

# Announcement

I desire to inform the public that I have purchased the Hill Studio and have remodeled the same and am prepared to do first class work in photography.

Postal card work, Kodak finishing and fancy work of all kinds.

## L. I. Wheeler

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### THEY ALL BIT.

And it Was Those Who Were in the Joke That Got Stung.

Dr. H. A. Lawton, whose prowess as a fisherman is sung wherever the name of tarpon is known, several years ago persuaded two Englishmen who visited the Florida coast on the hunt for the big fish that the proper way to catch tarpon was to find where they came up to blow, then sprinkle snuff on the water and but the fish on the head when they came up to sneeze.

In a reminiscent moment the other day, Dr. Lawton referred to his joke on the two Englishmen and then recalled how an English visitor to Florida had unwittingly turned a trick upon him and another practical joker last winter.

"I had been telling one Englishman about my trick with the snuff," he said, "and, by Jove, he decided he would play a trick upon a compatriot who was a more recent arrival than himself. At the time we were at Key Largo, after Spanish mackerel.

"The newcomer was a bit of a boaster, and when he kept telling us how he was going to put it over us in the matter of a big catch we smiled knowingly at each other and took his measure. It was the other Englishman who fixed up the trick we played.

"He got hold of a large bucket and fastened three strings to the top. Then when the other Englishman had his attention distracted he fastened the three ends with a slip noose upon the other man's line and filed the bucket. Of course the bucket sank, and the Englishman, feeling a sudden weight, began to pull. As he drew in the line of course the bucket slipped down. Finally it reached the hook, and then the fisherman felt a sudden terrific yank.

"Now I'll show you bloody Yankee how to get a Spanish mackerel!" he shouted in triumph. We said nothing, but grinned at one another. We knew the bucket was all he had on the line.

"Well, he pulled and pulled, the bucket jerking from side to side, until finally, with one yank, he landed his catch in the boat. And, bless my eyes," added the doctor, "if it wasn't one of the finest and biggest mackerel I had ever seen. There was no sign of the bucket.

"You see," he went on in explanation, "when the Englishman felt the first pull he really had only the bucket on the line. But the sight of that steaming tin bucket traveling along through the water caught the attention of every Spanish mackerel in the neighborhood, and they all made for it. Only one could get the hook. The others bit at the bucket. They couldn't make an impression on the bucket, so they bit at the strings that held it and cut them in two. So it was that while the Englishman bit on the bucket at the fish bit on his hook, and after all it was we who were in the joke that was stung."—New York Times.

**Man Supreme Over Self.**  
In the moral world there is nothing impossible if we bring a thorough will to it. Man can do everything with himself, but he must not attempt to do too much with others.—William von Humboldt.

**Strictly Business.**  
"He's running his business on strictly common sense lines."  
"In what way?"

"Well, for instance, he says he won't hire a man who comes from New York unless he also knows something."—Detroit Free Press.

**Inconsistent.**  
Poet—You said the other day in your paper that poverty is not a crime. Editor—Well? Poet—And yet you decline my verses simply because you say they are poor.—Puck.

**Qualified His Opinion.**  
"I say, ciddle, did you ever see a worse golf player than I?"  
"No, but then, sir, I've only been caddying for four years."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Proverb Revised.**  
A theatrical producer is known by the company he keeps.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### THE IMAGE IN THE MIRROR

A Story For Allhallow Eve

By ADELAIDE BURNHAM

Edward Dix was a sportsman from the crown of his head to the tip of his great toe. One October evening, when he had been hunting in the woods all day, he came to a little lake nestling among the hills, its surface covered with fallen leaves of every color from the lightest yellow hue to the deepest crimson. And looking down a valley he saw a landscape that filled him with delight.

"What a place for a summer cottage!" he exclaimed. "Some day I'm going to build one here."

And he did. Now, I'm going to tell you how he came to carry out what was but a thought.

Looking to his right, he saw the deep red of a brick chimney against brown limbs of trees. He knew that where there was a chimney there must be a house and started to go and make an investigation. He came upon a very pretty cottage, with a broad piazza around it, a Queen Anne roof and dainty windows.

"And I'm jinged if I don't build a match to that," he added to his first assertion.

There was not a living thing in or near the cottage, and it was evident that it was intended only for summer use. Mr. Dix went up on the piazza and looked into the living room through a window. The apartment contained cottage furniture, but the chief attraction was a large fireplace.

"I've a good mind to sleep there tonight," he said to himself and tried the window to see if it were securely locked. It was, but Mr. Dix hunted for a place of ingress as energetically as he had hunted for game and found one by getting on the piazza roof—a window not well secured. Going downstairs, he opened a door from the piazza, admitting him to the wood house, and in a few minutes had a fire blazing on the hearth. Then he settled himself down in an easy chair before it, and, looking at his reflection in a mirror on the mantel opposite him, he remarked:

"Your comfort is only equalled by your assurance."

And straightway he fell asleep.

Now, it happened that this was Halloween, and a party of girls were coming to spend it at this very cottage. Flora Stebbins, a daughter of the owner, was the hostess, and the others were her guests. Mr. Dix went to sleep about dark, which comes early at the last of October, and the young ladies arrived about 8 o'clock.

"My goodness gracious!" exclaimed Miss Stebbins. "There's some kind of a light inside. It looks as if there were a fire on the hearth. Wait a minute till I reconnoiter." She went to a window and saw the slumbering Mr. Dix sitting before a fire that was still blazing merrily. She beckoned to the others. They came and saw the same sight.

"Girls," said Flora, "there is the best chance to celebrate Allhallow eve I ever heard of. Let one of us go in stealthily, make just enough sound to waken him so that he'll see his reflection in the mirror on the mantel and get away before he can catch her."

The idea was eagerly caught upon, and Flora was urged to play the part. The others returned to the vehicle that had brought them and waited for the play to be over and her to join them in a retreat.

Mr. Dix was awakened by the falling of some article behind him and, opening his eyes, saw a girl's face reflected in a mirror before him. But only for an instant. If he had been wide awake he would doubtless have arisen from his chair immediately and made an investigation. As it was, he delayed just long enough to allow the conspirators to make good their escape. He did not even hear the sound of wheels, for the carriage had gone far enough to prevent that, Flora getting into it near the gate.

When Mr. Dix got fairly around he did what he would have been expected to do. He went to the hall and out through the front door. He encountered nothing, and all he heard was a distant sound of laughter, but so distant that he was not sure whether it was or was not laughter. He was very much puzzled.

Mr. Dix had a job of hunting on his hands far different from following up game. He was a methodical chap and began by learning to whom the cottage belonged. Then he went to the winter residence of its owner ostensibly to peddle books. He could not be driven away until he had caught sight of Flora Stebbins, whom he at once recognized as the reality of the image he had seen in the mirror on Allhallow eve. She recognized him, but pretended ignorance of him.

"You are my fate," he said. "I saw your face in a mirror on what I have since learned was Allhallow eve. It will be useless for you to attempt to escape the husband that—"

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed, blushing very red. "It was you who saw my face in the glass, not I who saw yours. Allhallow eve does not count for men."

But it did count, for then and there, or rather on Allhallow eve, commenced a courtship which ended, if it ended at all, with marriage. And when it became evident that the Dix family needed a summer cottage of their own Edward Dix built an exact replica of the one owned by his father-in-law. But one article of furniture that was in the latter has been removed to the former—the looking glass in which Mr. Dix's fate was revealed to him.

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Charm, leaves Bandon... 12:45 p. m.  
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Myrtle Point Transportation Co.  
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