

Bandon Recorder

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TUESDAY December 3, 1912

The new railroad from Grants Pass to Bandon and Port Orford is making satisfactory progress. The right of way is practically secured, only a very few transfers remaining to be adjusted. The RECORDER is informed of some interesting facts concerning the progress of this road which we are not at liberty to divulge at present; suffice it to say that the situation looks extremely favorable for a railroad from Grants Pass to Bandon and Port Orford in the near future, nearer perhaps, than we have hitherto thought. This rail road may prove to be of greater benefit to Bandon, than the Southern Pacific now building because Bandon will be an important shipping point in the course of time while the shipping facilities of Bandon is now an existing fact. The town is here and increasing in population rapidly. The jetty is here and would certainly be extended and the harbor improved to accommodate the great traffic pouring into this port from the interior over this road will tap the rich agricultural resources as well as timber, coal and other minerals of the great undeveloped empire of southwest Oregon. Thousands of tourists from not only the interior of Oregon, but from the middle western states and points even farther east will come direct to Bandon by way of the railroad. Bear in mind that Bandon is bound to be a summer resort; its fame will spread far, one of the greatest assets of the city will be found in the rolling waves of the mighty Pacific. On account of the scenic beauty of the location of Bandon, literally at the feet of the foaming breakers, tens of thousands will visit our city and view with awe the greatest of old earth's oceans. The Bandon beach is destined to become famous as the greatest summer resort of the Pacific Northwest; it is inevitable; nature has so designed it.

Fifty thousand tickets are now being paid for on the installment plan by homeseekers in Europe. For these tickets steamship companies have contracted to land these homeseekers on the western coasts of the United States by way of the Panama Canal. Hundreds of thousands of other homeseekers will be diverted to the Pacific Coast upon completion of the Canal. Other thousands will be brought here, especially to south west Oregon by the railroads now building through Bandon. Southwest Oregon is destined to get a large share of this immigration. Here is a rich and vast empire awaiting development, larger and richer in natural resources than many of our eastern states; larger and more productive than many foreign countries which support expensive governments, with costly armies and navies. South-

west Oregon is an Empire, rich beyond the dreams of its own residents, capable of supporting a population greater than whole states and for foreign nations. On account of mountainous boundary lines and the peculiar topography of the country this section has thus far been unsettled and hence undeveloped. It still lies in wild grandeur and all its pristine beauty awaiting the hand of husbandry. These homeseekers will come to Bandon and Coos county and southwest Oregon in throngs because no more inviting prospects for prosperous and happy homes exist any where in the United States.

A growing mind is not always satisfied with things cut and dried for it; as a prayer book; a formal sermon; a political program; an ancient constitution; and why should it be? Are all the high ideals in the past? Did our fathers attain perfection in the arts and sciences or in agriculture and inventions? No more did they attain perfection in politics or government. The highest ideals are in the future, not in the past; the world moves forward not backward. In the past it has been heresy to question the wisdom of the rulers in the church and it has been treason to question the wisdom of the rulers in the state. These alleged affairs were distorted to mean on the one hand a traitor to God and on the other a traitor to the country. As a matter of fact both offences meant exactly the same thing; that is, an effort upon the part of the growing mind to think for itself instead of accepting everything cut and dried in the interests of cunning and designing rulers in church and nation. The growing intelligence and growing independence of mankind will relegate these spectacles of fear to the bat caves of the superstitious past, where they belong, and men will do their own thinking both in church and state.

If your bad habit is annoying or costly to others you have no right to indulge it. If you claim the right to injure yourself by indulging in your bad habits, still you have no right to injure or annoy others.

The RECORDER's circulation continues to grow, keeping steadily pace with the growing population of Bandon and contiguous territory.

Have you made your mark in life? Some people still sign their names that way.

The Turks are dancing the turkey trot.

The days of the year are growing shorter; and so are yours.

A moral leap is a leap on the preacher.

OUR NEW STOCK OF XMAS GOODS

Are now on display. Better Drop in and pick out THAT GIFT while the selection is complete.

Watch this space next week for details of our DOLL DAY.

THE ORANGE PHARMACY

Hedquarters for Classy Gifts

Saved In the Nick of Time

By RUTH W. MALTBY

The early settlers in Kentucky came largely from the same direction. Reaching America from the old world, they settled in Pennsylvania, later emigrated to western Virginia and, having worked out their lands there, moved on down the Ohio river to appropriate the virgin soil of Kentucky.

Among these movers was a family named Martin, the father and mother being elderly persons, their elder children grown. A daughter, Hester, was a girl of eighteen. They settled not far from where Bowling Green is now situated.

The war of 1812 was being fought, and soon after the arrival of the Martins in their new home the battle of New Orleans was fought and won by the Americans, or, rather, the woods men of the west, among whom the hunters of Kentucky were conspicuous. The war had been ended by treaty before the battle, though the news of peace had not yet got across the Atlantic, and soon after it was over the troops came marching home.

A company of Kentuckians recruited from the region about where the Martins lived was disbanded, and a young man, Abner Armstrong, who had marched away and returned as a lieutenant, was among the number. At the time of his appearance John Bartlett, a man of forty years of age, had asked Martin for his daughter Hester's hand. There were many months to feed in Martin's family, and Bartlett was the only suitor who had established himself in the new country; there fore Martin persuaded Hester to marry him.

But before the wedding had taken place along came the soldiers whose rifles had won the battle of New Orleans. Young Armstrong was a strapping, flaxen haired, blue eyed boy with every appearance of manliness, but withal an engaging smile. Hester looked at him and surrendered.

There is but little reason in youth. Instead of confessing to her father and her betrothed that she had not known what love was and that, having discovered it in the young soldier, she had changed, Hester resolved on the most desperate course to be conceived of. She told Armstrong, who was as deeply smitten with her as she was with him, that she could never face either her father or her betrothed to tell them of the change in her and the only course left for them was to run away. It was not likely that one who had but recently helped to win a battle should show the white feather.

The only means of conveyance in those days in Kentucky was a horse. Armstrong had but one animal, but it served for both. They started on an afternoon, and their flight was discovered about 9 o'clock the same night. Bartlett was notified, and when he learned how he had been treated he said:

"I'll go after 'em and bring 'em back. Then I'll tell 'em they kin git married for all me as soon as they like."

With this he mounted his horse, his rifle slung to his saddle and pistols in his holster, for no one went about unarmed in those wild days, and, assuming that the fugitives would make for the Ohio river, he rode straight northward. About midnight he saw a lurid light on the clouds to the northeastward, and, thinking the fugitives had bivouacked and built a fire, he turned his horse's head in that direction.

Suddenly he reined in to a stand and listened. A distant confused barking fell upon his ear. He shuddered. A picture came before his mind's eye painted by the hand of experience. A Kentuckian, he knew that the barks he heard were those of wolves and that one of the ways of fighting wolves was by fire. He saw the girl he had hoped to make his wife and the man she had eloped with besieged by hungry beasts.

Urging forward his horse, guided by the light, the barks growing more distinct as he approached, he finally burst in upon the very scene he had pictured. Armstrong and Hester occupied the center of a circle of fire they had built to keep off the pack. Armstrong's ammunition had been expended and whenever a wolf snarled too close he beat it back with the barrel of his rifle or with a burning brand. Hester, like a true daughter of the forest, was bravely arranging the wood they had gathered to keep it burning.

Having ridden as far as his terrified horse would go, Bartlett dismounted and, aiming at a wolf, shot him dead. Then, while the pack were devouring their companion, the rifle was reloaded and another wolf was brought down. Drawing nearer to the besieged couple, Bartlett called upon them to run toward him while he covered their retreat. They started, Hester in advance. The wolves sprang after them, and just as their leader was about to spring upon Armstrong, who was moving with his face to them, Bartlett shot the beast dead. This gave Armstrong time to make good his retreat, and before the wolves had finished eating the carcass already slain the three persons had got away.

The next morning all appeared at the Martin home. Bartlett, without a word of reproach, released Hester from her engagement to him, and her father consented to her marriage with Armstrong as soon as he had a cabin to put her in. But the latter proved a better soldier than pioneer and never got the cabin. In time Hester married Bartlett of her own free will.

Sanitary Meat & Grocery COMPANY

COLUMBIA AVENUE

BANDON, OREGON

BIG SALE ON MEATS

Beef Boil, 5 cts per lb.

Beef Roast 6 to 8 cts per lb.

Round Steak 8 to 10c per lb

Sirloin Steak and T Bone 12 1-2c

Rendered Tallow 5c

Suet 5c per lb

Pork Sausage 12 1-2c per lb

Hamburger 10c per lb 3 lbs for 25c

Mutton Chops 12 1-2c per lb

Stew 8c per lb

Pork 12 1-2c

Compound Lard 5 lb Pails 70c

Pure Lard 5 lb Pails 80c

Hams and Bacon 20c per lb

Eggs 40c a Dozen

Groceries, Flour and Feed of all Kinds

F. L. Christie, Manager

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Coos.

A. M. Hitchcock, and Emma Hitchcock, husband and wife; Hedwig Peterson and Oscar Peterson, wife and husband; Ude Anderson and Signa Anderson, husband and wife, Plaintiffs

SUMMONS

Mac Pearce-Bark and F. W. Bark, her husband and their lien and judgment creditors, Defendants.

To Mac Pearce-Bark, a J. F. W. Bark, her husband, their lien and judgment creditors, the above named defendants.

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit:

Within six weeks from the 22nd day of October, 1912, and if you fail to appear and answer on or before the 3rd day of December, 1912, that date being the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, the plaintiffs will apply to the court for the relief asked for in the complaint filed in this cause, a succinct statement of which is:

An order appointing a referee to prove the title of the respective parties hereto, and an order appointing referees to examine and report on the partitioning off and segregating of the interests of the respective parties hereto, in certain real property, formerly known as the W. S. Pearce estate, described by and contained within metes and bounds as follows: Beginning at a point 990 feet West of the North East corner of Sec. 36, Twp. 28 So. R. 15 West of the Willamette Meridian in Coos County, Oregon, thence West 330 feet, thence South 264 feet, thence East 330 feet, thence North 264 feet to the place of beginning, containing 2 acres together with tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances. Plaintiffs will recommend to such referees and the court that the interests of defendants in said premises be partitioned (if and confined to the North West quarter thereof described by the following metes and bounds, to-wit: Beginning 1155 feet West of the N. E. corner of Sec. 36, Twp. 28, So. R. 15 West of Willamette Meridian in Coos County, Oregon, thence West 166 feet, thence South 132 feet, thence East 165 feet, thence North 132 feet to place of beginning containing therein 1-2 acres, excluding each, every and all interest or claim of defendants to any part, parcel or portion of the remainder of said estate, whether land or tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances and for such other relief as to the court seems proper and just.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable J. S. Coke, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the 2nd judicial district in said State, dated October 14th, 1912.

C. R. WADE, Plaintiffs' attorney
Oct. 22nd-Dec. 31.

Counsel.
If you would be perfect, dear sisters and brothers, just follow the counsel you give unto others, but if you'd be holy and wondrous and true, just follow the counsel they give unto you.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Willing to Wait.
A Baltimore clubman tells of two convicts who met for a moment alone in a corridor and took advantage of the fact for a hurried interview. Said one, "How long are you in for?" "For 'life,'" responded the other. "And how long are you in for?" "Twelve years," responded the other. "Then," said the first, cautiously extracting a letter from its hiding place as he glanced furtively around, "take this and mail it for me when you get out." Baltimore American.

Much Repeated History.
There once was an impatient grafter Who greeted reproval with laughter, But as time rolled around His record he found Face to face with a solemn hereafter.
—Washington Star.

Up to Date.
Fresh Tourist in mountain districts—What a backwoods! I'll bet you a dollar, my man, that you can't tell me whether Andrew Jackson is dead or not.

Native—Maybe I can't, but I'll bet you \$100 I can name more 300 and over butters in either of the big loaves than you can and let it go at that!—Puck

Rousseau in England.
Part of Rousseau's stay in England was spent at Chiswick, where he lodged over a small grocer's shop. "The philosopher sits in the shop," writes a contemporary, "and learns English words, which brings many customers to the place."

The grocer must have been sorry to lose so alluring a lodger, but David Hume, who brought Rousseau to England, was heartily glad when he returned to France. After his departure he described Rousseau as "a composition of whim, affectation, wickedness, vanity and inquietude, with a very small, if any, ingredient of madness."—London Chronicle.

life's enchanted stream, as the poet tells about, and just as I was thinking I should like to drift on and on with her forever she up and told me that she had got to have some money."—Houston Post.

Insulted Him.
Mrs. Highbump—John, I was never so angry in my life as this afternoon, when that lecturer at our club deliberately insulted you. Mr. Highbump—In what way? Mrs. Highbump—Yes; he referred to the railroad of which you are president as a common carrier.—New York Times.

An Obstacle.
"I hear Stash's daughter is going to marry a nobleman."
"No, she is not. Her father had him investigated by a surety company and on their report refused to invest in him, as there was a defect in his title."—Baltimore American.

The Reason.
Gibbs Stout people, they say, are rarely guilty of meanness or crime. (Gibbs Stout) Well, you see, it's so difficult for them to stoop to anything low.—Boston Transcript.

Queen Bess' Giant.
Queen Elizabeth had a Finnish porter who was over eight feet high and of great strength, and he was an extremely good natured man. Whenever he met any one who was abnormally tall he used to patronize him in a friendly sort of way, and on one occasion when he met at an inn two soldiers who were over six feet in height, he said, "Come under my arms, my little fellows." And, taking them up, he walked down the room with them under his arms as if they had been children, much to their disgust.

Massenet a Twenty-first Child.
If the seventh child of a family is credited, as it not uncommonly is, with mystical gifts, it would seem to follow that a twenty-first child should be possessed of some extraordinary talent. However that may be, Massenet, who had twenty brothers and sisters to precede him, very early developed pronounced musical tastes and at the age of nine he played a Beethoven sonata for an examination, through which he came successfully.—Westminster Gazette.

A Good Wife.
"Thank you, doctor, for prescribing a trip to the Spa for me. Now, will you please ask my husband to give up smoking and drinking beer, and then my trip will be easily paid for?"—Morgensdorfer Blatter.