

# A CLEVER SWINDLE

Working the Game at an English Watering Place.

## STORY OF A WORRIED WOMAN.

It Caught the Interest and Sympathy of the Prosperous Loungers at the Fashionable Hotel, and the Rest of the Scheme Was Easy.

"The prosperous" were lounging on the terrace of the leading hotel in the fashionable watering place...

For a moment she stood on the stone steps that led up to the terrace, hesitating. "The prosperous" gaped at her and wondered why she was there.

"The woman" could not disguise the fact that she was in trouble of some sort. She advanced upon "the prosperous" and glanced timidly from face to face.

A little buzz of speculation arose. There was no doubt about it. They found "the woman" interesting.

"Wonder what's worrying her?" said one.

"Perhaps she thinks of putting up and is a bit doubtful about the 'cuisine,'" chuckled a would-be wit. The cold stare with which his remark was received told him that it was considered to be in decidedly bad taste.

"My good woman, you seem to be in trouble. Can I do anything?"

"No, sir, thank you," replied "the woman."

"I am a widow, a color sergeant in the Welsh Grays my husband was. I let lodgings in the town. There was a gentleman called Colonel Morrish boarded in my house high on six months; said he'd pay me as soon as his dividends or something came in at the half year."

"I managed to hold out and gave him the good table as he was accustomed to, though it meant owing the landlord. But I'd do anything to have the gentry in my house."

"The prosperous" murmured sympathetically.

"Just before the six months was up he said he'd have to come and stay at this hotel to meet one of the directors who was going to pay him his money. An' now they tell me that there never was no one here by the name of Colonel Morrish. And—and—the billiffs come into my house this mornin', an' they'll take all my furniture for the £12 I owe the landlord."

"Twelve pounds!" repeated the military looking man. He hesitated and then fumbled in his pocket. "Well, dash it, here is £2 toward it." And his voice was gruffer than ever.

He glared fiercely at the meek little man by his side, who promptly began the fumbling process to cover his confusion.

Others fumbled, too, and at the end of a couple of minutes the £12 was there.

"I—can't take it, sir!"

"Madam, don't talk like a fool!" thundered the military looking man. "Run home and pay out those billiffs."

Late that evening in a room in the poorer quarters of the town "the woman" was fingering the sovereigns.

"That's ten quid to the good, anyhow!" she said complacently. "Where shall we try next?"

"Don't know, old girl. But I was thinking of Brighton."

It was the military looking man who answered.—London Answers.

Appropriate. "Did you hear that that poor fellow who lost both his legs in an automobile accident intends to go into politics?"

"No. How can he be without a leg to stand on?"

"Oh, he expects to go on the stump."

—Judge.

When you know a thing, maintain that you know it; when you do not, acknowledge your ignorance.—Confucius.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

No Satisfactory Proof as to the Origin of the Name Exists.

There has been much discussion concerning the origin of the word Mephistopheles in the past, which has, moreover, as yet ended in no very satisfactory conclusion.

According to one theory it was a hybrid Greco-Hebraic formation of mephis and tophele (the har); according to another its etymology was entirely Greek—very dubious Greek—mephistophilos, "he who does not love the light."

In the "Goethe Jahrbuch" Herr Oelike gives an entirely novel derivation which, if fetched, has at least the merit of originality. It is based on two names found in chapters 4 and 15 of the second book of Samuel, Pehiboschetu and Archilophel.

The explanation is not perceptibly more absurd than others. Goethe himself had a trick of using the abbreviated form Mephisto when it suited the exigencies of his meter.

## LUCKY BASEBALL FLUKE.

Think of a Player Making a Home Run on an Infield Fly!

"In all the years I have been attending baseball games—and they are more than I could care to number—there is one play which stands out in my mind as the greatest I have ever seen."

"There was no wonderful skill embodied in the play. It was, I suppose, pure luck. But the fact remains that I have never seen it duplicated nor approached, and it is, so far as I know, unique in the annals of baseball."

"The game was one between Washington and Cincinnati back in the days when Washington was in the National league. The score was 1 to 0 in Cincinnati's favor in the last half of the ninth. Two men were out, and Washington had a runner on second, with Wilnot at the bat. On the first ball pitched Wilnot swung hard and knocked an infield fly, the highest I have ever seen. The ball went up and up until it was visible only as a tiny speck."

"With the crack of the bat the runner on second had started for home, and he crossed the plate before the ball began to fall. Buck Ewing, Cincinnati's first baseman; McPhee, who played second, and Germany Smith, the shortstop, all gathered between first and second awaiting for the ball to drop. Wilnot sped around the bases at top speed and passed third as the ball fell just inside the triangle of waiting infielders."

"The ball struck the hard earth of the base line and bounded high in the air, giving having to wait for it to descend a second time before he could make the throw home. Wilnot slid around the plate and was safe, having won the game with a home run on an infield fly, a feat which has never been duplicated in professional baseball."

To Move Pictures. People who stand their family portraits against the walls while packing and unpacking their household goods cause a great deal of broken glass, scratches and dents.

Checkers. Checkers is said by some to be a very old game, while others declare it to be of comparatively modern origin.

Testing His Faith. Uncle—Well, Bobby, what did you learn at school today? Bobby—I learned that the world is round and turns on hinges. Like that globe in the library. Uncle—Well, what do you think of that? Bobby—I think, uncle, they are asking me to believe a good deal for a small boy.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

How to Injure. "Mrs. Woulat is highly indignant." "Her house was robbed, I hear." "Yes, and the next night the burglars brought back her silver plated ware."—Pittsburgh Post.

Pleasures make one soft and lazy, but not happiness. Happiness is as bracing as sea air.

## Transporting a Fortune

By WILLIAMS MAR-TWE

How I found the celebrated diamond diamond case not certain especially to this story, but where I found it is important, for my effort to get it away from the region where it had lain ever since a lump of pure carbon was crystallized and became a gem as big as a walnut is what I am going to tell you about.

One Sunday I was out on a tramp and, stopping to rest, noticed near me a stone that it struck me looked like a diamond in the rough. I took it up to examine it and found it exactly like the uncut stones I had dug up for the diamond company.

But, as I have said, it was the getting away with it that I'm going to tell about. It was a diamond, sure enough, and one of the big ones of the world.

While I was looking at it Jim Stivers came up, and I was fool enough to let him see it. He knew right off that it was worth the biggest part of a million dollars, and a stone like that is a great temptation for any one.

Jim had more sense than I in this. He didn't tell any one about my having it except those men whom he used to get it away from me. He knew I would go to Rio with it, and his plan was to have me waylaid and the stone captured.

Of course I didn't know just what he would do, but I did know that once I got out of the region of law and order—in other words, off by myself—somebody would try for my property.

I concluded to endeavor to fool who ever suspected I had it with me by playing a part. The plan I adopted was this: I found a countryman who was going down with a load of wood and told him I would go with him.

He said he was agreeable, and I slept the night before we started near his wagon, which was already loaded. During the night I took one of the logs—one that I would recognize easily—and, boring a big hole in it under a piece of loose bark, put my diamond in it.

Then, plugging up the hole, I let down the bark, first putting a little glue between it and the wood to hold it in place. Then I threw the log back on to the load.

We started early in the morning, and I, not wishing to be identified with the woodman, at times kept in his rear and at times in advance of him.

Although I hadn't told any one I was going on the trip, I found the road picketed. I passed a man who looked at me searchingly, and it wasn't long before, hearing footsteps behind me, I turned and saw him coming with two others. They caught up with me, and one of them, who knew me by sight, said, "That's the man," and, addressing me, added:

"Young fellow, the diamond company has missed a valuable uncut stone and, having been informed that it is in your possession, has sent us to demand it of you. Please hand it out."

"I haven't any diamond," I replied. "I'm as poor as poverty and don't know where I shall get a bite to eat."

They didn't waste any words, but two of them held me while the third went through my pockets, my hair, my beard—indeed, every part of me. Then he took off my clothes, leaving me stark naked, and examined every seam, every inch of cloth, even holding them up and looking through them to the light.

"I reckon he has either sent it on ahead or left it behind to come later," said the man who had done the searching. All would have gone well had not the woodcutter's wagon come lumbering down the road and he had to ask me in a familiar way what my apartment in my birthday clothes meant. The men picked up their ears at this and asked him if he knew me, and he told them that we were fellow travelers.

He got a thorough searching for his pains, the men thinking that he was carrying the gem for me. Then, they examined the horses, the harness, the wagon, looking even into the hubs of the wheels. One of them suggested that what they were looking for might be between the logs of wood, and they threw every log off on to the road, carefully watching for the diamond between them.

But it was of no use. The stone was not to be found.

They didn't like to give it up; but, believing that I had conveyed the treasure by some other method, they finally concluded to do so. They had instructions from Stivers not to hurt me. If they could get the diamond they were to do so, but they were not to commit murder or make a case against those implicated in the attempted robbery. So I was allowed to proceed.

When we reached Rio I took the log in which I had hidden the diamond off the load, paid the woodman for it and, putting it on my shoulder, went away with it.

I sailed for Amsterdam, that I might get my stone cut, and when it was in proper condition sold it for \$650,000 to a Hanoverian prince.



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