

## THE LOTTERY OF LIFE

Mary Leslie, having been left a poor orphan, sought to earn her living by working as a designer in wall papers. This hurt the feelings of her fashionable cousins, the Percivals, with the exception of young Tom, who admired her greatly. Mr. D'Eresby, a millionaire, wanting designs for an elegant house he was about to build, was referred to Mary, and, stepping to her table, "Are you the drawing girl?" he demanded somewhat brusquely.

"Yes, sir; I am," said Mary. "Well," said Mr. D'Eresby after a moment's survey of the work upon which she was engaged, "I believe you're the very one to carry out my ideas. My carriage is at the door."

Mary, bewildered, was whirled up Fifth avenue by the side of a man who talked of Michelangelo, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci as if they were people he had just met at Delmonico's. It was very strange; but, after all, there was an element of "niceness" about it.

Mr. D'Eresby's sudden apparition on the matrimonial horizon caused no inconsiderable sensation, as may readily be conjectured, and half the marriageable young ladies in New York prepared their ardent smiles and glances for his heart, among others Josephine Percival.

"I must marry rich," argued that young lady, "for I have such expensive tastes, and I should so enjoy a handsome home. I'm sure I'm as good looking as the average with a little lily powder and my hair nicely craped, and there's no reason I shouldn't win the prize."

"That's it," said Tom scornfully. "Go in and win."

Miss Percival was introduced by dint of special maneuvering that very evening to Mr. D'Eresby and congratulated herself on making considerable headway in the good graces of that extremely eligible gentleman. And as time went on appearances grew more and more favorable. Mr. D'Eresby was evidently amused by her artless prattle and lisp observations, and it was surely but one step from amusement to devotion. To be sure, he never said anything that she could really construe into special meaning on the matrimonial question, but as long as time and the dictionary were open to him who knew what might next transpire! Mrs. Percival began gravely to consider the relative merits of satin and rep silk for a wedding dress and to wonder whether Mrs. Parker next door would consent to allow a door to be cut through into the apartment adjoining the dining room in case of a crowd at the bridal reception.

One beamy summer morning Miss Percival made one of a party of ladies who were admitted to visit the elegant D'Eresby mansion, now just on the verge of completion. Josephine was in high spirits, of course.

"He certainly must have meant something," thought Josephine, "or he never would have asked me so particularly to come and look at the rooms."

Whether Mr. D'Eresby's "meaning" applied equally to the seven other maidens and the two blooming widows who accompanied her Miss Percival, not being of a strictly logical nature, never paused to consider.

"How do you like this room?" asked Mr. D'Eresby as they paused in one which looked as much like the heart of a bluebell as a furnished apartment well could do. A velvet carpet in shaded azures, a blue paper strewn with tiny fern leaves in gold, blue satin chairs and a ceiling just tinted with the pale cerulean of the middle sky—it preserved a strange and pleasing individuality in every feature and corner.

"Oh, it's bee-yu-ti-ful!" murmured Josephine, clasping her kid gloved hands in a species of ladylike ecstasy. "I am glad you like it," said D'Eresby, moving back a tiny marble statuette of Eurydice and critically adjusting an aquarium in the window. "This is to be Mrs. D'Eresby's sitting room."

"Your mother?" asked Josephine. "No—my wife."

"Oh, you puzzling man!" cried Josephine, making a little dive at him with her lace fan. "You know very well you're not married."

"I shall be very soon." Miss Percival blushed. The seven other young ladies looked enviously at her, and the two widows tossed their heads and muttered something about "artful mixses," while Mr. D'Eresby threw open a door leading to a suit of rooms painted and paneled in green and silver.

The first apartment, evidently a sitting room, was not empty. A girl in a plain gray walking dress stood in front of one of the malachite mantels, making some little drawing or memorandum on the back of a letter. She turned as the party fowed into the room, and Josephine Percival stood face to face with her cousin, Mary Leslie.

"You needn't stare so, Joe," said Tom Percival, who was looking over the shoulder of the young artist. "It's Polly Leslie, and she designed all these wall paper patterns—yes, every one of them."

"Who?" inquired Mrs. Thaddeus Torrington, the prettiest of the two widows. Miss Percival turned away with a face the color of new mahogany.

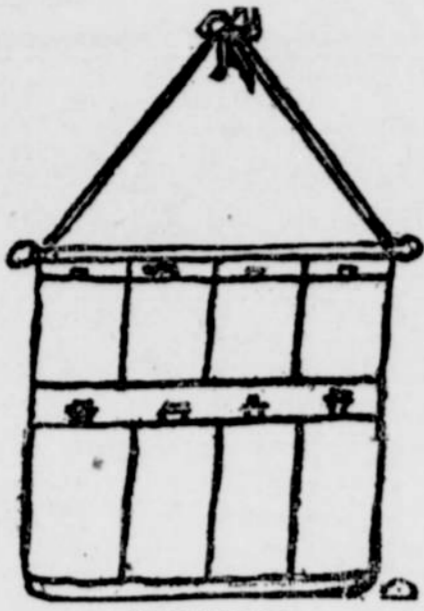
"It's—only a designing girl that—that mamma has employed at different times," faltered Josephine, secretly resolving that the offending artianess should have such a "talking to" this evening as she should not soon forget.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Percival," said Mr. D'Eresby, catching her words and coloring high with haughty anger. "To avoid any more such awkward mistakes, let me introduce to you all Miss Leslie, my future wife!"

## A MEDICINE BOTTLE

Useful Present For the Friend Who is Going to Travel.

A most useful present to make for the friend who is going to travel is the linen bag to hold bottles of medicine. Dull green, blue or brown linen would be suitable for the bag, which has two rows of four pockets each. The lower pockets are deeper and hold the larger bottles. These are stitched



MEDICINE CASE.

on by machine and have an oblong strip of the material for the bottom, so that the bottles set in nicely.

A piece of tape is fastened to each pocket and also to the bag, which allows the pockets to set forward a little. The top of the bag has a casing through which is run a wooden rod, while tape is attached to each end to hang up the bag by, and the whole bag is bound with the same tape. The upper pockets are set in with small box plaits.

## LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE.

Be Brief and Try to Express Your Sorrow Naturally.

To the majority of persons there is no more difficult social duty than that of writing letters of condolence, and many shrink from it. Yet those who are in sorrow so greatly appreciate messages from their friends that no effort to write such a note should be considered too irksome.

As a matter of fact, the writing of such letters should be no effort, for every word should be spontaneous, coming straight from the heart to comfort those afflicted. These letters differ in tone and in length according to the degree of intimacy one has with the person to whom one is writing. To formal acquaintances the correct form is to send one's visiting card, on which one writes at the top of the card "Deep sympathy" or "Our deep sympathy for you and yours" when you wish to include their family and your own.

Letters of condolence should always be written on white note paper with black ink. Tinted paper for this purpose is incorrect, while colored inks for social usage are obsolete. When penning such a note write legibly, for the mind and the eyes of the reader will be under a great strain, and it is a kindness to avoid any possibility of taxing them.

Try to express sorrow naturally, just as you would talk, and do not endeavor to say much, for a few rightly chosen words will adequately carry the feeling. It is usually most comforting to the bereaved to hear the lost one praised, so always try to put in your letter some tribute. Recall kindnesses done by the one now dead or any personal thing you can think of, and when you are writing of some one with whom possibly you had not a personal acquaintance think of things you have heard others say and quote them with sincerity, for they will be a comfort and help toward the consolation to which you are seeking to contribute.

It is most thoughtful when writing to persons in affliction, after expressing one's sympathy, to offer one's services in any way that might be useful. There are often little things others can do for friends until the first shock passes and life resumes for them more normal conditions.

In writing always make it evident that you are more than ready to do these acts; but, having offered, do not press yourself upon them, for to do so would be tactless and intrusive. Some persons are sensitive to the invasion of their privacy, so it is well not to be overzealous in one's desire to help.

**Mrs. Fiske's Work For Animals.**  
Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske finds time in all the activity of her stage duties to work for the cause of kindness to animals. Every year she sends a subscription to a humane society in Milan, Italy, and just now she is distributing pamphlets urging the better treatment of horses in lumber camps. She is sending these pamphlets throughout this country and Canada. She says horses in the camps are practically without protection and that the lumbermen need instruction in caring for them. The actress frequently distributes pamphlets on the humane treatment of animals to drivers of horses in the streets. She never fails to do this when she sees a man cruel to his horse, always carrying a few pamphlets.

**A Wise Precaution.**  
A wise teacher has taught her pupils to make paper cornucopias for drinking cups instead of using those found in public places. Folding paper drinking cups come in packages at very small prices and are a possibility not only for traveling, but for the shopper, who often goes thirsty through the morning or afternoon rather than drink from the cups at the fountains.

## INFLUENCE OF WOMEN

What They Can Do Along Civic Improvement Lines.

### SAMPLES OF EFFECTIVE WORK

**Cleaning Up School Yards and Cemeteries—Seeing That Streams Are Not Befouled—Teaching Children Value of Public and Private Property.**

There may be country societies for civic improvement, but I have never heard of one. However, I do know of much effective work done by ladies to improve surroundings in their communities without organized effort, and every year the work is increasing. In many cases the men claim all the credit, but the real work was done by their wives and sisters and daughters. The pioneers in agitating reform are just as much workers as the ones who do the actual work, and in every community that is wide awake the ladies have a large share in bringing about the changed conditions. In one place where campers or traveling thieves took possession of the schoolhouse and tore down the fence to replenish their campfire the men were indignant, but it took a woman to telephone to the authorities every time that set of campers arrived and have them ordered away. Every man in the neighborhood had given toll of corn and chickens and other property without taking action, but once the idea of driving away the intruders became popular the men boasted of what they had accomplished.

In another neighborhood the cemetery was the disgrace of the community, being overrun with weeds and briars and wild grass. The ladies proposed giving a dinner to all who would lend a hand in grubbing out the wild shrubbery and weeds, and in one day such a decided improvement was made by sturdy hands that it has never fallen into decay since. Of course the men did the work of clearing out the place and have since kept it clean, but the ladies deserve the real credit. Another case was that of obscene writing and pictures on walls and outbuildings of a country schoolhouse. The ladies had the objectionable places whitewashed or painted over, and then the warning went forth that all offenders would be punished to the full extent of the law. The boys thought it only a bluff and proceeded to "decorate" the walls once more, but they were fined and frightened so by the authorities that peace and order reigned after that. Making an example of the worst offenders thoroughly cowed the others.

A young man from town was preparing to dig a hole right in front of a country lawn to erect a signboard when the mistress of the house objected. The young fellow was displeased to be smart, but when he discovered that she would telephone for the authorities he moved on in a hurry. Half the big, disgusting signs that bedeck the forests and fields are there simply because the ladies of the community have never objected to them. Until the women of the country rise up in arms at the array of monstrosities decorating every field and many of the farm buildings the men will continue to give the privilege for a few dollars.

The fine open laws that are getting to be so common in many communities have worked havoc with the "rights" of the farmer who was determined to allow his stock to roam at their own sweet wills. One such individual moved into a progressive neighborhood, and his pigs began destroying the flower beds of a neighbor who had no fence about his lawn. The husband warned his wife not to make trouble with a neighbor, but the owner of the flower beds politely requested him to shut up his pigs. He disregarded the request, only to find his missing pigs in the "pound" a few days later, and he took the hint.

The old fashion of driving out from town with a load of garbage after night and depositing it along some country road has fallen into decay since a number of offenders were arrested and fined. Whenever a country man or woman sees any one infringing on the rights of country people the plain duty is to complain at once. Too long country people have tamely submitted to injustice, and it is time some one was waking up on the subject.

Driving campers off public highways, cleaning up cemeteries and school yards, seeing that streams are not made foul and disease bearing as they flow along, teaching the children the value of all public property, helping the boys and girls to understand that it is a crime to injure trees and all other work that tends to uplift the community are peculiarly women's work. Civic improvement means improvement everywhere and a better class of future citizens. There are laws enough on the statute books to cover all cases if they are only enforced, and if they are not enforced the first thing to do is to oust the incompetent officials and elect men who will do their duty. While women cannot vote, they are "the power behind the throne" and have always exerted a wide influence in the affairs of community, state and nation.—Hilda Richmond in National Stockman and Farmer.

**Good Example to Follow.**  
Your neighbor has set out some geraniums in his front yard which look very beautiful from the street. If others would do likewise it would add to the appearance of your bustling town.

## ARAGO'S NOSE.

Was Enormous in Size, but It Was Safely Anchored.

Emmanuel Arago, the French politician, was a nephew of the noted astronomer and was considered a handsome man, although his nose was extremely conspicuous. At one time he was traveling by train to Versailles when a child who was in the same car and who had watched Arago for some time with dilated eyes began to cry. In vain did the child's mother endeavor to calm the perturbed juvenile. The poor mother was in despair, and as the shrieks grew more and more piercing Arago felt bound to interfere and see what he could do. He said to the child:

"What ails you, my dear?"

Thus addressed, the child sobbed out, "Take off your nose."

Arago looked at the mother, who grew very confused and said:

"Ah, monsieur, excuse me—excuse my son."

"But, madame," said Arago, "what does he mean?"

The mother then explained that she had during the carnival taken her child to see a number of persons in masks and with false noses and he had become so excited that he could think of nothing else.

"By an unfortunate occurrence," she added, "we got into the same carriage as you, who no doubt for some good reason are prolonging the carnival. But you see what a deplorable result has followed. Let me then beg of you to have pity on a poor mother and take off your nose."

"But, madame," said Arago, stupefied.

"A little more and my child will have convulsions," shrieked the mother. "Take off your false nose."

"But, madame," said Arago in despair, "that is impossible. This is not a false nose, but my own!"

"Impossible, impossible!" cried the agonized lady.

"Touch it," said Arago.

The lady gave a pull at Arago's nose, but it did not come off in her hand, as she had expected.

"A thousand pardons," she said, "but pray—oh, pray, hide it with your hat."

So Arago continued his journey with his nose in his hat, and the child's screams gradually subsided. Arago himself used to tell the story with much glee.

## ROLE OF THE COCOANUT.

The Staff of Life to the Natives of Sea Washed Island.

It is more than a coincidence that the tree which furnishes a greater amount of available material to man than any other in the vast kingdom of vegetables is the first to spring up on the bare rocks of the newly arisen coral reef. The coconut, so formed that it may have floated halfway across the Pacific, is thus universally distributed throughout tropical islands.

It thrives best near the sea, seldom penetrating far into the interior. Its hard shell is a coat of mail for the embryo plant, enabling it to stand hard usage for a protracted period and locking up securely the precious life in miniature.

The fibrous husk which envelops it and is seldom seen on the market on account of the greatly increased bulk breaks the jar which would be inevitable should the hard nut fall unprotected from the fall tree to the ground sixty or ninety feet below.

Such a blow would scarcely fail to break the shell, occasioning the loss of the nourishing milk so necessary to the germ. The outer husk not only breaks the jar of a fall, but buoy's it up on the water, while the tough outer cuticle is waterproof.

Thus is the tree which offers to man almost in the raw state all his necessities freely scattered where the warm seas and their borders offer a footing, and from it the humble native secures sugar, milk, butter, wine, vinegar, oil, candles, soap, cups, ladles, cordage, matting, thatch for roof and material for raiment, combining food, clothing and shelter in a single gift, continually making waste places habitable.—New Age.

## Building Up a Speech

Before making a speech Charles Dickens would decide on his various heads and then in his mind's eye liken the whole subject to the tire of a cart wheel, he being the hub. From the hub to the tire he would run as many spokes as there were subjects to be treated, and during the progress of the speech he would deal with each spoke separately, elaborating them as he went round the wheel, and when all the spokes dropped out one by one and nothing but the tire and space remained he would know that he had accomplished his task and that his speech was at an end.

## Doing It.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?

Boy—That's what the gov'nor told me to do, mum.

"Told you to whistle?"

"Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."—London Fun.

## Running Conversation.

Collector (angrily)—You know very well, sir, that this bill has been running several years. Now, I put it up to you, what do you want me to do with it? Debtor—By George, I'd enter it in the next Marathon race if I were you!—Puck.

## What Did He Mean?

"Yes; I believe that every intelligent woman should have a vote."

"But, senator, I understand that you were opposed to women's suffrage?"

"I am."—Judge.

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## NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior  
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,  
June 23, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Ellen W. Goady, whose postoffice address is Bandon, Oregon, did, on the 28th day of January, 1909, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 02738, to purchase the n 1-2 of ne 1-4, section 18, township 29 south, range 11 west, Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, \$200.00, the timber estimated 230,000 board feet at \$0.50 per M, and the land nothing; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application on and sworn statement on the 7th day of September, 1909, before G. T. Treadgold, U. S. Commissioner, at Bandon, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,  
Register.

First publication July 8-10

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