

THE OLD RELIABLE



Absolutely Pure THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

PERSONAL AND LOCAL

From Thursday's Daily.

The schooner, Western Home arrived yesterday, for a load of lumber.

In her lover's arms a woman weighs but a feather; in her husband's, a ton.—Life.

Quarterly Conference services at the Methodist Church next Sunday, May 17th, morning and night.

The A N U W Club will be entertained this afternoon by Mrs. O. J. Seeley at the residence of Mrs. J. T. McCormac.

The steam schooner Aberdeen, of the California & Oregon Coast Steamship Co.'s fleet arrived yesterday from San Francisco on her way to Portland.

Grant Harry has brought his little girl to Marshfield for medical relief from inflammatory rheumatism, from which she has been suffering severely.

The Alumni association will hold a meeting at the school house at 3:30 p. m. Friday. Important business is to be transacted.

There will be an excursion by steamer Alert on Sunday, May 17, to the Life-saving Station. Steamer will be at station about three hours, and will leave Marshfield at 9:50 a. m.

An operation was performed yesterday on Lawrence Johnson, who was injured a few days ago by a fall at Porter in which his skull was fractured. His condition has become serious, and the skull was opened in hope of affording relief.

Another satisfied customer of the COAST MAIL WANT ad column writes: "Please discontinue my ad in your paper, as I got half a dozen applications from the first issue." The little want ads get there, where all else fails.

The Copper Queen came in Tuesday evening from Rogge river, bringing a load of salt salmon and some fresh salmon to be shipped in cold storage. She will sail today on her return with a load of freight brought from Portland on the Alliance.

Indifference sometimes gets people to thinking that the merchant really would prefer that people didn't disturb him. The only way to be sure that the people do not get this impression is to keep on assuring them they are wanted at the store.

Coquille Herald:—Coquille will not have a new bank but the new firm has concluded to join forces, capital strength and influences with Mr. White and therefore have one of greater power and business capacity instead of organizing a separate institution. There is no doubt but Coquille will have a banking institution of which a town of much greater proportions might well feel proud.

Coquille Herald: Mrs. Isiah Hacker, of this city arrived from her extended visit in southern California whither she had been with little Austin Hazard for his health, and which we are glad to state is much improved.

Travel by Sea

Departures South by Alliance May 14: G R Henderson, P S Weaver, I H Parr, Mrs E Williams, Miss Daisy E B Reedy, C W Bolce, Mrs Lehmiensky, Miss Annie Lehmiensky, Mrs Minnie Launder and child, Mr. and Mrs Lamareux and 2 children, Lewis Saunders, H M Merced James Icaulor, Capt. C H Ackerman, T J and G E Portee, Chas Christie, May Simmons, J C Lloyd, W. Harris, Mrs W F Slengsby, Miss Mary Davenport, Miss Ida Rooney, Wm Kasnor, Mr and Mrs J M Mye, Frank T Kennedy, R S Tyrill, J H Hibbard, J A Linderman.

From Friday's Daily.

Call a bargain a bargain, only when it is a bargain.

Mayor Tower, of Empire, was seen on our streets yesterday.

Have good goods of which good things may be said. Then say 'em.

J. W. Catching, of Sumner, was doing business in town yesterday.

Jake Matson commenced yesterday to raise Chas. Snedden's house on Second street.

J. W. Bennett is having grass sods cut and hauled for the lawn at his new residence on A street.

W. H. Thomas was down from the Seeley & Thomas logging camp at Coaledo yesterday.

H. Sengstacken took a trip to Bangor with Ralph Green, of the Belt Line, yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. G. T. Coleman has charge of the Coffee Club temporarily, until other arrangements are made.

Martin Holleran, of South Marshfield, who has been dangerously sick for the past two weeks is still quite low.

Wm. Barnes bought a blooded bull of E. G. Flanagan for his dairy farm on Coos River, and sent him up on the Alert yesterday.

Teacher—"Tell me, Bobby, what are the two things necessary for baptism?" Bobbie—"Water and a baby, ma'am." Tit-Bits.

Well connected: De Style—"You say she has good family connections." Gumbusta—"Yes; she operates a Nob Hill switchboard.—Ex.

The Shakespearean club met Wednesday with Miss Beamis at the residence of R. J. Coke. A most profitable time was had.

The Blalco has been laid up since Wednesday, with a bent piston rod, but it was expected that she would be on her run again this morning. The Flyer has been doing double duty.

C. H. Winner of the Ice Cream parlors follows the good example set by his predecessor, J. W. Tibbatts, and remembers the printer every once in a while.

Hard lines: "What did your old uncle leave? "A lot of disgusted relatives, and a jubilant young widow we'd never heard of before."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Style: "I want a hat, but it must be in the latest style." Shopman—"Kindly take a chair, madam, and wait a few minutes; the fashion is just changing."—Tit-Bits.

W. E. Baines and Herbert Lockhart yesterday completed the deal for the purchase of the 1000 acre Flanagan ranch on the upper Coquille. The price paid is given as \$15,000

Altior Lodge, F. U. A. is making preparations to observe its fourth anniversary next Wednesday evening with a program in the hall and a banquet at the Broiler.

A. J. Davis has just sent for a new line of Gents and ladies underwear which will arrive on the next steamer. A full line of the latest patterns of dress goods are also on the way and when installed will make a complete dry goods stock in his North Bend store.

The A. N. W. Club met with Mrs. O. J. Seeley Thursday afternoon and elected the following officers for the ensuing term: Mrs. E. O'Connell, president; Mrs. J. R. Rochon, vice president; Mrs. Le Lando, secretary; Mrs. F. X. Hofer, treasurer. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Jno. Bear.

Geo. K. Walker, the real estate rustler yesterday sold a fine lot in North Bend to W. A. Jones of Portland, a practical tinsmith who will build on it and go into tinware and hardware. Mr. Walker is paying strict attention to the real estate business at present and has some choice property for sale at present at excellent bargains.

From Saturday's Daily.

Mrs. M. D. Cutlip, of South Coos river was shopping in town yesterday.

W. D. L. F. Smith is suffering from a severe attack of Rheumatism.

The Arcata will sail from San Francisco at 4 p. m. today, and the Empire at 10 a. m. Tuesday.

The Coos River took a scow load of lumber and a logging donkey up to Daniels creek yesterday for the Simpson logging camp.

A steamer will run from North Bend this evening to accommodate those who wish to attend the Alumni entertainment.

R. F. Garrett, of Myrtle Point, was in town last night. Mr. Garrett, with two assistants, is gathering a band of 500 stock cattle for the outside market.

School Supt. Bunch came over from the Coquille yesterday, to remain until Monday.

Father Donnelly returned yesterday and will hold services in the Catholic church at the usual hour tomorrow.

Natural failure: "Yes, poor fellow, he was once very prosperous, but he failed in business." "How so?" "Tried to establish a 'quick lunch' restaurant in Philadelphia."—Baltimore Herald.

The Yankee peril: Europe is really in dread of J. P. Morgan." "No wonder, First thing she knows, Europe will find herself incorporated under the laws of New Jersey."—Puck.

Fame: "Why do you think your town is entitled to distinction?" asked the tourist. "Because stranger," responded the native. "we barred out automobiles and refused a Carnegie library."—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. John Nasburg has taken her house on Cedar street formerly occupied by J. W. Tibbatts, and will conduct the same as a private boarding house. The tables will be table d'Hotel and Southern style of cooking. Banqueting and lunch baskets a specialty. Mrs. Nasburg had many years of experience in the culinary line, and the cooking being under her supervision it is safe to say that everything will be first-class.

Single Comb White Leghorn Farm

Hatching eggs \$1.00 for 12, \$2.50 for 40. Choice cockerels and pullets \$1.00, trio \$2.50. Fresh eggs, broilers, fryers. Family trade solicited. Order first of week. Delivery days, Fridays and Saturdays, W. C. Weaver, Marshfield, Or. d-2-w 591 m *

Baptist Church

Sunday school at 10 a. m., preaching at 11 a. m. Topic—The Church unjust Criticism, Text—1 Cor 3:22 Despisye the Church of God. Lec 11:8. He that Toucheth you Toucheth the Apple of his Eye. B Y P U at 7 p. m., evening service at 8 p. m. Topic—Lief is a voyage over the Sea. Text—Acts 27:13 And when the South Wind blew Softly. Thursday Prayer meeting at 8 p. m. All are cordially invited.

BORN

MAUZEY—In Marshfield, Or, May 13, 1903, to the wife of Edgar Mauzey, a son.

FORSELL—At North Bend, Or., May 9, 1903, to the wife of Arvid Forsell, a daughter.

DIED

JOHNSON—In Marshfield, Or, May 14, 1903, Lawrence Johnson, aged 40 years.

Deceased was born in Sweden in 1863. He came to Coos Bay 19 years ago and has been here ever since. He was married on July 4, 1897, to Mary Ann Wier, at the Episcopal church in Marshfield, Rev. Wm. Horsfall performing the ceremony. He followed the trade of carpenter, and for many years he worked at Newport. He lived in Marshfield for the past three or four years. Mr. Johnson was a man of sterling qualities, and was universally liked and respected. He was a member of the Foresters and the Knights of Pythias lodges. He also recently took out a \$2000 policy in one of the old-time companies. He leaves a wife and one child, a girl about four years old.

The funeral services will be conducted at 2 p. m. Saturday by Rev. B. F. Peck at the residence on C street between Third and Fourth, the Knights of Pythias having charge of the funeral, and the Foresters also taking part.

THINK ROSSOW THE MAN Who Tried to Blow up the Umbria Police Looking for the Noted Anarchist

New York, May 15—A new theory is now being worked by the police and detectives here, in their search for the man who last week attempted to dynamite the Atlantic liner Umbria. It is now believed that the man who went under the name of G. Rousseau here is none other than John Rossow, who constructed the lead pipe bombs that were used with such disastrous effect in the Chicago Haymarket riots in 1886. He is also suspected of manufacturing the bombs thrown into the Chamber of Deputies of France in 1894.

Rossow escaped from Chicago immediately after the Haymarket riots and has never been apprehended.

He returned to America some years ago, and the police traced him to Portland and Seattle from which point he started east a few months ago with an unknown man. Here all trace was lost, unless he is this man who made the Umbria attempt. The Chicago descriptions as well as the description here tally.

This morning's investigations lead to the belief that after coming from the far northwest he made the machine in

Chicago and brought it to his boarding place on Thirty-first street, where he charged it with dynamite and sent it on its deadly errand.

As Rossow was a great anarchist leader all the haunts of anarchy are today being searched. Inspector McLusky believes that he is still in hiding here.

OLDEST MAN IN OREGON

Dies Aged One Hundred Fifteen

Was One of Napoleon's Soldiers

Sidney, Or., May 15—Joseph Bashaw who, as near as can be figured, was at least 115 years old, was found dead in bed by his stepson at his home near Sidney Wednesday.

He was probably the oldest man in Oregon. He was a Frenchman by birth, served in the French wars of 1806-15 under Napoleon. He drove an ox team to Oregon in 1847 and was then a gray-haired man.

Bashaw married near this city and settled upon a donation land claim upon which he died. His stepson George Martlett is the only relative living.

An Ocean Pastime

Two men were sitting in the smoking room of an ocean liner. "There should be detectives," said one to the other, "aboard these steamers to protect innocent people. That lean country Jake is being fleeced at cards by those sharpies."

"Why don't you warn him?" "I'd only get myself into trouble. The other fellows would tell him that I was trying to gain his confidence to fleece him myself."

"I'll tell you what to do. You are the best poker player in America, and I flatter myself I'm not far behind you. We'll get the fellow to sit down to a private game with us, win his money and return it to him when we get to Southampton. It'll serve to amuse us, and we will be doing the man a great favor."

"That's a good idea." The next day the two men, Mr. Graham and Mr. Tidball, met the greenhorn on deck. They had concluded to carry out a veritable bunko game, so they suddenly turned and stared at him; then Graham rushed up to him, grasped his hand and said: "Why, Skinner, I didn't know you were aboard!"

Tidball came up and seized the other hand. "Skinner, how are you, old man?" "My name ain't Skinner," said the man, looking at them with eyes full of surprise, almost fear. "Do you mean to tell me," said Graham, standing off and looking at the countryman from head to foot, "that you're not Amos Skinner of Pawtucket?"

"Why, no; I'm Jim Robinson of Shelbyville, Tenn." "Well, now," said Tidball, "you'd make a better likeness of Skinner than his own photograph. The wine's on us. Come along."

It wasn't long after the wine was opened that the two kindly disposed men had Mr. Robinson seated at table, with cards before them. "Shall I be poker?" asked Graham. "Not much!" said the victim. "I'm not a-goin' to win the money of two gentlemen that has treated me so fine—almost like a brother. Why, I'm considered the best poker player in Shelbyville."

The confederates looked at each other. They admitted that they were indifferent poker players, but insisted on the game, and the stranger at last consented to play with a low limit. But he declared that as soon as he had won \$20 the game must stop and he would spend his winnings in wine.

It would be more fun to win fairly. They found the countryman easy prey and soon won all his loose cash. Then he went for his grip sack and produced a large number of crisp twenty dollar bills. They played regularly every day for three days, and when the ship was nearing port the countryman confessed that he was "dead broke."

Then there was a scene. Robinson bemoaned his fate, while the two bunkoers enjoyed his discomfiture. Then when he seemed utterly crushed they gave him a lecture on trusting strangers and told him of their scheme to ruin him for his own good. There was a glad light in his eye as he grasped both their hands, tears streaming down his cheeks, and declared that they were the finest men on the ocean, the finest men in America, the finest men in the whole world.

Graham and Tidball emptied their pockets of the money they had won and were about to hand it back to the loser when he stopped them. "You gentlemen," he said, "have shown me what a galoot I am and how little I'm fitted to take keer of money. But this is only one way of gittin' it out of me. In a week some feller 'll git it in some other way. Now, I want you to do me a favor. Keep all except enough to take me to London. You're goin' there; so am I. When we git there, I got a friend, and I never trust myself ag'in with more 'n enough to pay expenses."

The friends reluctantly consented, and with tears of thankfulness the farmer departed.

The next morning the ship was in port. Mr. Robinson did not appear, and the two friends hunted for him high and low; then, leaving their London address for him with the purser, they started to go ashore. Graham, while on the gangplank, turning, saw one of the men from whom they had saved Robinson pointing to himself and his friend. The next moment two men clapped hands on their shoulders, then handcuffed them.

"What's this?" they both cried, aghast. "There was no reply. They were taken to a police station, their hand baggage opened and found to contain several thousand dollars of counterfeit money.

They had scarcely left the dock before the graterful farmer, puffing a long cigar, left the steamer. He lost no time in jumping into a carriage and was never afterward heard of in either Europe or America.

Messrs. Graham and Tidball were a week convincing the police that they had been the victims of a gang of counterfeiters, who, in order to get their goods into the country, had turned suspicion from themselves by loading a large quantity of the stuff upon their dupes. The dupes endeavored to keep the matter quiet, but it leaked out. MARTIN B. OLCOTT.

Beef marrow taken from the soup bones and round steak is excellent for cooking purposes. Cut it in small bits, put it in a covered small jar, set in a pan of water and place over the fire to simmer gently. When all melted, strain through a thin cloth into a clean pan, let settle for a few minutes, then press into small jars and tie securely. It will keep for months.

A Heat Record. At Kouka, in central Africa, the average annual temperature is 83.5 degrees F. This is the world's record for heat.

Indian Moon Beliefs. By the Huron Indians the moon is called the creator of the earth and the grandmother of the sun. In the myths of the Ottawas it is an old woman with a pleasant white face, the sister of the day star.

Some Poisonous Woods. Mountain laurel wood is used in making combs. The leaves are poisonous to some animals. Black wild cherry timber is much valued in cabinet work. The bark is highly medicinal. The leaves when wilted are poisonous to cattle. Of dogwood, weavers' spoons and handles of carpenter's tools are made.

A Great Glutton. The greatest glutton of antiquity was Albinus, the Roman, who at one breakfast ate 500 figs, 100 peaches, 10 melons, 100 small birds and 400 oysters.

The Hamster. The hamster, a ratlike animal of Europe and northern Asia, stores up grain for winter use in subterranean cells. In summer its pulse beats at the rate of 150 a minute, but in cold weather, when the creature hibernates, the pulse beats average only fifteen a minute.

College Women. But half the girls who graduate from college marry, and those that do produce only one and a half children apiece.

Effect of Quinine on Laborers. Workmen occupied in the manufacture of quinine are said to suffer from a peculiar cutaneous eruption, which some claim is caused by the vapor from boiling solutions, and the statement is made that about 90 per cent of those engaged are more or less affected.