

# James Pike Of Pikeville

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

The Pikeville gold fields were discovered and exploited by Jim Pike, who was as big a rascal as ever lived. There was not an ounce of gold within two miles of the place except what Jim had put there from some other mine, but it was enough when mixed with a certain red ore there was on the property he had staked out to sell to others to convince hungry gold hunters that he had struck it rich.

When therefore he gave out that he had several hundred acres and couldn't work more than one acre himself everybody clamored to buy a small slice of his surplus. It required a lot of persuading to induce him to sell, and every time he said a lot he seemed to be heartbroken. "There goes a fortune," he would say, "just because I haven't the funds to get it out of the ground."

Nevertheless Jim was always persuaded, and if he would be purchaser hadn't the cash to buy with he would—just as a favor—take anything he could get. He sold one man who was down on his luck a lot fifty feet by fifty for a revolver. This transaction was talked about, and any man who had a horse, a watch or an old fiddle would go to Jim Pike and buy a bit of ground with it.

But none of these investors got any gold out of their lots. First there was grumbling; then there was cursing, and at last there was a putting together of heads, and the opinion was promulgated that Pike had swindled the purchasers. Those who had bought the best and largest tracts for cash considered as to how they could get their money back; those who had bought with cats and dogs were not so wrought up, but among the whole there grew up a disposition to prevent Pike from getting away from the place with the booty.

Pike had a deep insight into human nature. It was his opinion that those who have been swindled once might be swindled again. Moreover, he believed that it is easier to swindle a community than an individual. "That's the plan," he said, "on which promoters work. If Tom is satisfied that a certain scheme is a good one Dick is ready to follow Tom, and the two together bring in Harry. Tom, Dick and Harry bring in the multitude."

So Mr. Pike concluded that, having by one swindle made a nucleus for another, he betought himself what that other one should be. The object of his second scheme was not to take any more money out of the citizens of Pikeville, for he had got about all there was. What he desired was to get away with his plunder.

He gave out that in the kindness of his heart he had taken many odds and ends for his property for which he had no use. He had decided to lump them and raffle them. He thought there were \$1000 worth of them, but he would call it \$500.

Those who had invested money in Pikeville lots scorned to invest in Pike's lottery. Those who had lost nothing of moment, thinking that these neighbors had bought with more valuable articles than himself and that the collection would be a fine thing to have, took shares. In this way 500 shares were sold to the most glibble of the population. Pike not only took the remaining 200 shares himself, but pledged himself if he was to put the names of those holding shares in a hat and let a little child, blindfolded, draw a name. To the person whose name was drawn he would turn over the articles raffled for.

This seemed so fair, so generous, that it caused quite a revulsion in Pike's favor. Those who had sneered at him did not do so any more for fear of exciting hostility against themselves. Indeed, there were several fights between scoffers and shareholders in the lottery.

While the shares were being subscribed for the articles to be raffled were exhibited. In Pike's yard were two horses, both blind, a cow, three dogs and a goat. In his living room were fishing rods, musical instruments, several articles of furniture, some rugs—much worn—and small articles of every description down to a jewsharp.

When the collection had been exhibited long enough to give every one a sight, though too short to enable any one to judge of its worthlessness, it was announced that the drawing would take place the next evening at 7 o'clock. A little girl six years old was blindfolded, a plug hat with 500 names in it—200 being Pike's—was placed before her, she put in her hand and drew out the name of James Pike.

Mr. Pike stepped forth and said that he had understood there was some error in the names in the hat, that they would be carefully examined and the final drawing would take place at 10 o'clock the next morning. There was a cheer at this, and the generous Mr. Pike bowed and smiled affably.

The citizens of Pikeville arose the next morning much excited. They had fed on excitement for months, and the feast had now reached a climax. Also there was a sudden fall. The articles to be raffled for were all at hand, but the raffle had departed.

The singular part of this story is that, while the shareholders might have drawn lots for the collection of articles that had been put up, not a person made any move to do so. The live stock scattered in search of food and most of the other things were broken up by the children.

## CHARM OF VENICE.

"The White Swan of Cities" It Was Called by Longfellow.

Venice is the mecca of tourists because of its beauty and its history. It was the link connecting Rome and Athens. It felt the influence of Arabia and of Persia. It saved some of the Greek masterpieces from oblivion. Its architecture shows the effect of all the ancient civilizations. Seated on its 117 islands, with canals for streets, it has been renowned as—  
The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.

Longfellow called it the "white swan of cities," and other poets have celebrated its glories above those of any other city of the world. Its political history is of entrancing interest. It is saturated with romantic traditions. The numerous churches, the bridges, the tombs, the palace of the doges, the old library, the campanile and the Academy of the Arts are among the most attractive show places of Europe. The masterpieces of those master artists of the sixteenth century, Titian, Tintoretto, Giorgione, Bellini, Paolo Veronese, Sansovino, Palladio and Daponte, have given city undying glory.

In Venice the renaissance is seen at its best and at its worst. Realism and idealism have vied for mastery. Perhaps in no other city of the world is there preserved such a rich collection of the styles of painting and architecture of the different centuries.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



SOME DELICIOUS RECIPES.

### Anchovy Sauce.

A QUICK and easy way of making anchovy sauce is to stir two or three spoonfuls of prepared essence of anchovy, which may be bought at the grocery's, into a pint of melted butter. Let the sauce boil and flavor with lemon juice; time, ten minutes to boil; sufficient, two teaspoonfuls to a pint.

### Maple Custard.

Beat five eggs until a spoonful can be lifted without stringing; add one-half cupful of maple sirup, a saltspoonful of salt; stir well, then add three cupfuls of milk and strain into a mold or individual cups; wet the inside of the cups with cold water. The hot water in the pan in which the custards are set to bake should not boil after baking is begun.

### Fried Cucumbers.

Pare and cut into lengthwise slices more than one-quarter of an inch thick and lay for half an hour in ice water; wipe each piece dry; sprinkle with pepper and salt and dredge with flour; fry to a light brown in good dripping or butter; drain well and serve hot.

### Raised Brown Bread.

Two cupfuls of cornmeal, one-quarter yeast cake, two cupfuls of boiling water; pour boiling water on cornmeal; when lukewarm add dissolved yeast cake and remaining ingredients; beat well; let it rise overnight; beat and pour into a buttered brown bread tin; bake in a moderate oven from one to one and one-half hours.

### Old Fashioned Batter Pudding.

One pint of milk, four eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; two even cupfuls of prepared flour, one teaspoonful of salt; beat up the eggs, add the yolks to the milk, salt the flour and stir in alternately with the whites; beat hard and bake in a buttered pudding dish forty-five minutes; eat with sweet sauce at once, as it soon falls.

### Sweet Sauce.

To one pint of boiling water add a heaping teaspoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, a pinch of salt and one tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in cold water; season with nutmeg or vanilla; boil half an hour. If good and well cooked it will be very clear.

### Fried Bananas, Chafing Dish.

Cut four bananas in halves lengthwise; melt one tablespoonful of butter in blazer of chafing dish without using the hot water pan; brown the bananas on both sides and serve with nut currant jelly sauce made as follows: Boil three-quarters of a cupful of sugar and one-quarter cupful of water together four minutes; then pour on to one-third cupful of currant jelly which has been beaten until soft with a silver fork; then add one-third cupful of nut meats blanched and broken in small pieces. Then it is ready to serve.

Anna Thompson.

### WORTH WHILE.

IT is easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows by like a song.  
But the man worth while is one who  
Will smile  
When everything goes dead wrong.  
For the test of the heart is trouble,  
And it always comes with the years,  
And the smile that is worth the praise  
Of earth  
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy to be prudent  
When nothing tempts you to stray,  
When without or within no voice of sin  
Is luring your soul away,  
But it's only a negative virtue  
Until it is tried by fire,  
And the life that is worth the honor  
Of earth  
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the felon,  
Who had no strength for the strife,  
The world's highway is cushioned today,  
They make up the sum of life  
But the virtue that conquers passion  
And the sorrow that hides a smile,  
It is those that are worth the homage  
Of earth.  
For we find them but once in awhile.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilton.

# A Trap and a Confession

By EUNICE BLAKE

"I understand, Billy, that your engagement with Ida Trask is broken?"

"It is."  
There was a brief silence between the two men, when Billy Staples said: "Ida sent me off."

This was all the information any one ever got out of Mr. Staples. There is a story connected with his dismissal that puts the matter in a different light.

Miss Trask was one of a house party given in the autumn, and of course Billy was invited too. Edith Storms, one of the girls of the party, was sitting on the porch with Billy and said to him: "I'm tired of riding, and I wish we did more walking. Nothing delights me so much as to start out on a brisk walk in cool autumn weather, when the leaves are turning. I love to kick up the leaves drying on the ground."

"I will be most happy to be your companion for a walk," said Billy gallantly.

"Ida might not like it."  
"I see no reason why she should object."

"Nevertheless it would be just as well if she did not see us go away together. She's in the library playing cards."

"I'm perfectly willing she should see us."

They started off and were soon in the woods, kicking up the fallen leaves. Miss Storms coming to a secluded spot did not seem as desirous of walking as she had claimed. A branch of a tree growing very near the ground and parallel to it formed a convenient seat. Miss Storms sat down, leaving room for her companion to sit beside her. He did so, and the two chatted for awhile on the scenic beauty of the spot and the stillness, the lady remarking that it was just the place for a proposal, whereupon the gentleman said that he would be happy to accommodate her if he were not already engaged.

Miss Storms leaned forward, exposing a shapely waist. Billy resisted a temptation to drop an arm upon it, but when she turned her face toward him with her lips very near his he gave it up. He kissed her.

The temptress rose and walked away, Billy following her. He couldn't tell whether she was offended or hurt or conscience stricken. Their walk back to the house was in silence, and when they reached it the girl went immediately to her room.

That evening Miss Trask intimated that she would like a private conversation with her fiancé. They went into one of the little parlors on the main floor, and when seated the lady said: "I saw you go to walk this afternoon with Edith Storms. Do you think it just the thing to take walks in the woods with one girl when you are engaged to another?"

"I see no harm in it."  
"There is no harm provided nothing occurs that is harmful."  
Billy made no reply to this.

"If you assure me that nothing harmful occurred I have nothing further to say."  
Billy pondered as to his answer, then said, "Ask Edith." Then, rising, he left the room.

She met her fiancé in the hall the next morning, and handing him a note she passed on. The note was simply a breaking of their engagement.

Edith Storms, on seeing Billy shortly after his dismissal, indicated that she would like to speak to him alone. Billy gave her an opportunity, but maintained a reserve.

"Why did you send Ida to me about what happened yesterday?" she asked. "Because it is the woman's privilege to answer all such questions."

"Could you not have saved yourself by—"  
"A lie? No."

"You compelled me to accuse you of taking a kiss without my consent."  
"I don't see how you could have otherwise defended yourself."  
"But this reflected on you."  
"I shall have to bear the imputation."

"Has Ida broken with you?"  
"Yes."

Miss Storms did not seem quite satisfied and showed her dissatisfaction. She toyed with a bangle on her arm, then with a string of beads around her neck.

"What makes me feel unpleasant," she said presently, "is that I don't wish you to think that I wish to take you away from Ida. Indeed, I am pre-occupied in that."

"Don't give yourself any concern that I should think you are in love with me."  
There was something cutting in this that called a slight flush to her cheek. "All the blame of this affair," she said, "falls on me. I'm not going to bear it. I'll tell you the whole story if you will agree to drop the matter."

"Tell it. I have no reason to follow it up."  
"It seems very wrong of me, but I shall feel better after having made an explanation. Ida has recently met a man with whom she has fallen desperately in love. She wanted a reason to break with you and—"  
"Never mind the rest. What you have told me will never pass my lips."  
"You forgive me?"  
"Certainly."

But he never forgave the girl who had broken with him.

## NATURE AND THE MICROBE.

How the Nose and the Stomach Fight Disease Germs.

The thoughtful reader will say, "Surely, in the battle of man against microbe there must be some natural means of defense by which men have conquered in the past, long before the microscope was invented." He is right, and science is never better employed than in studying these natural defenses. For example, we find no microbes at all in air just after it passes through the healthy nose. The nose is the original "domestic filter" for all microbes in dust in the air. Its secretions are antiseptic also, and man has no more valuable outwork of defense than a normal nose. A choked nose, through which a person cannot breathe, means that microbes enter the lungs freely by way of the filterless mouth.

In the stomach we find free hydrochloric acid, produced some half hour or less after a meal. Its production from the common salt, or sodium chloride, of the blood by the living cells that line the stomach is one of the wholly imitable feats of the body. Until recently most of us thought that the hydrochloric acid was formed in the stomach solely in order to digest food, but now we have evidence to show that this hydrochloric acid is also a valuable antiseptic, working, for once, inside the body without hurting it and probably often saving us from the microbes of consumption and typhoid fever.

Thus the two great avenues of entry to the body are in a large degree guarded. It may be added that no known microbe can, unaided, penetrate the surface of the unbroken and healthy skin.—Dr. C. W. Saleeby in Youth's Companion.

Be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—Holmes.

## Gems In Verse

### OLD FAVORITES.

#### SONG OF THE CAMP.

GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
While the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

"Give us a song!" the guardsmen say,  
"We storm the forts tomorrow;  
Sing while we may; another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the batteries' side,  
Below the slumbering cannon,  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song  
Until its tender passion  
Swelled like an anthem rich and strong  
Their battle-evil's confession.

Dear girl! Her name he dared not speak,  
But as the song grew louder  
Something on the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stain of powder.

And once again a fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
Midst scream of shot and burst of shell  
And following of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a slinger dumb and gory,  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Beyond the dark'ning ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.

Ah, soldiers, to your honored rest,  
Your truth and valor bearing,  
The bravest are the tenderest;  
The loving are the darest!

—Bayard Taylor—1858.

#### FORTUNA.

THE wind blows east, the wind  
blows west,  
And the frost falls and the rain;  
And weary heart went thankful to  
rest  
And must rise to toil again, 'gain,  
And must rise to toil again.

THE wind blows east, the wind  
blows west,  
And there comes good luck and  
bad;  
The thriftiest man is the cheer-  
ful-  
est;  
'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad,  
and,  
'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad.

THE wind does blow as it lists al-  
way;  
Canst thou change this world to  
thy mind?  
The world will wander its own wise  
way;  
I also will wander mine, mine,  
I also will wander mine.  
—Thomas Carlyle.

#### SOLITUDE.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless  
woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely  
shore,  
There is a society where none in-  
trudes.

By the deep sea and music in its roar,  
I love not man the less, but nature more;  
From these our interviews, in which I  
steal  
From all I may be or have been before  
To mingle with the universe and feel  
What I can never express, yet cannot all  
conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean-  
bill!  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in  
vain;  
Man marks the earth with ruin—his con-  
trol  
Stops with the shore; upon the watery  
glide  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth re-  
main  
A shadow of man's revenge, save his own  
Woe; for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling  
grin,  
Without a grave, unknob'd, uncoffin'd and  
unknown.

—Lord Byron.

## PORT ORFORD REPORT.

(From Port Orford Tribune.)

Mail Contractor T. B. Davidson broke a front axle to his Studebaker car one day last week by running into a chuck hole. He has now placed an order with M. D. Sherrard for a truck which he believes will give better service on the mail route than an automobile. While Mr. Davidson's car has been off the road, Herbert Unican has been carrying the mail with a team and rig.

W. R. Coy killed a large panther near Corbin last Thursday. The animal had killed a sheep on the Colebrook range the night before which was discovered the following morning and Coy and his dogs sent for with the result that the big cat was soon up-a-tree. Mr. Coy has a valuable pack of dogs and it is a lucky varmint that gets away from them when once the dogs strikes its trail.

The Agate carnival will be kept over until 1916. The floor will be taken up and stored and the sides and foundations will be left standing. It had been the custom heretofore to tear the building down and sell the lumber at a sacrifice to pay outstanding debts but to save the building, this year a stock company has been formed at \$10 per share and the amount necessary was quickly raised.

Geo. Colebrook and Miss Esther Bachman were united in marriage by County Judge W. A. Wood at Gold Beach, Tuesday, August 24th, 1915.

The groom is a Curry county boy having been raised on the old home place near Corbin where the happy young people will reside. The bride who met her husband when he spent last winter in Los Angeles, comes from Pasadena, Cal. where her father is a contractor and builder.

N. C. Divilbiss contemplates taking his family and starting for California shortly in his Buick to spend the winter in that sunny clime.

Callen Ellis from Norway has been in this section recently and purchased a small saw mill outfit from Robert McKenzie of Sea View which he has moved to Arago where he will saw for the local market.

Several wrestling matches were pulled off at Gold Beach last week during Circuit Court. Tuesday evening Mat Coy and Percy Zumwalt met in an interesting match, in which Coy won the first fall in 16 minutes, Zumwalt taking the second fall in 4 minutes on a hammerlock that strained Coy's shoulder so that he could not come back for the deciding fall, so he forfeited the match. Jim Wilson and Clarence Wright gave a 10 minute exhibition that pleased the audience. The following night Wilson wrestled a handicap against Coy, Wright Sutton and Zumwalt, and defeated them in 4½, 12½, 9 and 20 minutes respectively. While the four local boys are good husky fellows, the match showed how helpless an amateur is in the hand of a professional, Wilson handling them at will, several times picking one up by the foot and swinging him around until he was so dizzy that he could scarcely stand. The matches were good natured, and the skill displayed made them popular with those who attended.

F. C. Hawkins made a night drive to Bandon in his Studebaker car last Friday, meeting Harry Huntley and Mrs. S. P. Peirce and driving them to Gold Beach the same night to attend the funeral of their mother. The body of Mrs. Huntley was taken down by auto truck the same night.

M. D. Sherrard came down from Bandon the later part of last week and delivered a Dodge automobile to John Fromm Jr. of Brush creek, and since that time the latter gentleman has been spending much of his time on the road familiarizing himself with the difference between a Dodge and a team of horses.

Last Saturday while the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Lewis of the North Fork was romping near where some slashing was being burned, she came too near the flame and her dress caught fire. The little girl was badly burned about the lower limbs and hips. She is doing as well as could be expected at this time—Myrtle Point Enterprise.

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