BANDON RECORDER.

MAGIC AMULETS.

Thought to Bring Good Luck to Their Chinese Owners.

It is the desire of every Chinaman's heart to possess a pair of magic bracelets. Arm rings or bracelets are thought a great deal of in the Celestial empire, the custom of wearing them having been handed down from time immemorial. Usually made of jade stone, the Chinese arm ring of today is of one invariable shape. It looks like a large martingale.

The Chinese word for jade is ngook-seu and for jade arm ring or bracelet ngook-ak. The custom in China is to place the bracelet on a young man's arm just before the hand stops growing. A tight fit is usually secured, and once placed the amulet arm ring is worn throughout life. At death, if the bracelet has proved a lucky one and if there is a son whom it will fit, the bones in the old man's hand are broken and the bracelet removed.

Many are the marvelous tales told by the Chinese of the wonderful qualities these amulets possess. There is a tradition that a certain Chinese emperor who was stricken with paralysis wore upon his forearm a magic bracelet, which kept life in that member for many months and allowed him to make known his desires and decrees by writing. At last, when death claimed the emperor, something even more wonderful took place. Dead three days and lying in state, his body was being viewed by the priests. The advisability of removing the bracelet was being considered, when the hand was lifted up and gave a signal which they interpreted to mean the bracelet should go with its owner to the tomb.

Among other wonderful properties a good amulet is said to act as a fairly reliable barometer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Nosed Him Out,"

In "The Argonauts of California" Mr. C. W. Haskins tells a good story of sauerkraut. In one of the mining districts near Sacramento a storekeeper received a barrel of provisions which seemed to be spoiled, to judge by the smell. Instead of throwing it away, he thrust it into one corner of a shed, where waste and rubbish were piled upon it.

One day a burly, dust covered Dutchman entered the store.

"I vants me some dot," pointing toward the shed.

"What is dot?" inquired the storekeeper.

"I shows you," said the miner. "You shust come mit me." And to the shed they went, where, pointing to the rubbish heap, the Dutchman explained, "Some of dot in dere vas vat I vants."

Boxes and barrels were removed, and the condemned barrel was exposed. But when the miner eagerly pointed to it the trader told him it was spoiled meat, not fit to eat.

"I knows better as dot," said the Dutchman. "You bust him in and I shows you."

An ax was brought and the barrel "busted in," when, instead of spoiled meat, there was revealed some good, old fashioned sauerkraut, made in Holland and shipped around Cape Horn.

"I knows it," said the delighted miner. "I nose him out!"

The sauerkraut sold readily at a dollar a pound and was in great demand. The Dutch miners heard of it and walked 10 and 15 miles to get a taste of the dainty.

A Slaver's Cargo.

From the time we first got on board the slaver, says J. Taylor Wood in The Atlantic, had we heard moans, cries and rumblings coming from below and as soon as the captain and crew were removed the hatches had been taken off, when there arose a hot blast as from a charnel house, sickening and overpowering. In the hold were 700 human beings, gasping, struggling for breath, dying, their bodies, limbs and faces all expressing terrible suffering. In their agonizing fight for life some had torn or wounded themselves or their neighbors dreadfully; some were stiffened in the most unnatural positions.

As soon as I knew the condition of things I sent the boat back for the doctor and some whisky. He returned bringing also the captain, and for an hour or more we were all hard at work lifting and helping the poor creatures on deck, where they were laid out in rows. A little water and stimulant revived most of them. Some, however, were dead or too far gone to be resuscitated. The doctor worked earnestly over each one, but 17 were beyond human skill. As fast as he pronounced them dead they were quickly dropped overboard.

Spoiling a Sermon.

I have had some printer experience or, rather, experience with printers, which makes me fear that the "imp of the types" has "got it in" for me for abandoning the craft and becoming a poor preacher. Recently I was to preach on the Old Testament characters "Nadab and Abihu," and one of the daily papers got it, "Nabob and Abihu." Shades of Gutenberg!

My first Sunday morning sermon after I came home from my vacation was on "Suppressed Lives," but one of the papers announced it as "Suppressed Livers." Such a thing as that is wearing and tends to make life not worth living, especially if, as is said, the worth of life depends on the liver. Fancy your liver suppressed!—Homiletic Review.

Thin Gold.

Goldbeaters, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch. They are so thin that, if formed into a book, 1,500 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper, and an octavo volume one inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well stocked library of 1,500 volumes with 400 pages in each.

Table Talk.

"They say the—er—late departed," said the first cannibal, indicating the dish before them, "was a very learned man."

"Indeed," replied the other, helping himself for the third time. "Then this is truly what the white men call an 'intellectual feast.'"—Philadelphia Press.

POLLY LARKIN.

The local officials in this big, bustling city of San Francisco did a cruel thing, to Polly's mind, the other day, when they issued orders barring out from the pleasures of Portsmouth Square men, many of them old, white-headed and homeless, who had been wont to make this park for several years past a place of rest and quiet where they could gather, interchange ideas and dwell on brighter times in their lives with others who were in much the same financial condition as themselves. It had been a source of pleasure many times in seeing these men gather together like old cronies, basking in the sun or resting in the shade on the grassy lawns. Most of these men have seen better days, possibly had happy homes of their own with wives and children to welcome them and make life worth the living. They are now alone; their companions in life's journey have been called home, the children are scattered, and they perhaps are wanderers in a strange land, content to have a room to sleep in, two meals a day in some cheap restaurant and whiling away the daylight and sometimes the twilight hours of summer in this park or square, they had got to look upon it as their own haven of rest. Here they discussed the political situation or dwelt on the signs of the times, past and present and pointed out the statue erected to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson. The granite column with its quotations from his own poems and the gilded ship with all its sails set surmounting it in honor of this lover of the sea, could never have found it in his heart to do what these men did in the shadow of the Hall of Justice. What a mockery it must have seemed to these men when the police ordered them to leave the place they really looked upon as home and where they had been accustomed to gather for so long. Many of them too old and decrepit to work even if they could procure employment, and others could not be induced to work under any consideration—"Weary Willies" who believe the world owes them a living. But leaving the latter out of the question and making a long story short, the officials who had the authority ordered these men out of the park because the Hall of Justice looked out upon it, and these "loafers," as they were termed, were not a pleasant sight for the staff lawyers, etc., who had happy homes to go to and loved ones awaited their coming. It should be beautified and made to blossom like the wild rose so that these men in going to and coming from the big building might not see so sorrowful a sight as these poverty-stricken men resting in the park. What a pity that justice cannot frown down so unworthy a motive.

* *

The floral festival held in San Francisco recently was a great success, and the beautiful exhibit showed what amateurs can do when it comes to floriculture. One of the most unique and attractive displays, however, was a beautiful exhibit from Oregon of its mosses and autumn leaves, in which the wild grapevine (the Webfoot State's flower), cedar and fir, both white and yellow, and many pretty graceful cones, hemlock and silver-gray spruce, were used. The display of autumn leaves called forth remarks of admiration from all the visitors, and one could not help quoting the line, "Truly the heart of autumn must have broken here." The mosses, too, were lovely, and among the ground variety was the Elkhorn, creeping along for a distance of twenty yards. The whole collection called forth much favorable comment, and it must have been gratifying to the Oregon exhibitors, for they secured the Bonham silver medal, which will be retained by the town sending the best exhibit. The display gave a pretty good idea of that part of Oregon's flora.

* *

Speaking of nature's treasures reminds me of the fact that few people know how to value the shrubs, trees and flowers who are blessed with an abundance of them in their country homes, but once live in the city and they will appreciate the feelings of the woman who goes to the florist and pays twenty-five cents or half a dollar for an armful of green branches and vines and carries them home so carefully to decorate her surroundings. The country housekeeper with a wealth of buds, blossoms, ferns and vines, would toss them over the fence as so much rubbish. Not so with her city friend, every little vine leaf and branch is treasured, for they mean a bright little nook for her friends to gaze on and admire. Flowers, no matter if only green leaves, add grace and charm to a room that nothing else can give.

* *

A truant school may be established in this city ere long, by which all deserters from schoolwork, be they boys or girls, will be compelled to attend school, and to make it a success it is proposed to first provide a truant or parental school to which the habitual truant may be temporarily committed, attendance officers will be appointed, and to insure the success of this worthy cause a penalty will be placed on the parents or guardians for the non-attendance of the pupils. They must show good cause for absence or else pay the fine that will be imposed upon them. When one stops to think that 18,000 children of school age were reported as having attended no school last year, it looks as if they were not starting any too soon to agitate this important question. At the same time, too, another difficulty faces the promoters of this progressive work, and that is the lack of sufficient school-room, for with comparatively few exceptions the school-houses are already overcrowded. That, however, can be overcome without much difficulty when once the machinery is set in motion and ready to make the various schemes work as a harmonious whole. Polly believes in compulsory education. There is less crime, less conspiracy and less genuine wickedness in the nations where the law requires that all children must be educated. Hundreds of children are in the factories of this city to-day helping to eke out a bare living who can hardly read and write. What kind of citizens will they make? Parents need their assistance in supporting large families many times, but what an injustice it is to deprive children of the benefit of schools.

BRIEF REVIEW.

The Century's Legacy.

Professor Dolliver of Tuft's college, Pennsylvania, is the author of the following compendium of what the nineteenth century received as bequests and what it is going to turn over to the twentieth as a legacy:

1. This century received from its predecessors the horse; we bequeath the bicycle, the locomobile and the automobile.

2. We received the goose-quill and bequeath the typewriter.

3. We received the scythe; we bequeath the mowing machine.

4. We received the sickle; we bequeath the harvester.

5. We received the hand printing machine; we bequeath the Hoe perfecting press.

6. We received the Johnson dictionary; we bequeath the Century dictionary.

7. We received the painted canvas; we bequeath lithography, photography and color photography.

8. We received the hand loom; we bequeath the cotton and woolen factory.

9. We received gunpowder; we bequeath nitroglycerine.

10. We received the tallow dip; we bequeath the arc light and the Standard Oil Company.

11. We received the flintlock; we bequeath the automatic Maxims.

12. We received the galvanic battery; we bequeath the dynamo.

13. We received the sailing ship; we bequeath the steamship.

14. We received the battleship Constitution; we bequeath the Oregon.

15. We received the beacon signal fire; we bequeath the telephone and wireless telegraphy.

16. We received wood and stone for structures; we bequeath twenty-storied sky supports of steel.

17. We received ordinary light; we bequeath the Roentgen ray.

Mechanical Hair Restorer.

A mechanical hair restorer is a device for restoring and promoting the growth of the hair. The principle of the operation is that of producing a vacuum or partial vacuum around the scalp, and thereby relieving it of the pressure of the atmosphere and allowing the blood to circulate more freely in the veins of the scalp, and so impart a more healthy condition thereto. Various mechanical devices may be used for obtaining a vacuum at the location desired, but the inventor—Frederick Watkins, of St. Louis, Mo.—uses the form as serving the purpose with a satisfactory degree of efficiency at a small cost. The foundation of the device is of wire netting, woven of wires coarse enough to prevent a collapse when the air is withdrawn. This frame is covered with a rubber cloth or other air-tight material, and around the edge is a steel band of a shape closely approximating the contour of the head from a point above the eyebrows backward over the ears and then downward on the neck to low the line of the hair. This band is preferably one of steel, and is adapted to spring against the skin at all points to form an air-tight joint. By manipulating the pump or sucking the air out in some other way the air pressure is removed and the blood allowed to circulate freely to promote the growth of the hair and prevent baldness.

To Perpetuate His Name.

An English engraver named Morgan fashioned the die from whence our silver dollars are stamped. To perpetuate his name he slyly made an M in the neck of the goddess, just at the lines of the base. It is very small, and escaped notice for a long time. On the obverse side of the coin he again got in his sly work. He made another M in the knot below the eagle's feathers. This is so small that it can only be seen on new coins, or those little worn, and by good eyes or under a glass.

The immigration for the year 1900 ending in June, was 530,000, of whom about two-thirds arrived at the port of New York. The people are mostly from southern and southeastern Europe, of races not easy to amalgamate with our own. Nearly one-fifth of the whole or 90,000 are from Italy, and one-third of these are illiterate.

Brighton, England, is about to brave British prudery, the corporation having decided to allow "mixed bathing" next summer, under restrictions.

California stamp mills have crushed five and even five and one-half tons of ore per stamp per twenty-four hours.

The specific gravity of molybdenum is 9.01 and it is thus a light metal. It is soft and is malleable when hot.

An ounce of very fine gold is worth $20.67118.

The usual fall of a sluice box is eight inches to twelve feet.

A LITTLE KNOWN ART.

The Tobacco Flavorer Has Short Hours and Draws Big Pay.

"A high grade position of which but little is known except to the trade," observed a prominent tobacco manufacturer to a Washington Star reporter, "is what is known as the 'flavorer,' the man who is responsible for the flavor of all the grades of goods made and who sees to it that the flavor is kept the same year in and year out. It matters not where the tobacco that goes in them comes from or the conditions under which it has grown. Of course tobacco manufacturers endeavor to use the same kind of tobacco all the time, but circumstances at times render this impossible.

"As an illustration, our company had bought up and stored away enough tobacco to make up all our brands of smoking tobacco and cigarettes for the year, when all of a sudden our storehouses were destroyed by fire, and our stock went out of existence. There was no more tobacco of that particular grade to be bought, and we were driven into new fields. The tobacco being raised on a different soil and being slightly different as far as seed and stem were concerned, the flavor was also different. Smokers, and chewers as well, insist on the same flavor all the time.

"Here is where the flavorer comes in. By his art and skill he can make tobacco that grows on low lands taste and smell the same as that grown on high lands. He can make tobacco grown during a dry season take the same flavor as that grown during the rainy season. Tobaccos grown at different ends of the same state or in different states are by his treatment the same, as far as the consumer is concerned. He draws big money, but though he comes high as the traveling show companies say, 'we must have them.'

"As may be imagined, there are not many who are competent to do the work, and as a result they range in salaries all the way from $8 to $50 per day of about one hour's actual work. They are employed, however, but about nine months in each year."

How Codfish Catch Lobsters.

It is probably news to the majority of people to know that the red, or rock, codfish is a bitter enemy of the lobster that has just crawled out of his shell and is soft and unable to protect himself. During shedding time these lobsters crawl up under projecting rocks, where the seaweed and kelp are thick and where they find protected places in which to go through the process of slipping out of their old shells and taking on a new coat of mail, so to speak. For some days after shedding the lobsters are very soft and unable to cope with those fish that wage war on them. This fact the codfish seem intuitively to know, and they will swarm around these retreats in great numbers and wait for the shedders to crawl out.

An old lobster fisherman said that many times he had stopped his dory over a large number of these red codfish and watched their operations. He had even dropped his line down and dangled tempting bait within a few feet of them. Unless it happened to fall directly in front of their noses, however, they would seldom take it, as they were after lobster meat. When the thing usual lobster comes out from beneath the protecting seaweed, the codfish would dart at them and strike them fierce blows with their tails, disabling them completely. They would then roll to and devour the helpless crustacean. This performance the lobster fisherman said he had witnessed many times.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Looks Were Deceptive.

The late Mr. Justice William O'Brien, as is pretty generally known, was not a rather model and when going on a long railway journey his attire was even more ungainly than usual, says London M. A. P. Arriving one day for his train to leave Cork, he wandered into the first class refreshment room, his threadbare and faded coat looking the more remarkable when in contrast with the dress of the smart set frequenting the place. "Can I have a glass of milk?" he inquired of the young lady who ruled behind the bar.

The lady eyed him slightly and superciliously and then answered curtly.

"Yes, but it's pump ice a glass here. You'll get it for a penny in the third class room."

"Well," retorted the judge as mildly as possible, "I think I'll have a glass as I'm rather off the cream. I can manage to pay for the extreme."

He took his milk and sipped it with an [illegible] when that young lady heard from some gentlemen who were standing at the bar and knew the judge who her customer was she didn't feel very well. She tried to explain that she thought he was one of those odd curious fellows who go around asking about the price of the milk for half an hour.

New York's Slaveship.

When New York city owned a slave ship is told in an article in Pearson's Magazine. The greatest impetus was given to the slave trade by the act of parliament of 1681, which legalized slavery in the North American colonies. This does not mean that slavery was unknown in what is now the United States before, but it was because as early as 1620 a Dutch man-of-war landed and sold 20 African negroes at Jamestown, Va.

In 1626 the West India company imported slaves from the West Indies to New York city, then New Amsterdam. The city itself owned slaves in a slaveship, advanced money for its fitting out and shared in the profits of its voyages. This recognition and encouragement may account for the astounding fact that in 1756 slaves formed one-sixth of the entire population of New York. The general prevalence of slavery is shown by the fact that at this time there were 67 slaves in New York's small suburb of Brooklyn and that in London itself there were resident 20,000 slaves.

Slaves were at that time publicly dealt upon the London exchange. No wonder the traffic in human flesh was a recognized commerce, and that in 1771 the English alone sent to Africa 192 ships equipped for the trade and with a carrying capacity of 47,140 slaves per trip.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

"Just imagine! If you were a flea you could jump 200 miles at a single jump."

"But I am not a flea."

"I didn't say you were. I said if you were."

"But you implied that I might be."

"Not at all. In estimating the relative strength of a flea as compared with a man, I said that one of your size could jump 200 miles."

"Nothing of the sort, sir. You distinctly spoke of me as a flea."

"How absurd! I merely inferred that suppose you were a flea."

"Do I look like a flea?"

"Why, no, sir; certainly not."

"Have I the arms, legs, proboscis, anatomy of a flea?"

"Who said you did?"

"You did, sir!"

"I didn't."

"You did!"

"Well, sir, I am sorry. I apologize."

"You admit, then, that you did refer to me as a flea?"

"Why, no, I don't."

"But you have just apologized."

"Well, well, let it go. I said you were a flea. I apologize. I am sorry. I was wrong."

"Good! You were wise. I am no flea, sir."

"Of course not. Utterly removed from a flea. You couldn't be one if you tried. Impossible!"

"Impossible, sir? For me, sir? How impossible?"

"Yes, sir, exactly, sir. How can an ass be a flea?"—King.

Mr. Smith Announces.

"Extra!"

The world stands still and reads with bated breath.

Mr. John Smith announces that he has left the subjective ideal wing of the transcendental party and will hereafter affiliate with the psychological socialistic party, supporting the ticket of the latter without reservation. Mr. Smith will be heard on the stump later."

After a time men go about their business numbly, but the world will be long in recovering fully from the shock.—Detroit Journal.

Fashionable Intelligence.

Lady de Hooter and family have left Ivy Towers, Batstown, and have taken The Hollows, Melton Mowbugley, for the hunting season.—Cassell's Little Folks.

Art.

The society woman did not deny her intention of eloping with her coachman.

"But why," she argued, with entire gentility, "should you know about things before they happen?"

If the representative of the yellow press felt any impatience at this he courteously concealed it.

"How could we illustrate them otherwise?" he replied.

Of course it demeaned nobody to bow to the exigencies of art.—Detroit Journal.

The Other Person.

"Now tell me," said the kind hearted woman, "you're a runaway, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am, ma'am, an' I'll tell the truth," replied the young tramp. "Mother died not long ago, and after that things didn't go right, and one day I lit out, and I run till I was dead tired out."

"Poor boy! You didn't go a step farther, eh?"

"Oh, no! It was 'cause I couldn't go a stepmother."—Philadelphia Press.

Suits Her Just as Well.

"Don't you think a man—a real man—ought to acknowledge when he is in the wrong in an argument with his wife?"

"Oh, I don't know. George never owns up, but he always goes and forces me something real nice and expensive."—Detroit Free Press.

From the Seat of War.

Assistant—Here are more dispatches about that battle in the east.

Editor—What do they say?

Assistant—It appears that both sides were greatly outnumbered, but each defeated the enemy with severe loss.—Harlem Life.

Subjects Few.

Mrs. Jones—There's that Mrs. Bates. I can't abide her. She is always talking about somebody or other.

Mrs. Clay—It isn't mine. I agree with you, but there one cannot always be talking about dress.—Boston Transcript.

A Victim of Curiosity.

A handpacker picked up a factory hand
And a shrieks had warm blanket and
For a strange curiosity whispered to me,
"Do tell me what that fool kind's about."

Nor, for the folly that takes for a fool
Never consider it don't comprehend
For in things in this world I am told, I am sure,
A fool rushes in where an angel is afraid.

Harmony Regardless of Expense.

"Beg pardon," said the postal clerk, who had sold her the stamps, "but you don't have to put a 5 cent stamp on a letter for Canada."

"I know," said she, "but the shade just matches my envelope, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

An Embarrassment of Riches.

"What's the matter, Bobby?"

"Gra'ma, they're too many folks a-bringin' me up. I'd get along better if I only had you."—Indianapolis Journal.

TWENTY MILES RANGE.

Who shall say what is to be the limit of the range of modern ordnance? France now proposes to sit calmly on her channel shores and if "perfidious Albion" gets ugly to knock down Dover castle. Experiments are now being made at Calais with a new pattern of "recoil gun which is expected to have an effective range of 20 miles. The Dover straits at their narrowest point are only 18 miles wide. In view of the tremendous strides which have been made in the last few years in the effective range of high power guns it is not unreasonable to think that before long a gun will really be built which can throw a shot across the straits of Dover. The French believe that they have already produced such a gun and if the experiments at Calais prove successful they will mount a battery of them at the point where the straits of Dover are narrowest, and so command that waterway from shore to shore. If the French do this on their side of the straits the English will undoubtedly strive until they build guns of similar range and mount a battery of them at Dover. An artillery duel between Calais and Dover is among the possibilities of the future. In Dover castle there is an old gun bearing the inscription:

Lest we will and can we think,
Princes by force to bring to reck.

This is an idle boast on the part of the old gun of course, but, in the light of the [illegible] effect to hurl a gun which will carry across the straits it has a prophetic sound.

The "Grape Cure" in Switzerland.

Just now the tourists are flocking to Meran, that nice little Tyrolese watering place in Austria. The grape cure is at its height. It can scarcely be possible that all the grape eaters are actually invalids, as you meet all kinds of people eating grapes and apparently enjoying them almost immensely. You buy your grapes in a little basket, and you carry it with you on your walks or saunter and go on nibbling at the fruit until you have consumed your regulation pound or two pounds weight. A man without a basket of grapes would look as odd in the alleys round Meran as a man without a hat would look in Piccadilly or on the Strand. So the Meran grape cure is very popular and is very inexpensive. The town fixes the price of the fruit, and you get more for threepence than you could believe it possible you could eat. Just now the place is full to overflowing, happily subsisting on the cure. The Americans are also taking it with that characteristic adaptability which belongs to them in Europe. And the Meran doctors, with an almost similar adaptability of the remedy to the disease, are prescribing it for dyspeptic patients.—London Daily News.

A Long Time Note.

A remarkable case was tried in the Somerset county court at Somerville recently. A farmer living in one of the country townships of Somerset county sold a horse to a Somerset man. The latter gave a note for $50 in payment. The man who received the note paid little attention to its wording, but went to the bank to have it discounted. The bank [illegible] not, as it read, "I promise to pay five years after date," etc. The man with the note was greatly excited when he discovered the time of the note, when he had not noticed it at all, and promptly brought suit against the man who gave it. The case came up in court at Somerville. The defendant claimed that he was perfectly able and willing to pay the note when it came due, but pretended that there was no law that compelled him to do so before that time. It was in black and white on the note, and the judge had nothing left to do but dismiss the case.—Philadelphia N. Y. Press.

Perils of the Trotter.

How the modern trotting horse has been nearing little by little the two minute time per mile! Who will say that he may not achieve that coveted record before the twentieth century is five years old?

Here's the record of trotting horse progress in the nineteenth century:

1806, Yankee	2:30
1824, Boston Horse	2:26½
1826, Twin Horse	2:24
1845, Lady Suffolk	2:23
1859, Flora Temple	2:19¾
1867, Dexter	2:17¼
[illegible] St. James	2:16¾
1883, Maud S.	2:10¾
1894, Alix	2:09¼
1896, The Abbot	2:08¼

Democracy at West Point.

A recent examination of the records of nearly 400 cadets for the past 10 years shows that outside of the sons of army officers, of which there were 45, 149 were sons of farmers, 115 sons of merchants, 100 sons of lawyers, 67 sons of manufacturers, 32 sons of mechanics, 29 sons of insurance agents, 19 sons of real estate agents, 14 sons of clergymen, 13 sons of editors, bankers and bookkeepers, 10 of druggists, 9 of drummers, 8 of schoolmasters and 6 of dentists. Among the others almost every calling is represented by the fathers of one or more.—Crum's Magazine.

Drummers "Did" Him.

A Philadelphia hotel incognito engaged a valet, who agreed to serve the guests of the house without wages, depending upon tips. But a number of New York drummers upset this arrangement. Seeing that they had struck a good thing they sent for all their soiled clothes, which they gave to the valet to clean and press. At the end of three days the time of the latter had amounted to 50 cents. Since then the sights have been altered. The word "gratuitous" has been eliminated, and the valet has an understanding with the tailors before he does their work.

An optimistic English physician says that modern life is easier, safer and smoother than life 100 years ago; that young people are healthier, stronger and better grown than their great-grandparents and that the complaints of increasing neurotic tendencies are wholly unfounded.

Four miles from Bath, England, is a mysterious monument known as the Three Shires Stone. From it you can see parts of Somersetshire, Gloucestershire and Wiltshire.

SHORT NEWS STOR

King Humbert and Verdi—T per Spoke His Mind— Jones' Strong Points

A contributor to The Revie views tells this story of the of Italy:

He was a man without any astes, who seldom or never books and took absolutely to the intellectual movement of Italy. Neither had he any the drama. It was said of he never entered the theate fe, but this is an exaggera upon ceremonial occasions he ered the royal box. One of th risits was made when the pr of Signor Verdi's "Falstaff" w lie occasion of a national de tion. The king was present royal box, and the performan he beginning was an immense When the second act was king said: "There is now no to the success of the piece. Le for Signor Verdi" (an act of which was usually paid to the ful author only at the end of Verdi was duly sent for, and appeared in the royal box the lented honor of a summons b lose of the performance was istically applauded as testify honor in which the king held poser. The approval which s the summons to the royal considerably abated when "be rose for the third act and it covered that the king had left ater. He had anticipated the the author simply in order from a performance which bor

The Pauper Spoke His M

An east end correspondent following story of the Prince o Only those practically acquain the working of the great "pau aces" in this city of the poor, b are aware of the number of st official visits to these ins which the prince pays in the a year, often quite incognito the press and the inmates are

"Does you'll be some rec ed. He always makes on th sions a point of quietly questio old people about the treatmen giving their complaints the fu hearings. Once when the P called Haroun-al-Raschid, the was thus engaged among the pe lds future subjects he had an experience with a type of which every great workhouse a specimen—the incurable gram the establishment.

When asked by the prince if any complaints to make, the old reeled off a long series with too surliness born of long habit, eying the prince, of whose ide was wholly ignorant, with gr rather, he shook his head and "I give already complained s over again to your predecesso dee, but to no purpose. Here star master were all one th thieves, in fact. I hopes you'll h honest man to your duty without favor, so Gawd bless yer!" I evidently mistaken the hol throne for an inspector from th government board.—Mainly Ar ple.

Sam Jones' Strong Point

The Rev. Dr. Frank Bristo of the Metropolitan church wa ington, which is attended by P McKinley, tells a story which h one evening, while dining at the House with the president and Candler of the Methodist church. The party was talking about p lists and revivals, and the case well known exhorter, Sam Jon brought up.

"The best characterization o Jones' preaching I ever heard, the bishop, "was that of a good brother in Virginia. He had just Jones preach and was describin some of his fellows.

"'Mist ne bretheren Bro's Jones st de Scripters,' said the colored m ainjt no better preacher than ent rist of us. But when he cuts loos de Scripture and list lets 'er se he's de dem'ondest preacher de pounded a pulpit.'"

Mexico is one of the most be cities in the world. Its broad plaza, adorned by fine trees and flowers, is the fashionable resort evenings, when the military band and the elite indulge in a pro around the plaza. The floating dens on the lake are world repute

What It Looked Like.

"Beg pardon," said the rude man, gathering his features to again, "I simply couldn't suppre yawn."

"Don't mention it," replied the girl. "By the way, that reminds I visited the Mammoth cave last mer."—Exchange.

Very fine razors are made at the ent day, but of no finer steel than contained in the Damascus sword knives which the ancients used s thousand years ago.