

THE OLD RELIABLE



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PERSONAL AND LOCAL

From Wednesday's Daily.

All the steamers got out yesterday.

R. E. Shine was up from Empire last evening.

The season of "The mail has not arrived" has arrived.

Ben Roberts of Tenmile was doing business in town yesterday.

Morton L. Tower, government engineer, was in town yesterday.

Yesterday, for the first time in several moons, the mail did not arrive until nearly noon.

Sheriff Steve Gallier came over yesterday on official business, and expects to return tomorrow.

Mrs. L. M. Noble returned yesterday, overland, from an extended visit in the northern part of the state and in Washington.

A Runaway Bicycle

Terminated with a ugly cut on the leg of J. E. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. It developed a stubborn ulcer unyielding to doctors and remedies for four years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured. It's just as good for Burns, Scalds, Skin Eruptions and Piles. 25c, at Red Cross Drug Store.

Mrs. J. E. Robertson, of North Bend, goes this morning to Myrtle Point, where she will take the stage for Roseburg, on her way to Los Angeles and Long Beach, Cal., where she will spend the winter.

C. D. McFarlin has his crop of cranberries, raised on his North slough marsh, ready for market. He has about 750 bushels of excellent quality. It is not too much to say that for richness and flavor Coos Bay cranberries beat the world.

Death of Mrs. Grant Harry

The sad news reached here Sunday of the death of Mrs. Grant Harry at Drain at 2 p. m. of that day. Mrs. Harry had been sick for a long time, and they moved from the Bay to Drain, where her parents reside in August last in the hope of benefit to her health. The change seemed to do her good, and Mr. Harry returned to the Bay and went out to McKinley to finish up some work he had on hand when he left here.

No particulars of Mrs. Harry's death have been received, but the end must have come suddenly, as Mr. Harry was not sent for until the day of her death. Seven children are left motherless.

From Thursday's Daily.

The Arcata is scheduled to sail today.

The old part of the wharf back of the Pioneer Grocery Store is receiving some needed repairs.

Mrs. P. L. Phelan and little son are over from Myrtle Point for a week's visit with Mrs. F. M. Friedberg.

The steamer Czarina is harbored inside the Golden Gate. It is very rough and she may not get out for several days.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are becoming a favorite for stomach troubles and constipation. For sale by Jno. Preece.

W. C. Musak was down from Sumner on business yesterday. He informs the Mail that two teams are now at work putting gravel on the Coos Bay Wagon road near Fairview.

Joe Trivella has resigned his job as janitor at the school house, to take effect Nov. 14th, and School Clerk John F. Hall is looking for applicants for the position.

The Pioneer Grocery has a fine new counter made in octagon shape. It is a much needed improvement and will facilitate matters quite a little for handling their line.

Levi Smith came over yesterday from the logging camp he has been opening near G. gravel Ford on the Coquille. He is about ready for hauling but does not intend to put in any logs until after the first freshet.

There was quite an exodus yesterday afternoon of gentlemen of sportsman-like appearance, who seemed to be headed for the sandhills, where the Rod and Gun club banquet was to take place last evening.

Coquille Herald—W. T. Kerr, late manager of the business of the P. F. & L. Co. at this place and Port Orford, has purchased the mercantile business of that firm at the old Lyons stand and will conduct the same in the future under the firm name of W. T. Kerr & Co.

Coquille Herald—L. H. Hazard returned Thursday from his trip to Ashland where he left Mrs. Hazard and little Austin, where they will spend the winter. He remained with them a week and the little boy's health was much improved when Mr. Hazard started away.

A Communication

EDITOR MAIL—What's the matter with Friedberg that he does not put in the new light, so we can see on the hill at South Marshfield
A. SCURSKIAN.

The Sick List

D. W. Small was taken quite sick yesterday with cramps of the stomach but was resting easier last evening.

Scarlet fever is reported in the family of E. P. Thompson on Ross slough the baby being the sufferer.

Dr. Mings continues to make good progress on the road of recovery from his recent operation.

Let no Knocker Escape

Pull for Marshfield; a long pull, a strong pull, a pull' all together. Don't let an opportunity pass to say a good word for the town. Also don't let a knocker peep, without rebuking him for his cowardly methods. In other words, do the knocker to a finish when you catch him in his nefarious occupation. Show your patriotism then and there.

Lest we Forget

EDITOR MAIL—The mail service via Myrtle Point was never satisfactory to the people of the Bay.

The mail service since changed to Coos Bay Wagon road has been very satisfactory.

The distance from Roseburg to Myrtle Point and Marshfield is very nearly the same. Why add 30 miles to the route, without gain.

Since the Chamber of Commerce has indorsed the Myrtle Point route it behooves the people with memories of the service given us in the past on that route to let themselves be heard.

C. W. Towne.

From Friday's Daily.

Sheriff Steve Gallier returns to the county seat today, after a couple of days on the Bay on official business.

J. W. Flanagan has moved up to Marshfield from North Bend.

Haskell is going out of the harness business, and is closing out his stock at cost.

Martin Wallace, the Portland flour man left overland yesterday for Roseburg.

The members of the Presbyterian Church and congregation are requested to meet at Presbyterian Church on Wednesday Nov. 6, 7:30 p. m. sharp. A full attendance is requested, as important matters are to be talked over.

The A. N. W. Club were entertained by Mrs. J. A. Matson and Miss Edna O'Connell at the home of the former. The afternoon was mostly taken up in the disposition of business after which dainty refreshments were served by the hostess. Next Thursday afternoon Mrs. Smith will entertain the Club at the home of Mrs. J. T. McCormac.

The first services in Marshfield in the interest of the Christian or Disciple church will be held in the Flanagan building next Sunday at 11 a m and 1:30 p m. Dinner will be served at 12:30 on the tables of the restaurant in the room below. Friends are cordially invited to bring their lunch and come expecting a good time. Boats will wait until the last service.

Only Makes a Bad Matter Worse

Perhaps you have never thought of it but the fact must be apparent to every one that constipation is caused by a lack of water in the system, and the use of drastic cathartics like the old fashioned pills only makes a bad matter worse. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are much more mild and gentle in their effect, and when the proper dose is taken their action is so natural that one can hardly realize it is the effect of a medicine. Try a 25 cent bottle of them. For sale by Jno. Preece.

Them Lights

F. M. Friedberg informs the MAIL that the delay in the installation of the new street lights is caused by the non-arrival of the globes. These are over due, but are evidently lying over some where on the road, possibly in the congestion of Coos Bay freight in Portland.

Board Meeting

The town board meets this evening, and will call a caucus of citizens for the purpose of nominating candidates for the coming city election, when mayor, recorder and two councilmen are to be elected. The retiring councilmen are Chas. Bradbury and J. A. Matson.

Endorse Early Closing

Endorsing the Retail Clerks Protective Association in the early closing movement the members of the A. N. W. Club, at their meeting Thursday passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, that we the members of the A. N. W. Club fully endorse and are in sympathy with the early closing movement."
(Signed) MRS. E. O'CONNELL, Pres.
KATE LANDO, Sec'y.

A Neat Sum

The members of the A. N. W. Club are highly gratified at the success of the Halloween Ball, it having exceeded their expectations, both socially and financially and they wish to thank the public for their generous patronage. The net proceeds of the ball was \$96.70 which goes to swell the Public Drinking Fountain fund.

English Homes.

It is a curious fact that the most artistic modern houses in England are those of the very wealthy and the very poor. The rich are building their own, and the poor in a few favored places are having theirs built for them, and in their different ways they are the nearest approach in England to model homes.

The First Sewing Machine.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

BANQUET AT THE SANDHILLS

Rod and Gun Club and Friends Have a Good Time

The Rod and Gun Club banquet at the sandhills Wednesday night was a great success, and while it was the first one, it was unanimously voted that it should not be the last.

A party of twenty left Marshfield at 5 p. m., and picked up two others at North Bend. Arriving at the banquet hall in the sandhills, the program as published was carried out. The banquet prepared by the Broiler man, was something exceptionally fine, and the feast of reason and flow of soul was out of sight.

After the banquet, which lasted until 10:20, Dr. Swinson was given the Royal Bumper degree. Another feature of the evening was a fight between J. W. Flanagan and Watt Short, which was as absorbingly interesting while it lasted, to those of the company who were not onto the fact that it was all a fake. A big bonfire and singing by the choir were also enjoyable features.

The party started home about 11 o'clock and arrived in town at 1 a m without any mishap to mar the enjoyment of the occasion.

A Game Of Bluff

(Original.)

Tracy Handyside was bright enough to take an excellent stand in his class at college without any close application to his subjects. He was not only bright, but a favorite. His father was rich and parsimonious. Tracy was poor in his own right and a spend-thrift. Threat after threat came from home that if the boy didn't mend his ways by spending less money his college course would come to a premature end from lack of remittances. Tracy took it into his head one afternoon to drive four-in-hand. At his favorite stable they got him up a team in the best of style, and Tracy, having taken on a load of fellows and girls, started at a brisk pace on the main road toward the city. The mornment was at its height when a very unpretentious vehicle was seen approaching drawn by an equally unpretentious horse.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Tracy. "I do believe that's my father coming. What'll I do?"

"Is his eyesight good?" asked one of the party.

"Not very."

"Then ignore him."

The senior Handyside, seeing a party of young people approaching, drew off to the side of the road and waited for them to pass. Unfortunately at the moment of meeting a teamster must needs get in Tracy's way, so that he was obliged to draw rein. He did not notice his father, although the old man shouted in angered tones:

"Tracy!"

Finally the son turned his eyes in his father's direction.

"What do you mean? Upon my word!"

"You are mistaken in your man, sir, I fancy," said Tracy in feigned surprise.

"Mistaken! You young rascal!"

"Whom do you take me for?"

"Take you for? Why, Tracy Handyside, my son! Do you have the effrontery to—"

"Haven't the honor of his acquaintance. I'm sorry I can't take time to prove your error, sir, but I've a party aboard and got to make a twenty mile tour and get back to dinner."

With this he gave the wheelers the lash, tipped the leaders and left the old gentleman aghast between his son's effrontery and a terror lest his eyesight had gone back on him. Tracy drove out of sight, then called a consultation in which it was suggested that his father would drive to college, learn that his son was not there—possibly that he was driving four-in-hand—and Tracy's position would be something terrible.

"I am sorry to mar the pleasure of our drive," said Tracy, "but father will go right past the stable, where he'll likely stop to ask questions; then to my room. I must coach the stablemen and be at my room when the governor calls."

After discussion as to the means of doing this, it was finally determined that Tracy should take one of the leaders and gallop back by a roundabout road and, by a quicker pace, forestall his father. The horse was taken out and divested of all harness except the bridle. Tracy mounted and was soon tearing back to college. Half an hour later he dashed up to the stable from which he had got his team, coached the proprietors and in a few minutes more was in his room behind a fortu-

tion of books.

Meanwhile the elder Handyside drove into the town and, passing a stable, drew rein and called for the owner.

"Did you let a four-in-hand this afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"To whom?"

"Mr. Willard Stokes."

"Are you sure it wasn't Handyside?"

"Handyside? Don't know him."

The old gentleman was not convinced. He had had evidence before that his son's creditors would stand by him to the bitter end, and nothing would satisfy him but to go straight to his son's room. He tried the door and found it locked. After a few vigorous knocks he was about to turn away when he heard a voice inside say:

"Get out! I'm bouing for exam."

"Tracy," cried the astonished father, "let me in!"

The latch flew back, and Tracy stood at the door and folded his parent in his arms.

"Why, father, what brings you here? Nothing wrong at home, I trust."

"My boy," gasped the old man, sinking into a chair, "my eyesight is giving way."

"What makes you think so, father?" asked Tracy, with anxiety depicted on every feature.

"Why, coming up the road I met a man driving a four-in-hand whom I would have sworn was you."

"What does he look like, father?"

"Look like? Why, he looks like you."

"Did he have on a cream colored driving coat?"

"Yes, I believe he had."

"Silk hat?"

"Yes."

"High black and red coach with yellow wheels?"

"Why, I suppose so. I didn't notice."

"Don't give yourself any trouble, pop. Your eyes are all right. That's the fellow I've heard so much about lately. He lives over in Kenwood. They call him my double."

"Is his name Stokes?"

"That's the man—Stokes. I wish he'd leave the country. He's a wild fellow, and I'm always getting the credit of his scrapes."

"Tracy, that'll do for Mr. Stokes. I've come over to talk over a family matter with you."

LOUIS CAMPBELL.

POINTS OF FEEDING.

A mixture of cut sheaf oats, bran and shorts will make a very satisfactory ration for milk cows, says J. H. Skinner of the Indiana experiment station. This combination gives two of the standard dairy feeds and a third shorts, which is used to a considerable extent and quite successfully. The ration might be improved for winter feeding by giving gluten feed in place of shorts and adding clover hay. Most dairymen have come to feel that no ration for a dairy cow is complete without silage. There will be nothing gained by feeding stock hogs cut sheaf oats, as such feed makes a bulky ration with the large amount of coarse material which is more or less indigestible.

Save All the Fodder.

It is evident that there is going to be a heavy demand for hay from the east. In that event we would earnestly advise all farmers, says the Dairyman, to save all the corn fodder they can. Very much of the corn in the west will be good for nothing except for fodder. But if it is carefully saved there will be a chance to sell some of the hay and a cash crop obtained in that way.

The man that is saving his fodder and saves it when in the best feeding condition generally has the bulge on good luck.

Good Pasture is the Thing.

Good pasture is not only the best feed for milk cows, but also the cheapest, according to an agricultural exchange. Perennial pasturage affords the cheapest possible feed for cattle of any kind, and during the season when pasturage is at its best no grain ration is needed. At other times a little corn chops and wheat bran mixed will tend to maintain the milk flow.

All Fixed Beforehand.

It is said that one of the most inveterate writers out of speeches was the late Lord Derby, of whom the story went that the manuscript of one of his most statesmanlike discourses, being picked up from the floor, where it had fallen, was found not only to be freely sprinkled with "Hear, hear!" "Laughter," and "Applause," but also to contain a passage beginning, "But I am detaining you too long [cries of "No, no!" and "Go on!"]"

The Rhodum Sidus.

An amusing story told by Hood describes how a country nurseryman made a large sum out of sales of a simple little flower which he sold under the name of the Rhodum sidus. This charming name proved quite an attraction to the ladies, and the flower became the rage of the season. It was one of those freaks of fashion for which there is no accounting. At length a botanist who found that the plant was not an uncommon weed requested to know where the nurseryman got the name from. He elicited the following reply: "I found this flower in the road beside us, so christened it the Rhodum sidus."

The thing is so often right. It has not the miscellaneous knowledge of the grownup person who reads newspapers and keeps a tame Encyclopedia Britannica in a carefully devised cage. But the childish mind has an unerring logical faculty not in any way confused by superfluity of information.—London

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Kimballs in the Seattle Schools

Following an order placed several months ago for five Kimball upright pianos to be placed in the public schools of Seattle, Wash., the Board of Education has again this fall given orders to supply nine schools with Kimball instruments including a Kimball grand to be used in the assembly hall of the new high school. This recognition of the merits of the Kimball is of especial significance.

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