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.
S. RAPHAEL,
69 Lewis street at City
Home address, 235 Livingston street.

Trial bottle sent absolutely free On receipt of postal

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE Co., 185 East 130th St., N. Y. City.

COAST MAIL.

Saturday, - - Aug. 31. 1901

Published Every Saturday by the MAIL PUBLISHING CO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year, (in advance)	$2.00
Six months	1.00
Three months	.50

Ironing Made Easy.

Dry the starched articles perfectly, then dip them into a pail of boiling water and pass them through the wringer twice. They may then be ironed at once, or they may be rolled up in a dry cloth. The fabric may be ironed with greater ease after being dampened in this way than when sprinkled in the usual manner. Turpentine in starch gives an added whiteness and luster to the ironed article. Use one tablespoonful to a quart of starch.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Simple Remedy.

That unsightly grievance, a grease spot, may be permanently removed from the floor by using common baking soda, spread thickly over the spot, and then pouring on boiling water. A chemical action takes place, and the trouble is removed.

Yell of the Sawbones.

The medical students of Syracuse (N. Y.) university have adopted the following college yell:

Well man, sick man, dead man—stiff!
Dig 'em up, cut 'em up; what's the diff!
Humerous, tumorous, blood and gore!
Syracuse medics, 1901

Strong Again.

The woman who knows the full value of health is the woman who has lost it and regained it; the woman who from being weak and sickly is once again made a strong woman. Half a million weak and sickly women have been made strong and well by the aid of Dr. Pierce and his "Favorite Prescription." It cures the ills which weaken women. It regulates the periods, dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It nourishes the nerves and so cures nervousness. It promotes a healthy appetite and induces refreshing sleep.

"I had female trouble for eight years," writes Mrs. L. J. Dennis, of 828 East College street, Jacksonville, Ills. "Words cannot express what I suffered. *I sought relief among the medical profession and found none.* Friends urged me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I commenced taking this medicine I weighed ninety-five pounds. Now I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds—more than I ever weighed before. I was so bad I would lie from day to day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable drain, bearing-down pain, and such distress every month, but now I never have a pain—do all my own work and am a strong and healthy woman."

Use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets with "Favorite Prescription" if the bowels are inactive or irregular.

States of the Dairy Industry—Price of Butter—Use of Separators.

The report of Dairy and Food Commissioner Norton of Iowa contains a number of statistical facts which are of general interest. The total number of cows in Iowa is 1,255,960, or an average of 25 to the square mile in the less populous portions of the state to 55 in the more populous. The value of these cows is $28,278,503, or nearly $20 per cow. The number of cows to each 1,000 population is 573.

The average price of butter has decreased over seven years ago, but has increased over last year. The average price in 1893 was 27 cents; in 1894, 24 cents; in 1895, 21 cents; in 1896, 20 cents, and in 1900, 22 cents.

During the year ending July 1, 1900, there were but three licenses issued for the sale of oleomargarine in the state. All of these have since expired, and no renewals have been taken out.

Of the 593 creameries in the state 812 are operated on the separator plan, 71 on the gathered cream plan and 50 on a combination of the two plans. Five hundred and one creameries are owned by individuals, 349 are operated on the cooperative plan, 116 on the stock company plan.

There has been a notable increase in the past year of the number of farm separators in use in the state, in 1900 there being 3,332 as against 1,762 of the previous year and 904 of 1898.

The Silo Question.

A roof on a silo is perhaps more a question of convenience than of necessity, says Hoard's Dairyman. Silage will keep without a roof being over it, but for convenience in feeding the silage, keeping snow, etc., out and shelter while handling a roof is usually put on the silo. If one has not been built, the silo can go without till after the next filling. If there is plenty of silage and the pasture is not of the best, keep cows on silage till the growth improves, or if they are turned out give them a feed at night. There is not enough nutriment in fresh pasture to keep up the milk flow without assistance of a little dry feed. If the silo is not completely emptied, when ready to fill remove all spoiled ensilage from the surface and fill with the new cut corn at once.

Doing His Best.

"Your constituents are getting annoyed with you," said the faithful adviser.

"For what reason?" inquired Senator Sorghum.

"They say you haven't done a thing to discourage the trusts that are becoming so rich and arrogant."

"You go back and tell my constituents they wrong me. Tell them that whenever I have come in contact with a trust I have done all in my power to take some of its money away from it."—Washington Star.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It prevents formation of gas on the stomach, relieving all distress after eating. Dieting unnecessary. Pleasant to take.

It can't help but do you good

Prepared only by E. C. DEWITT & Co., Chicago. The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Renew Me, Mother Nature!

Oh, renew me, bounteous nature!
When the spring with verdure clothes
All the mountains, hills and valleys
And disperses winter's snows,
When thy kindly hand bestoweth
Tender bud and bright green
And thy warm breath, throbbing, showeth
In the quickening strength's sheen,

Heal me with thy balmy breezes;
Touch me with thy potent charms
Shield me with thy tender graces
I am weary with life's storm.
Oh, renew me, bounteous nature!
Let my heart be close to thine,
And some happy day restore me
With thy warmth and love divine.
—Anna C. Foster in Philadelphia Bulletin.

Truth.

Not in my way nor in your way
Does the course of truth march on;
Yet each age has sense of progress
Than the age that have gone,
And from its lofty station,
Wheels the earth into the dawn.

Often by the stress of passion
We are torn and tempest tossed;
Often do our plans miscarry
Yet our purposes are crossed;
Oft we lose our heads in anguish,
Crying out that all is lost;

But the morrow breaks in glory,
And the morning sunshine smiles,
Glancing off into the distance,
Over fortune's happy isles.

Back of our shortsighted wisdom
Stands the thought omnipotent;
Back of all our puny striving
Waits the foreordained event;
Oft what seems to us an evil
Is a blessing Heaven sent.

God is righteous, and his justice
Will prevail, whate'er befide;
There are silent, unseen forces
Unto truth that are allied,
And the legions of the angels
All on from the other side.

Nor in my way nor in your way
Comes the triumph of the right,
But resolutely as morning
Steals on the reluctant night
Till the air is filled with music
And the world is filled with light.

There are voices from the silence,
Soft as swoop of angel's wings;
From the secret soul of being
God's eternal mandate springs,
And the world moves on forever
To the goal of better things.
—Denver News.

The Work Made Easy.

When Byron introduced Don Juan of stanza,
He never thought how easy it would be
For other hands to build a bright romance,
To captivate a reader, as did he,
Or to construct a rich extravaganza
And make direction a fortune, one or three,
And yet 'tis true that Byron's form of rhyming
Has made Parnassus' pathway pleasant climbing.

The beauty of this style of literary
Conveyance is that it is light and airy,
And he who writes our monthly, he merry,
Philosopher or chief in manner breezy,
According as his muse's mood may vary,
And if his Pegasus be lame or wheezy
The author can dismount and rest awhile
And then catch up her mate the other mile

Both lines have an of good iambic measure
The first and third and fifth omit nightly rhyme,
The second, fourth and sixth afford us pleasure
If lightly they together lilt and chime,
And lest your verse will be a perfect measure
If short and sweet march in matchless time,
And so, ere long, if only you stay by it,
You'll have a book. It's just as easy! Try it.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Annual Blast.

Behold him now inspecting seeds
And implements of toil,
The man who owns a little tea
By twenty patch of soil.

His hopes are high as is the price
Of produce his heart is glad
As gardening he means to toil
The first warm, pleasant day.

Alas, for all our fondest hopes
Which in the springtime glow;
Soon as the sun gets down to work
The weeds begin to grow.

And it will be too late to delve,
The church will disappear,
And he will buy his garden truck,
Just as he did last year.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Courting of Janet and Jane

BY ETHEL A. IRELAND.

"Well, lads," said Quillian, jerking his thumb in the direction of a man who lounged against a post somewhat apart from the group of fishermen who were chatting on the quay, "it's no more'n half an eye yo'll need to see what's up wi' Jan yonder."

"Aye, aye, it's nothin but the ould story—lasses, lasses."

"An you're no' lookin far to see what lass it is, neither, Gorry."

"Augh! No, not at all," replied the other. "Why, it's just Jane, it is."

"Jane!" cried Quillian scornfully. "Why, it's Janet, ye idiut! Haven't ye seen her wearin them blue beads Jan fetched her over from Kinsale? An what for 'u'd he be bringin her blue beads an him lovin Jane, eh?"

"Man alive," retorted Gorry, "there's no m'ania in beads at all. Now, I'll tell you somethin. Jan went over to Castletown the other day, an I'm blowed if he didn't bring a bonnit back with him, an Jane's wearin that very bonnit o' Sundays now. Augh! There's a lot more in a bonnit than there is in all the bears as was ever made. Aye, it's Jane, it is!"

Jan had been listening to the conversation, and now he drew near with a rolling step.

"Ye're just a bit free wi' your tongues, mates!" he said, with a twinkling eye. "Ye seem to know more about it than I do meself. I love a' the lasses, but it's no' for marryin I am, for it's about as much as I can do to keep meself, let alone marryin. But I will say Janet an Jane's mighty swate gells, an that's as much as I'll say."

And, so saying, he sauntered off toward the "Eagle's Nest" amid a general chorus of laughter.

Meanwhile Janet and Jane sat chatting together outside a cottage on the hillside, just above the bay. They were cousins, but had been brought up as sisters, for Jane's parents died when she was a small child, and since then her uncle, old Tom Maddrell, had been like a father to her, and Janet a sister. Poor sickly Mrs. Maddrell had died when both the girls were almost too young to remember her.

On the particular evening of which I am writing they were talking, as indeed they often did, of Jan—lazy Jan—"Jan the ne'er do weel," as Janet called him.

"Jane," she said, with asperity, "ye'll never be so foolish as to marry that ne'er do weel."

Jane looked up mischievously from her knitting. "Eh, Janet, but I think it's you'll be for marryin him an not me at all."

"Ye're just silly. Ye know I'm no' for marryin. Married life's no that easy."

"Aye, ye talk so, Janet, but it's terrible fond o' Jan ye are."

Janet clicked her knitting needles fiercely.

"It's twice as terrible fond o' him ye are, Jane."

"Eh, well," answered Jane, coloring, "we've no need to be makin ste'a fuss about it—it's p'raps not axed we'll be at all."

A sigh escaped her, and Janet looked up with a world of love in her eyes.

"Ye needn't fear that, Jane, ye're so bonny. But I don't want to see ye unhappy an fretted wi' an idle husband, an I'm thinkin Jan might be a fine lover, but it's a mighty poor husband he'd be makin."

"Aye, Janet, maybe ye're right," said Jane thoughtfully.

One day Jan was seen hastening to Tom Maddrell's cottage.

The girls showed no surprise at seeing him.

"Well, me dears," he said, seating himself on the cobblestone wall, "it's surprised ye'll be to hear the news."

"What news, then, Jan?" asked Jane.

"Augh, just a little trip I'm thinkin o' takin."

"Why aren't ye out with the boats this evenin?" said Janet reproachfully. "That's the best sort o' trip ye can take, Jan Cregeen, instead o' gallivantin off to town as ye do, spendin all yer money."

"Janet, ye're always scoldin me," he answered with a laugh. "If I was the worst sinner in the island, it's no' much crueler ye could be, but there, ye'll no' have me to scold any more." Janet looked up at him anxiously. Something that was not anger filled her eyes.

"What'll ye be m'axin, Jan?"

"Just a little trip West Indy way, gells, an a little fortune to make an a little trip home an then"— He looked at them roguishly. Jane broke into a peal of laughter.

"Eh, Jan!" she said fondly. "It's a terrible man ye are, jokin with poor gells like that. How do ye know ye've no' broke both our hearts in yer lookin? I'm sometimes sure it's meself I think ye love, an then I think it's Janet, an I know he thinks so, too, don't ye, Janet?"

"Nay, I think nothin about it at all," cried Janet quickly, "an I'll tell ye, Jan Cregeen, it's no' just for axin ye can get a woman."

"Augh! Now, Janet," replied the ne'er do weel, with a gurgling laugh, "it's just the axin that does it. I'll lay a wager if I was to take ye out this minute for a walk an make love as hard as I could for an hour an ax ye to marry me at the end o' it ye'd say 'Yes,' Jane or Jane either. Ye've no notion how mighty lovin I can be when I set my mind to it." He paused and looked at them mischievously, then added: "But I'm no' goin to ax either o' ye now. It's a fortune I must make first, an by then ye'll be married long enough p'raps, an poor old Jan'll be forgot at ye. Eh, well, I'll just have to bear it. An now, me dears, good-by."

He caught and kissed them both and then strode away down the hill, turning once to kiss his hand.

Jane returned the salute and then leaned sobbingly against Janet's shoulder.

"Eh, Janet," she whispered through her tears, "I do believe, now he's gone, that I really care for him, the fine strappin man that he is, an such an eye he has at him, as blue as—the sea—an—eh, dear!" And here her tears choked her.

Janet only stroked the curly head that lay on her breast and watched the tall figure that soon disappeared in the gathering dusk.

She felt as if she could not speak just then.

* * * * * * *

Three years passed away without bringing any news of Jan. In the spring of the fourth year Janet's father was drowned during a terrible gale, and the cousins were left to face the world together.

Tom Maddrell left a small, a very small, sum of money behind him, and that they agreed must be kept in case of real need, and they must turn to and earn a living somehow.

And so Janet and Jane both settled down in the service of the vicar's wife at Castletown, some six miles from their old home, and their vigorous daily work was a relief to both of them. They were no longer very young, and times came when they felt their lives incomplete, and envied the care worn wives of the fishermen, who lived from hand to mouth, and could scarcely feed the children that clung to their skirts.

But there was little opportunity for brooding in their regular routine and the months grew into years almost imperceptibly.

One evening several years after they had gone to Castletown, the vicar and his wife being away on a holiday, Janet and Jane strolled out on the green banks that skirt the wide bays of Castletown and Derby Haven.

It was within a week of the day, seven years before, when Jan had bidden them "good-by." As they turned homeward the moon was nearing the water's edge.

"Jane," said Janet, "let's go up to Hangpaw head. I'm thinkin yo can get a sight o' the old place from there."

Jane sighed. "It's sad it makes me to see it. It's now on seven years since"— A sob ended the sentence.

"Don't cry, me dear," said Janet soothingly. "There's a man comin along, an yo'll no be for bein him see ye cry." Suddenly she gripped Jane's arm. "Who do ye think it is, too, Jane?"

Jane looked up, then hurried forward with an eager cry, "Why, Jan!"

In a moment Jan, for he it was, had caught her in his arms. "Why, Janet!" he echoed. "An just as bloomin as ever. Lord bless me! An Janet too."

Janet was standing still. She could not move or speak for the beating of her own heart. He mistook her silence for coldness, and merely shook her by the hand. "Still down on me, Janet," he laughed.

He was the same handsome fellow, several shades darker and poorly clad, but as audacious and winning as ever.

They took him home with them, and there in the snug kitchen they heard his tales of wonderful foreign lands and strange adventures.

"An so ye see, gells," he said at last, ruefully smoothing his shabby coat and turning his pockets inside out, "it's mighty little fortune I've made—just none at all, for I'm poorer than ever—but I'm derned if I'm goin to let fate beat me agen. I'm off to Afriky this time, an I'll come home rich or be food for fishes."

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
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Dwelling house on 2nd st, 6 rooms $550.

A plot of land 218 ft. by 100 ft. facing on race track in South Marshfield, $750. Will sell in bulk or half.

Four lots next to Postoffice on Front st $2500.

House and lot in West Marshfield $1000.

House and lot in South Marshfield $650.

Six lots in Blk 10, South Marshfield.

Block 70 in Notley's addition to Coquille City. Enquire of
W. U. DOUGLAS.

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Bids will be received until Aug. 15 1901, for the exclusive privileges for RESTAURANT SALOON for the coming fair. Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for 25 per cent of the amount of the bid. Address, F. A. McCALL, Roseburg, Or.
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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
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Sabbath school	10:00 A M
Preaching services,	11:00 A M, and 8:00 P M.
Christian Endeavor,	7:00 P M.
Mid-week services, Thursday 8:00 P M	

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Ely's Cream Balm
Easy and pleasant to use. Contains no injurious drug.
It is quickly absorbed.
Gives Relief at once.
It Opens and Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CATARRH

COLD IN HEAD

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TERMS.—5c per quart. *PHONE 171*

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::: Best Rigs and Teams in the City. :::

My barn has lately been enlarged and I have added several new rigs and am better prepared than ever to furnish you good turnouts.

Transient stock given special attention. Call and see me.

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Shortest and best route to all points on Coos Bay.

Good rigs, Good Horses. None but experienced drivers employed. Cross all the mountains in daylight.

ANY ONE WISHING TO CONNECT WITH THE S. P. R. R. FROM COOS BAY SHOULD GIVE US A CALL.

C. O. & I. STAGE CO.

CLARK BUNCH, Supt.

Money Worship.

The possession of enormous wealth tends to blind the eyes to the rights and claims of others. The passion for self is one that renders a man very obtuse when great moral questions are brought before him.—Rev. Dr. Lorimer, Tremont Temple, Boston.

THE HOME GOLD CURE

An Ingenious Treatment by which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Themselves.

No Noxious Doses—No Weakening of the Nerves—A pleasant and Positive Cure for the Liquor Habit.

It is now generally known and understood that Drunkenness is a disease and not weakness. A body filled with poison, and nerves completely shattered by periodical or constant use of intoxicating liquors, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison, and destroying the craving for intoxicants. Sufferers may now cure themselves at home without publicity or loss of time from business by this wonderful "HOME GOLD CURE," which has been perfected after many years of close study and treatment of inebriates. The GOLDEN ONE according to directions of this wonderful discovery is positively guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case, no matter how hard a drinker. Our records show the marvelous transformation of thousands of Drunkards into sober, industrious and upright men.

WIVES CURE YOUR HUSBANDS! CHILDREN CURE YOUR FATHERS!! This remedy is in no sense a nostrum but is a specific for this disease only, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of Drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "CURE" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in coffee or tea, and believe today that they discontinued drinking of their own free will. DO NOT WAIT. Do not be deluded by apparent and misleading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "HOME GOLD CURE" is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, thus placing within reach of everybody a treatment more effectual than others costing $25 to $50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of no Dollar. Address Dept. E957 EDWIN B. GILES & CMPANY, 2330 and 2332 Market Stree hiladelphia,
correspondence confidential

Two Kinds of Atheism.

There is an atheism of behavior as well as of belief, and those who shape their conduct as if there were no God very rapidly go to atheism of belief.—Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, New York.

COOSBAY

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—O—

Imported Gin, Old Jamaica Rum, Eau California Brandy, Rum Punch, Claret, Sherry, Angelica, Old Port Wine, Fine Class Alcohol, French Bottled Claretes, Guinness Stout, Rock and Rye.

Besides the above a full and complete assortment of pure California wines and all the combined that complete a first-class stock. Call on me and judge for yourself. Soliciting a share of the public patronage I remain

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New Designs in Dining Tables,
New Designs in Dining Chairs,

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