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nerve weakness ever issued is that en-
titled "waste nerve," by Dr. Sawyer of
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sand. This work of an experienced
and reputable physician is an agree-
able contrast to the vastness of false
teaching which prevails on this im-
portant subject. It abounds in care-
fully considered and practical advice,
and has the two great merits of wis-
dom and sincerity.

It is endorsed by both the religious
and secular press. The Chicago Ad-
vance says: "A perusal of the book
will put health, hope and heart into thou-
sands of lives that are now suffering
through nervous impairment.

The book is \$1.00 by mail post-
paid.

One of the most interesting chapters
—chapter xx, on Nervines and Nerve
Tonics—has been printed separately as
a sample chapter, and will be sent to
any address for a stamp by the publish-
ers, The Pacific Pub. Co., Box 2653,

Coast Mail.

MARSHFIELD,

OREGON

DOGS ON THE STAGE.

**Looking For the Villain's Neck—A
Very Sensitive Animal.**

Four legged animals in drama are of
course a very common sight today. Al-
though they are often of far more im-
portance than the mere super, they
have an affinity to that class, for there
is no speaking part, unless one counts
the bark of a dog as such.

A little time ago the writer met an
actor who was taking the part of a vil-
lain in a play wherein a big mastiff
seizes him at the back of the neck just
as he (the villain) was about to murder
the heroine. "Nasty part, that of yours.
How do you manage to escape nightly
being bitten by that big brute of a
dog?" "Not a nice part, it is true," he
answered, "but the dog is well trained.
He is kept without food for a few
hours before the show. A piece of cook-
ed liver is tied to my neck. He is held
in the wings till the cue comes, then
he rushes on to me for his supper, and
the curtain goes down on a very effec-
tive tableau. I don't object to the dog.
It's the liver."

The mention of stage dogs brings to
mind an amusing incident that occur-
ed in a well known theatrical agent's
office last summer. In came a rough
looking little man wearing a check suit
that once used to speak out for itself,
but was now silenced by the heavy
hand of time. The man was followed
by a dog of attractive appearance. The
visitor said he did a "tramp act," as-
sisted by the animal. Then they gave
an exhibition of themselves and were
certainly above the average. "What are
your terms?" the agent queried. "Ten
pounds a week." "I'll give you two."
The imitation tramp—but he was not
far from the real thing—looked with a
sad, reproachful eye at the agent and
silently backed out of the office, the
dog meekly following. However, within
a few seconds the man returned, quick-
ly closing the door to exclude his part-
ner, who clamored to get in. "I'll take
it," he said in a hurried whisper.
"Where's the contract? I'm real broke,
so it's a clear case of push; but, for
heaven's sake, don't mention the price
where the dog can hear you."—Cham-
bers' Journal.

The Postmaster at the Zoo.

The lawyer who evidently considers
life one huge, continuous joke entered
the clerk's office at the city hall with
an expression of extreme radiance over-
spreading his countenance. The clerks
and others having business in the office
at the time ceased their several pur-
suits. Experience had taught them
that the aforesaid lawyer would say
something of an entertaining charac-
ter.

"Gather round, boys," he said. "I
have a dandy for you this morning."

The speaker paused. The others si-
lently waited for what was coming.

"Now listen carefully," resumed the
lawyer, "and note the beauty of the
connection between the three sections
of this little conundrum. Here it is:
If the postmaster should visit the zoo
and while there be eaten by the wild
animals, what o'clock would it be?"

There was another pause. Finally
the clerk in charge of the dockets ven-
tured the answer, "It would be all day
with the postmaster."

"Wrong, entirely wrong," comment-
ed the lawyer. "I didn't ask what time,
I asked what o'clock would it be?"

A third pause. Then by general con-
sent the answer was requested. The
lawyer gaily announced, "At 3 p. m."

Before the gathering had recovered
the lawyer had flitted from the room
and was headed for the court of ap-
peals to try the postmaster zoo wild an-
imals conundrum on the higher tribu-
nal.—Washington Star.

The Real Trouble.

Mrs. De Style (looking from her pa-
per)—The idea! I told that reporter
not to mention my name in connection
with the Glugore's reception, and yet
he's done it. I'll just go down to that
newspaper office tomorrow and see
about this.

Mr. De Style—Oh, I wouldn't pay
any attention to it, my dear.

Mrs. De Style—I wouldn't, but they
have got my name spelled wrong.—
Philadelphia Press.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

It is to work—singly, traveling gold
And, dollar handed, to look only down,
To rake the muck heap and forget the crown
Until youth's bounding blood creeps strangely
cold;

To dwell with envy, arrogance and dread,
To harbor all benevolence for dead,
To lose companionship and feel its loss
Because the flower of sympathy is dead,
Is that success?

To labor for the rainbow bubble, fame;
About so lately in the morning air,
A perfect jewel for a prince to wear,
Is it a recompense for all its claim?
Through careful night and crowded, strenuous
day,

Through slow relief, or failure, like snow
That leaves one thirsty, it is grasped, and, lo,
It vanishes in nothingness away?
Is that success?

With comrade close in the dark or day
To follow truth wherever it may lead,
To hate all envious, envious or greed,
To look for beauty under common clay,
Our brothers' burden sharing when they weep,
But, if we fail, to bear their share;

To live in hearts that loved us when we're gone
Beyond the twilight till the morning breaks to
sleep.
That is success!
—Ernest Neal Linn in Success.

THE HOTEL CHECK PROBLEM

**A Question of Whether to Offend
Guests or Risk Losing Money.**

The hotel clerk was standing behind
the desk, with a disconsolate look on
his face.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend.
"Matter?" said the clerk. "Why, it's
the same old story. I've been stuck for
another check. This check business
causes us hotel clerks more trouble
than anything else in the world. There
is a general rule in hotels that no
checks shall be cashed, but very often
travelers run short of money. It is
good business policy to cash these
checks when you can be sure that
they're all right. No hotel can afford
to be continually offending guests. At
the same time, if a clerk cashes a bad
check he has to stand the loss.

"The average hotel clerk has learned
by bitter experience to be a pretty good
judge of human nature, but every now
and then he slips up. Only a week ago
a big, splendid-looking fellow came to
me and got me to cash a check for \$20.
I sized him up and decided that he was
all right and that he was a good man
to keep among the steady patrons of
the hotel. A few days later back came
the check, with 'No funds' marked
across it. The result was that I was
out \$20."

While the clerk was talking a swag-
ger looking woman came up to the
desk and, smiling sweetly at the clerk,
said:

"Will you please cash this little
check?"

The clerk was all graciousness. He
took the check and examined it care-
fully without saying anything.

"Oh, it's all right," said the woman.
"Of course, if you don't want to cash it
you needn't. Mr. So-and-so knows me
quite well, and you can telephone him
about it if you want to, but it would
save me a great deal of trouble if you
could cash it for me."

"Certainly, madam," said the clerk,
and then he went over and held a con-
sultation with the cashier.

They decided that the woman was a
good investment and gave her the mon-
ey. She went away smiling, and then
the clerk said:

"Now, there is just about an even
money chance. If I hadn't cashed that
check, she would have been highly in-
sulted and would have talked about
this hotel as long as she could remem-
ber. If she is all right, she will be a
good customer, but if she isn't I am out
another \$25."—New York Sun.

A Polter Approved.

"No," said the policeman kindly, but
firmly, "you cannot photograph that
statue."

"Why not?" asked the tourist.

"Because it is against the law."

The tourist looked at the statue in
question, a massive piece of contract
work, and then answered:
"Well, I don't blame you. It's al-
ways decenter for people to keep their
troubles to themselves instead of let-
ting them be advertised all over the
country."—Washington Star.

What Puzzles Young America.

It is a puzzle to the modern youth
how so many old duffers managed to
get along in the world without the
knowledge of things in general pos-
sessed by the modern youth.—Boston
Transcript.

H. Sengstacken

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