

## Local Lore

For a first-class shave or an up-to-date hair cut call on Harry Morrison, next door to postoffice.

W W Chamberlain came over from North Bend Friday to transact business.

See the Bandon Drug Company's display of fresh package confectionery.

J H Dearman was up from Port Orford, Friday, shaking hands with friends and transacting business.

FOR SALE—One brood mare, here to fore known as one of the Count Clavell mares. E. W. Fahy. 23. 41

W S'nclair of Coquille was among our business callers Friday of last week.

Van Norden, the jeweler, carries postage stamps for the benefit of the public.

Chas Thom of North Bend came over to Bandon Friday to look after business affairs.

Try a bottle of Stewart's Bourbon Whiskey and you will be satisfied. Sold by Jamison and Brown.

### Died In Honolulu.

Word has just been received here to the effect that Roy McEwan, better known here as Roy Fagan, died in Honolulu May 8th of diphtheria. He was one of the assistant engineers on a boat running between Honolulu and Canada and was taken sick while on a voyage. After reaching Honolulu he was taken to a hospital where he died a few days later.

Mr McEwan was quite well known in Bandon having been here for a number of years at one time and has many friends who will be sorry to learn of his death as he was an excellent young man and always conducted himself as a gentleman. He was a grand-son of Mrs F E Dyer of this city.

### What He Would Shy At.

In a certain recent case a groom was being cross examined by a barrister more famous for talent than beauty of features. The clever advocate was endeavoring to find out about the temper of a horse, which had an important bearing on the case, but the witness was not very lucid.

"Does he shy?" he was asked. The groom said he did.

"At what?" was the next question. "At lots of things," was the answer. And for long no better or further particulars could be got. But Mr. Witt, determining to get a clearer answer, went on.

"But tell me," he said in his most suave tones, "of any particular thing he would shy at."

"Well, 'e'd shy at you," was the unexpected answer. And every one seemed to wonder whether that was evidence.—London Answers.

### With Knife and Fork.

In the middle ages people knew not knives and forks, but ate with nature's implements—their fingers. Later they held the bread or meat in a napkin in their left hands and cut off pieces with a dagger held in the right hand, the food being carried to the mouth on the knife, even in the most polite society. The next development was to have a special eating knife instead of using the dagger, which might have been used for the dispatch of an enemy. Each person kept an eating knife, and when he was invited out to dinner he brought his knife along with him. Forks were used in Venice in 997, but it was not till 1608 that a Venetian traveler, one Thomas Coryate, introduced them into Britain.—London Standard.

### Immaterial.

The janitor of a small church on the south side raises a few chickens in a small inclosure in his back yard. The eggs of these he sells to some members of the church in which he works.

Last Saturday one of his customers asked him if he could spare a dozen eggs within the next two or three days.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied the janitor. "I'll bring you a dozen fresh ones tomorrow morning."

"Oh, no," protested the housewife. "I shouldn't want you to bring them on Sunday—not on Sunday, John."

"Well," replied John, "all right, ma'am, if you say so. But it don't make no difference to the hens."—Harper's Weekly.

### GOT HIS REWARD.

The Duke, the Cow Driver and a Missing Sovereign.

The father of the present Duke of Buccleuch was not averse to a joke as regarded his identity, and an amusing anecdote, with a somewhat serious ending, is told about him. His grace purchased a cow from a farmer near Dalkeith and gave orders it should be sent up the following morning. Accordingly the cow was sent, and the duke, who was walking in the avenue, espied a small boy who was attempting ineffectually to drive the animal. The boy, not knowing the duke, cried out:

"Hi, mon, come here an' gi' us a han' wi' this beast!"

The duke, greatly amazed, determined to have a joke. He walked on slowly and took no notice. At last the little fellow called:

"Come here, mon, an' help us, an' sure as anything I'll give ye half I get."

This entreaty had the desired effect. The duke gave a helping hand.

"And now," said he, "how much do you think you will get for this job?"

"Ow dinna ken," said the boy, "but I am sure o' something, for the folk up at the house are good to a' bodies."

As they neared the house the duke left the lad and entered by a different way. He called a servant and put a sovereign into his hand, telling him to give it to the boy who brought the cow. The duke then returned to the avenue and was there met by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?"

"A shilling," said the boy, "an' there's the half of it to ye."

"But surely you got more than a shilling?"

"No," said the boy earnestly, "that's all I got."

"There must be some mistake," said the duke, "and as I know the duke if you return I think I'll get you more."

The boy consented, and back they went. The duke rang the bell and ordered all the servants to assemble.

"Now," said he, "show me the person who gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there," pointing to the butler, who, utterly confused, attempted to apologize. The duke cut all explanations short and ordered him to quit his service instantly. As for the boy, the duke was so delighted with his honesty that he sent him to school and educated him at his own expense.—Kansas City Journal.

### An Eye to the Main Chance.

Lucinda had a large box of chocolates. Every few minutes she would pass the box around to her mother and her mother's visitors. "What a dear little thing!" exclaimed one of them. "She is the very soul of generosity. Most children would satisfy the dictates of conscience by passing the box around once, but she seems to wish to share the whole box with us."

Lucinda's mother smiled knowingly, and when the little girl went out of the room she said: "Don't count too much on Lucinda's generosity. I know it looks that way, but as a matter of fact she is merely working for her self. I don't permit her to eat much candy, but she knows that every time she passes the box around she'll get one herself. She knows I won't scold much so long as she is passing her sweetmeats around to others."—Exchange.

### Her Sacrifice.

A teacher in a certain Sunday school had been impressing on her girls the need of making some personal sacrifice during Lent. Accordingly on the first Sunday of that penitential season, which happened to be a warm day, she took occasion to ask each of the class in turn what she had given up for the sake of her religion. Everything went well, and the answers were proving highly satisfactory, until she came to the youngest member. "Well, Mary," inquired the teacher, "what have you left off for Lent?" "Please, ma'am," stammered the child, somewhat confused, "I—I've left off my leggings."

### The Safe Way.

A coal miner in the east of Scotland was visited by a friend, and among the places of interest shown was, of course, the pit mouth. Seeing the cage lowered into the pit with the stout steel rope, the miner's friend exclaimed:

"My word! I shouldn't like to go down there on that rope."

"Why," exclaimed the miner, "Aw wadna like to gang down there without it!"—Dundee Advertiser.

### She Had a Reason.

The Rev. J.—Tut, tut! How dare you come before me and ask me to marry you when he is in that disgraceful condition?

Would Be Bride—Weel, sur, pleasur, he'll no come when he's sober.—Illustrated Bits.

### MYSTERY OF THE TIDES.

Queer Reasons That Were Assigned For Their Ebb and Flow.

The tides, those mysterious pulsations of the sea, have been the theme of curious speculation ever since man began to ask the reason of what he saw around him. Many sages and clever brains in the ages of the past tried to explain away the periodical ebb and flow of the ocean, and many plausible if erroneous ideas were seized upon and used to solve the problem, and some of the curious notions of these old world philosophers are worthy of interest.

Aristotle, who tried to find a logical reason for everything in nature, thought that tides were caused by the sun, which moves and whistles the winds about so that they fall with great violence on the Atlantic, the only great ocean known to the Greeks, which thus swells and causes the tide. Plato accounted for them as being caused by an animal living in a cavern, which, by means of a huge orifice, created the ebb and flow. The ancient Arabs believed that tides were caused by the moon heating the waters and causing them to swell, while others averred that they were caused by the alternate decomposition of the sea by the air and of the air by the sea, thus causing an ebb and flow. A writer as late as the thirteenth century coolly remarks that tides are caused by the efforts of the earth to breathe.

Saintly St. Jerome explained the mystery by means of caves, and Bede stated that the ebb and flow were caused by an enormous serpent, who swallows and vomits the water. Another old sage thought that they were caused by the melting of the ice at the poles. In Russia, dwellers by the seashore popularly believe that the tides are governed by the water king's daughter.

The Shetlanders used to believe that periodical tides were caused by a monster living in the sea, or, to quote from an old Shetland worthy, "a monstrous sea serpent that took six hours to draw in his breath and about six to let it out again." The Chinese believe that supernatural beings, weird and wonderful, cause the tides, while the Malays aver that they are caused by the movements of a huge crab. Some of these old thinkers have been very near the solution of the problem, while some of their crude notions are only fantastic.—Scottish Nights.

### The Original Lemon.

If they haven't the original lemon up in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, they come pretty near achieving that distinction. In one of the cases containing the Edward C. Moore collection of oriental art objects there is a group of pieces of Venetian glassware consisting of cups and vases of various kinds and shapes.

On the lower shelf of this case there is a large sized and perfectly shaped representation of a lemon in bright lemon colored glass that must represent some artisan's idea of a joke, for it has nothing to do with the ordinary sort of pieces those glass blowing shops turned out at that time. As it dates from the sixteenth century, it certainly antedates any lemon known to the present day. It never will be handed out to any one, however.—New York Press.

### The Written Koran.

Mohammedans never use printed Korans because in doubt as to the ingredients entered into the composition of the printing ink. They are afraid of being defiled by taking into their hands a copy of the sacred book that may have been produced with the ink in which pig's fat instead of linseed oil has formed one of the component parts. They therefore confine themselves to reading hand written reproductions of the prophet's work, which are naturally very expensive.

### Redeemed Himself.

Sir Charles Napier had an effective method of dealing with cowards. On one occasion a flying soldier was stopped by his fellows, who were about to shoot him when the general intervened.

"Give the man another chance," he ordered. "Place him in the front rank, and if he turns again let him be shot."

The man eagerly embraced this chance of life, overcame his fears and fought bravely for the rest of the day.

### Hitting Back.

The elder Sothern, the creator of the Lord Dunsyre fame, was extremely sensitive to interruptions of any sort. Seeing a man in the act of leaving his box during the delivery of one of the actor's best speeches, he shouted out: "Hi, you, sir! Do you know there is another act?" The offender was equal to the occasion, however. He turned to the actor and answered cheerfully: "Oh, yes. That's why I'm going."

### CHRISTMAS ON SHIP OF ICE.

Strange Story of Skipper Shipwrecked on the PRINCE.

Captain S. A. Hart, secretary of the Masters and Pilots' association of Seattle, Wash., and possibly one of the most widely known seafaring men on the Pacific coast, has a fund of experiences to draw from when he wishes to while away an hour. Up in the big, pleasant rooms of the association the captain recently told the following tale:

"The approach of Christmas always reminds me of the December that I spent on an ice ship. Never heard of one? Well, they are unusual. I was master of the little brig Holly, and along about the 1st of November we were wrecked away down south of the Horn. The ship went on an ice floe and was battered all to pieces. We did manage to save some tools and food and part of the cargo."

"I put the crew to work to cut off a large pinnacle of the berg. Then I set them all to work with axes, and we shaped it into a graceful ship's hull. After that we hollowed it out inside, making cabins and everything like a regular ship, and with some of the timber saved from our vessel we rigged her as a bark, steeled lights and everything, even going so far as to paint her and name her the Holly. She was a fine craft and floated like a duck when finally launched. We spent Christmas on board of her and had a grand time. I loaded part of the wrecked Holly's cargo in her, and we then started for Chile, which was our destination."

"The ice ship sailed fine and was as good a sea boat as any in which I sailed. This was only, however, when we were down south in cold water. The nearer we got to the equator the lighter became our vessel, and I finally discovered that our ship was melting beneath us. Another two days and we would have been in the water when a steamer picked us up and also saved the cargo. This paid for the loss of the vessel, which was also insured, so the owners came out ahead in the end."

### THE COW AND THE GATE.

Animal Ability to Associate One Thing With Another.

When I was a bucolic treasury clerk in Washington the cow of an old Irishwoman near by used to peep through the cracks in my garden fence at my growing corn and cabbage till her mouth watered. Then she saw that a place in the fence yielded to me and let me in, so she tried it. She nudged the gate with her nose until she hit the latch, and the gate swung open and let her in. There was an audible crunching of succulent leaves and stalks that soon attracted my attention. I hustled her out and sent a kick after her that fell short and nearly unjointed my leg. But she was soon back, and she came again and again till I discovered her secret and repaired the latch so that nudging or butting the gate would not open it.

How surely such conduct as this of the cow's evinces reason to most persons! But shall we not rather call it the blind gropings of instinct stimulated into action by the sight and odor of the tender vegetables? Many of the lowest organisms show just as much intelligence about their food as did the old cow.

Even the American sun dew, according to Mrs. Treat, will move its leaves so that it can seize a fly pinned half an inch from it. The method of the old cow was that of bit and miss or trial and error. She wanted the corn, and she butted the gate, and, as luck would have it, when she hit the latch the gate swung open. But shall we conclude that the beast had any idea at all but the sense impression made upon her hunger by the growing vegetables?

A great many people imagine they have heart trouble when the fact is that the whole trouble lies in the stomach. The pains in the side around the region of the heart are not necessarily heart trouble. We suggest that you start with the stomach and whenever you feel a depression after eating or whenever your food seems to nauseate take Kodol. It will not seem very long until you know you are right again. There isn't any doubt about what it will do and you will find the truth of this statement verified after you have used Kodol for a few weeks. It is sold here by Bandon Drug Co.

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