

The South Sea Saurian.

BY STAR KEY.

An alligator—vicious tramp—
Lay basking in the mud,
And taking flies in from the swamp,
Which seemed to do him good.

But gazing 'round upon the grass
For more that might be had,
He saw a biped slowly pass,
Whose countenance was sad.

"My friend," thus spoke the saurian,
'What makes you look unwell?
What ails you now? Poor, simple man;
I'll listen if you'll tell.

Of sickness, sorrow, human tears,
I've seen much in my day;
Could my dread tale but reach your ears
'Twould fill them with dismay.

In mud and water I exist,
And live on fish and flies.
I am a true philanthropist
In much which that implies.

Tho' circumscribed by Nature's plan,
In freedom still I jog—
I am no enemy of man,
And dearly love a dog.

My breast in tenderness is clad;
I'm open and sincere;
I think I'll shed—you look so bad—
A sympathetic tear.

Though bilious, nerveless and unstrung,
The man felt much beguiled.
The flies being thick on t'other's tongue,
He took them in and smiled.

The 'gator made a joyful snap,
Then oped his jaws anew,
And said: My friend, I'll spread my trap,
And listen unto you."

Thus said the man: "My ailment is
Beyond my knowledge, deep;
It drives away each thought of bliss,
Breaks every hope of sleep.

I mope around and cannot eat;
No joy in life I take:
Long for the end—though life is sweet—
And nervelessly I shake."

"I've lived here," said the slimy chap;
"Full twenty years or more—
Met many men with your mishap;
Could count them by the score."

And then, the brute seemed to get mad,
And gave the mud a rife.
But what he said made that man glad:
"You fool, it is the bile.

Of balm from the balmy fir,
And herbs that give a zest
And tone to life, I have them, sir,
As you shall quickly test.

'Tis strange to me that men of sense
Will suffer from these ills,
While I can cure without expence
Or heavy doctor bills.

You look dejected, worn and thin;
Your clothes not worth a sou;
You've little left but bone and skin
What countryman are you?"

"Oh!" said the man, with weak accent,
"The clime I left is one
Where all are healthy—all content—
Coos County, Oregon.

Oh! had I wings with which to soar
Aloft, and fly away—
I'd get, you bet, and nevmore
Desert that famed Coos Bay.

That charming spot surpasses all
The places that I've seen;
Its summer reaches into fall;
Its woods are evergreen.

For fish and fruit it can't be beat:
Its history fills a tome.
The girls are lively, fair and sweet,
I would I were at home.

Why did I leave that healthy strand
Where gentle zephyrs blow,
To wander o're this torrid land
And fill my heart with woe?

For ever there with balmy sleep
The mind is at its best—
But here the heat and vermin keep
You ever in unrest.

Heal me, O, 'gator, and I'll bless
Those kindly eyes of yours;
And evermore I will confess
Thine is the king of cures."

The 'gator smiled and stirred the mud,
Then spoke as in surprise:
Said he, "your home, no doubt is good.
How are you off for flies?"

You have fine salmon, I am told,
And fish is what I need.
Next summer, if its not too cold,
I'll swim to Coos and feed.

Your folks must treat me as a friend,
And mitigate your laws.
A novel scene—if they attend—
Will be my social jaws.

And then when I return down South,
Fille'd with a dainty diet,
The flavor will inspire my mouth,
And I will praise your fish.

I relish fish and flies also;
Of them no more to-day.
I'll cure you now then you can go
Back to your home, Coos Bay.

When you return do not forget
To stay there if you can;
Also the lucky day you met
The South Sea Saurian."

This Coos Bay man has now returned,
And what I heard him say,
Is that the lesson he has learned,
Makes him content to stay.

'Twas ever thus—those who return,
And many do—no boast—
But tend to prove what all may learn—
Coos is a healthy coast.



Golden Falls. 430 feet

Del Monte Milling Company.

J. W. FLANAGAN, Agent.

FOR many years past Marshfield has been the distributing point on Coos Bay for flour, feed, cereals, etc., as well as other necessary articles. Nearly everything in this line was shipped from San Francisco and our merchants were compelled to order large quantities at a time else, run the risk of not being able to supply the trade.

Early in May 1902 the Del Monte Milling Co. conceived the idea of establishing a ware-house agency in Marshfield and thus enable the white trade to purchase goods in small quantities: thus doing always with the former method of sinking large sums of money in such commodities and having them on hand for any length of time.

On the first day of June 1902 the Del Monte Ware-house was opened to the white trade and its popularity has gradually increased.

At the time of its establishment the

local market was crowded with quite a number of different brands of flour. Some were first class, while others were very poor. Thus it took some time to introduce Del Monte Flour to the general public. One trial, though, insured a customer and it can honestly be said that Del Monte Flour has secured more friends in the last six months than any other flour on the market in the same given time.

The ware-house, situated as it is on the water front, within easy touch of all bay steamers, is quite handy for a merchant to step in and order a sack of this and a sack of that to be placed on an outgoing boat. The aim of the establishment is to please the merchant as well as the trade in general, and it is a pleasure to extend any courtesy possible.

It is well known in the trade that one of the principal objections to handling cereal goods is their liability to become infested with certain insects. To prevent this the Del Monte Milling Company has adopted a novel plan, which, so far as known, is not in use by any other cereal or milling company in the world. It has installed an immense heating apparatus in the San Francisco mill, by

which the temperature of the mill can be raised to a degree that is destructive to animal life.

Every sixty days the entire mill is heated up for a period long enough to destroy any insects or germs that may have obtained lodgement by being introduced with grain coming in from the outside or otherwise.

The consequence is that no such thing as weevil or insects of any kind are ever found in the mill, and goods when packed for shipment are guaranteed to be absolutely free from insects or germs.

The Del Monte Milling Company's mushes etc., are being imitated in name by a few snide grocery houses whose goods do not come near equaling the Del Monte brand. Such houses are rather a nuisance but nevertheless an indirect benefit: because if a person tries these goods once and then the Del Monte brand he will be careful thereafter in not mixing the two names. Taking all in all we can insure the readers of this paper that if you see a package on your grocers' shelf marked "Del Monte" you can safely take it home and feel satisfied that you are getting your money's worth.

BOUNDS' BARBER SHOP

Next Door to Bank.

JESSE W. FARRIN AND JOHN

BOUNDS, Proprietors.

For a hair cut or shave strictly up to date, the people of Marshfield have learned to patronize this shop. Messrs. Bounds & Farrin are first class Barbers and hold certificates from three shops, and are recommended by such shops as the Portland Hotel, Portland, and "Stone," of Butte. We have every tool pertaining to a first class shop. An up to date shoe shiner always on hand. If you have never had a shave in this shop, give it trial and call for a massage which we claim will remove that tired feeling. Razor honing a speciality. The best tonic that a life's study can make. Try Bounds' Sure Thing hair tonic or Jesse Farrin's Wonder. Prompt work and courteous treatment to all. Members of the Journeymen Barber International Union of America.