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THE BANK OF BANDON

GOLD BEACH GOSSIP

Henry Colvin is contemplating building another set-aside boat. The craft is to be thirty six feet long and will be built out on Hunter's creek, the lumber of which will be whipsawed by Mr. Colvin.

J. G. Jarvis, a registered pharmacist of Marshfield was in Gold Beach last week looking over prospects with a view to purchasing the Gold Beach drug store.

A man, named Kimball was arrested charged with shooting deer out of season.

Jas. M. Miller and family and son-in-law, Jack Wood, arrived here since our last issue from Myrtle Point. Mr. Miller is the party owning the gasoline launch which was lost coming over the bar here some ten days ago. The boat contained a fish net and camping outfit and was picked up by the steamer Elizabeth and took to Portland. Mr. Miller's trying to recover his boat and in the mean time has went to fishing for the Wedderburn Trading Co.

A card from former District Attorney, W. H. Meredith, dated at Los Angeles, Cal. May 28th, states that their eldest daughter, Lucille, took sick after leaving San Francisco and at that date was in a hospital in Los Angeles, convalescent from an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Meredith thought the girl would be able to travel in ten days and that they would be in Poplar Bluffs by the middle of June.

Wm. Clarno who recently sold his fruit farm on Pistol river, took a wagon load of freight for the new owner to the ranch Friday and brought back a few articles of his own Sunday. Mr. Clarno rented the Tom Pruitt place of joining the Zumwalt dairy ranch on Lewis river.

A TARDY PURITAN.

The Way He Was Moved to Speak by His Demure Cousin Ursula.

Woodings brought tardily to a successful climax by the tactful intervention of the woman were no less frequent long ago than they are now. Puritan Ursula inquiring shyly, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" may be poetic license, but it is a well authenticated historical fact that Ursula Wolcott, daughter of Governor Roger Wolcott of Connecticut, quite pointedly suggested the all important question to her second cousin, Matthew Griswold, also a Connecticut governor.

The story of the wooing of her backward relative is told by Mary Caroline Crawford in her book, "Social Life in Old New England." This is how she did it:

In early life Governor Griswold had been passionately in love with a young lady of Durham, Co. N. H., who, in turn, was enamored of a physician, whom she hoped would propose to her. When ever Griswold pressed his suit she pleaded that she wished for more time. After he had been told this repeatedly her suitor one day said with dignity:

"You shall have more time; you shall have a lifetime."

And so he left her. But he suffered sorely, and oftentimes, to ease his aching heart, spoke of her whom he had loved to his sweet faced Cousin Ursula. After a time, however, Matthew began to think a good deal about the charms of his sympathetic young cousin; yet, dreading another repulse, he looked but did not speak his love. Often Ursula would break the silence by observing gently:

"What said you, Cousin Matthew?"

To which, suddenly panic stricken, he invariably replied:

"I said nothing."

Then one day, feeling that she must, Ursula precipitated the climax, according to Charles Knowles Bolton, who has verified the story in "The Love Story of Ursula Wolcott" and gives us the final chapter thus:

And Matthew rising toward the door, heard her light step upon the stairs. And, starting, he found her there. She leaned upon the banister. With either clasped about the apartment. And there, he saw, were hanging To dim her eyes.

His pulse was quick, And yet he checked his excitement. "I cannot marry," he thought. "It would not be that she would care?" She shook her head lightly through the hall to make the entrance and come still. And Ursula, with steady gaze, and breathing as she would say, "What said you, Cousin Matthew?"

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His Salutatory Oration

By EUNICE BLAKE

To the collegian the time of his graduation is critical, especially if he has been prominent in college and much is expected of him. The question has been asked, What becomes of all the valedictorians? This is a story of what became of a young man who stood next to head in his class, but who bade fair to take a more important stand in life than any other member.

It was a few days before commencement. Elliot Ayres, who was expecting his mother and sister to hear him speak at graduation, went to the station to meet them. Having missed the train, they failed to arrive, but some one else arrived whose coming made a considerable difference to Mr. Ayres.

He was slowly walking away from the train when he felt a pair of arms with extremely light covering thrown around his neck, an uplifted face was thrust against his, and he was kissed by a very pretty girl he had never seen before. Discovering that she had made a mistake, she shrank from the man she had kissed, covering her face with her hands.

The first impression made upon Ayres by this sudden clasping was that it was done for the purpose of robbing him. Involuntarily he put his hand on the inside pocket of his coat, where he kept his pocketbook, and it was not there.

"Give me my pocketbook," he said in a no very deferential tone.

The girl uncovered her face and looked at him, the hot blood mounting to her cheeks.

"What do you mean?" she asked indignantly.

"There was a refinement about her that seemed to preclude the possibility of her being a thief. Besides, her indignation bore the stamp of being genuine. Ayres felt again in his pocket and on looking down on the sleeve of his coat remembered that he had changed it before leaving his room. Then it occurred to him that he had not changed his pocketbook as well.

"Excuse my pardon," he said quite meekly. "I have made a mistake as well as you. I left my pocketbook at home."

Now, why in the name of justice was not this a fair standoff between the two? Each had been mistaken; therefore there was nothing further to do but for the girl to say, "You are quite excusable," and for the man to say, "Good morning," and, lifting his hat, deferentially pass on. But what must the girl do but shoot fire from her eyes and say:

"Give me your name and address, my brother will call upon you to avenge this insult!"

"But I have explained. I beg a thousand pardons!"

"You may beg a million if you like!"

"But—"

"Never mind. Since you refuse me your name and address, I shall have to locate you. I can point you out."

And, turning on her heel, she swept out of the station.

The next day about 10 in the morning a military band gathered on the college campus. Positions for the various classes and alumni were marked. Young men in caps and gowns began to pour out of the dormitories, the commencement procession was formed and marched to the chapel for the graduation exercises. The salutatory oration was delivered by Ayres. His place was second in rank, but the valedictorian was a grind, while Ayres was considered a genius, of whom great things were expected when he got into the battle of life.

Ayres, being the first man to speak, stepped on the rostrum and made his bow to the audience, most of whom, knowing his caliber, awaited expectantly the power of his eloquence.

Mr. Ayres, looking down on the benches before him, saw sitting in the front row the girl whom he had the day before accused of robbing him and whose brother was to settle with him for the insult. No such revenge was necessary. The young lady looked up at the salutatorian at the critical moment of his life and slew him.

The first sentence of Ayres' oration had been written to arrest the attention of the audience. It was a vigorous sentence of two words. As Ayres spoke it it was like bringing down a feather instead of a sledgehammer. And this would apply to his whole oration. The girl in the audience sat looking up at him with a pair of beautiful liquid eyes filled with contempt. The most telling utterance she received with a curl of the lip; at those parts which were intended to express great feeling she gave him a look of levity.

"The oration was a failure. When Ayres stepped down from the rostrum he knew that his audience had been greatly disappointed in him. His mother and sister joined him and asked him what in the world had been the matter with him. He put them off. If he had told them the truth he would have said that a career had been ruined.

Ayres never recovered from that fall. He had intended to study law, and his classmates had agreed that he would turn out a statesman. He went back to the farm from which he had gone to college and never left it. He is now an old man, who has never done any more important work than raising corn and potatoes.

And the girl? She was blind. She is now abandoned, perfectly and a lonely young woman.

Gems In Verse

OLD FAVORITES.

A TRUE WOMAN.

HE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay;
To haunt, to startle and to waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet reason, whence sweet reason came;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperance will—
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, fully planned,
To train, to comfort and to command,
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light.

—William Wordsworth.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

THE last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is left,
To reflect her blushing
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mate of the garden
Lies scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendship's decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away;
When true hearts have withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone!

—Thomas Moore.

SAILORS' GOOD LUCK.

NE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned
His quid

And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill,
Don't you hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em! How I pity all
Unhappy folks on shore now."

"Footboards claps who live in towns,
What danger they are all in
And now he's rushing in their beds
For fear the roof shall fall in!
Peer creatures, how they envy us
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm
To be upon the ocean!"

"And as for them who're out all day
On business from their houses
And late at night are coming home
To cheer their babes and spouses,
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying—
My eyes, what risks all chimney pots
About their heads are flying!"

"And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves and fires in London!
We know what risks all landmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors."

—Thomas Hood.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

(The poem is supposed to be spoken by a liberal Englishman at the time of England's recognition of American independence in 1781.)

O THOU that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a lion line
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrench'd their rights from thee!

WHAT wonder, if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood,
Retracted the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought—
Who sprang from English blood!

BUT thou, reticent with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back
The seas that shock thy base!

WHATEVER harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is done—the single note
From that deep chord which Hamadryd
smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

—Alfred Lord Tennyson.

SAIL ON, O SHIP OF STATE.

HOPE, too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Hannibal with all his host
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hounding breathless on thy fate!
We know what master bid the keel,
What workmen wrought the ribs of steel,
Who made such mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what forges and what a heat
Were shap'd the anchors of the hope!
Four not each sudden sound and shock,
The of the waves and not the rock,
The bar the lightning of the sail,
And not a faint sound by the gale!
In spite of pine, birch, oak, the wave,
And on, nor fear to tread the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, our faith and all our fears,
Are all with thee—our hearts and all our fears!

—Longfellow.

THE LOST SOUL.

A LITTLE soul came to heaven's gate,
A look at the workmen that the fell
making, she saw and she had no heart
to go back to the farm from which he
had gone to college and never left it.
He is now an old man, who has never
done any more important work than
raising corn and potatoes.

And the girl? She was blind. She is now abandoned, perfectly and a lonely young woman.

His Sister's Trouble.

Marshall Castellans, among other singularities, had a mania for questioning his officers about their families, his invariable mode of interrogation being, "What is your father's profession, your mother's and your sister's?" This stereotyped repetition became at last a wearisome that some of his young platoon agreed on the following reply to be given by each in turn: "My father is a shoemaker, my mother is a laundress, and my sister is very pretty." On the ensuing Sunday, after the usual military parade, the marshal, who had already received the same answer to his questions from three officers, turned to the fourth and pronounced in his accustomed strain, "What is your father's profession?" "He is a shoemaker." "And your mother's?" "She is a laundress." "That will do," interrupted the chief. "I know the rest. Your sister is very pretty, and you will consider yourself confined to the barracks until she behaves better."

Where His Art Failed.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the famous actress, is fond of telling an amusing story of a certain great actor who possessed a marvelous power of mimicry. He could imitate the voice, gesture and facial expression of any person whom he happened to meet.

Although he earned big money, he was always very hard up, and one day he visited his tailor to ask him for a little more time on an account which had been owing for three years. While he was there a customer entered the shop and paid for several articles which were immediately delivered. Then the actor heaved a deep sigh of pain.

"What is the matter, monsieur?" asked the tailor.

"Alas," replied the actor, sighing again, "there is a man I shall never be able to imitate!"

The Higher Education.



Willie—Pa, want are the zones?
Pa—Son, when I went to school they made me learn my geography. The zones are torrid, frigid, Panama canal zone and ozone. —New York Globe.

After She Finished With Him.



Angry Woman—My husband attempted to strike me. I want to have him arrested.
Police Captain—All right. Where will we find him?
Angry Woman—In the Emergency hospital.—Chicago News.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Coos County, by order made on the 10th day of May, 1915, appointed Rosella J. Anderson as the Executrix of the last will and testament of John L. Anderson, deceased. Therefore all persons having claims against the estate of said John L. Anderson, deceased, are hereby notified and required to present such claims, duly verified in the manner provided by law, to the undersigned at her residence in Bandon, Coos county, Oregon within six months from the date of this notice, to-wit: on or before the 26th day of November, 1915.

Dated at Bandon, Coos County, Oregon this 25th day of May, 1915.

ROSELLA J. ANDERSON,
Executrix

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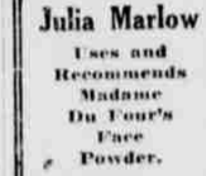
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