

ANECDOTES OF REYER

The Famous French Composer Was Blunt of Speech.

HE HAD A CAUSTIC TONGUE.

His Biting Wit Was Lavishly Bestowed Upon Those Who Annoyed or Displeased Him—As an Officeholder He Was the Limit of Indifference.

Ernest Reyer, the famous French composer, had a biting wit and a caustic tongue. Fortune frowned on him at the beginning of his musical career, and his first opera, "Erostrate," was played only twice. This did not worry Reyer much, although, as he said to the manager, "I had hoped to see it played three times at least." "Erostrate" was rather meanly staged. In the first act the temple of Ephesus was supposed to fall and did not. "I suppose," said Reyer, "that they thought that if the play dropped hard enough the audience would excuse the temple!"

At that time the manager of the opera was a man named Halanzier, who was no musician and whom Reyer disliked. Halanzier had a way of patronizing the composer which made him furious, and he took his revenge one evening in Brussels. "Sigurd," after having had some success in Paris, was played at the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels and achieved a triumph. After the first performance Reyer gave a supper, to which he invited Halanzier, who was delighted when the composer, after a speech in his honor, lifted his glass and said, "And now I wish to drink to Halanzier." Halanzier bowed and smiled, and Reyer, without moving a muscle, went on calmly and unperturbably—"to Halanzier, the one manager to whom I owe nothing."

Reyer was playing one of his compositions at a friend's house when a little girl—he hated children—commenced to cry and would not be comforted. "For pity's sake," cried Reyer furiously, "put that child on a chair and sit on her face, one of you!" The crying child became some fifteen years later Mme. Rose Caron, the singer who helped Reyer to the pinnacle of fame.

It was Ernest Reyer who was the original perpetrator of the joke with reference to twins which has been ascribed to so many people. A friend of his had just become the father of two boys and had them brought in to the composer. "Charming," said Ernest Reyer nervously—"charming children," patting their cheeks gingerly with his gloved hand, "delightful children really. Which one are you going to keep?" When he was appointed librarian to the Paris Opera he took his duties very easily and as a matter of fact scarcely ever went to the opera house. He was fond of telling the story of his first visit to his office. He went to it one evening at dusk six years after he had been appointed. He lost his way and wandered about up and down narrow passages and dark corridors until he ran up against a doorkeeper whom he had passed two or three times already. The man, distrusting the stranger, stopped him and said, "Who are you, and where are you going?" Reyer looked him up and down. "I am the librarian," he said haughtily, "and I am looking for the library!"

One day a young musician called on him with a warm letter of introduction from a mutual friend. Reyer received him and, winning, asked him to play the two pieces which his friend had recommended. After the first one had been performed the pianist turned expectantly to the composer. "What do you think of that?" he asked. "I prefer the other one," said Reyer, and the young man left without playing it. When he was on the stairs the old composer leaned over the banisters and called to him. "Your future is assured, young man," he said. "You have nearly learned when to stop. But if you had let me off the first piece too"—And, chuckling, he went into his flat again.

Once a young lady sang him the grand air from "Sigurd" and sang it rather badly. "I was so frightened, cher maitre!" she said. "Not nearly as frightened as I was!" was the old man's answer.

On another occasion a lady said to him: "Oh, M. Reyer, when I hear the air of 'Doves' in 'Salammbô' I can positively see you writing it! I can see you in your beautiful home in Provence, between the mountain and the sea, drawing inspiration from the sunshine of the south and"—Reyer interrupted her. "There is something the matter with your eyesight, madame," he growled. "When I composed that air I was sitting on the top of an omnibus, smoking a pipe, and it was raining in torrents!"

One more example. A lady who lodged opposite him in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne was an ex-pupil of the conservatory, and this, it seemed to her, was the chance of a lifetime. The master could not help hearing her sing, and if he heard her he would be captivated and her future would be assured. So she opened her window and daily sang numbers from his "Salammbô." In due course a messenger knocked at her door. "M. Reyer has heard you," he began, and the singer believed that all her dreams were coming true. "M. Reyer has heard you," the messenger continued, "and he sends his compliments and would esteem it a favor if you would close your windows when you are practicing."

You had better watch in the market place than slumber in the temple.—Mastorlineb.



SCENE ON THE COURT OF HONOR, A.-Y.-P. EXPOSITION, SEATTLE.

In constructing its group of five buildings, the United States Government had regard for the type of architecture followed generally in the buildings of the Exposition proper. The Exposition structures are in the modern French renaissance and the Government in the modern Spanish. The two styles tie in nicely together and make a harmonious whole. On the right of the picture is the Alaska building, one of the Government group. In the center is the European Exhibits Palace. On the left is a facade of the Palace of Agriculture. The last two named are in the French renaissance and were completed before December 1, 1908. The Alaska building was completed April 15.

A Veteran's Armor

By LAURENCE FOSTER CHURCH.
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Here is a story I rescued from some old family papers that had not been overhauled in half a century. I have reconstructed it from its original letter form, preserving the first person in which it was written:

I came to New Orleans in 1845 from France. I was sitting one evening, soon after my arrival, in a cafe when an elderly man, about fifty-five I think, stepped up to me and with a broad southern accent said, "You are M. Desmouines of Paris, I believe, suh."

"I am and at your service, monsieur." "I am a stranger in the city, suh. I am a planter from the interior of the state. I desire the services of some one familiar with the code duello and have been told that you have officiated on several occasions at meetings among gentlemen. If it would not be too much to ask, suh, I would like you to act for me in an affair of honor, suh."

He was a typical Louisiana planter of the period, but withal having a soldierly bearing—tall, erect and with grizzly gray hair.

"I shall be happy to serve you, monsieur. But I should like to know something about the case."

"Certainly, suh. My opponent declared publicly that General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans used cotton bales for breastworks. I told him that he was mistaken. He persisted. I gave him the lie. He challenged me."

I was surprised. I had not then learned of the various methods among gentlemen in vogue in the city of picking a quarrel which was based on another cause.

"So you right?" I asked. "Certainly, suh! I was present at the battle, suh." "And who is your opponent?" "Camille Trudeau, suh." "Camille Trudeau! Is he here? Why, my dear sir, he has been out twenty times and always killed or winged his man."

"So I have heard, suh." After a failure to induce Captain St. Leger—the name he gave me—to find a way out of the difficulty, I consented to act for him. His opponent's second informed me that his principal, who was twenty-five years younger than St. Leger, would not kill the captain if he could possibly help it. St. Leger, as the challenged party, selected pistols and a ground under the levee a few miles north of the city. We proceeded thither at daybreak the next morning. I noticed that the captain stepped from his carriage gingerly and walked on to the ground with a slight limp. There also seemed to be something the matter with his left arm.

We placed the contestants thirty paces apart. The captain told me that he was a poor shot and named the distance himself. They fired at the drop of a hat. Trudeau was unharmed. St. Leger received a ball in the leg that nearly knocked him over. But he maintained his balance and awaited the signal for another round. Trudeau looked surprised. He had aimed at the captain's leg just below the knee and knew that he had placed his bullet there. Such a stroke should be sufficient to put any man out of the fight. We endeavored to induce the old man to withdraw, but he would not hear of it.

Just before the next signal I saw Trudeau looking at his opponent's right arm, as if he intended to shatter it. I was not surprised that he changed his intention, for he could not carry it out without killing his man. When the shots rang out Trudeau was still unharmed. St. Leger's left arm swayed and then hung limp. He stood as steady as ever.

Trudeau turned pale. Was he to continue to put holes in his adversary's members without any perceptible injury? I confess I was puzzled. Trudeau appeared to be rattled. The captain's shots had been drawing closer to him, and this doubtless had an effect upon his nerve.

St. Leger insisted on another round. When their hands were raised for the next shot I thought I noticed a slight tremor at the muzzle of Trudeau's pistol. The captain's face was

a study. It showed plainly that this time he was determined to kill his opponent and showed, further, great confidence in his ability to do so. I believe Trudeau considered that his own life depended on taking his opponent's. But his nerve had gone, and he looked anxious. The captain stood straight as a ramrod on his wounded leg, which he had not permitted the surgeon to examine and on which no blood was visible. I looked to see it oozing from under his pantaloons where they were strapped over his boot, but looked in vain.

At the next fire Trudeau's bullet knocked St. Leger's pistol out of his hand, glanced and buried itself in a tree. Trudeau fell with a hole in the center of his forehead. The others present, except myself, ran to Trudeau. I started for St. Leger, but was surprised to see him walk to the carriage with no more impediment than his usual limp. He told me to get in, and we drove away.

"Your leg, captain, and your arm!" I exclaimed. "What about them?" "The wounds."

"I lost my right leg and my left arm at the battle of New Orleans, suh." Trudeau had been firing into wood. It cost him his life. I learned afterward that when Trudeau had first come from Paris he had selected Captain St. Leger's only son for a target on which to make a display of his skill.

The Real Thing.
"Well, what did you come to town for?"
"To see the elephant."
"Aren't you slightly mixed on locations?"
"I didn't think so."
"Well, you know a modest burg can't compete with Africa in that line these days."

Pathetic.
Little April's crying.
See, her eyes are red.
Wonder if she's lost her job
Or her folks are dead.
Dry your little weepers,
Brush away the tear,
And forget your troubles,
May will soon be here.

From an Expert.
"Which horse are you betting on?"
"The little brown."
"Think he is fast?"
"He ought to be. I heard my mother say brown was a fast color."

The Heavyweight.
It's much like working in a lodge,
For, added to his cares,
Our large and stately president
Is going through the chairs.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.
The girl who makes a smudge when engaged in making fudge will find the cook will have a grudge that will cause the same to judge that not a pot or pan shall budge for the girl who would make fudge.

The safest way to contest a man's will is to wait until he is dead and then employ a lawyer.



The man who has an opinion worth considering is the man who agrees with us.

We really hate to be taken in about as badly as we dislike to be left out.

It costs all it is worth to be popular and is seldom worth all it costs.

Misfortune can always confer a great favor by keeping at a safe and respectful distance.

If youth were not so dead certain and cocksure of itself enthusiasm would die of sheer inanition.

It always seems so much easier to do something else and do it some other time.

BOA CONSTRICTORS.

The Young Shift For Themselves as Soon as Hatched.

The real home of the boa constrictors is in the tropical countries. Mrs. Boa seeks a sandy place. When she has found it she coils herself into a great and almost flat corkscrew. Then by just two or three turns of her body she digs a shallow hole in the sand. This is her nest. In this hole she lays about twenty-four eggs. The eggs are about as large as those bantam chickens lay and are a dark cream color. They are oblong and more the shape of a pea than of a hen's egg. The shell is not hard, like a hen's egg, but yields to the pressure of your finger, something like rubber.

Having laid her eggs in the nest of sand, the mother boa winds herself into a perfectly flat coil, like a round mat. This done, she gently pushes waves of sand upon the eggs until they are covered from four to six inches deep. Then she settles herself upon the top and stays there for nineteen days. At the end of this time a lot of little snakes may be seen pushing their way out from the nest and away into the world to get their own living. They don't show a bit of affection for their mother or for each other, but glide away, probably never to be together again. Is it any wonder, when they act so just after being hatched out, that boa constrictors never like anybody and never have anything to do with people if they can avoid it?

Each little snake measures from twelve to fourteen inches in length and is about as big around as a lead pencil. It is said that they eat nothing at all during the first six months of their lives or until they are old enough to catch and crush to death small animals and swallow them whole. The boa constrictor never bites—it has no poison fangs—but always kills by coiling about its victim and crushing it to death. Fully grown, the boa constrictor is thirty to forty feet long and as big around as the large part of a man's leg.

CHEWING TOBACCO.

The Grip With Which This Habit Holds Its Victims.

Every slave of the weed will know better than I do how much truth exists in a story told me a few evenings ago by a well known committing magistrate in New York.

We were seated at a club table discussing various kinds of dissipations, especially the fascination that liquor and gambling are said to have for men who cannot resist the impulse to gratify one or the other of these passions. The judge spoke:

"In my opinion the most overmastering craving known to our race is that for chewing tobacco. Opium in some forms may be as bad, but I am sure it isn't worse. A few weeks ago an incorrigible was brought before me, and after hearing the evidence I sentenced him to the island for three months. He appeared to take it very sensibly until a police officer as a teaser whispered into the man's ear, as I afterward learned, that he would not be allowed any tobacco while in the penitentiary. The poor chap turned pale, rose in his seat and held up his hand as a sign that he desired to ask me a question. I motioned to him to speak up.

"I say, good Mr. Judge, will you do me a great favor?"
"Certainly, if it be within my power," I replied.

"I hear my tobacco will be cut off. Cannot you make my term six months or even a year if I am allowed to have chewing tobacco?"

The judge had to explain that he couldn't do anything of that sort. He relented the prisoner's mind on the tobacco question by telling him that if he was a habitual chewer the prison physician would order a small quantity of the weed for him daily.

"Never did I see a greater change in a human face," concluded his honor.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Preparing an Alibi.

If culture remains confined within the splendidly bound volumes of the new library that has just been bought by a New Yorker it will not be the fault of the rich man's secretary. He is doing everything he can to let it loose.

"I am cutting the leaves in all the books," he said. "The chances are nobody belonging to the family will ever look inside these books, but the boss has friends who may go snooping around through the library sometimes. In case they do he doesn't want them to gain the impression that literature is neglected in this house, so I am making sure that they will at least find the leaves cut."—Exchange.

The Finest City in Great Britain. Edinburgh may be noted for its learning and for beauty of situation. Dublin may rank as one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Oxford may boast its colleges and Canterbury its picturesque streets and grand old cathedral, but London stands supreme—the finest city of Great Britain.—London Captain.

A Paying Garden.

"No money in gardening? Why, I know a man who cleared \$30,000 last summer from less than an acre."
"Impossible! Utterly absurd!"
"Not at all. You see, it was a roof garden."—Boston Transcript.

The Best Way.

Old Ben Franklin was about the wisest product this country ever produced, and he never said anything much better than that the best way to find money is to earn it.—Aitchison Globe.

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