

BANDON RECORDER.

The Fair Sex.

A Rage on Black Goods.

Black is very much in demand once more and is shown in an endless variety, of all weights, prices and weaves, ranging in price all the way from \$1 to \$6 a yard and from the thinnest of gossamer webs to heavy velvety broadcloth for tailor made gowns. Of course greater preference is given the thin goods, of which there is great variety in the way of grenadines, mousselines de soie, chiffons—which, by the way, describes more than was formerly meant by the term—crepons, marcellines, carreaux, in traverse, plisse, soufflé or cane effects.

Many of the so called chiffons have a bright wavy surface, caused by the introduction of fine threads of mohair, and they are crushed into the most soufflé crinkles, barred, lined, plated and what not, each effect more charming than the other and each demanding good silk linings for a proper showing of their merits.

In the fashionable bayadere effects many of the oddest whims of the loom are shown, and since these fine goods are all 44 or more inches wide they make up into the handsomest and most attractive garments, especially adapted to the new forms of skirts.

Don'ts for Mothers of Boys.

Don't keep nagging your boy.
Don't treat your boy as a hardened criminal if you discover him in sin.
Don't forget that if you make your boy think he is going to the devil he won't be apt to disappoint you.

Don't deny your boy the healthful, restraining influence of outdoor sports and athletics. There is a whole sermon in the phrase "muscular Christianity."

Don't make his room a sort of junk shop for all the odds and ends of furniture too shabby or old-fashioned to be used anywhere else in the house.

Don't be above apologizing to your boy if occasion arises. He will honor you for it.

Don't have a thing in the house too good for him to enjoy and share with you, and don't make him use the back stairs in order to save the front hall carpet.

Don't shut him entirely out of the confidential talks concerning home, business and neighborhood affairs, but teach him to respect the confidence.—Pacific Health Journal.

Borrowing from Women.

There is a man in New York, a promoter, who makes it his business to deal with women investors only. All his schemes are presented to them, and he has had considerable success in floating stocks and bonds which a capitalist of the male persuasion could not be induced to notice. Numerous undertakings of importance have been started by women to be afterwards taken up and carried to a safe and profitable completion by men who hesitated to assume the initiative. Among the subscribers to Klondike schemes are widows by the score. Their judgment of an enterprise is instinctive and intuitive. They have faith, and once believers their courage sticks to the last. New York has 100 rich widows who are as independent as Semiramis, the beautiful and wise queen of Assyria. Semiramis never showed any genius or brains until she became a widow.

How to Walk.

A rapid walk is not apt to fatigue a woman of good health if the speed is gradually accelerated, but rapid exertion like running for a street car should be avoided by those not accustomed to violent exercise. A woman will sometimes not regain in several hours the vigor expended in unnecessary haste.

American forests have produced during the past sixty years \$24,000,000,000 feet of lumber, valued at \$25,000,000,000.

R. H. ROSA,

DEALER IN

Rough and Planed Lumber,

BANDON, OR.

Cedar Flooring, Ceiling and Rustic Manufactured to Order.

Orders Promptly Filled for All Kinds of Rough Lumber.

MAXIMILIAN'S REIGN.

The Closing Days of the Ill Fated Empire of Mexico.

Mrs. Sara Y. Stevenson of Mexico in The Century writes of "Mexican Society in Maximilian's Time, 1866." She says of the last days of the empire:

The pomp and dignity of the court had vanished, and social life in the capital no longer centered about the imperial palace.

Even previous to the departure of the empress the Monday receptions had been discontinued without their loss being seriously felt. At best they had never been other than dull, formal affairs. The ballroom was a large hall, always insufficiently lighted, and narrowed in the middle by the platform where stood the imperial throne under a canopy of velvet. Here, after their new guests had been officially presented in an adjoining hall, the emperor and empress seated themselves. Before supper they made a solemn tour of the ballroom. The dancing then ceased, and the crowd stood in chilled expectancy and made way for them, each in turn receiving, as they passed, a smile, a nod or some commonplace word of greeting.

Maximilian was happy in his remarks on such occasions. Naturally affable and kindly, like most princes trained to this sort of thing, his memory for names and faces was remarkable. We were presented at court on the first of the imperial fortnightly Mondays, and with us, of course, the larger number of the guests present, and yet, some weeks later, when making his tour of the ballroom, the emperor stopped before us and inquired about an absent member of the family, apparently placing us exactly. Many other instances of his memory and power of observation in such small matters were related by others.

He was tall, slight and handsome, although the whole expression of his face revealed weakness and indecision. He looked and was a gentleman. His dignity was without hauteur. His manner was attractive; he had the faculty of making you feel at ease, and he possessed far more personal magnetism than did the empress.

Hers was a strong, intelligent face, the lines of which were somewhat hard at times, and her determined expression impressed one with the feeling that she was the better equipped of the two intelligently to cope with the difficulties of practical life. It is probable that, had she been alone, she might have made a better attempt at solving the problems than did Maximilian; at least such was Marshal Bazaine's opinion, as expressed before me on one occasion, during her brief regency, when she had shown special firmness and clear judgment in dealing with certain complicated state affairs.

She, however, was reserved, somewhat lacking in tact and adaptability, and a certain haughtiness of manner, a dignity too conscious of itself, at first repelled many who were disposed to feel kindly toward her. It is more than likely that under this proud mien she concealed a suffering spirit, or at least the consciousness of a superiority that must efface itself. Who will ever know the travail of her proud heart and the prolonged strain under which her mind finally succumbed? For notwithstanding the prudence and decided ability with which she had conducted the difficult affairs of the realm during the emperor's absence in 1864 it was hinted that on his return she was allowed little say in public affairs and that her advice when given was seldom followed. After her departure even the semblance of a court disappeared.

French Government Methods.

Some very peculiar methods are practiced by the French government. A deputy who had borrowed 100 francs from a colleague wrote saying that he inclosed a bank note to discharge a debt. After the letter was mailed, he discovered that he had forgotten to put the money in the envelope and accordingly called on his friend to give him the amount. The creditor, however, asserted that the bank note had been duly forwarded in the letter. Thereupon the two demanded an explanation of the postoffice. It turned out that an official had opened and read the letter, and, finding no inclosure, supposed that he had lost it. The authorities accordingly supplied him another bank note, which was duly sealed in the envelope and forwarded.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Religion in Vain.

In one of the lunch places on Park row, where the walls are decorated with Scriptural texts gaudily painted and neatly framed, is one of which the final line reads, "This man's religion is vain." Immediately underneath hangs a sign reading, "Watch your hat and coat."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Always the Way.

An insufferable nuisance is one that people have to put up with longest.—Salt Lake Herald.

SAM DAVIS.

When the Lord calls up earth's heroes To stand before his face,
Oh, many a name unknown to fame Shall ring from that high place,
And out of a grave in the southland,
At the just God's call and beck,
Shall one man rise with fearless eyes
And a rope about his neck!

For men have swung from gallows Whose souls were white as snow,
Not how they die nor where, but why,
Is what God's records show.
And on that lightly feathered
Is writ Sam Davis' name.
For honor's sake he would not make
A compromise with shame.

The great world lay before him,
For he was in his youth,
With love of life young hearts are rife,
But better he loved truth.
He fought for his convictions,
And when he stood at bay,
He would not flinch or stir one inch
From honor's narrow way.

They offered life and freedom
If he would speak the word.
In silent pride he gazed aside
As one who had not heard.
They argued, pleaded, threatened—
It was but wasted breath.
"Let some what must, I keep my trust,"
He said and laughed at death.

He would not sell his manhood
To purchase priceless hope,
Where kings drag down a name and crown
He dignified a rope.
Ah, grave, where was your triumph?
Ah, death, where was your sting?
He showed you how a man could bow
To doom and stay a king.

And God, who loves the loyal
Because they are like him,
I doubt not yet that soul shall set
Among his cherubim!
O southland, fling your laurels,
And add your wreath, O north!
Let glory claim the hero's name,
And tell the world his worth!

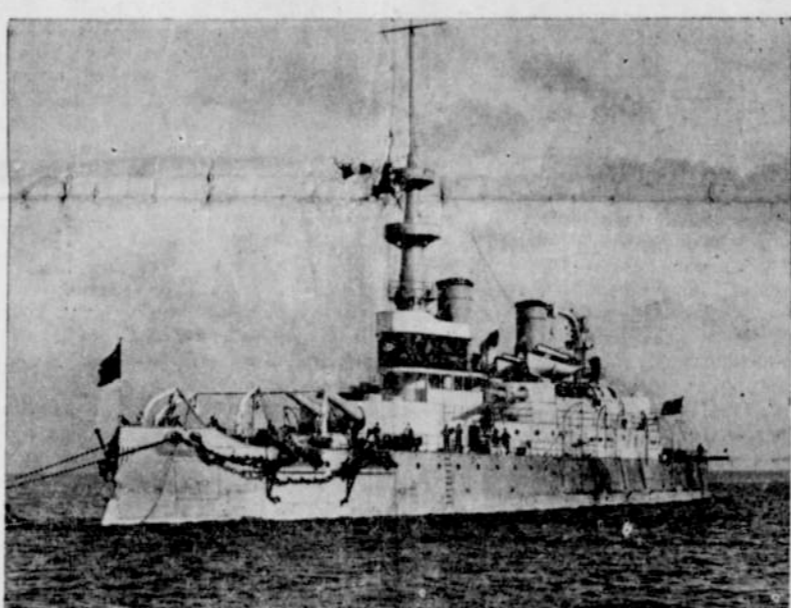
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Confederate Veteran.

Ernst.

"I am very much afraid," said the offhand commentator, "that the gentleman who was in here does not make the most of his abilities. Unquestionably he has talent, but he lacks application."

"You wrong him," said Senator Sorghum, "you wrong him deeply. I don't think he ever hears of a vacancy in office without filing an application immediately."—Washington Star.

Ancient Egyptian doctors knew the groin and the perineum and had a name for each, which M. V. Lore of Lyons has discovered in medical papyrus. The terms occur in the celebrated Ebers papyrus, but the meaning had not been proved.



U. S. BATTLESHIP OREGON.

The U. S. battleship Oregon has left the Coast to join the Atlantic squadron. She is one of the most powerful fighting machines afloat.

Ancient Gallantry.

The respect and veneration paid to the fair sex formed an essential ingredient in chivalry. This, it is supposed, was derived from the customs of the primitive Germans, whose females are represented to have been very high spirited and to have exercised considerable sway over the other sex. Whatever truth there may be in this statement, certain it is that a high species of gallantry forms the very spirit of modern chivalry, and as a proof of this we have only to refer to the classification of a knight's duty, to fear God and love the ladies, to perceive how necessary female adoration is to the very existence of this order.

This principle of female adoration, so prominently displayed in every aspect of chivalry, extended its influence to the laws of the times, for we find James II of Aragon ordering in this manner: "We will that every man, whether knight or no, who shall be in company with a lady, pass safe and unmolested unless he be guilty of murder."

And Louis II, duke of Bourbon, instituting the order of the Golden Shield, enjoins his knights to honor, above all, the ladies, and not permit any one to slander them, "because," adds he, "from them, after God, comes all the honor that man can acquire."—New York Ledger.

Tom—How do you like that novel I brought you yesterday?
Alice—I don't like it at all. I don't care to finish it.

Tom—How much have you read?
Alice—One chapter.

Tom—Then you really haven't got into the story. The first chapter is merely a sort of introduction.

Alice—But the first chapter isn't the one I've read, and the heroine dies. No, you may take it back.—Chicago News.

CANDLE MAKING IN SWEDEN.

Some Are Made From Stearin That Is Obtained From Insects.

W. S. Harwood has an article in St. Nicholas on "A Giant Candle," describing one of the unique features at the Stockholm exposition. Concerning candle making in Sweden, Mr. Harwood writes:

The candles of Sweden are not "dipped" in the old-fashioned way, but are made on what might be called scientific principles, after the experience of a good many centuries has told the makers just what materials will produce the best results. They are not "run" in hand held molds, at the risk of burning somebody's fingers or spotting the kitchen floor with splashes of tallow. Tallow in its crude state is, indeed, used in the manufacture of these Swedish candles, but it must pass through a long treatment before it yields up the pure stearin from which the snowy candles are made.

Some of this tallow reaches Sweden after long ship journeys from South America, while some of the stearin does not come from tallow at all, but from palm oil gathered by the natives of South Africa, and still another supply of stearin is secured in a curious way—from insects shipped from China. The insects, in dying, turn into a wax very rich in stearin.

When the stearin is ready for the mixing, it is nearly pure white in color, a clear liquid that has the hue and consistency of melted white sugar. In the factory the attendants fill their large, wide lipped zinc pitehrs with the liquid stearin, step to a long row of candle molds, and pour in the melted stearin. The molds are in sections, 12 candles to a section of the smaller sized candles. The wicks for the candles have first been twisted from threads into the proper size and threaded through the molds by machinery.

As soon as the stearin has cooled around the wicks a keen knife passes under and cuts the ends of the wicks, the candles in the section are lifted out and another set of wicks, all threaded through another set of molds, stands ready for the next pouring. Swiftly breaking the candles apart, the attendant passes

them on in a box to another workwoman, who sends them whizzing through a trimming and polishing machine, from which they go to the counting table.

I watched a young woman who was at work one day in a factory in Sweden (and the factory, by the way, was located in the candlestick of the giant candle), counting these candles—a small kind it happened to be that they then were making, perhaps five inches in length. With a deftness which was quite extraordinary she thrust her hands into a pile of candles and unerringly drew forth 24—never more, never less. All day long she stands at this counter and not once in a thousand times, so I was told by the superintendent, would she draw out other than 24. I suppose it had become a matter of intuition, so to speak. She knew exactly how many candles would be included in a grasp of her hands and she practically never made a mistake.

Why He Objected.

Theater Manager—You say you object to having real food on the table in the banquet scene, Mr. Greenspant! The rest of the company are delighted at it!

Mr. Greenspant—Yes, but my part requires me to rise from the table after a couple of mouthfuls and say, "I cannot eat tonight—a strange dread comes over me; I will seek the quiet of yonder apartment for a time."—Boston Traveler.

The Boers pay well for their guns, which Birmingham supplies—in fact, they have the best that money can buy. They are connoisseurs in selecting their "shooting irons," promptly rejecting the inferior article. This, with their constant practice, is the secret of their extraordinary skill as marksmen.

HIS SECOND INAUGURATION.

Lincoln's Personal Escort Was Armed With Pistols and Clubs.

Ex-Governor Thomas A. Osborn was present at the second inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as one of the escort to the president. He was associated with General Ward H. Lamont, along with 14 other United States marshals from different parts of the northern states.

"People who are able to refresh their memory," Governor Osborn said in a recent interview, "will remember with what anxiety the inauguration was approached. It was believed that an assault of some character would be attempted upon the president. The government detectives had been able to gain a vague sort of information about a conspiracy against the president's life, but there was nothing tangible enough to enable them to make arrests. Their suspicions were well grounded as well determined just 40 days later, when the president was shot down by Booth and the conspiracy came to light.

President Lincoln was rather disposed to poohpooh the idea of danger. He refused to have himself surrounded with soldiers at the inaugural exercises, but finally consented that Ward H. Lamont, who was then marshal of the District of Columbia, should take such steps as he deemed necessary, stipulating, however, that there should be no ostentatious display of arms or force. General Lamont at once summoned 15 United States marshals from different parts of the country, selecting those who, in his opinion, were brave, loyal, athletic and shrewd. I was one of the 15, a fact which I have always attributed to the general renown of Kansas men as fighters rather than to any personal prowess I was known to possess.

"I shall never forget the consultation held between these 15 marshals at the house of General Lamont on the night preceding inauguration day. It was explained to us by General Lamont that an assault on the president was feared. He believed that an attempt would be made to abduct him to the south. Some feared assassination. I remember that several of the marshals suggested the possibility of an attempt upon the president's life with an airgun. We were duly impressed with the gravity of the situation and prepared a plan of action which was fully carried out on the following day.

"When the hour approached for the president to proceed to the capitol to take the oath of office, we rode in a body on horseback from Willard's hotel to the White House and surrounded the president's carriage. I remember that the president appeared to be considerably annoyed at our solicitude, for we kept in close order about the carriage all the way to the capitol. All of us carried pistols beneath our coats, while in our hands we held batons similar to those carried by policemen. Arriving at the capitol, we remained on the steps of the east front while the president entered the senate chamber and took the oath of office. When he reappeared on the steps to deliver his inaugural address, we closed in around him and remained so until the end, after which we escorted his carriage back to the White House in the same manner that we had escorted it to the capitol. We saw no evidence of a contemplated abduction or assassination anywhere along the route, though, of course, no indications could have been expected until the actual assault took place.

"That 4th day of March, 1865, was the worst day I have ever seen in Washington. It was dark and gloomy and the air was filled with snow and rain. The bedraggled plumes and accoutrements to be seen in the military procession which followed the president's carriage were a sorry sight indeed. The president sat bolt upright in his carriage with his splendid face bared to the storm, though now and again he smiled and bent his head in response to a burst of cheers from the spectators along Pennsylvania avenue.

"I have had many honors bestowed upon me by my indulgent fellow citizens," said ex-Governor Osborn in conclusion, "but none of them made me prouder than my appointment as one of the escort to martyred Abraham Lincoln."—Topeka Capital.

Wouldn't Hurt Him.

A German who had emigrated to the United States succeeded in being admitted to an interview with President Lincoln, and by reason of his commendable and winning deportment and intelligent appearance was promised a lieutenant's commission in a cavalry regiment. He was so enraptured that he deemed it his duty to inform the president that he belonged to one of the oldest houses in Germany.

"Oh, never mind that!" said Lincoln! "You will not find that to be an obstacle to your advancement."

FLORIDA'S POCAHONTAS.

A Romantic Story as Related by Governor Bloxham to the Fishermen.

Governor W. B. Bloxham incidentally related the following legend in his address welcoming the delegates of the National Fishery society to Tampa, Fla.:

"Wherever the history of America is read the story of Pocahontas is known. The romance is most captivating, and some of Virginia's most honored sons trace back a lineage to this daughter of the forest. But the historic fact that a similar scene was enacted on this very spot three-quarters of a century before the name of Pocahontas was ever hisped by English lips is unknown to even many Floridians. It was here in 1528, 12 years before De Soto landed on Tampa bay, that Juan Ortez, a Spanish youth of 18, having been captured at Clear Water, was brought before Hirrihugua, the stern Indian chief, in whose breast was rankling a vengeance born of the ill treatment of his mother by the treachery of the ill-fated Narvaez. Ortez was young and fair, and the cruel chief had given the orders, and here was erected a gridiron of poles and young Ortez was bound and stretched to meet the demands of a human sacrifice. The torch was being applied and the flames began to gather strength for a human holocaust when the stern chief's daughter threw herself at her father's feet and interposed in Ortez's behalf. Her beauty rivaled that of the historic dame whose heavenly charms kept Troy and Greece ten years in arms. The soft language of her soul flowed from her never silent eyes as she looked up through her tears of sympathy, imploring the life of the young Spaniard.

"Those tears, the ever ready weapon of woman's weakness, touched the heart of even the savage chief, and Ortez was for the time spared. "But the demon of evil in a few months again took possession of Hirrihugua, and his daughter saw that even her entreaties would be unavailing. She was betrothed to Mucoso, the young chief of a neighboring tribe. Their love had been plighted, that God given love that rules the savage breast. "Her loving heart told her that Ortez would be safe in Mucoso's keeping. At the dead hour of night she accompanied him beyond danger and placed in his hand such token as Mucoso would recognize. "She acted none too soon. As the sun rose over this spot its rays fell upon the maddened chief calling in vain for the intended victim of his vengeance. His rage was such that it dried up the well springs of parental affection and he refused the marriage of his daughter unless Ortez was surrendered. But that Indian girl, although it broke the heartstrings of hope, sacrificed her love to humanity, and Mucoso sacrificed his bride upon the altar of honor.

"Ortez lived to welcome De Soto. Tell me—aye, tell the world—where a brighter example of nobler virtue was ever recorded! Where in history do you find more genuine and more touching illustration of love, charity and forgiveness—the very trinity of earthly virtues and the brightest jewels of the Christian heaven! "What a captivating theme this Florida Pocahontas should present to the pen of imagination, picturing this spot then and today associated with romance rich in historic lore!"—Savannah News.

Captain Dave.

Captain Dave of the Piute tribe of Indians is a character in his way and has achieved considerable reputation as a wit. Civilization has done much for Captain Dave. Among other things it has taught him the Yankee way of replying to one question by asking another. This is well illustrated in the story which The Chronicle of Virginia City, Nev., tells:

Some white men were joking Captain Dave the other day about his claim that he could tell all the various tribes of Indians. But as usual, when one attempts to get ahead of Captain Dave, they came out second best. One question put to him was as follows:

"Captain Dave, doesn't Shoshone look pretty much same as Piute?"

"Yep."

"Doesn't Shoshone dress all same as Piute?"

"Yep."

"Then, when Shoshone talks Piute, how you tell him?"

"When Dutchman talk English, how you tell him?" came the laconic but pertinent reply in faultless pronunciation.

Not What He Expected.

Professor Knowall—Miss Vernon, what would you say if I were to tell you that vanity is but the looking glass that reflects imaginary virtues and conceals real faults?

Miss Vernon (simply)—I should say you ought to know.—Brooklyn Life.