

Bandon Recorder

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Room for Canneries.

While Myrtle Point has done what is necessary to assure the building of a fruit and vegetable cannery, it does not mean that the field for such industry in Coos county is filled, and it can be desired that Coquille, Bandon and Marshfield, the other cities in the county that are striving for a cannery, might ultimately succeed in their efforts. With canneries located at each place it could be established that this is a reliable fruit and vegetable country, and the aggregate output would be worth looking after by the jobbers in canned goods.—Myrtle Point Enterprise.

John Alden and Priscilla Mullens.

The prettiest of the early colonial love stories is that in which John Alden and Priscilla Mullens were concerned, and which finally ended in their marriage, but only after the bashful John was prodded into a proposal by the pretty Puritan maiden. Priscilla seems to have been somewhat of a "new woman" in this respect, for it must be remembered that in her days for a woman to speak out, especially in questions of the heart, was absolutely to be condemned. But handsome young men were not plentiful in the Plymouth colony, nor were pretty girls, either.

John Alden was only 21 when the Mayflower landed at Provincetown harbor in the winter of 1620. He was a comely youth, with a ruddy complexion and stalwart. An ideal type of the sturdy young colonist. Priscilla Mullens was several years his junior and quite the prettiest girl who came over in the Mayflower.

During the voyage John came to admire Priscilla very much, but his shyness kept him from ever approaching, with any show of warmth, the young girl who was engaging the attention of all the young men on the trip, who were more bold. Now it happened that Alden had a warm attachment for Miles Standish, and finding that Standish was wont to pay many compliments to Priscilla, he undertook to himself the task of wooing her for Miles. It is not a difficult task for a bashful young man to paint glowing pictures of the virtues of another. To this occupation John set himself with much vigor. Priscilla listened with patience and seemed deeply interested. It was not the stories of Miles, however, that pleased her half as much as to be near John, for Standish was a widower of 36, an age and condition which rarely appeals to a girl still in her teens.

One day, after patience ceased almost to be a virtue, and after listening to a long extolling of the virtues of Miles, Longfellow tells us in his famous "Courtship" the following transpired:

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes over-running with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Priscilla was an orphan, her father, mother and brother having died during the previous winter. John's

interest in making a match between his captain and the pretty orphan was prompted by Standish himself. John carried out his master's bidding, but when he returned and told him that Priscilla had said: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John," Standish became very angry and accused John of having betrayed him. He felt deeply the anger of his friend, and seemed much agitated when he again came suddenly upon Priscilla. The latter noticing this spoke up:

Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;
For there are moments in life when the heart is so full of emotion
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.

John deplored the loss of his friend and would not become reconciled to the wooing of Priscilla until word came that Miles had been killed in an ambush with the Indians. He then turned to Priscilla with ardor. Finally the wedding day was set and the ceremony was performed. Two happier hearts never beat; but when the truth, the prayer and the benediction had been pronounced, into the room "strode the captain of Plymouth," as if from the dead. The party was startled for a moment, but Standish grasped the hand of the bridegroom and begged forgiveness. John Alden and Miles Standish remained close friends until death, and later generations of the Alden and Standish families in the colony intermarried.—Oregon Journal.

A heavy cold in the lungs that was expected to cure itself has been the starting point in many cases of disease that ended fatally. The sensible course is to take frequent doses of BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP. It checks the progress of the disorder and assists nature to restore normal conditions. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by C. Y. Lowe.

Signals from Mars.

If it believed by scientists that people on the planet Mars may be striving to communicate with us. Lines of light are seen on the border of that part of the planet known as Lake Iscarie, and some astronomers have suggested that it may be an effort of the Martians to signal the earth.

There are those who insist that we shall ultimately communicate with Mars and probably with other planets. That the most of the planets are inhabited is accepted as likely. The logic of combined water, air and soil is life. The process of life growth from the mere fish cell floating in the water to militant man is as likely to obtain on Mars or Jupiter as on our earth. Evolution is a process of the universe and there is no reason to believe that we have a monopoly of it on this planet.

Mars is probably inhabited, and her civilization is millions of years older than our own. It is a long stride from the devices of primitive man to the men sailing through the air with all the ease and grace of birds. Yet it is a mere growth of a few thousand years. What shall we do when this earth has added a hun-

dred thousand years to its scientific development? Edison says we shall soon make gold in the laboratory. This greatest of all scientists declares that we are only at the beginning of discovery and invention.

It was but yesterday that we used the tallow dip. Today, we flash messages by wireless instantaneously thousands of miles over the sea. Yesterday we relied on the pony express and the stage coach to bring us intelligence of the world's happenings. Today we send a telegram to the opposite side of the earth in a few seconds. By the logic of the past, some day there may be headlines in our newspapers, relating the happenings on Mars.—Oregon Journal.

Sedentary habits, lack of outdoor exercise, insufficient mastication of food, constipation, a torpid liver, worry and anxiety, are the common causes of stomach troubles. Correct your habits and take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and you will soon be well again. For sale by C. Y. Lowe.

Mark Twain on the Foibles of the Printer.

Mark Twain knew the small printing office as well as he knew the old river boats. In his own, inimitable way he tells in his autobiography of a brother who was in the printing and publishing business, and with his genial insight into human nature he explains how and why he failed.

"About 1849 or 1850 Orion severed his connection with the printing house in St. Louis," says Mark, "and came up to Hannibal and bought a weekly paper called the Hannibal Journal, together with its plant and its good will, for the sum of \$500 cash. He borrowed the cash at ten per cent interest from an old farmer named Johnson, who lived five miles out of town. Then he reduced the subscription price of the paper from two dollars to one dollar. He reduced the rates of advertising in about the same proportion, and thus he created one absolute and unassailable certainty—to wit: that the business would never pay him a single cent of profit. He took me out of the Courier office and engaged my services in his own at three dollars and a half a week, which was an extravagant wage, but Orion was always generous, always liberal with everybody except himself. It cost him nothing in my case, for he never was able to pay me a penny as long as I was with him. By the end of the first year he found he must make some economies. The office rent was cheap, but it was not cheap enough. He could not afford to pay rent of any kind, so he moved the whole plant into the house we lived in, and it cramped the dwelling-place cruelly. He kept that paper alive during four years, but I have at this time no idea how he accomplished it. Toward the end of each year he had to turn out and scrape and scatch for the fifty dollars of interest due Mr. Johnson, and that fifty dollars was about the only cash he ever received or paid out. I suppose, while he was proprietor of that newspaper, except for ink and printing paper. The paper was a dead failure. It had to be that from the start. Finally he handed it over to Mr. Johnson, and went up to Muscatine, Iowa, and acquired a small in-

terest in a weekly newspaper there. To gain a living in Muscatine was plainly impossible, so Orion and his new wife went to Keokuk to live. He bought a little bit of a job-printing plant—on credit, of course—and at once put prices down to where not even the apprentices would get a living out of it, and this sort of thing went on.

"Meantime, Orion had gone down the river and established his little job-printing office in Keokuk. On account of charging next to nothing for the work done in his job-office, he had almost nothing to do there. He was never able to comprehend that work done on a profitless basis deteriorates and is presently not worth anything, and that customers are then obliged to go where they can get better work, even if they must pay better prices for it."

If your child is pale and sickly, picks at the nose, starts in the sleep and grinds the teeth while sleeping, it is a sure sign of worms. A remedy for these parasites will be found in WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE. It not only clears out the worms, but it restores health and cheerfulness. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by C. Y. Lowe.

A Nail Shortage.
"How much is this manure set?"
"Three dollars."
"Well, I think you ought to give me a discount on it. It's to be a present for a man who has but two fingers on his left hand."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Salad Days.
Nebuchadnezzar was eating grass.
"Anyway, I can ask friends to dinner unexpectedly without being afraid the grub won't go around," he boasted. Thus we see every cloud, etc.—New York Sun.

Not Much to Him.
"What kind of a fellow is he anyhow?"
"One of these people who can go out of a room without leaving a vacancy of any kind."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Whole or None.
"Sir," said the young man, "I come to ask you for your daughter's hand."
"Young man," replied the father, "I am not disposing of her in sections."—Philadelphia Press.

That's All.
"I suppose our son will soon be old enough to go to work."
"Yes—old enough."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Doubted.
"The world is my oyster."
"Stop your fish stories."—New York Press.

FOR SALE—One team draft horses weight 1450. Price \$125. Will exchange for cattle. Inquire of M. Edwards, Parkersburg, W. Va.

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