

## AUNT NAN'S MISSION

By M. QUAD.

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Being she had never married, and being she had reached the age of forty-five, most of the people of the village of Millville spoke of Miss Spooner as Aunt Nan, and she raised no objection. She had an income, and she lived alone. It was said of her that she was a disappointed woman. She was, but not in the sense that she had loved and lost. So far as any one knew she had never loved at all, though several widowers had cleaned their muddy feet on her doormat and tried to interest her in affairs matrimonial. Just what was the matter with Miss Spooner was that she was a woman with a mission, and did not know exactly what that mission was. Up to the age of thirty she had thought it was to convert the heathen of China and Africa, but the returns were so uncertain that she had finally decided that she was on the wrong track. Then it dawned on her to take up the temperance question, but here she was handicapped. Old Sol Pritchard was the only one in the village that got drunk, and his wife said that she would rather have him come home drunk than sober, as he broke fewer dishes.

There is nothing more discouraging than feeling that you have a mission and having that mission dodging you and keeping you in suspense. The only thing that can be done, however, is to wait. Miss Spooner waited, and at length her mission bore into view. It was in the form of a tramp. It called at her house for something to eat. She sat it down at the table and bade it fill up. While it was doing so she ran into a neighbor's to see if that neighbor couldn't spare an old coat, and when she returned the tramp had departed; also her watch and chain and other things.

Miss Spooner was justly indignant. She gave the alarm, the fellow was overhauled, and before night he was in jail at the county seat, six miles away, on a three months' sentence. The justice of the peace, the constable and others applauded her action, and for two or three days she felt that she had done her duty. Then the still small voice began to whisper to her. She had tempted the wayfarer. He had probably been driven to tramping by misfortune. He might have been an honest man up to this time. In fact, she made a dozen other excuses for him, and all at once it dawned on her that here was her long sought mission. There would be more joy over saving one tramp than in sending a million tracts to the heathen. She recalled that the man looked lonely and downcast, as if he realized that the world was against him, and she wasn't quite sure that he didn't have tears in his eyes as he sat down to the spread.

You probably know how conscience works when it gets out of leading strings, and it is useless to relate that within a week Aunt Nan was asking admission to the county jail. She had a friend in town and had driven over to tell her all about it and to stop for a few days. She began with the tramp by begging his pardon. He would have been no tramp at all if he hadn't taken his cue from this. He pleaded sudden impulse and stoutly asserted that he had turned about to restore the property when arrested. It was the only theft he had ever committed. He had been poor, but honest.

There was a second visit and a third. The tramp grew more mellow at every visit. He was ready to do and did promise everything asked of him, including truth, sobriety, industry, economy, ambition and excelsior. Then Aunt Nan went home and enlisted the aid of her minister in the mission. They worked for a pardon, but failed to get it. No one else seemed to have a spark of sympathy for a down-trodden man who wanted to climb up. Then came a mental struggle in which the minister did not participate. It was all Miss Spooner's secret. She wanted that tramp out of jail that he might lose no time beginning a new life.

When Miss Spooner visited the jail again she carried a couple of files with her, and they were left there. She had convinced herself that her mission was greater than the law. It took the tramp two nights to file through the bars, but on the third night, as the spinster sat alone in her house with swelling heart, he entered by the back door. She was expecting him. She was to give him \$10 to go far away and make a new start. He was to keep her in his thoughts as he climbed up and write her once a fortnight. The money was ready for him, as well as a package of provisions. She was giving him sisterly advice as to his future conduct when all of a sudden she was thrown to the floor. Before she could scream a second time there was a gag in her mouth, and then her hands and feet were tied, and she was helpless.

Then the tramp hummed a cheerful tune as he began a search of the house. He got her jewelry again; he got \$90 from a bureau drawer; he got her Sunday dress and her silver spoons and forks. She had some currant wine down cellar, and he drank three bottles and sat down beside her and delivered a brief lecture on missions and ended by calling her an idiot. Then he walked out and went over and stole the minister's horse and buggy and drove away. Three days later Aunt Nan called on the good man to ask:

"Parson, do you really believe I had a mission?"

"If you did you made a fool of it!" was his blunt reply as he thought of his lost horse and buggy.

## A BURGLAR'S ADVICE.

Where to Keep a Revolver at Night and How to Use It.

I take my pen in hand to write you an answer to the mug that signs his name "Victim" what says that a bolt on your bedroom door nights will make you safe from burglars coming into the room and shooting your head off and to tell him the only way to be safe from harm by burglars is to lay still when they tell you to and after they has gone to collect from the burglary insurance company.

Your man "Victim" is a dull guy if he thinks a bolt will stop any one that knows his trade, because we always puts a gimlet hole through the panel right back of the bolt and slides it back quiet and easy just the same way as we puts holes through the panel back of dead latches on outside doors, because there ain't nothing will stop a man that knows the trade only a steel door with an iron crossbar back of it and electric contacts all round.

What's more is that any man that sleeps with a pistol under his pillow is a chump, because that's where we always feels for it the first thing and gets it before proceeding to the business of the evening, the right place to keep a pistol being in the front hall hanging on a nail where you ain't liable to do no damage to the bedroom walls and furniture with it, besides its being bad for nervous people to wake up in the night and feel for a pistol that ain't there no more.

If a guy wants to take a pistol to bed with him and thinks he's got nerve enough to use it the proper place for it is not under the pillow, because that's where we always look for it, but it's at the foot of the bed, about where you can stretch out with your toes so that when you wake up and feel the burglar's hand searching under your pillow you can lay still till he moves over to the bureau, when you will have plenty of time to get hold of your gun with your toes and pull it up gentle and slow like you was still fast asleep till you get your grip on it and then if you are quick enough to make the burglar shoot in the smoke all right, but if you ain't got the nerve for the job you'd better not have no guns around, because he will shoot next.

Having been in the bolt slipping and pistol collecting business for nine years, I guess I know the game, and if I knowed where your mug "Victim" lives I would just come up some evening and pinch his gun for him to show him his bolt is no good.—Sloppy Mike in New York Sun.

## NO IMPEDIMENT.

An Objection to a Wedding Ceremony That Was Overruled.

A popular politician tells a story about one of his electioneering campaigns. He had arrived about noon at a certain small station. He started out after dinner for a walk about the village, on the outskirts of which he came upon a building thronged with people.

The building was a church, and a wedding was about to take place. He edged his way through the crowd until he reached a spot where he had a good view of the bride and bridegroom and the clergyman who was about to perform the ceremony.

The church was packed, with the exception of a low, dark gallery near the roof. This was apparently deserted. The minister proceeded with the ceremony until he came to the point where custom required him to pause and inquire if there was any one present who knew any reason why the couple should not be made husband and wife. A hush fell upon the assemblage, and every one waited in breathless suspense. Something of a sensation was caused when a voice came from the upper gallery, saying:

"Yes, I do."

All eyes were turned to the gallery, where, seated all alone in the gloom, barely discernible, was a meek looking little man, with a baggard face and disheveled hair. After the clergyman had recovered from his surprise he said sternly, "State your reason, sir!"

The suspense was turned to merriment by the little man's reply:

"I want the girl myself," he said.—London Tit-Bits.

## Rest Your Eyes.

The moment you are instinctively inclined to rub the eyes that moment cease to use them. Also it is time to give your eyes a rest when you become sensible of an effort to distinguish. Cold water is about the safest application for inflamed eyes. Never sleep so that on awakening the eyes shall open on the light of a window. Never read or sew directly in front of the light of a window, the better light being that that comes from above or obliquely or over the left shoulder. Too much light is an evil, just as is scant light. It creates a glare that pains and confuses the sight.

## The Old Style.

No, this is not Esperanto:  
Koom oontaw thez yelauoo sandz  
And then taak handz;  
Kooztid hwen eoo haav and kist  
The wayld waavz hwaat.

Nor is it the song of a boy scout who is imitating the bellow of the hedgehog and at the same time whistling between his teeth. No; it is Shakespeare's lyric, "Come unto these yellow sands," etc., as rewritten after the Elizabethan style.—London Globe.

## Reproved.

The Young Doctor—Just think; six of my patients recovered this week. The Old Doctor—It's your own fault, my boy. You spend too much time at the club.—New York Life.

Enjoyment stops where indolence begins.—Puffokk.

## TOWN IMPROVING TIPS

Suggestions by the Winner of a Boosting Contest.

### GET A PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

Washington Man Advises the Organization of One at Once—The Power of Printer's Ink—Novel and Sensational Schemes Not Favored.

The Washington Post has been carrying on a contest for the best written plan for boosting the Capital City. The award was given to Mr. Louis Rully of Washington, and as his ideas may be made to apply in part to other cities and towns they are herewith reproduced in part:

1. Publicity Committee.—The first thing to do is to organize a publicity committee, chosen from among such citizens as the members of the chamber of commerce and the board of trade and having for object the promotion of the development of the city.

2. Ways and Means.—As soon as this committee has a local habitation, a name and a clerk it should hustle to take up a collection. It should call on all bankers, real estate dealers, hotel keepers, railroad men, merchants, etc., to contribute to a publicity fund.

3. Bureau of Information.—The committee should next proceed to gather data concerning eligible manufacturing sites, shipping facilities, freight charges, factory help, rate of taxation, water and all other matters concerning which persons contemplating moving to this city would like to know.

4. Wanted, a Writer.—An expert writer should be employed to set forth the advantages of Washington. His style should be clear, vivid, terse. He should do his best to "write up" the city in a story cut to the quick.

5. The Folder.—There is no advocate so powerful as printer's ink. It is magnetic and convincing. Its eloquence lasts. It says just what is wanted to be said. It goes everywhere. It repeats its argument over and over again. Night is the same as day to it, and all seasons are summer. It is everlastingly "on the job." The chief agent of the publicity committee in advertising the city must be a folder. This pamphlet should be artistically printed on paper of fair quality.

6. Sewing the Seed.—The publicity committee will take hold of the boom again and scatter that pamphlet where it will do the most good. Copies of it should be placed in the Union station, in hotels, on steamboats, etc. It could be mailed to boards of trade and to members of the manufacturers' associations. It could be put on sale at cost or at a trifle above cost and so be widely distributed, yet not exhaust the money of the committee.

7. Advertising an Advertisement.—A "spot light" ad. of that folder should be inserted in some of the leading trade journals, especially in the organs of those industries that could be profitably carried on in this neighborhood. By this means news of the folder will spread in shops, factories and mills; thereby business men who are looking for a new site for their enterprises will be attracted hither to prospect the promised land.

8. The Leaflet.—For the sake of economy and convenience a tract should be prepared to prevent the wasting of the folder by injudicious distribution and also to still further advertise it. This leaflet should have on one side a summary of the most striking advantage of Washington as a commercial center and on the other a brief list of its charms as a place of residence.

The leaflet should end with the statement that the folder, giving fuller details, could be had for (5) cents at publicity headquarters and that the committee would be glad to give any additional information desired. This leaflet should be put in all letters written by Washingtonians to outsiders.

9. Excursions and Conventions.—The publicity committee will make a systematic endeavor to bring excursions and conventions hither from every city in the whole country.

10. Celebrations.—The committee should devise attractions to draw crowds and to give folk at a distance an extra reason for making a trip to Washington. It should celebrate the anniversaries of the most memorable events in the history of the capital, hold a semi-annual fair, have a homecoming week, etc.

11. A Great Hall.—The publicity committee will continue to agitate the question of building here a great convention hall.

12. Other Means.—No pentup Utenia will confine the activities of the publicity committee. The foregoing ways of booming the city will be its fundamental reliance, but it will at seasonable times utilize other feasible methods to achieve the same purpose. Novel and sensational schemes are not wanted. They are not effective. They are not business. They do not produce results. They will not attract permanent residents nor add to the number of our commercial enterprises. But, indeed, there is no need for freak plans. The city's advantages are too actual for buncombe or claptrap. What is required is the most efficacious way to make them known.

The city, the committee and the folder are a trio sure to triumph. In the last analysis the committee's thing. It is the living force behind the wheels of the "boom." It is the alpha and the omega of the movement. On the industry, intelligence, enthusiasm and perseverance of its members will the success of any plan to advance the progress of the city depend. If the right sort of men are chosen the work will be well done.

## Young Folks

### WHITE MEN'S MAGIC.

Indian Chief Terrified by an Experiment With a Hand Glass.

A curious device is known as the hand glass. This glass is open at top and bottom, but the top is smaller than the bottom and can easily be covered by the palm of the hand. The lower rim is ground smooth, so as to fit perfectly tight when attached to the plate of the air pump. Then if a person places his hand over the top of the glass while the air is exhausted by the pump he will suddenly find himself unable to remove his hand. The air, pressing down, will hold it firmly attached to the glass. No wonder the Indian chief of the Pottawatomie tribe was terrified when the white men made this experiment on him.

The story is told that the chief, with other warriors, made a delegation to Washington. They were anxious to find out if the white men knew any magic. The chief was asked to place his hand over one of these glasses and told that he would be unable to move as much as a finger. The Indian, with great contempt for persons who could believe such a thing, placed his palm over the glass, and when the air was exhausted he was terrified to find that he could not get away. All his braves were ready to tomahawk their white brothers for casting spells on their chief.—Chicago News.

### FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

Any Number May Play This Interesting and Instructive Game.

This game is played by any number of persons, who sit in a row or circle. One begins by repeating some familiar quotation, either prose or poetry, and the next must then give one the first word of which begins with the same letter as the last word of the quotation just given. The game goes on thus as long as the players choose.

Any one who does not give his quotation in one minute or any other time agreed upon before the game begins pays a forfeit, or instead of a forfeit he may be required to leave the game, and it may be thus continued till there is only one player left, who, of course, is declared the winner.

The following examples show how the quotations may follow each other: Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle?—Byron.

Man never is, but always to be, blest.—Pope.

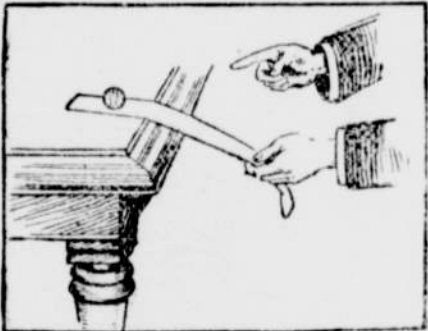
Belgium's capital had gathered then Her beauty and her chivalry.—Byron.

Come and walk with us, the walrus did beseech.—Carroll.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed, Each horseman drew his battle blade.—Campbell.

### The Standing Coin.

Take a long, narrow strip of paper and upon it place a five-cent piece in an upright position, as shown in the picture. Take the end of the paper in the left hand and strike it rapidly and



THE STANDING COIN.

forcibly with the right. Give a sudden pull, and you have the paper in your hand, while the coin stands in the position it did before. It would seem as if the coin must fall, but try it, and with a little practice you will be able to accomplish the trick.

### I Sell My City of Rome.

All the players sit in a circle. The leader says the first sentence, and the rest repeat it in turn. The leader then adds another, and both are repeated till the whole is complete. Players who blunder are put out.

The sentences run in this way: "I sell you my city of Rome. In this city there is a street; in this street there is a house; in this house there is a court; in this court there is a garden; in this garden there is a staircase; at the top of this staircase there is a room; in this room there is a bed; near this bed there is a table; on this table there is a cloth; on this cloth there is a cage; in this cage there is a bird."

"The bird says, I am in a cage. The cage says, I am on a table. The table says, I am near a bed. The bed says, I am in a room. The room says, I am at the top of the staircase. The staircase says, I am in a garden. The garden says, I am in a court. The court says, I am in a house. The house says, I am in a street—and here is my city of Rome sold!"

### A Box of Pens.

What pen is never cheap? Expensive.

What pen denotes a gentle melancholy? Pensive.

What pen is never shut? Open.

What pen pays for damages? Compensation.

What pen belongs exclusively to the United States? Pennsylvania.

What pen is a mental faculty? Penetration.

What pen do criminals pay for their misdeeds? Penalty.

What pen need never be regretted? Penitence.

What pen enables people to live comfortably? Pension.

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