

Woman's World

Lady Hardinge, the New Vice Reine of India.



The wife of the new viceroy of India, Lady Hardinge, is one of the most popular women in England. She was the Hon. Winifred Sturt, daughter of the first Lord Allington, who was popularly known by the nickname of "Bunny." Lady Hardinge has not inherited her father's peculiar rabbit-like features, but is a very charming and pretty woman, also wonderfully gifted. Lady Hardinge is probably the finest amateur violinist in England, and she owns a fine Stradivarius. Her musical talents have gone far to strengthen the high favor in which she has been held ever since her childhood by Alexandra, the dowager queen, who is passionately fond of music and who, though she does not play the violin herself, prefers it to all other instruments.

Ever since Lady Hardinge's marriage she has been a lady in waiting to Queen Alexandra and from girlhood has been the most intimate friend of the queen's daughters. Sir Charles and Lady Hardinge have two boys, the eldest just eighteen, and a girl of ten, who rejoices in the Christian name of Diamond. This singular name was given the child in honor of the late King Edward's horse Diamond, which won the Derby in the diamond jubilee year a few days before the birth of the little girl who bears the name.

The Mental Jam Pot Defended.

It's so easy to get on with Dr. Woods Hutchinson. He loves to come out bravely and tell us that we ought to do just what we want to do, and how popular that does make him with everybody!

He reminds one of a fond parent who was taken to task by his wife for not being more strict with their small

daughter. He was told that he did not discipline her sufficiently.

"Discipline her?" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Why should I discipline her when we always want to do the same thing?"

It was no case for discipline—if small daughter wanted to dip into the sugar bowl or pull flowers out of her mother's garden that seemed to her good father to be the eminently proper thing to do at the time.

And so it is with Woods Hutchinson. A while ago he pleased us all immensely by telling us that we really ought to eat candy and that the jam pot was of all things the most salubrious for children. Nice Woods Hutchinson—pleasant man!

Now he comes out and tells us that, like the jam pot, light fiction is really good for us.

Moreover, stories—exciting ones, too, and plenty of them—are good for children. The imagination of a child should be fed. It craves a wholesome stimulant and should have it by all means, while for an adult a good novel may be better than a box of pills or a week at a sanitarium.

To quote from an article in the August number of Good Housekeeping, this obliging doctor says:

"The most restful thing for a tired brain and overwrought nervous system is a brisk, enjoyable walk or a keen, eager game in the open air, followed by a hundred pages or so of a good novel. You will sleep better, go back to your work next day fresher and better rested than you would if you had endeavored to crowd your brain with additional information for practical use in your life work."

"If you are tired a good novel will rest you; if you are worried it will make you forget your worries and yourself; if you are sick it is one of your best medicines. The man or woman who in the sunset afterglow of life can enjoy a good story has found the secret of perpetual youth."

Read the RECORDER and keep posted on the happenings in and around Bandon.

Summons

IN THE JUSTICE COURT, SIXTH DISTRICT, COOS COUNTY, OREGON.

A. E. White, Plaintiff,
vs.
T. W. Meeks, Defendant.

To T. W. Meeks, defendant above named:
In The Name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear before the undersigned Justice of the Peace, for said District, County, and State, to answer Plaintiff's Complaint filed herein within six weeks from the date of the first publication hereof, to-wit, on or before the 23rd day of September, 1910.

You will take notice that if you fail so to appear and answer, Plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of \$54.50, plus costs and disbursements.

Plaintiff has made affidavit for publication of this summons, and through his attorney, C. R. Wade, moved for order of court directing same. Said motion granted.

Dated, Bandon, Oregon Aug. 1st, 1910

Geo. P. Topping,
Justice of the Peace.

31-6t

Looking Backward.

Time passes quickly, and before we realize it, we become old; vigor, elicit, energy, and even the bones of the body refuse to act as in former days. Sad, but it is nature, and we must accept the inevitable, and grin and bear it.

In my younger years I was full of power, hardy and gifted with an iron constitution. My sole pleasure was excitement, and if possible, some danger. Hunting, trapping, prospecting were my delights, and allowed me to forget my early training which father, with great experience, had kindly provided for me.

I was in Colorado when the excitement of the Sweet Water Mines was at its height and of course had a desire to be there. South Pass, Atlantic City and Miner's Delight, were all spoken of as being full of gold. No wonder the gold fever struck me as well as the rest of the young men. There was only one drawback to these mines. The whole country was full of hostile Indians, and many a brave fellow lost his life by torture, a death, which to avoid the golden rule, was five balls from your revolver for the Indians, the sixth for yourself.

The fall of 1869 had been a long and glorious season. No finer weather or purer air could be found in any part of the continent than in this high altitude. Thousands of miners and prospectors had increased the number of inhabitants and everybody was full of hope to become sooner or later, the owner of some rich mine.

In the latter part of November heavy frost set in and by the first days of December, the winter, with all its might, put a stop to prospecting.

The snow covered the mountains many feet deep. The wind in those elevated regions, 8,000 feet above the sea level, at times would blow in perfect fury, and when the heavy snows would fall it would drift into the ravines and canyons, filling them, in instances, to a depth of 40 to 60 feet. But not only the higher portions of the Rocky mountains had a hard winter, it was also extremely severe in the Wind River Valley, a part of which formed the reservation for the Shoshonies and Bruock Indians. These two tribes were our nearest neighbors, and were peaceable. Chief Washakey was a friend to the white men. These tribes numbered about a thousand Indians. The strict and wise laws of this chief prevented all difficulties with the pale faces. One of his measures was to notify the white men whenever his tribes would come into the vicinity or passed through the mining locality. By this order, no excitement would be created, and as his men were not allowed to straggle, no trouble arose and no conflict came between them and the white men.

It was different, however, with the Arrapahoes, they were intruders and only tolerated by the influence of General Auger, who was then commander of the Platte division.

The Arrapahoes under several chiefs, Little Shield, Sorrel Horse and Hole in the Day, had always proven themselves treacherous and more trifling than even the Sioux Indians, who later on were forever ready to raid on the settlements, woe to the person who fell into their hands as prisoners, for long suffering and the most horrible torture were their lot.

The principal chief for the Sioux at that time was Redoland. But more than either of those tribes were the Sheepaster band and bands of braves, who for some crime or other among their own people, had to flee, and forming marauding bands under chiefs, chosen by themselves, committed more deeds than can be expressed in writing.

Without notice, they would appear, generally at the earliest dawn of morning, and rob, steal, kill and scalp, and in less than five minutes were on their flight as fast as their horses would carry them, scattering over the plains, thereby leaving no trails behind them.

One of the robber chiefs was

"Wah tah nah," or the Black Bear. He had become a terror to all the pale faces from the Missouri to the Columbia river. In his wake thousands of frontiersmen, emigrants and miners he and his gang had slain, their bones scattered and bleaching in all directions. Such demons as neighbors was our lot.

Under the mantle of snow, Atlantic City appeared in peace, the stores were well filled with provisions, so that the inhabitants kept close to the shelter. Now and then small parties of half starved Indians would visit the town and in every instance received most hospitable treatment, and never returned to their wigwags without some coffee, flour, sugar and tobacco. These visits were occasionally returned by some white men, going hunting and fishing, but they returned safe and well pleased with the results, and thus fear of those Indians had given way to more trust and hopes of better friendship.

How little did we understand the nature of the savages.

March finally came with its chinook winds, snow and ice yielded to the warm blast of the wind and the rays of the sun. Grass and flowers began to change the color of the landscape. Prospectors, always ready to venture out, would take advantage of the opportunity; some would begin to work in the Strawberry Valley, others went farther to the so-called St. Mary Station. All were hunting for the so-called Hidden Hand lode.

Washakey had sent his runners to inform us that his tribe would pass northward, consequently when on the morning of April 1st, when a band of Indians appeared in the distance, none of us expected any hostilities. It had been a bitter cold night and a little after daybreak young Irwin, a lad of 16 or 17 years started for the Miner Delight, which was about four miles distant, he being engineer for the hoisting works.

I, having a contract of mining shaft and tunnels for the Cariboo Mine, at the highest point, near Atlantic City, and about one mile from where Irwin met the Indians, witnessed a part of the following tragedy without suspecting the danger the young man was in. About a quarter of a mile beyond Atlantic City Irwin met the first Indians, three or four in number. They returned with him about a quarter of a mile to meet about twenty Arrapahoe warriors. His revolver was wrested from him, and his clothes and boots stripped off, in this condition he started to flee from the enemy, which followed him, shooting arrows and revolver bullets into him. Four arrows had lodged in his lungs, pistol shots had penetrated his limbs, within a hundred yards of the first house of the town he fainted, the cold morning stopped the flow of the blood. A woman going for a bucket of water, discovered him and gave the alarm. Knowing the danger a number of other men were in, scouting parties were sent in different directions, reinforcements from neighboring mines and from South Pass arrived and soon a small army followed the track of the Indians. The afternoon passed, by evening the first party returned bearing the bodies of two more victims who had been fastened to the frozen soil by having their picks driven through their chests, and afterward horribly mutilated. A few days later the last party returned from St. Mary's Station with three more victims.

Returning to young Irwin, his father, Dr. Irwin, of Atlantic City, had been called, meeting his only son in this condition completely unnerved him and another doctor was called. The strongest men, hardened by many bloody affrays, at sight of the agonies this youth underwent, when the arrows were being extracted, had to turn their eyes from the scene. At last the arrows were removed, the young man whispered, "mother," and died. On the 5th of April, 1870, the bodies were buried. This burial would afford the subject for another story if desired by the readers. On the 6th of April a body of 160 volunteers started out to avenge the crime.

Bandon Recorder

THURSDAY

SEPT. 1, 1910

Lodge and Professional Directory

Lodges are Requested to Notify this Office on Election of Officers and on Change of Meeting Night. Cards under this Head are 50c per in., month

Lewah Tribe No. 48, Imp. O. R. M.

MEETS every Thursday evening at 8 run at the Bandon Wigwag. Sojourning chiefs in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
G. E. Wilson, C. of R.
C. S. Hubbard, Sachem.

Masonic

BANDON LODGE, No. 130 A. F. & A. M. Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. All Master Masons cordially invited.
J. A. Morrison, W. M.
G. T. Treadgold, Secretary

I. O. O. F.

BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.
A. G. Hoyt, N. G.
A. Knopp, Secretary

Rebekah Lodge No. 126.

MEETS in I. O. O. F. hall every second and fourth Tuesdays. Practice nights 1st Tuesday of the month; Social evening the 3d Tuesday of the month. A cordial invitation extended to all members in good standing.
Clara Goetz, N. G.
Belle A. Kolp, Secretary

Knights of Pythias

DELPHI LODGE, No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Knights hall. Visiting knights invited to attend.
C. R. Wade, C. C.
B. N. Harrington, K. of R. S.

Woodmen of the World

Seaside Camp No. 212 meets every first and third Thursdays of each month. Visiting neighbors cordially invited.
R. W. Bullard, C. C.
J. N. Hosking, Clerk

G. W. REA

Attorney and Counselor-at-Law
Notary Public
U. S. Land Contests a Specialty. Practice in all Courts
Office With Bandon Light & Water Co.
Bandon - Oregon

Dr. H. L. Houston

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Office over Drug Store. Hours, 9 to 12 a.m., 1:30 to 4, 7 to 8 in the evening.
Night calls answered from office.

BANDON, OREGON

Dr. L. P. Sorensen

DENTIST
Office Over Vienna Cafe
Telephone at Office and Home.

BANDON - OREGON

G. T. TREADGOLD,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT-LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC

Bandon, Oregon.

Office With Bandon Investment Co.

Dr. H. M. Brown.

Resident Dentist.
Office in Panter Building
Office Hours: 9 to 12 M., 1 to 5 P. M.
Phone, BANDON, OREGON

C. R. BARROW

Attorney and Counselor-at-Law
COQUILLE, ORE

Office over Skeels' Store

Office Phone, Main 335; residence, Main 346

DR. E. W. ROSSITER

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
BANDON OREGON

Office and residence in Panter residence property next door to Bijou Theatre

DR. J. D. KELLEY

Physician and Surgeon
Office in Donald Charleston home, opposite Presbyterian church, Bandon, Oregon

BANK OF BANDON

BANDON OREGON

Capital, \$25,000.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: J. L. Kronenberg, President; J. Denholm, Vice President; F. J. Fahy, Cashier; Frank Flam, T. P. Hanly.

A general banking business transacted and customers given every accommodation consistent with safe and conservative banking
CORRESPONDENTS: The American National Bank, of San Francisco, Calif.; Merchants National Bank, Portland, Oregon; The Chase National Bank, of New York.

A. MC NAIR

THE HARDWARE MAN

BRIDGE & BEACH Stoves, Ranges and Heaters have in them so many excellencies that they are now acknowledged the greatest sellers on the coast and they are growing in favor every year. We have the exclusive agency in Bandon for these household and office necessities, and prices range exceedingly modest in either case.

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Great Combination Offer

THE RECORDER management has made arrangements with the San Francisco Bulletin whereby we can give subscribers the advantage of a gigantic combination offer that will furnish them all the news of the country in a metropolitan daily and all the news of Bandon and vicinity in the Recorder at marvelous low price

The Daily San Francisco Bulletin, \$3.00 per year
The Bandon Recorder, 1.50 per year
Total, \$4.50

Both papers through this office if paid in advance, per year

\$2.75