

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

LUCK OR PLUCK?

H. C. Gibson is his name. He was a common laborer, with no ambition except to draw his wages and spend the money.

One day a railway train came along and cut off both his legs close to his body. It is intimated, though not proved, that Gibson had looked upon the wine when it was red to such an extent that he failed to see the train when he came up to it.

However that may be, he was discharged from the hospital without money, without friends and without legs.

It was generally supposed that Gibson would be a beggar or become a public charge.

But it soon was proved that if he lacked legs he had plenty of nerve, an asset having which no man is bankrupt.

What do you suppose this H. C. Gibson, penniless, friendless and legless, started to do—sell lead pencils on the street? He started in to learn the bricklayers' trade.

He put a sort of tricycle under him in lieu of legs and, rolling along a scaffold by the side of a brick wall, soon was able to cry out to the hodcarriers "More mort!" along with the best of them.

People began to have a sincere respect for what was left of Gibson.

And he on his part began to study the statutes of the state of Virginia. Then he ran—or rolled—for justice of the peace. He was elected, made a successful magistrate and was re-elected.

And now he is on wheels for sheriff of the county.

They say he has a good chance for the office. He has won the regard of the people for his grit and is esteemed as one of the best citizens of the community. The salary and fees are good, and Gibson will be able to go out of office well fixed financially.

Mr. Man—

Have you brooded over your hard luck? Have you felt that you were handicapped by lack of education or opportunity?

Contemplate the career of legless Gibson and be ashamed.

Gibson won by pluck and in spite of luck.

Indeed—

His bad luck was a big blessing in disguise. If he had kept his legs he would today be a common laborer—or a bum.

Luck is a slipshod and craven creature, waiting for something to turn up. Pluck is fearless valor with its boots on going out to turn something up.

A WORTHY PRIDE.

Are you proud?

You should be.

But you should be proud in the proper way and of the proper things.

What is finer, for instance, than the pride that seems to do a mean act, the pride that will not stoop to conquer, or the pride that will not "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning," or the pride that will not permit a kind act to go unaccompanied by gratitude?

But there is also a false pride.

There is the pride that fills the foolish with the desire to keep an establishment beyond his means, the pride that leads to extravagance in order to keep up with his neighbors, the pride that leads him to the enjoyment of luxuries he cannot afford.

That sort of pride "goeth before a fall."

And there is the pride that makes the unwise person ashamed of the honest labor by which he makes his bread. Such a one is ashamed of the very thing in which he ought to take the greatest pride.

To work for one's living, to pay one's debts, to live within one's income—what more worthy?

Did you ever know a man who was truly self-made who was ashamed of the fact? It is the last thing he cares to conceal.

True pride is self-respect—plus.

If you are rightly proud you will live in a shack and subsist on beans rather than be supported by charity.

If you are justly proud you will prefer the humblest place rather than to make a show at the expense of your creditors whom it would be necessary for you to dodge.

If you are righteously proud you will wear old garments many times cleaned rather than affect rich raiment bought with other people's money.

What if some one does scorn your plain clothing or humble home?

Scorn to be scorned by one whom I scorn—Is that a matter to make me fret? Is that a matter to cause regret?

Honest pride in oneself, in one's work, in one's reputation—that is worth while.

Be proud of yourself.

But make yourself worthy of your pride.

Be proud of your work, your character, your ambitions.

But make your character, your work, your ambitions, worthy of yourself.

FORGET IT!

One of the characteristics of our American slang phrases is that sentences are—

"Forget it."

Moreover, the phrase connotes a deep philosophy put into terms of everyday speech.

It is part and parcel of the vernacular of the "Don't Worry club," because

If you forget your worries they cannot disturb you; if you do not foster your gronches they will disappear.

"Forget it" also fits in more or less with the speech of the Latin countries, where the natives say to their troubles, "Manana"—tomorrow.

We poke fun at the Spaniard's "manana," but there is something to be learned from it.

We need not go to the length of the lazzarone who never does anything today that he can postpone until tomorrow, but we can and ought to practice his disposition to postpone worries and mental stewings to a more convenient season.

Especially is this true in hot weather.

The heat of itself is sufficient burden without adding to it irritation over trifles and outbursts of temper because of petty annoyances.

Forget it.

By continual thinking of the hot weather, by keeping an eye on the thermometer and adding to discomfort by a fussy disposition, one draws to his head more blood than the organ should contain, and the result is misery and possible prostration or stroke.

The wise way is to buckle down to business and—

Forget it.

Smile as you sweat. Sweat and smile. The mental habit of optimism, which includes forgetfulness of small things, will make you fairly comfortable even under uncomfortable conditions. Therefore—

Forget it. And also—

If something has gone wrong with the farm or the store or shop or office, if the plow is perverse, or the store stuffy, or the shop slow, or the office oppressive, why—

Forget it.

Life is too short to treasure up the trivial. He who does that not only heats his blood, but actually poisons it, as laboratory tests have shown.

Whatever your trouble, it is not as big probably as you think it is—unless you make it so by dwelling on it or brooding over it.

Forget it.

Do not brood. Forget. Do not harbor resentment. Dismiss it. Do not get warm mentally. You cannot afford that. Forget it.

Blessed is that man who is wise enough to forget.

A FINGER, NAIL DIAMOND.

Some seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, some seek distinction in listening senates, and some are noted because they lead the german.

But M. Alphonso Albert Dupuis, late of Paris and now of Chicago—volla! Alphonso has attained the unattainable.

He is the only person in all the world who wears a diamond set in the nail of his little finger!

Behold—

This so great conception and stroke of consummation by the so fertile M. Dupuis was the result of much artistic boning.

Having by means of many Gallic gestures and exclamation points explained his sublimated idea, his aesthetic vision, to a friend and countryman who was a manufacturing jeweler, the latter was so stunned by the stupendous mind of M. Dupuis that he could only raise his hands skyward to exclaim:

"Superb! Magnifique!"

Whereupon with skilled fingers of art the jeweler set a little gold plate under the little finger nail of M. Dupuis' left hand, and then he mounted a three carat blue white diamond on a little screw that penetrated the end of the finger nail and caught the threads in the little gold plate.

Parfient! The great transaction's done.

Moreover, as a sweeping stroke of genius there was designed a silver case, fashioned somewhat after the finger stalls we boys used to employ while "shucking" corn, to protect the precious jewel and the so precious finger nail when not on public exhibition.

How admirable!

The women of a certain latitude wear rings in their noses, and the old woman of Banbury Cross had bells on her toes, but whoever before won the high satisfaction of finger nail jewelry?

M. Dupuis is in a class by himself. His niche in the temple of fame is already niched, and that so glorious Paris only waits to confer the laurel wreath of genius.

No sovereignty of history was ever so decorated.

Solomon in all his glory was not thus adorned.

Seriously—

One could but wish Balzac were still alive. How he would have pictured the character of this M. Dupuis, who, in the city of Chicago, where children go hungry to school and men beg for work to buy a bit of bread—how the great novelist would have revealed the childlikeness of this supremely silly Frenchman!

THE POWER WITHIN.

Tired of the stories of successful men?

Well, here is the outline of one about a successful girl.

Ten years ago Mabel Sturtevant of Brookfield, Mo., was an ordinary school-girl of sixteen.

That is to say, she was in appearance an average girl of rather poor farmer folks. But she had a tremendous desire to make something of herself.

Largely by her own efforts she went through the University of Missouri, winning all sorts of prizes for scholarship, by the way. She also studied law and was admitted to the bar.

Which attainments would satisfy most girls desiring to distinguish themselves.

But last year Mabel Sturtevant won the crowning triumph. She was awarded

the Braun prize as the best student of the universities of America and Europe.

Won by a girl, mind you, "self-made," over all the young men.

That victory gives her about \$3,000 a year to be used in traveling and observing the educational systems of the world.

And now this farmer girl of Missouri has started on her tour of the world, one of the most distinguished women in the world of education.

How did she do it?

Just as any man would succeed along the same line—by ability for study and determination to win.

Thanks to our coeducational system—a system less than fifty years old—this girl had the same chance to educate herself as any boy.

And she relied on herself.

That tells the story. You can educate yourself only by yourself, of yourself and for yourself.

Modern psychology has revealed the wondrous possibilities of the human will. The desire to do, persistently kept, backed by the will to do, gives the power to do.

Miracles aside, the mysterious and wonderful power within you can do anything you want to do.

It is the power within, mind you, not without.

And just here is the mistake of the girl or boy who says: "I have no chance. There is no one to help me."

Mabel Sturtevant had no better opportunity than other girls of poor parentage. She had no one to help her.

She helped herself!

And that is what you must do, my girl or boy. The best any one can do for you is to help you to help yourself. The power is within.

MARLBOROUGH THE LITTLE.

Phy the sorrows of the Duke of Marlborough!

He has his kingdom, besides princely titles, 23,000 acres in the heart of England, a town palace, a castle and a rich wife, but—

He bewails the tendency of the times to make the nobility pay its fair share of the taxes and especially complains of the income tax which the new budget imposes on vast inherited properties.

This silly scion of the house of Marlborough says he is weary of the struggle to take care of his property and would throw himself out of the window but for the brutal inheritance tax, which would "rob his son," the duke-let.

In other words, he is tired of living because he has to pay taxes on his income, and he dreads to die because his son would have to pay taxes on the inheritance.

Thus the duke.

What would John Churchill, the smooth, wily founder of the house of Marlborough, think of this whining descendant of his?

The first Marlborough oscillated between the royal houses of Stuart and Orange as occasion and his purse demanded. If William III. was on top, Churchill was a strong adherent of Orange; if Charles II. seemed to have the best of it, he was for the Stuarts.

Able, nimble witted and treacherous, the first Marlborough never whined against fate. Whatever charges are brought against him, it cannot be denied that he was a bold general and an able diplomat.

His addie pated, childishly indiscreet descendant is of a different sort of stuff.

If the present duke should by some favorable chance jump out of a high window in his castle, why, there would be a dukely funeral, that's all.

And if current reports be true Consuelo, the duchess and American wife, who brought the dukedom a good slice of old Commodore Vanderbilt's millions, while she would be chief mourner at the funeral, would not weep as those who have no hope.

The people of England are to be congratulated.

Through the income tax and the inheritance tax they will get back some of that money and land long ago stolen from them by old Jack Churchill before and after he became earl, privy counselor and first lord of the bedchamber to King William.

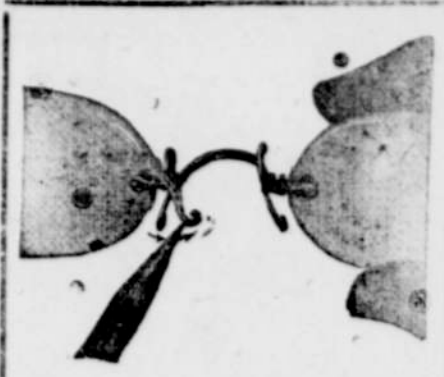
And if to get back some of that ill gotten property of the people his petty descendant must needs jump out of the window, why, let him.

Moreover—

Would it be treason to suggest that it would be a good thing to pass an income and inheritance tax that would make some of our own money lords feel like jumping out of a window?

Bibles in Hotels.

The "Gideons" constitute an organization that seeks to have a copy of the Bible placed in each room in every hotel in the United States. The Hotel Victoria believes in the influence of the Bible. The first thing an arrival will see when he enters his room is a medium sized and nicely bound copy of the New Testament lying on the table. "It is the funniest thing in the world," said the pretty Irish maid, "to see how the different ones are affected by the unexpected appearance of the good book. Some take it up and look it over with the greatest interest, as though it might be the first one ever seen. Others slam it in a bureau drawer or on the top shelf of a wardrobe and leave it there. One man, a rich manufacturer from out of town, rang his bell furiously, and when I answered it with extra towels, thinking that would be the only thing he would ring my bell for, he thrust the Bible in my hands and roared out, 'Do you think I'm a bloomin' heathen in need of sermons?' Women take more kindly to finding the Bible in hotel rooms, but the traveling public, as a rule, seems more familiar with current literature than with the New or Old Testament.—Leslie's Weekly.



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