

AN ODD COURTSHIP.

By M. QUAD.

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The wife of Deacon Hiram Platt had been dead three years when it came to his ears that people were wondering why he didn't place a tombstone at her grave. At her death the sorrowing husband had fully intended to give her a monument thirty feet high; three months later he had reduced the height to fifteen feet; then he had gone down foot by foot until he figured that a common gravestone would be all that was expected. One may have his own ideas about such matters, but when people begin to talk he must consult the ideas of others to a certain extent. Therefore Deacon Platt hustled around to put up a stone.

About the time the deacon lost his wife Mrs. Samantha Taylor, living in the same village, lost her husband. She also had a thirty foot monument in her mind, and she also scaled it down to a plain, cheap stone. Further, there came a time when gossip criticized her for the unmarked grave, and she set about doing something. She had removed to another village, but gossip follows one everywhere. It thus came about one summer day, when the deacon drove out to the country graveyard to fix up things, he found the widow there for the same object. The graves of their dead were not fifty feet apart. The deacon had a look of sorrow on his face and the widow had tears in her eyes as they shook hands.

"He was a noble man," said the deacon, referring, of course, to the lamented Taylor.

"And she was all that a wife should be," replied the widow, referring, of course, to the lamented Mrs. Platt.

"I am glad to know that you mourn him."

"And I am glad to know that you mourn her."

"Her time had come, and she had to go."

"And the same with him."

The weeds had to be cleared away and the mounds rounded up and sodded and the stones set. They worked together at this. They sorrowed for about half an hour, and then it was something else. When their backs ached and they were ready to quit work for the day the deacon helped her into her buggy with the remark:

"I have seemed to feel Mrs. Platt looking down on me this afternoon."

"And I have felt the presence of my dear lost husband," she replied.

Then they both looked very solemn, and she drove away to return on the morrow and find the deacon there before her. He repeated that her lamented was a noble man, and she repeated that his lamented was all that a wife should be. They cut down and lugged away weeds and briars and brought dirt and sods, and when they rested they sat close together on an old bench. It was during one of these resting spells that the deacon sighed three times in succession and said:

"Widder Taylor, when night had come and you were sitting alone in your loneliness did you ever think it possible that you could find another man as good as George was?"

"Why, while he was a noble man, there must be other noble men in the world," she replied.

"Yes, widder, and other noble women, though I never had no fault to find with Hanner. I am sure we loved 'em."

"Yes, we did."

"And it grieved us to see them go."

"It did."

"But they are better off in that brighter land."

Then they parted and went home, and it was noticeable that neither looked as solemn as before. They were not smiling, but the solemn looks had somehow chased themselves away. The next day was to see the end of their work, and they both got there early. The deacon seemed to press the widow's hand when he helped her out of the buggy, and she seemed a bit confused over it, but this may have been all imagination. By mid-afternoon the stones were in place, and as they retreated a few paces to survey them the deacon solemnly said:

"Widder, if your lost husband can look down on earth he is seeing that ston and saying to himself that it's good enough for anybody."

"Yes," she sighed, "and your Hanner must say the same thing. We could have got monuments, of course, but—"

"But monuments attract lightning," finished the deacon.

"And are blown over in high winds."

"And crows use them to roost on. Yes, I think our lost ones ought to feel quite chirpy. We have the best two lots here."

"And they are picturesquely situated, deacon."

Then the deacon led her out to the gate and her buggy. They walked at a slow pace, and neither seemed to notice that he was holding her hand. When she had been seated in the vehicle the deacon rested a foot on the hub of a front wheel and sighed and said:

"Purty lonesome for us, widder."

"Yes, purty lonesome, deacon."

"I think I'll drive over to see you tomorrow afternoon."

"I'll be expecting you."

"And we'll talk."

"Yes."

"And we'll talk—and talk."

"We will."

And three months later, when they were married, the gossips were mean about it. They said that the couple had done their courting in a graveyard, but we know better. It was done just outside the gate.

WONDERFUL RETRIBUTION.

An Incident of the Workings of Canada's Government Protection.

In September, 1904, two white men entered the Lesser Slave lake country, in the Canadian northwest, ostensibly prospecting for gold. Subsequently the Indians reported that one of the men seemed to be traveling alone, an observant Cree boy adding, "The white man's dog won't follow that fellow any more." The answers given by Charles King of Mount Pleasant, Utah, regarding his lost companion, Hayward, were not satisfactory. King was arrested, and there began one of the most splendid bits of detective work of which Canada has record.

Sergeant Anderson turned over the ashes of a campfire and found three hard lumps of flesh and a small piece of skull bone. In front stretched a little slough, or lake, which seemed a likely place in which to look for evidence. Setting Indian women to fish up with their toes any hard substance they might feel in the ooze, Anderson secured a stickpin of unusual make and a sovereign case. He systematically drained the lake and found a shoe with a broken eye needle sticking in it. The campfire ashes examined with the microscope yielded the missing part of a needle's broken eye and established unmistakable connection between lake and camp.

The maker of the stickpin in London, England, and the Canadian government summoned a Mr. Hayward to come from England to identify the trinkets of his murdered brother. Link by link the chain grew. It took eleven months for Sergeant Anderson to get his complete case in shape. The mounted police brought from Lesser Slave lake to Edmonton forty Indian and half breed witnesses. The evidence was placed before the jury, and the Indians returned to their homes. A legal technicality cropping up, the trial had to be repeated in its entirety, and once more those forty men, women and children left their traps and fishing nets and came into Edmonton to tell their story.

The result was that Charles King was found guilty of the murder of Edward Hayward and paid the death penalty. The trial cost the government of Canada over \$30,000—all to avenge the death of one of the wandering units to be found in every corner of the silent places, an unknown prospector.—Agnes Dean Cameron in Century.

QUEER VILLAGES.

Some Peculiar Ones That May Be Seen in England.

The English village is very dear to the hearts of poets and painters, and thousands of them are certainly charming. A few, however, are more amusing than anything else—as, for instance, one which consists entirely of old railway carriages, even the chapel being composed of four horse trucks. Another village, with a population of 1,100 and taxed at the valuation of \$8,000, has neither school, church nor other public building, the only thing of the sort being a letter box on a pillar.

Villages with but a single inhabitant are not unknown, one of them being Skiddaw, in Cumberland. The single villager complains bitterly because he cannot vote, there being no overseer to prepare a voters' list and no church or other public building on which to publish one, as the law requires. The lonely rate payer in a Northumberland village has declined to contribute money to maintain the roads, remarking that the one he has is quite good enough for its use. In the Isle of Ely is a little parish with about a dozen inhabitants that has no rates, as there are no roads or public institutions of any kind and consequently no expenses.

Kempton, near Bradford, can probably lay successful claim to the distinction of being the longest village in the world, as it straggles along the road for a distance of seven miles. Sometimes a village will entirely disappear, having been built either on the edge of the crumbling cliffs that make part of the coast line or over an ancient mine. One of the latter class is in Shropshire, and each year one or more of the cottages tumbles as the earth sinks beneath it.—Harper's Weekly.

His Little Scheme.

"Great Caesar, old man!" exclaimed the gunner as he opened the door and found his friend's house brilliantly illuminated at noonday. "What does this mean? Why are all these blankets over the windows, and why is the gas burning in the daytime?"

"Sh!" whispered Guyer cautiously. "It's a scheme of mine."

"What kind of a scheme?"

"Why, my wife is on a visit to her mother, and I tell her I remain home every night and read. I've got to get rid of some gas somehow so it will go on the bill at the end of the month."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Little Sarcastic.

Maid (to lady at door)—Mrs. Spencer is not at home. Caller (who knows differently)—Oh, I'm so sorry! But never mind. Tell Mrs. Spencer when she comes in that I called to say that I'm awfully glad she goes out more than she did. I've always wondered why she kept herself cooped up in the house all the time.—Boston Transcript.

Might Meb Him.

"The audience is calling you," the playwright was informed.

"I hear them," he answered. "Show me the quickest way to get out of here."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.—A. Clarke.

QUARTERS FOR THE FLOCK

To keep healthy and thrive sheep should be provided with quarters suitable to their needs. It is essential that their quarters be separate from other stock. Sheep prefer seclusion from other farm animals. They get along with young calves probably better than with any other stock. In discussing this phase of flock management Professor Henry says:

"Above every other animal on the farm, the sheep to be profitable must be kept dry as to coat and feet. Inattention to either of these essentials will result disastrously. With dry quarters sheep will stand a considerable degree of cold without inconvenience. Indeed, their quarters should not be as warm as for other animals. One thickness of closely matched boards will make the barn or shed where the sheep are confined sufficiently warm in the northern states except for winter lambs. Ventilation is of great importance and should be ample, care being taken to avoid direct drafts.

"The amount of space provided for each sheep will vary with the size of the animal. A ewe weighing 100 pounds will require about ten square feet of ground space, while one weighing 150 pounds should have about fifteen square feet. A space 40 by 40 feet square will therefore accommodate about 100 sheep weighing 100 pounds each, not allowing for feed racks. Provide fifteen inches running length of feed rack for each sheep weighing 100 pounds and two feet for those weighing 200 pounds."

A shed open to the south on well drained ground and not over twenty feet wide makes an ideal place for sheep. It also makes a very satisfac-



A CHAMPION HAMPSHIRE RAM.

tory place to care for the lambs when they come. Pens can easily be made by the use of panels or hurdles.

Provide wide, shallow troughs for feeding that can be cleaned regularly. Don't expect the lambs, whether range or native, to do well unless they have clean food and clean water as well. Salt is also valuable in getting the lambs started on grain, and it should be given throughout the feeding period and always regularly.

The most successful lamb feeder is the man who studies the needs of the lambs closest. In short, this requires that a man love to be among them, treat them kindly always and be ready to give intelligent attention to their needs at all times.

Getting the lambs on a grain ration is the most critical period, and a close watch should be kept. It has been said that lambs are the poor man's friends, but this does not imply that they can be fed and finished on a field of weeds and an occasional feed of grain. The better the grazing and the more suited the ration the better price the lambs will bring on the market.

Sheep pay for extra care expended on them as well as any other kind of animals. They respond to feed and good management in a way that is pleasing to every observing person and thereby keep more vigorous and healthy and produce more wool and stronger, larger lambs.

Swiss Goats.

A herd of five imported Swiss milk goats has just been received at the farm of the agricultural experiment station at the University of Wisconsin for co-operative tests on the breeding and rearing of milk goats to determine their usefulness, economy of milk production and relation to other classes of live stock. This type of goats, known as the Schwarzenburg-Guggesberger breed, is noted for its large milk production, the milk being of particular value for infants and invalids, since goats are practically immune to tuberculosis. These goats are kept in Switzerland as a chief source of food for poor people. There are very few in the United States, and this is believed to be the first time a careful test of their usefulness has been attempted in this country.

Heaves Hard to Cure.

There is no cure for heaves after the disease is thoroughly organized. In such cases the lungs are broken down in structure, and medicine does not repair the damage. Give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning. Wet all food. Feed grass in summer and wet out straw in preference to hay. Allow double the usual period of rest before working after meals.

Swine of Uniform Color.

The herd of swine should be of uniform color, and the lots of swine for market should be of as near uniform size, shape and color as possible. The packers pay more for this kind of hogs.

Oilmeal.

A handful of oilmeal daily in the horse's ration will help put a gloss upon his coat.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

NO BENEFACTOR.

WHO invented Halloween in the storied long ago? Did he know what he was at? That is what I'd like to know. Did the fellow realize All the trouble and the pain He was storing up for those Who in later years would reign?

Wish he'd got it patented. So that only those could be good and crazy on the day Who could ante up a fee. Then we'd have a little peace. Who would venture for a lark If it cost him thirty cents To be frisky after dark?

As it is that any one May butt in without a cent In the morning we show up With the landscape slightly bent. Everything that's unattached Upside down is on display. And the town is as a man With a headache all next day.

If the man who thought it out, All the details of the thing, Had forgot it right away How his praises we would sing! But he acted in a way That his future fame would dim, Made it free to any one, And we've got it in for him.

Getting It Straight.

In one of the western towns during the recent visit of the president society had a desperate wrestle with the authorities before it decided what would be proper for the men to wear.

It finally came to the conclusion that evening clothes had no place at a breakfast and was happy.

If there is anything that scares the man not society broken it is evening clothes. When first called to don them his first inclination is to fly the coop. That is also his second and third inclination, but his wife holds him to it, and, much to his surprise, he actually lives through the ordeal.

Generous.

"What are the charges against this man?" demanded the judge.

"Nothing, your honor," replied the policeman.

"And you had him locked up all night?"

"Yes."

"Couldn't you at least charge him for his board?"

Some Day Might Know.

"Are you in favor of woman suffrage?"

"I guess so."

"Are you married?"

"No."

"That explains why you are generous."

Autumnal.

It's sad to think that summer's fled; That all her pretty pranks are played; That autumn, russet, gold and red, Has come to make her yearly raid.

Has come to take the flowers away, To bleach the color from the grass, To make all cold the dismal day And freeze the festive garden sass.

But still we will not sit and sigh, For autumn has its golden store, And that's perhaps the reason why Her coming we may not deplore.

For sweet potatoes, pumpkin pies And sauerkraut and Hubbard squash, Big rutabagas, chicken fries, Come always in the fall, 'gosh!

Cold Comfort.

"I am starving."

"Starving?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you do like the lady in the novel?"

"How is that?"

"Sit down and eat your heart out."

Needs a Hall.

"Do you suppose the sultan consults his wives?"

"Well, not on material things."

"Too haughty, I suppose."

"Not that. It would be too much like holding a political convention."

Prophetic.

We know not what's before us, But we can safely guess— A lovely anvil chorus If we should win success.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A lazy man is one who has no foes to conquer.

The man who has plenty of perseverance is almost certain to carry his point, but the question is, Where can one get perseverance?

The modern steamship doesn't wait for time or tide.

Keeping in touch is pleasant so long as your friends will stand for it.

How would it do to let old north pole itself nominate the only real dyed in the wool and blown in the glass frozen-in-the-ice discoverer?

When a man gets the conceit taken out of him it is too apt to go into the other fellow.

A man who takes himself seriously gets a jar when he bumps up against a woman who doesn't.

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