

## Local Lore

### DISTANT EVIL.

Why should you destroy present happiness by a distant misery which may perhaps never come at all or you may never live to see? For every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them are shadows of your own making.—Sydney Smith.

### Masquerade Ball Feb. 24.

The Fourmile people are preparing for a grand mask ball at Fourmile hall on the evening of February 24th and a glorious time is promised all who attend.

Dr. S. C. Endicott, Dentist, Rasmussen Bldg., Phone 71. 85-1f

F. K. Gettins and P. M. Jones were over from Marshfield Sunday.

P. S. Robison of Norway was a Bandon visitor Saturday.

Sheriff W. W. Gage of Coquille was down to Bandon Saturday.

WANTED—1000 empty sacks at Central Warehouse. 2-11

Attorney C. R. Barrow was down from Coquille the first of the week on legal business.

H. J. Hansen of Langlois was a Bandon visitor Saturday.

WANTED—Watches to repair. H. Sabro, Atwater St. 76-1f

S. C. Milburg of Port Orford was in Bandon on business Saturday.

J. T. Knox was over from Marshfield looking after business affairs Friday.

W. S. Graham of Coquille was calling on Bandon people Saturday.

C. J. Howard of Marshfield was in Bandon on business the first of the week.

FOR SALE—A good carpet at half price. Telephone 702, or Ad Box 371.

Dr. H. L. Houston reports, a girl born to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Marsden, Feb. 5th. A girl born to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ashion, Feb. 8, and a boy born to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gardner, Feb. 9th.

The Elizabeth will sail from San Francisco for Bandon Friday.

Agates cut, polished and mounted, work done in Bandon. Call at Boyle's jewelry store. Agates cut 50c and up. 912x.

A. G. Thrift left this morning on the Elizabeth for a business trip to San Francisco.

F. J. Feeney, wife and son David returned on the Elizabeth Sunday evening from San Francisco where Mr. Feeney had been looking after legal business.

FOR SALE—New modern bungalow. Inquire at this office. 98-1f-x

The third monthly smoker of the Bandon Naval Militia Corps will be held Thursday evening in Concrete hall. There will also be five fast boxing bouts of four rounds each. The admission will be 50c. A chance to spend an enjoyable evening and fun by the bushel.

For a house to rent see Spencer.

G. B. Gage had the last two fingers on his right hand badly injured in the Prosper mill last Thursday. He was brought to the Bandon Hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate the fingers, and the gentleman is getting along as well as could be expected at present.

Celebrated E. P. Reed shoes for ladies, True Blue school shoes for children and Spencerian shoes for boys, at Lorenz's store. 11 t-2

Public Reading Room, over Chas. Lorenz's store. Open every evening. Everyone welcome.

H. W. Painter and R. W. Vanderburg came over from Coos Bay yesterday to look after business affairs.

F. L. Randall was up from Lakeport on business yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burkholder of Coquille, passed through Bandon Monday morning on their way home from San Francisco, having come in on the Fifield.

## CLEMENS THE BOY

The Budding Humorist Was the Terror of His Mother.

### HE YEARNED TO BE A PIRATE

Cruising the Mississippi, Fishing, Swimming and Marauding Struck Him as the Ideal Life—The Stick He Selected For His Own Whipping.

Mark Twain the boy was leader of a band of young incorrigibles, according to Albert Bigelow Paine, Twain's secretary and biographer, who in Harper's tells something of their juvenile goings on.

His mother declared that he gave her more trouble than all the other children put together.

"He drives me crazy with his doings when he is in the house," she used to say, "and when he is out of it I am expecting every minute that some one will bring him home half dead."

He did, in fact, achieve the first of his "nine narrow escapes from drowning" about this time and was pulled out of the river one afternoon and brought home in a limp and unpromising condition. When with mullein tea and castor oil she had restored him to activity she said:

"I guess there wasn't much danger. People born to be hanged are safe in water."

She declared she was willing to pay somebody to take him off her hands for a part of each day and try to teach him manners.

Besides his mother, who had to contend with the bad boy, was his school-teacher, a certain Miss Horr. Mr. Paine tells how unlike to a bed of roses was her lot.

Miss Horr received 25 cents a week for each pupil and opened her school with prayer, after which came a chapter of the Bible, with explanations and the rules of conduct. Then the A B C class was called, because its recital was a hand to hand struggle, requiring no preparation.

The rules of conduct that first day interested little Sam. He calculated how much he would need to trim in to sail close to the danger line and still avoid disaster. However, he made a miscalculation during the forenoon and received warning. A second offense would mean punishment. He did not mean to be caught the second time, but he had not learned Miss Horr yet and was presently startled by being commanded to go out and bring a stick for his own correction.

This was certainly disturbing. It was sudden, and then he did not know much about the selection of sticks. Jane Clemens had usually used her hand. It required a second command to get him headed in the right direction, and he was a trifle dazed when he got outside. He had the forests of Missouri to select from, but choice was difficult. Everything looked too big and competent. Even the smallest switch had a wiry, discouraging look. Across the way was a cooper shop with a good many shavings outside. One had blown across and lay just in front of him. It was an inspiration. He picked it up and, solemnly entering the schoolroom, meekly handed it to Miss Horr.

Perhaps Miss Horr's sense of humor prompted forgiveness, but discipline must be maintained.

"Samuel Langhorne Clemens," she said (he had never heard it all strung together in that ominous way, "I am ashamed of you! Jimmy Dunlap, go bring in a switch for Sammy," and Jimmy Dunlap went, and the switch was of a sort to give the little boy an immediate and permanent distaste for school. He informed his mother when he went home at noon that he did not care for school; that he had no desire to be a great man; that he preferred to be a pirate or an Indian and scalp or drown such people as Miss Horr.

Young Sam conceived the notion that a pirate's life would be joyous and, with a couple of pals, cruised the Mississippi. Some of their expeditions were innocent enough. They often cruised up to Turtle Island, about two miles above Hannibal, and spent the day feasting. You could have loaded a car with turtles and their eggs up there and there were quantities of mussels and plenty of fish. Fishing and swimming were their chief pastimes, with general marauding for adventure. Where the railroad bridge now ends on the Missouri side was their favorite swimming hole—that and along Bear creek, a secluded, limpid water with special interests of its own. Sometimes at evening they swam across to Gasscock's Island, the rendezvous of Tom Sawyer's "Black Avengers" and the hiding place of Huck and Nigger Jim. Once, though this was considerably later, when he was sixteen, Sam Clemens swam across to the Illinois side and then turned and swam back again without landing, a distance of at least two miles as he had to go. He was seized with a cramp on the return trip. His legs became useless, and he was obliged to make the remaining distance with his arms. It was a hardy life they led, and it is not recorded that they ever did any serious damage, though they narrowly missed it sometimes.

A Close Relation

ness—What do you think? Her aunt brought Tess only a string of cheap beads from Europe. Jess—Well, what more could she expect from a close relation?—Lippincott's.

Blessedness consists in the accomplishment of our desires and in our having only regular desires.—St. Augustine.

## How They Gained Time

Two Lovers Managed Their Affair Diplomatically

By JANET LITTLETON

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Elmer Worthington, a banker of both financial and social prominence, called his daughter Mabel into his private waiting room and said to her:

"My dear, I am very much troubled at having seen you walking with this actor, who seems to have thrust himself upon you."

"You are mistaken, papa, in assuming that Mr. Deane has thrust himself upon me."

"Well, he is an actor, and I wish you to understand that no actor is welcome in my house."

"The profession of the stage is an artistic calling, and I consider it above buying and selling merchandise or lending money. But you are not right in assuming that Mr. Deane is an actor. He was an actor, but is now a playwright, which means that he is a member of the literary profession. He is the son of a gentleman, has received



SAW IN HIM HIS WOULD BE SON-IN-LAW.

ed a college education and went on the stage for a short time in order to prepare himself for the work of writing plays."

"Playwright or actor, his associations are not our associations, and I'll have none of him. Don't let me hear of your ever being seen in his company again."

There was a rebellious fire in the girl's eyes as she left her father that showed him the affair had gone further than he had supposed. Mr. Worthington was not a man to give an order without taking pains to insure its being carried out. He did not sit down calmly, relying upon his daughter, on reflection, obeying him, nor did he assume that if she persisted in her infatuation he could prevent her. He hired a detective to watch Mr. Deane and report to him if the actor were ever again seen in Mabel's company, after which drastic measures would be taken.

It was not long before the detective reported that Deane and Miss Worthington were seen sitting side by side at a matinee. The meeting was reported to the banker, who told his daughter that he had heard of her disobedience to his order and if she defied him again he would send her away where she would have no opportunity to see the actor. A clandestine meeting took place soon after this, in which Mabel told her lover of her father's threat, which she knew he would make good.

The same evening she had an interview with her father, in which she told him that he must look to Mr. Deane to fulfill his orders. If the playwright joined her he did it on his own responsibility, and her father must call him and not her to account for such action. This was something of a relief to the parent, who would rather deal with a man than a woman, even if that woman were his own daughter. He did not doubt that Mabel would assist her lover rather than her father in any contest that might arise between the two, but he considered himself a match for both.

Within a fortnight his detective reported that the lovers had been seen together. Mr. Worthington spoke to his daughter about the matter and asked her if it were true. She replied that, as she had informed him, he must settle all such questions with Mr. Deane and she had nothing to say.

"Very well," replied her father. "I shall write Mr. Deane that if he again thrusts himself upon you I shall take such means as I think proper in the premises."

Mabel left him without a word, and he knew that the fight with the playwright was on. He sent the note, as he informed his daughter he would, and received a courteous reply, as follows:

My Dear Sir—If your informant on the day and hour of this alleged meeting had passed my house in A., the suburb in which I live when at home, and looked up at my study window, he would have seen me diligently engaged at my work, which was on that occasion putting in the dialogue of a play the scenario of

which I had just finished. I understood from your daughter that you had forbidden her to meet me again. I have the honor to be your obedient servant.

HARWOOD DEANE

Mr. Worthington called his detective for an explanation, and the latter admitted that he had not seen the lovers together. He had seen Miss Worthington enter a friend's house and had seen a man who looked very like Deane enter the same house half an hour later. After leaving Mr. Worthington the spy took a train immediately for A., went to Deane's house and saw him at work at his study window. Having reported the fact to his employer, the latter hired another detective to watch the playwright's house.

It was not long before the city detective reported another meeting. Mr. Worthington took a memorandum of the day, hour and minute and sent it to the detective at A. The spy, who was a woman, living opposite the Deanes, reported that at that time she saw Mr. Deane writing at his desk near the study window. Half an hour later she made a note of the fact that his mother came to the window, noticed that the sun was shining too brightly on her son's desk and pulled down the shade.

This seemed to establish an alibi. Instead of writing a threatening note to the playwright, Mr. Worthington simply reported the fact to him that he had been again informed of a meeting of Mr. Deane and his daughter and would like to know if it were true. Deane wrote a reply stating that he had not left his residence at A. on the day he was reported to have met Miss Worthington.

A third report of a meeting between the lovers came to Mr. Worthington, but not through either of his detectives. The lovers were said to have been seen walking in a park near the center of the city. The person reporting the meeting was a sister of Mr. Worthington, who, in the event of his daughter's death or disinheritation, would inherit the principal part of his property. He telephoned at once to his spy in A., asking if the playwright was seen in his home on the day and hour named. The reply came that Mr. Deane had not been seen there after 10 o'clock in the morning, when he had driven out with his mother.

Since he was reported to have been seen walking in the park with Mabel at 3 in the afternoon he would have had ample time to go to the city to keep an appointment at that hour. Mr. Worthington, who was now moving more cautiously, wrote Mr. Deane, stating the facts and asking for an explanation. Mr. Deane's reply contained affidavits of three different persons that they had seen him driving in L., a suburb of the city, fifty miles distant, between 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the day in question.

When Mr. Worthington read these replies his brow lowered. He was aware that his sister was next of kin after her daughter, and he at once suspected her of plotting to prevent Mabel's marriage. The more he thought of such a scheme the more feasible it seemed to him. He remembered that if a girl set her heart on a man and meets with a disappointment she is very apt not to marry any one else. If Miss Amelia Worthington could secure Mabel's disinheritation, that would be even a better scheme than to prevent her marriage. If he had been convinced of a plot on the part of his sister he would have consented to his daughter's marriage at once. But the matter was merely a suspicion.

However, he was not sure but that some one was acting in opposition to Deane and Mabel, and this mollified him considerably. When one evening Mabel asked him to take her to the theater he consented. It was the first night of a new play, but the old gentleman knew nothing about that. All he did know was that as the play progressed the audience, including himself, became very much impressed with it and finally enthusiastic. When the curtain fell at the end of the third act shouts were made for the author. When he appeared Mr. Worthington found himself joining in the storm of applause. Then, putting on his glasses and taking another look at the recipient, what was his astonishment when he saw in him his would be son-in-law!

Mr. Deane's play was reported by the critics in the morning newspapers as a great hit, and the playwright found himself famous. Not only a living, but a fortune was assured. From the moment of Mr. Worthington's leaving the playhouse he ceased his opposition to his daughter's match, his change of mind not only being due to Deane's success, but to what Worthington supposed to be a plot on the part of his sister to get possession of his property after his death. So one day, after a conference between him and his daughter, she left him with his consent to her marriage.

One day some time after the wedding Mr. Worthington, who had become quite fond of his son-in-law, expressed the opinion to him that Miss Amelia Worthington had laid a plot to secure his property.

"I can't permit any one to suffer unjustly," said Deane, "so I must exonerate your sister from any such suspicion. This involves a confession. When as an actor I was studying the technique of the stage I took a double part, requiring my appearance on the boards when I was not there. A dummy was constructed that was my exact twin. When you put detectives upon me this dummy was placed in my study window and afterward, when I drove out with my mother, was carried wrapped in a shawl into the carriage. I got out at the station and my mother drove to L. with the dummy sitting beside her, while I went to meet Mabel in the park."

### "Nice and Neat"

Darkworth was such a delicate creature he could afford to jest with a queen on a very important subject even. Once he was showing Queen Victoria after Westminster Abbey. When they came to the spot where King and Queen the Queen Victoria shivered a little and said, "I should not care to be buried here—it seems so cold and damp." "Madam," replied Darkworth, "I assure you it is perfectly dry. You would be quite nice and snug."—London Saturday Review.

### An Odd Swimming Contest.

Sir John Parkinson, a courier of Queen Elizabeth, was a reckless lover of wages. He once bet £5,000 that he would swim the Thames from the bridge at Westminster to the bridge at Greenwich faster than three relays of young noblemen. Sir John won this bet. The relays of noblemen, though they swam hard, were badly beaten. The queen was present at the race, and to the losers she gave, by way of a consolation prize, a butt of sack.—London Standard.

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