

STOLEN GOODS

(Original.)

People wonder when they hear of the blundering methods thieves take to realize on their plunder that they act so stupidly. Is it stupidity or have they a difficult problem to solve? I've "been there" myself and know something about it.

One day I saw a bundle lying on the sidewalk in front of my house. I picked it up and was flustered to discover what was inside when I saw a policeman looking at me. I didn't wish to turn over my find to him, and even if I did so he might accuse me of stealing it. Assuming a careless air, I walked on past my house and around the block. When I reached my door as I took out my key I glanced down the street. There was the policeman eyeing me with a very suspicious look on his face. Once inside I opened the package. It contained a piece of silk, some handkerchiefs and stockings. At first I supposed some one had bought the articles, but on second thought concluded that a "shoplifter" had stolen them and, finding it dangerous to have them in his or her keeping, had dropped them.

I felt very uncomfortable at my position. Indeed I became much alarmed. I must get rid of the parcel as soon as possible.

Mind you, I was not facing a problem of securing their value. All I cared to do was to get them out of my possession. My first thought was to burn them. Unfortunately it is very difficult to burn such fabrics without creating an unpleasant odor, and I could not tell when the policeman who had followed me might enter the house. The next expedient I conceived was to hide them. That would never do. If the house were searched it would be searched thoroughly. These plans were abandoned as soon as conceived.

I tied up the bundle and, going upstairs to my wife, was about to tell her what had happened when she showed me that matters were even worse than I had supposed by exclaiming:

"Heavens, how white you are! What's the matter?"

Then I knew that if found with the goods on my hands my appearance would be strong proof against me. I told her the story, and she was at once thrown into the same state of anxiety as I. We hurriedly talked over different plans of action and finally decided that I was to make an effort to get the goods out of the house.

Ours was separate from other houses, standing in a yard by itself. The four sides of its sloping roof culminated in a platform, from which one could see in every direction. My wife went up on to this platform, and when the coast was clear, so far as uniformed officers of the law were concerned, she called to me, and I dashed out with the bundle through the back door and into an alley.

Up to the moment of finding myself free from my own premises without interruption I had supposed that the rest would be very easy. I did not find it so. To drop the bundle in the alley in the rear of my own house would be a bad giveaway. I must reappear with it on the street. Fortunately I was able to get on an avenue where I would not be liable to encounter the man who had suspected me. Summoning what coolness there was left in me, I emerged upon this avenue and entered the throng.

I could not have regained much of my equanimity, for my telltale appearance caused people I met to glance at me. This made matters worse, and the farther I walked the more I was noticed. I turned into a recess between several buildings and was about to drop my bundle when a door opened and a woman came out. I dashed out of the place and made no further effort till I had gained the outskirts of the city. Coming to a bridge, I tied a stone to the bundle with a view to dropping it in the water. Just as I was about to do so who should drive by but my friend Charley Reeves.

"Hello, Tompkins," he said, reining up. "What are you doing away out here?"

I stammered out something incoherent, and Reeves, looking at me searchingly, made up his mind that I was ill and "out of my head." He forced me into his wagon and drove me home. By this time I had given up in despair and concluded to go back without resistance and submit to arrest. I entered my house, expecting to find the police there waiting for me. I was relieved that they were not and had not been there. My wife made me lie down and bathed my temples with cold water. The bundle lay on the table, and I could not compose myself till she had put it where I couldn't see it. I was getting quieted down when there came a sharp ring at the door bell.

"Now, keep up, dear," said my wife, "for my sake." Then she went downstairs and opened the door. I listened from the landing and heard a boy's voice say:

"Will you please sign for the goods you bought this morning? I didn't get the receipt when I delivered them."

There was silence for some moments, then my wife seemed to have recovered sufficiently to say:

"I have not received them." An idea shot into my head. "What did you buy?" I called. "Five yards of silk, a dozen handkerchiefs, six pairs of stockings." "Well, I have made an ass of myself. The boy must have dropped the things, and I picked them up."

Then my wife came upstairs and for the first time examined the bundle. No, I don't think thieves have an easy time disposing of their goods. I'd rather saw wood than be in that business. MARTIN C. HUNTER.

A GOOD BUTTERMAKER.

He Must Be an Exceptional Man in Many Respects.
To be a successful buttermaker means to be a man far above the average in everything that goes to make up character of the highest order, says Carl Schallinger in Creamery Journal. If I were asked to state the principal qualification, the first requirement, for a successful buttermaker, I would say, Let him, in the first place, be a good Christian. When I say this, I do not mean that he should be merely a member of any particular church or denomination, but that he should possess a good share of those essential qualities which for centuries have been held up as the highest ideal of perfection.

He must be kind, forgiving, tolerant; he must have patience with the faults and shortcomings of others; he must be an enthusiastic idealist, a student, a thinker, a diplomat, and, above all things, he must be in love with his profession. His interest in his work must be so strong, so deep, that no obstacle will turn him from his purpose; that he would be willing to put up with the abuse and even the insult of ignorant and suspicious patrons, remembering always that it is his very ignorance which it is his duty to combat, not by going at it roughly, but by patient, tactful and gentlemanly treatment.

This ignorance once cleared away, the farmer patron realizing his error and his shortsightedness, the buttermaker will have very little trouble in convincing him that the interests of the dairyman are identical with those of the creamery owner, manager or buttermaker, that only by working hand in hand with them can the best results be accomplished and the creamery be made a successful and permanent institution.

Siberian Creameries.

There are, according to recent reports from Siberia, 608 creameries in that country. Three years ago there were but 334 of these establishments. This shows the rapidity with which the industry is developing in that country. It is true that there are as yet fewer creameries in all that great country than in single states of the American Union, but it is as yet the day of small things there. If the butter that now comes to the London market from those Siberian creameries is already worrying the Danish and French makers of butter what will it be ten years from now, when the Siberians count their creameries by the thousands instead of by the hundreds, as now? With the government railroads constantly opening new territory and the officials of Russia lending their paternal efforts to help the business along the importation into the countries of Europe of large quantities of Siberian butter is certain.



The dairy cow must be fed systematically and regularly to insure financial results. No "haphazard" policy in feeding can be expected to succeed, says Farm and Ranch. A cow that once shrinks in milk flow will require five times the amount of feed to restore her to her normal capacity as would have been necessary to hold her at that capacity with systematic feeding. Take the dairyman who is selling cream at 22 1/2 cents per pound of butter fat, using a hand separator and hauling his cream to the butter factory or shipping it to some of the concerns, and he can ill afford to permit any let up in the flow of milk because of irregular feeding, radical changes in the ration or careless treatment or abuse of the herd.

The cow that is returning to her owner \$4 or \$5 per month for the butter fat produced deserves consideration at the hands of her owner. Her ration should be well balanced.

Handling Clover Silage.
We have no trouble taking out our clover silage even though it is long, but we anticipated trouble and had to learn by experience, writes P. Clawson to Hoard's Dairyman. We take great care in filling our silos that the fork drops its load near the center of the silo, which is 11 by 11 by 27 inside and round cornered. The forkful always finds the center of the silo. If the drop was far and the doors were kept closed four of us worked in the silo while unloading and experienced no danger if we stepped in the corner as the fork unloaded. The air rushes up, lifting the outsides up like an umbrella in a storm, and makes it quite easy to spread evenly, which is of vast impor-

lance. A forkful thus spread comes out in layers and is passed through our 2 by 2 foot windows easier than hay and more rapidly than corn silage. But you must take that which is on top and not dip too deep.

Effects of Feeding.
Gluten makes a soft bodied, high colored butter; oats a light colored, crumbly butter; flaxseed meal a salty and rather insipid butter. Corn meal is all right so far as color and texture are concerned, but should be combined with some other feeds containing a narrower ration, as if fed alone and in sufficient quantity to furnish the amount of protein required it will be likely to injure the health of the cow, and a cow that is "out of fix" can't give No. 1 milk.—William D. Baker.

Don't Feed at Milking Time.
It is not a good plan to feed cows at milking time, as they are likely to hold up their milk if by any chance the feed is withheld. The best plan is to feed before milking so as to milk while the cow is in a ruminant mood.

Summoning Sleep.

At all times a perfect mob of ideas and words stands at the gate leading to the mind, trying to get in. While we wake and are sane, says a writer in Everybody's Magazine, there is something that stands at this gate and lets in only the sensible ideas and the words that have relation to the subject in hand. All the others it keeps shooting away with: "Get back there! Go on away!" It is this inhibitive faculty that keeps us sane. But in order to reach the general paralysis of sleep we have to pass through a preliminary stage wherein we are as foolish as any lunatic. When the sentinel at the gate of the mind goes off duty for the night the mob of irrational ideas and words comes trooping in, and so when I would court sleep I deliberately open the door of my mind to the rabble, turning loose upon it a troupe of unrelated words and phrases. For some reason or other I find that the vocable "abracadabra" is a good one to start off with. Often a word or sentence will repeat itself with increasing rapidity—and shall I say loudness?—until it is all a jumble which breaks up simultaneously with the disintegration of the colored pattern before my closed eyes.

Profiles.

It is said that the American woman's profile is the finest in the world; that it is the most clear cut and finely modeled of any other type. Generalities like this are hard to prove. It cannot be denied that some of the finest profiles in the history of feminine beauty are to be found in America, but whether the average is markedly higher in this country than anywhere else is an open question. But the ordeal is a trying one to any woman when it comes to a faithful delineation of her profile in shadow. It is a finely molded face indeed which looks well in a shadow picture seen sideways. If the nose turns up the least bit in real life it is sure to point skyward in a silhouette. If that organ is even a trifle above the usual size it will appear huge in a shadow profile. A projecting upper lip or a projecting under lip becomes a positive deformity in a silhouette, no matter how slight it may be in the original.—Atlanta Journal.

Head Hunters.

Head hunters is the name given to the professional assassins of the Solomon Islands. The vocation of these men is to procure the heads of those whom they are hired to murder or to sell the victims for sacrificial purposes. Sometimes the enemies of a man offer a large sum to be paid in the native shell money for the head, which will be a proof of death, and the head hunter, with cold blooded and unscrupulous methods, lays his plans.

Frequently great caution is necessary. The intending murderer will worm his way into the friendship of his victim, and a long period may elapse before the opportunity will arrive for the fatal stroke. It may thus happen that the murdered man's death will have been compassed by one whom he has regarded as the closest and most loving of intimates. Surely this is the most hateful of all professions followed for the sake of gain.

A Prince Edward Island Legend.

There is a delightful legend among the people of Point P'rim to the effect that when the English attacked the French fort at that place a chain ball from one of the attacking vessels cut the steeple from the old church located on the very point. In falling it toppled over the promontory and carried the bell which it contained into the sea. Dwellers along the point affirm that from time to time the sound of that bell comes over the waters at eventide and that its phantom tone is ever a warning of a fierce storm or some imminent danger to those who make their living by the spoils of the ocean.—Donaloe's Magazine.

Evidence.

The Judge—You say your wife hid you over the head with a plate?
Rastus—Yes, sah.
The Judge—But your head doesn't show it.
Rastus—But you don't see neither see that plate.—Life.

A BENEFIT TO ALL.

Every One Profits in Some Way by Betterment of Roads.

There is no class of citizenship but what is benefited directly or indirectly by good roads. The farmer, that he may come to a ready market to sell and barter; the manufacturer in the town remote from seaboard or railroad, who in turn can haul his coal and raw material at an appreciably lessened cost and carry his finished product for transportation, will be helped. It will make him independent of small railroad branches which are obliged by reason of short distances to charge an excessive freight.

The toiler in the many shops and offices is to be helped by lower rents within his means, because suburban living is made possible by good roads. And all who prefer the open living to the huddled city life will appreciate the benefit. Every citizen is to profit in some way. Country and suburban districts will be more easy of access. Grocery and market men will be enabled to send their goods by free delivery at no enhanced cost to the buyer.

Good roads not only cheapen the cost of living, as we have already noticed in the matter of rents, but also reduce the price of supplies by reason of a ready market. Such a proposition as we are discussing opens up the country. The territory becomes inhabitable simply because easy of access. A demand for land in considerable quantity, either for residential or business purposes, increases its value. It has been demonstrated again and again that the betterment of roads means a rise in the value of real estate, and the rise will come, the demand be enhanced, because of facilitated transportation.

Bone Felon.

A physician of large practice says he has found an egg the most efficacious cure for a bone felon. He uses it in this fashion: Take a fresh egg and crack the larger end, making a hole just big enough to admit the thumb or finger and forcing it into the egg as far as possible without further rupture of the shell. Wipe off the egg that runs out, bind a handkerchief or soft cloth over all and let the finger remain over night. Generally the felon is cured; if not, another application finishes it.

Enjoying the Sport.

"Perkins," languidly called Fwaddy, "come and take this beastly thing off the hook!" While his man disengaged the fish from the hook and put on a fresh bait Fwaddy yawned dismally.

"That's what makes fishing such a bore," he said. "Once in awhile you catch one of the slippery things, don't you know?"—Smy Stories.

A Farsighted Man.

Fogg—Munnivorth was always a farsighted man, and his ventures were almost invariably successful. Figg—But what good is he to society? He will give money for the heathen, thousands of miles away, but he never can see the suffering right at home. Fogg—I said he was a farsighted man.

Bridal Portions in Antiquity.

The women of Athens and of Sparta, excepting the rich heiresses, were not allowed to have a wedding dowry. The only things they were allowed to take with them when they were married were a few suits of clothing and some household articles.

Life

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"This is to certify that I have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve, which has done wonders for me. Six years ago I had nervous prostration and again three years ago, at which time I began taking Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve. I kept taking it for six months and have taken an occasional dose during the last two years. I am practically a new man and feel that I have been given a new lease of life. I used to have very bad attacks of stomach trouble but since using the Nerve I can eat most anything I want with impunity. I was examined in Omaha by a noted German doctor three years ago. He told me I was liable to a paralytic stroke any moment, that my whole left side was badly affected. That was just before I began taking Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve. My work for two years and a half has been very trying on my nerves. I am a presiding elder, traveling my district at the rate of ten thousand miles a year, preaching on an average of five times a week, besides many business meetings, and the multitudinous cares of my work in general. Thanks to Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve I have been gaining in flesh despite this hard work until now I weigh a hundred and thirty-six pounds, nearly twenty pounds more than in all my life. I preach Nerve wherever I go to those afflicted with nerve, heart or stomach trouble."—Rev. M. D. Myers, Presiding Elder, Free Methodist Church, Correctionville, Ia.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Restorative. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED EDITION

Coast Mail Will Issue one on New Years

The special illustrated edition of the COAST MAIL, for which plans have been maturing for several months, will be issued on the first of the year. It will consist of 32 or more pages, printed on fine book stock, with a handsome cover. This number will contain descriptive matter of Coos county with a large number of new illustrations, and it is the intention to give a comprehensive review of the progress made by this community during the past year. We do not promise to get out a bigger and better number than our last Holiday number, but we hope to do so. The pages will be smaller and there will be more of them. The printing and binding will be done in this office and the class of work will be as good as can be got in Oregon. A reasonable amount of

advertising space will be sold and a large number of extra copies will be printed. Every subscriber to the daily or weekly COAST MAIL will receive a copy of this edition. Extra copies will be 15 cents each, but we will book advance orders until December 1st at 10 cents each. We make this low rate so that we may know before printing about how many copies will be needed to supply the demand. Send the money with your order or not, as best suits your convenience. We will guarantee satisfaction, or refund any advance payment made. If desired we will mail the paper to any addresses you may furnish. In cases where the papers are to be mailed from this office advance payment is necessary. Further announcement will be made later. New and unguon type will be used in the coming special number, and the print will be clear and readable. We were handicapped last year by being obliged to use badly worn body type, but this will be avoided in the coming number.

CLARENCE SALE.

Commencing Saturday Dec. 5, 1903.

We will offer our entire stock of Holiday Goods consisting of Jewelry, Fancy China-ware, Lamps, Books, Mirrors, Albums, etc., at bargain prices. This is an actual bona fide sale preparatory to new and important improvements.

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