

# BANDON RECORDER

Import Each Week

BANDON, OREGON

From a literary point of view it is a great pity that Victor Hugo never saw an American tornado.

Perhaps Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt doesn't like a husband who comes in every night smelling horsey.

You can't always tell. Sometimes a man who boasts that he never worries is being supported by his wife or her relatives.

The Cornell co-ed who won the college oratorical prize spoke on "Men, Women and Human Beings." This hits the most of us.

According to the Atlanta Georgian, 700 churches have been found with inadequate fire escapes. Still, that may not be the reason why so many men stay away from the services.

The discovery that that "tired feeling" is hereditary leaves very little that has not been charged up to our dead and gone ancestors who have no chance to say a word in self-defense.

Mr. Bryan predicts that Ireland will regain her freedom. The London Times will at once decide that Emperor William has been egging Mr. Bryan on to try to make trouble for England.

The mandate having issued that women must wear flower hats this year, the lady milliners will now show Dame Nature a few of the opportunities she overlooked in creating the floral kingdom.

A number of young men in Kentucky have formed a club to abjure smoking, swearing, chewing and drinking. If, in addition, they cut out night riding, they may become models for their fellow citizens.

"Uncle Sam's armada is a success," says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "and all the more because its mission is friendly to all other nations." Sure. Also because its target practice at Magdalena Bay shows how we behave when we get angry.

It is alleged that the Illinois Central Railroad Company has cheated the State of Illinois out of \$15,000,000. If the charge is true the outrage can never be forgiven. Illinois might wish that money have bought dukes for five or six of her daughters.

So many persons have patronized the free public library in the Jewish district of Brooklyn, New York, that work on the new building for it has been stopped, and architects are drawing plans for a much larger building than was originally designed. On Washington's birthday when the men have a holiday, the temporary library was crowded all day, and a waiting line was formed outside. So long as immigrants are so eager for learning as this indicates, they will not endanger American institutions.

News items from various parts of the country must lead the thoughtful parent to wonder what has become of the sort of discipline he was used to in his own youth. Because of the exclusion of a student from a theater in a Western town, the other students of the State university wrecked the place of amusement, and defied both police and faculty. A few days later the students of the New York University organized a strike because a member of one of the upper classes was suspended for ducking a freshman. About the same time ten students of a Massachusetts high school defied the school committee by holding an entertainment which they had been expressly forbidden to hold. The interest of parents in such acts lies in the fact that no organized rebellion of this sort can succeed without either the open or tacit approval of the parents. Those who have the real welfare of their sons and daughters at heart will ask themselves whether it is wise to encourage the tendency to revolt against law and order whenever it conflicts with personal desire.

Juliet's contemptuous exclamation, "What's in a name?" does not apply to the Christian name of the new baby. The family councils over the choice of it may well be serious ones. Eccentricity must be avoided. Whoever will "make up" a name should remember the tribulations of Rose Terry Cooke's little hero, who was named "Amandar" by his grief-stricken father, in an attempt to enshrine the memory of the boy's dead mother, Amanda. The Bible is no longer the one safe source from which names may be drawn. David and John and Mary and Benjamin and Anna have still a firm hold on the memory and the imagination of good folk the world over. But the mother who should to-day name her daughter Keran-happuch or Keturah, or her son Bezaleel or Merodach-Baladan, would be a strange survival of the taste of former times. The romantic names of the eighteenth century have fortunately gone out of use. But the old-fashioned ones suggestive of virtues still remain inspiring. Constance and Hope and Ernest, and even Faith and Patience, sound a call to noble living. If the wisest negative counsel in regard to the baby's name is that it shall not be eccentric, perhaps the best positive advice is that the generation of to-day

shall, so far as may be, give to their children the family names worthily borne by the men and women of yesterday. A respected name gathers about it unnumbered associations. "Grandmother was the best woman I ever knew," said a young mother to her husband. "I want baby named after her, and then we will try to pass on grandmother's virtues in another woman, as well as on a tombstone."

It was said of the ancient Jews that one generation stoned the prophets and the next generation built monuments in their memory. Something like this might be said of the American people and their forests. The last generation wantonly wasted and almost destroyed the virgin forests of the country, and the present generation atones for it by trying to replace them. At one time it really looked as if these forests were so extensive that deforestation was impossible. But the time has already come when white pine and the hard woods have almost disappeared and when the barren hillsides, instead of absorbing and holding the rains, have turned the water courses into alternate floods and dry beds, thereby destroying the water power and inflicting loss instead of producing wealth. Almost every newspaper and magazine that is now issued contains an alarming article or item in regard to the ruined forests. The best the present generation can do is to check deforestation and plant more trees. Happily both the United States government and many of the State governments are now doing all they can to accomplish these ends. In 1895 the Legislature of Illinois enacted the following law: "The Governor shall annually, in the spring, designate by official proclamation a day to be designated 'Arbor Day,' to be observed throughout the State as a day for planting trees, shrubs and vines about the homes and along highways and about public grounds within this State, thus contributing to the wealth, comforts and attractions of our State." This law, albeit it does not appear to have been drafted by any professor of English literature, is one of the most salutary statutes in the State code. From the day when it was instituted, Arbor Day has been duly observed, and with great enthusiasm. Tree planting is an act of philanthropy. For the man who plants a tree hardly expects to enjoy the benefit of it. His thought is, or should be, that almost every good thing that he enjoys is the result of the labors and forethought of previous generations, and that, therefore, the least he can do is to provide in some little way for the generation that is to follow him. The cynic who says, "Posterity never did anything for me and I do not mean to do anything for posterity" ought to be made to feel mean.

**SHOOTING WITH MORTARS.**  
**Hitting the Target is Simply a Matter of Mathematics.**  
How do we hit with the mortars? An observer near the shore who sees the target communicates the horizontal and vertical angle at which to lay the mortar and the instant of time at which to fire, and the gun does the rest. If you were standing at the center of a large clock dial laid flat on the ground and wanted to hit with a baseball a man walking around on the outside, you would notice how long it took the man to get from I to II and again from II to III. Then you would decide whether if the ball were thrown over a point halfway between III and V just as he arrived opposite III the man and the ball would reach the same spot at the same time, it being understood, of course, that he maintained uniform speed and direction and that the ball was thrown with proper force. Instruments give us the range and observations, and mechanical devices give us the range differences, increasing or decreasing by certain short intervals of time, too short for a ship of any size to escape by attempting to change direction or speed. Our observer's circle has 36,000 divisions.—Captain Howell in Scientific American.

**South American Inns.**  
A traveler who recently returned to Philadelphia was narrating some of his experiences in South America at a banquet of globe trotters the other evening. He had skirted the entire coast of South America and had found the inns or hotels in most sections very poor. So bad were they in Peru, he said, that one American, who had been thrown in to jail pending some dispute over his papers and after his release had sought the hotel of the town, returned the next day to the jail and begged that he might be taken in.

The most curious sign he had seen was in the window of a restaurant in Buenos Aires, which read: "American cafe—champagne and fried potatoes."—Philadelphia Record.

**Caught on the Run.**  
The Judge listened intently to the man's story, says a writer in the Indianapolis News. The man was the plaintiff, and had charged his wife with cruel and abusive treatment. He was a small man, and his wife—well, it was at least evident that the charge rested on a basis of possibility.

After the plaintiff had finished his testimony the judge decided to ask a question.

"Mr. Frouble," said he, "where did you meet your wife, who has treated you this way?"

"Well, judge," returned the man, somewhat meekly, "you see it's this way. I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."

A well-informed physician is frequently ill-informed.

# The Firm of Girdlestone

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"Of course. What could be more delightfully simple? Friend Burt here does his work; we carry her through the garden gate, and lay her on the darkest part of the rail. Then we miss her at the house. There is an alarm and a search. The gate is found open. We naturally go through with lanterns, and find her on the line. I don't think we need fear the collector, or any one else, then?"

"He's a sharp 'un, is the guv'nor," cried Burt, slapping his thigh enthusiastically. "It's the downiest lay I have heard this many a day."

"Mr. Burt can do his part of the business out of doors. We can enter her out upon some excuse. There is no reason why any one should have a suspicion of the truth."

"But they know that she is not mad." "They will think that she did it on purpose. The secret will be locked up in our three breasts. After one night's work our friend here goes to the colonies as a prosperous man, and the firm of Girdlestone holds up its head once more, stainless and irreproachable."

"Speak low!" said Ezra, in a whisper. "I hear her coming downstairs." They listened to her light springy footstep as he passed the door. "Come here, Burt," he said, after a pause. "She is at work on the lawn. Come and have a look at her."

"They all went over to the window and looked out. It was then that Kate, glancing up, saw the three cruel faces surveying her.

"She's a rare, well-built 'un," said Burt, as he stepped back from the window. "It is the ugliest job as ever I was on."

"But you can rely upon you?" Girdlestone asked, looking at him with puckered eyes.

"You bet—as long as you pay me," the navvy answered phlegmatically.

**CHAPTER XXI.**  
The grey winter evening was beginning to steal in before the details had all been strangled by the conspirators. It had grown so chill that Kate had abandoned her attempt at gardening, and had gone back to her room. Ezra left his father and Burt by the fire and came out to the open hall door. The grim old trees looked gaunt and eerie as they waved their naked arms about in the cutting wind. A slight fog had come up from the sea and lay in light wreaths over the upper branches like a thin veil of gauze. Ezra was shivering as he surveyed the dreary scene, felt a hand on his arm, and looking round saw that the maid Rebecca was standing beside him.

"Haven't you got one word for me?" she said sadly, looking up into his face. "It's but once a week, and then never a word of greeting."

"I didn't see you, my lass," Ezra answered. "How does the Priory suit you?"

"One place is the same as another to me," she said drearily. "You asked me to come here and I have come. You said once that you would let me know how I could serve you down here. When am I to know?"

"Why, there's no secret about that. You do serve me when you look after my father as you have done these weeks back. That old woman isn't fit to manage the whole place by herself."

"That wasn't what you meant, though," said the girl, looking at him with questioning eyes. "I remember your face now as you spoke the words. You had something on your mind, and have now, only you keep it to yourself. Why won't you trust me with it?"

"I have a great deal to worry me in business matters. Much good it would do telling you about them!"

"It's more than that," said Rebecca, doggedly. "Who is that man who has come down?"

"A business man from London. He has come to consult my father about money matters. Any more questions you would like to ask?"

"I should like to know how long we are to be kept down here, and what the meaning of it all may be."

"We are going back before the end of the winter, and the meaning of it is that Miss Harston was not well and needed a change of air. Now, are you satisfied?"

He was determined to allay as far as possible any suspicions that the girl might have previously formed.

"And what brings you down here?" she asked with the same searching look. "You don't come down into this hole without some good reason. I did think at first that you might come down in order to see me, but you soon showed me that it wasn't that. There was a time when you was fond of me."

"So I am now, lass?"

"Aye, very fond! Not a word nor a look from you last time you came. You must have some reason; though, that brings you here."

and crannies of the old house. When were her friends coming? Perhaps something had occurred to detain them to-day. This morning such a thing would have appeared to her to be an impossibility, but now that the time had come when she had expected them, it appeared probable enough that something might have delayed them. To-morrow at latest they could not fail to come. She wondered what they would do if they did arrive. Would they come boldly up the avenue and claim her from the Girdlestones, or would they endeavor to communicate with her first? Whatever they decided upon would be sure to be for the best.

She went to the window once and looked out. It promised to be a wild night. Far away in the southwest lay a great cumulus of ragged clouds from which dark streamers radiated over the sky, like the advance guard of an army. Here and there a pale star twinkled dimly out through the rifts, but the greater part of the heavens was black and threatening. It was so dark that she could no longer see the sea, but the crashing, booming sound of the great waves filled the air and the salt spray came driving in through the open window. She shut it and resumed her seat by the fire, shivering partly from cold and partly from some vague presentiment of evil.

An hour or more had passed when she heard a step upon the stairs and a knock came to her door. It was Rebecca, with a cup of tea upon a tray and some bread and butter. Kate was grateful at this attention, for it saved her from having to go down to the dining room and face Ezra and his unpleasant looking companion. Rebecca laid down the tray, and then to her mistress' surprise turned back and shut the door. The girl's face was very pale, and her manner was mild and excited.

"Here's a note for you," she said. "It was given Mrs. Jorrocks to give you, but I am better at climbing stairs than she is, so I brought it up." She handed Kate a little slip of paper as she spoke.

A note for her! Could it be that her friends had arrived and had managed to send a message to her? It must be so. She took it from the maid. As she did so she noticed that her hands were shaking as though she had the ague.

"You are not well, Rebecca," said Kate, kindly.

"Oh, yes, I am. You read your note and don't mind me," the girl answered in her usual surly fashion. Instead of leaving the room she was bustling about the bed as though putting things in order. Kate's impatience was too great to allow her to wait, so she untwisted the paper, which had no seal or fastening. She had looked in her heart to see the name of her lover at the end of it. Instead of that her eye fell upon the signature of Ezra Girdlestone. What could he have to say to her? She moved the solitary candle on to the mantelpiece, and read the following note roughly scribbled upon a coarse piece of paper:

"My Dear Miss Harston—I am afraid your confinement here has been very irksome to you. I have repeatedly requested my father to alleviate or modify it, but he has invariably refused. As he still persists in his refusal, I wish to offer you my aid, and to show you that I am your sincere friend in spite of all that has passed, if you could slip out to-night at nine o'clock and meet me by the withered oak at the head of the avenue, I will see you safe to Bedworth, and you can, if you wish, go on to Portsmouth by the next train. I shall manage so that you may find the door open by that time. I shall not, of course, go to Portsmouth with you, but shall return here after dropping you at the station. I do this small thing to show you that, hopeless as it may be, the affection which I bear you is still as deep as ever. Yours, E. Girdlestone."

Our heroine was so surprised at this epistle that she sat for some time dangling the slip of paper between her fingers and lost in thought. When she glanced round, Rebecca had left the room. She rolled the paper up and threw it into the fire. Ezra, then, was not so hard-hearted as she had thought him. He had used his influence to soften his father. Should she accept this chance of escape, or should she await some word from her friends? Perhaps they were already in Bedworth, but did not know how to communicate with her. If so, this offer of Ezra's was just what was needed. In any case, she could go on to Portsmouth and telegraph from there to the Dimsdales. It was too good an offer to be refused. She made up her mind that she would accept it. It was past eight now and nine was the hour. She stood up with the intention of putting on her cloak and bonnet.

**CHAPTER XXII.**  
Ezra and his father had composed the letter together, and the former handed it to Mrs. Jorrocks, with a request that she should deliver it. It chanced, however, that Rebecca, keenly alive to any attempt at communication between the young merchant and mistress, saw the crone hobbling down the passage with the note in her hand.

"What's that, mother?" she asked. "It's a letter for her," wheezed the old woman, nodding her tremulous head in the direction of Kate's room.

"I'll take it up," said Rebecca eagerly. "I am just going up there with her tea."

"Thank ye. Them stairs tries my rheumatiz something cruel."

The maid took the note and carried it upstairs. Instead of taking it straight to her mistress she slipped into her own room and read every word of it. It appeared to confirm her worst suspicions. Here was Ezra asking an interview with the woman who he had assured her that he hated. It was true that the request was made in measured words and on a plausible pretext. No doubt that was merely to deceive any other eye which might rest upon it. There was an understanding between them, and this was an assignation. The girl walked swiftly up and down the room like a caged tigress, striking her head with her clenched hands in her anger, and biting her lip until blood came. It was some time before she could overcome her agitation sufficiently to deliver the note, and when she did so her mistress, as we have seen, noticed that her manner was nervous and wild. She little dreamed of the struggle which was going on in the dark-eyed girl's mind against the impulse which urged her to seize her imagined rival by the white throat and choke the life out of her.

"It's eight o'clock now," Ezra was saying downstairs. "I wonder whether she will come?"

**A Watch of the Blind.**  
The novel watch for the blind invented by George Meyer, a German watchmaker, is designed to supply a reliable timepiece at a much more moderate cost than any yet used by the sightless. The dial has an ordinary minute hand, while the hours are indicated by twelve buttons in relief, each button sinking into the dial in turn with the passage of the hours. To find the time, the fingers are passed over the dial, when the depressed button makes known the hour, and the hand gives the minute by its position. The dial covers a circular plate which takes the place of the ordinary hour hand, as its circumference has a notch into which each button drops in turn as the movement of the works causes the plate to revolve.

**High Altitude for a Kite.**  
The highest altitude ever reached by a kite in this country, according to Prof. Henry, of the weather bureau, is that recorded recently at the Mount Weather station in Virginia, when an altitude of slightly over 23,000 feet was attained. At that height a temperature of 5 degrees below zero was recorded. Prof. Henry says that experiments in kite flying have been carried on in other countries where an altitude of 23,000 feet was recorded. That means a height of about four and one-third miles.

**Why the Weaker Sex?**  
"Pg. why do they call women the weaker sex?"

"That's something I've never seen able to figure out myself," responded the fond parent.—Detroit Free Press.

"She is sure to come," his father said briefly.

"Suppose she didn't?"

"In that case we should find other means to bring her out. We have not gone so far to break down over a trifle at the last moment."

"I feel as cold as ice and as nervous as a cat. I can't understand how you look so unconcerned. If you were going to sign an invoice or audit an account or anything else in the way of business you could not take it more calmly. I wish the time would come. This waiting is terrible."

Ezra, leaning back in his chair with the firelight flickering over his haggard but still handsome face, looked across at his father with a puzzled expression. He had never yet been able to determine whether the old man was a consummate hypocrite or a religious monomaniac. Burt lay with his feet in the light of the fire and his head sank back across the arm of the chair, fast asleep and snoring loudly.

"Isn't it time to wake him up?" Ezra asked, interrupting the reading.

"Yes, I think it is," his father answered.

Ezra took up the candle and held it over the sleeping man. "What a brute he looks!" he said. "Did ever you see such an animal in your life?"

The navy was certainly not a pretty sight. His muscular arms and legs were all a-sprawl, and his head hung back at a strange angle to his body, so that his fiery red beard pointed upwards, exposing all the thick, sinewy throat beneath it. His eyes were half open and looked bleared and unhealthy, while his thick lips puffled out with a whistling sound at every expiration. His dirty brown coat was thrown open, and out of one of the pockets protruded a short thick cudgel with a leaden head. John Girdlestone picked it out and tried it in the air.

"I think I could kill an ox with this," he said.

"Don't waste it about my head," cried Ezra. "As you stand in the firelight brandishing that stick in your long arms you are less attractive than usual."

John Girdlestone smiled and replaced the cudgel in the sleeper's pocket. "Wake up, Burt," he cried, shaking him by the arm. "It's half-past eight."

The navy started to his feet and then fell back into his chair, staring round him vacantly, at a loss as to where he might be.

"I've been asleep, guv'nor," he said hoarsely. "Did you say it was time for the job?"

"We have made arrangements by which she will be out by the withered oak at nine o'clock."

"Come on, then!" said the navy. "Who is a-comin' with me?"

"We shall both come," answered John Girdlestone, firmly. "You will need help to carry her to the railway line."

"Surely Burt can do that himself," Ezra remarked. "She's not so very heavy."

Girdlestone drew his son aside. "Don't be so foolish, Ezra," he said. "It must be done with the greatest care and precision, and no traces left. Our old business watchword was to overlook everything ourselves, and we shall certainly do so now."

"It's a horrible affair!" Ezra said, with a shudder. "I wish I was out of it."

"You won't think that to-morrow morning when you realize that the firm is saved and no one the wiser. He has gone on. Don't lose sight of him."

They both hurried out, and found Burt standing in front of the door. It was blowing half a gale now, and the wind was bitterly cold. There came a melancholy rasping and rustling from the leafless wood, and every now and again a sharp crackling sound would announce that some rotten branch had come crashing down. The clouds drove across the face of the moon, so that at times the cold, clear light silvered the dark wood and the old monastery, while at others all was plunged in darkness. From the open door a broad golden bar was shot across the lawn from the lamp in the hall. The three figures with their long fantastic shadows looked eerie and unnatural in the yellow glare.

"What if she fails to come?"

From the spot where they stood they had a view of the whole of the Priory. Kate could not come out without being seen. Above the door was a long narrow window, which opened upon the staircase. On this Girdlestone and his son fixed their eyes, for they knew that on her way down she would be visible at it. As they looked, the dim light which shone through it was obscured and then reappeared.

"She has passed!"

"Hush!"

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1494—Jamaica discovered by Columbus and named St. Jago by him.

1602—Queen Mary II, of England born.

1670—The Hudson's Bay Company formed in England.

1707—Legislative union of England and Scotland put into effect.

1775—The Quebec Act became law, providing for the government of Canada by Governor and Council.

1776—Adoption of the Pine Tree flag by great and general court of Massachusetts.

1788—Maryland ratified the Constitution of the United States.

1808—Spanish organized a revolt against Napoleon... Charles IV, of Spain abdicated in favor of Bonaparte... Union Temperance Society formed in Saratoga county, New York, this being the beginning of the Prohibition movement in the United States.

1827—French National Guard disbanded.

1854—First railroad opened in Brazil.

1856—Montgomery bridge fell.

1850—Colorado river expedition ended.

1865—Sir Samuel Cunard, founder of the Cunard steamship line, died.

1877—Occupation of Bayazid by the Russians.

1878—First elevated trains run on Third avenue in New York City.

1881—First sod turned in the construction of the Canadian Pacific railway.

1882—Charles S. Parnell, the Irish leader, released from Kilmalinham jail.

1885—Col. Otter attacked the Canadian rebels at Cut Knife Creek.

1888—Henry M. Stanley found Emin Pasha on the shores of Albert Nyanza.

1894—Many lives lost by earthquakes in Venezuela... International bimetallic conference met in London.

1898—Spanish fleet destroyed in battle of Manila bay.

1903—Landslide at Frank, B. C., with the loss of seventy-five lives.

1905—A score of lives lost in a tornado at Laredo, Texas... Steamer Falk wrecked off Lands End, with loss of nearly 100 lives.

1907—Attempted assassination of President Cabrera of Guatemala.



Construction work on the line of the Erie and Jersey road and the Genesee River road is being pushed rapidly.

The South Dakota railroad and warehouse commission has decided to order freight rates reduced west of the Missouri river. A new tariff is now being worked out.

The balancing of the books of the Pennsylvania railroad for 1907 shows that, while the system earned \$30,000,000 more than in 1906, it paid \$19,500,000 more for labor, or 65 per cent on the increased earnings.

Those opposed to closing the Red river to navigation had a majority at the hearing before Major Schunk of the United States engineer corps at Fargo, and they are confident that the plan to close the river below Belmont will be rejected by the federal government.

Roads running east from Chicago seem to be all at sea regarding the policy to be adopted on the testing of the constitutionality of the 2-cent maximum rate laws passed by many of the States. The matter was taken out of the hands of the passenger officials by their executive officers some time ago.

The usual cut-and-dried proceedings at meetings of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada were varied at the semi-annual gathering of the directors of the road in London, by heated charges of mismanagement, and the report of the board was only adopted after earnest appeals for unity of interest for the company's credit had been made.

An order for 200 refrigerator cars was placed recently by the Northern Pacific as an addition to its equipment in order to be fully prepared to handle the annual fruit crop of the Northwest. It is expected that the demands on the roads this year will be heavier than ever, and for that reason those reaching the fruit district are all providing extra equipment. One road which began in 1899 by handling 118 cars, expects to haul 3,500 this year.

Some of the eastern roads are said to be working out a system whereby the National Educational Association not only will be given a rate of 1 1/2 cents a mile for the round trip for its annual convention, which is to be held this year at Cleveland, but will continue to receive the \$2 membership fee which the roads in past years collected for it, without getting into conflict with the ruling of the Interstate Commerce Commission that it is illegal for the roads to collect this fee in connection with the sale of tickets and then turn over the amount thus collected to a gross sum to the association.