BANDON RECORDER.

Fremont's Ride.

A pretty story is told of how John C. Fremont informed his wife of the joyful news of his election as senator of California in 1850. The balloting of the delegates took place in San Jose, and Mrs. Fremont was at Monterey, and as a season of heavy rains was on there was but little prospect that her keen desire to know the result would find immediate gratification. Before a blazing fire that night sat Fremont's wife, her fingers for the first time fashioning a dress for herself on the trustworthy outlines of one that had been ripped up for the purpose. Her little daughter had been put to bed, and her companions for the evening were the Australian woman who had replaced her two Indian servitors and her baby playing on the bearskin rug near the fire.

Besides the voice of the woman and an occasional chirrup from the baby she heard nothing but the storm without till the door opened and a man, dripping with rain, stood on the threshold and asked in consideration of his sorry plight if he might enter. It was Fremont. He had torn himself away from his idolizing followers and ridden out into the darkness and storm to tell his wife, 70 miles away, that he had been elected to the United States senate. Though it was late in the night when he reached Monterey, he was in the saddle again before dawn and on his way back to San Jose, making in all a ride of 140 miles.—Argonaut.

The Red Flag.

The red button and the red flag have been the emblem of labor and revolution for more than 3,000 years. In the ancient world the favorite colors of the aristocracy were white and azure blue, while red was plebeian. Minerva and Ceres, the goddesses of labor and agriculture, were always represented as dressed in flaming red, and the banners of the Greek and Roman trade unions were of the same color. The red flag nowhere in antiquity meant ferocity and slaughter, but rather typified the fact that all men, whether slaves or masters, had in their veins the same blood and in their nature the same humanity.

But in the frequent servile wars of Italy and Greece the red flag gradually became the emblem not of labor, but of revolt. At one time when the rebellious slaves and gladiators under Spartacus defeated three Roman armies the red flag was on the point of supplanting the eagle in the imperial city itself. It is related that the labor soldiers were so fanatically devoted to their flag that it was the custom of their generals when in battle to hurl it far into the enemy's ranks and so compel its devotees to rush forward and recover it.—New York Post.

A Bad Judge.

Some years ago King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, was a guest at a country house in England, and, picking up a sporting paper in the billiard room one morning, was soon deep in its contents. A clergyman, also a guest, noticed this, and, sidling up, asked in a tone that was meant to carry reproof, "Is your royal highness really interested in that paper?"

The prince glanced around. "I never read anything I do not feel interested in," he remarked.

The clergyman, though, would not be denied. "Do you know, your royal highness, that one of my friends has lost hundreds of pounds by betting on horse racing and has never won anything?" he asked.

"Well," said the prince as he turned to another column, "he must have been a very bad judge of horseflesh."

"Save Me From My Friends."

This saying is commonly attributed to Voltaire, who at Ferney when pestered by professions of insincere friendship said, "I pray God to deliver me from my friends; I will defend myself from my enemies."

The thought, however, is attributed by the French to Marshal Villars, while Kant discovers it in an Italian proverb, and a German collection of proverbial wisdom gives it in a modified form. Antigonus, one of the generals of Alexander the Great, offered sacrifice that the gods might protect him from his friends and at the same time declaring he could look after his enemies himself. Churchill has something of the idea in the lines:

> Greatly his foes he dreads, but most his friends,
> He hurts the most who lavishly commends.

The Rector's Prophecy.

A party of gentlemen, including Professor Bailey and Rector Roberts, a divine widely celebrated for his wit and the audacity of his puns, were crossing the campus of a well known university.

The reverend gentleman, commenting on the fact of his recent elevation to the greater dignity and the assumption of the more resounding title of a canon of the church, exclaimed, "And now that I am a canon I suppose I shall be a bigger bore than ever."

The Manufacture of Plate Glass.

The casting table of a plate glass factory is about 20 feet long, 15 feet wide and 6 inches thick. Strips of iron on each side afford a bearing for the rollers and determine the thickness of the plate to be cast. The molten glass is poured on the table, and the roller passing from end to end spreads the glass to a uniform thickness. The glass, after cooling rapidly, is transferred to the annealing oven, where it remains several days. When taken out, it is very rough and uneven and in that state is used for skylights and other purposes where strength is desired rather than transparency. The greater part of the glass, however, is ground, smoothed and polished.

We have in America two great states the areas of which have probably never been traversed. These are Maine in the north and Texas in the south, where immense treasures in woods, minerals, game and other articles of substantial profit are worth all the sentiment inspired by practically valueless expeditions to frigid zones.

Why He Growled.

Hoax—I saw you at the theater last night. You were in the dog seat.

Joax—Sir, what do you mean?

Hoax—Weren't you sitting in K-9?—Philadelphia Record.

POLLY LARKIN

When one of the transports sailed out of Manila Bay bearing many wounded and invalid soldiers, who looked with longing, wistful eyes for a sight of the Golden Gate, hoping and praying that they might live to see that day, there was one old, weather-beaten soldier aboard who insisted upon coming home although the physicians hadn't a doubt but that he would die on the journey. He had gone down to the very portals of death, but that stubborn spirit which had never allowed him to think for a moment of surrendering to the enemy still asserted itself, and he was determined never to surrender to the last enemy—death—while on the shores of the Filipinos. Die he must and he knew he would, but it must be on the sea on the homeward-bound trip, or when he had reached the shores of the Golden Gate. Lower and lower he sank, the spark of life seemed to die out, and then a determined will-power would fan the little, feeble spark of life into renewed effort. Something was on his mind and he tossed uneasily and brooded over it until one day when his life current seemed at its lowest ebb he called for an officer and took him into his confidence. He had saved $700 and when he died he wanted the entire amount turned over to Miss Helen Gould, to be used for the benefit of sick and destitute soldiers. He said he knew what a friend she was to the boys in blue, and that she would see that it went for the purpose it was intended. If he gave it in care of some one else they might squander his hard-earned $700 or appropriate it for some other purpose. He had a wise head, for he knew he could confide his "little all" into no more faithful hands. The officer promised to carry out his wishes, and the old soldier became more reconciled to his fate, but still he desired to die on shore. "Could he hold out?" That was his query every day, for more than one of the soldiers, not as ill as he had been and with youth in their favor, had succumbed and were finishing their journey silent passengers in their long, narrow boxes.

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Finally they sighted the Golden Gate. There was joy among the sick boys and the eyes of many filled with tears. They had gone out hale, hearty soldier boys, with life spreading out like a grand panorama before them and filled with possibilities of a future attended with success and possibly fame. They were going to be so brave and go into the very thickest of the fight or wherever their country called them. They might come back covered with scars, but what of it—that was only a soldier's fate! The dream was ended; they were coming home, some wounded by Filipino bullets, but more suffering from disease that had sent the strong, young soldiers back to their native land mere physical wrecks. One of the saddest phases of the home-coming of these invalid transports is the almost inevitable fate of some of the soldiers. They have held out against grim death all through the long, weary journey only to succumb the first week in the hospital. There is another mound in the Presidio cemetery, taps are sounded and the soldier is at rest.

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The physicians shook their heads dubiously. They had no hope that the old soldier would live; he was too low and the excitement too great. He smiled weakly; he was going to show them that the wisest heads could sometimes be mistaken, and he had no intention of dying in sight of the promised land. His very determination carried him through the trying ordeal and he was finally resting on one of the little white beds in the Presidio hospital. He was ready to die now, and he lost no time in sending for one of the ladies of the Red Cross. The member that responded was our "angel of mercy." He obtained her promise to see that his cherished $700 should be sent to Miss Gould; but she would not hear to the old soldier dying, and tried to talk him into the idea that he was going to get well. He would not listen to her; he had had his wish and would die on shore, and he seemed perfectly contented.

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Some one wrote to Miss Helen Gould of the strange request, and she did one of the many graceful acts that are attributed to her. She wrote a long, friendly letter to him, thanking him for the confidence he had placed in her. She told him he had been a true and conscientious soldier in the past and that he must continue to be the same, and determine to live and not die and make good use of the hoarded money. He was the proudest man in the hospital when the letter arrived. It gave him new courage and inspired him with hope. The last enemy to be put down was death. He would conquer this time, at least. The grim reaper would have to lay siege and take him unawares at some more convenient season. He commenced to mend; day after day added to his strength, and he apologized to the member of the Red Cross for getting well after all the trouble he had given her in regard to the disposal of his $700, but said he never intended to use it and Helen Gould would get the whole sum yet. Even though he had regained his health, death was sure to make a target of him before many years, and by that time he might have a little more to add to it. Possibly it might reach the $1000 mark. The old soldier has entirely recovered from his rough experience in the Philippines, and his familiar form bids fair to mingle with his old associates at the Presidio for many a long day. His name is Carl Richter.

There was great rejoicing in the ranks of the W. C. T. U. when the army canteens were abolished. They worked hard for it, but it looks to Polly as if their joy would be turned to grief if they knew the outcome, or rather the result of their pet measure. Just as soon as the result was made known the saloons sprang up like mushrooms at the very entrance of the Presidio. Ten of these dens have been doing a land-office business ever since. Before the abolishing of the canteen the drinking was done under the eyes of the officers; now it is in these low-down saloons that have opened as close to every military post as the boundary will permit, and they are kept by unscrupulous and disreputable men who would not hesitate to use the deadly knock-out drops if it was to their interest to do so. It is to their interest to make drunkards out of the soldiers, and they are wily serpents at the business. As one of the saloon men remarked: "The ladies of the W. C. T. U. and the saloon-keepers are the only ones who seem to rejoice over this canteen measure." It looks to Polly like it was a very serious matter.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Cure for Consumption.

Dr. George M. Barney of Brooklyn, formerly President of the Long Island Medical Society, is the discoverer of an alleged new cure for consumption. He claims 90 per cent of recoveries under his system. Improvement is supposed to be brought about and felt by the patient within the period of one week. The doctor is quoted as follows: "My treatment consists of introducing into the system a chemical or combination of chemicals. This combination thoroughly saturates the system, and by reason of its irresistible power destroys the bacilli without injuring the tissue cells. It is administered in three ways, through the mouth, hypodermically and in vapor form. When the vapor is used the patient inhales from three to fifteen minutes while seated in a specially equipped steel cabinet. Personally, I prefer the vapor, as it goes deep into the lungs and reaches the diseased parts. To effect a cure requires all the way from twelve to sixteen weeks of treatment, according to the resistance of the disease and the recuperating physical condition of the patient."

Good Heat Conductors.

The tendency of heat to diffuse itself is effected by radiation, conduction and convection. Nearly all dull and dark substances are good radiators, while bright, polished surfaces radiate badly. Some substances conduct heat more freely than others, silver among the metals being the best conductor, and as a unit of measurement is taken at 1000. Compared with silver as a conductor gold is 981, copper 845, zinc 641, tin 422, steel 397 and wrought iron 136. Glass, wood, gases, liquids and resinous substances are bad conductors. Water is such a poor conductor that if heat is applied to the top it will boil at the top while the bottom will remain cold.

The Paris "Tube" Popular.

The enormous popularity of the Paris Metropolitan Railway is shown by the fact that the number of passengers carried from the opening of the line on July 19th till October 31st was 13,000,000. In this connection it is pointed out that while the London tube conveys between 80,000 and 90,000 persons a day the Paris railway has on certain days established a record of 170,000 people. And while the company is only obliged to run 270 trains per day, it has been found necessary to put on over 700 trains, and arrangements are being made to add to this number.

New Brake, Fast Time.

A new kind of instantaneous brake, which is said to diminish almost entirely the disagreeable sensation of concussion experienced when a train is pulled up, has been fitted to the Paris-Calais express. Armed with this safeguard the Northern Railway of France express covered 185 miles between the Gare du Nord and Calais in 181 minutes, or less than a mile a minute—a record, at any rate on the Continent, for such a distance.

Editor's Wedding Present.

Russia seems to be entering the lists with America on the question of "freak" gifts. The daughter of the editor of the Novoe Vremiya has just been married to the son of one of the Ministers of Ways and Communications. The father of the bride has given the bridegroom as a wedding present the daily profits of one of the advertising pages of the Novoe Vremiya. The gift is said to be causing considerable comment.

Chaplain Miller of San Francisco, now in the Philippines, writes to the Congregationalist that saloon-keepers in the Philippines strongly advocate the abolition of the army canteen, as the canteen has done much to close up drinking places that surround army camps.

The Netherlanders stand in the foremost rank as coffee drinkers, using 370 ounces a year to each inhabitant. We are but fourth on the coffee-drinking list, using 725,000,000 pounds a year, or 15½ ounces apiece. Russia, however, allows but three ounces to each person.

Over 5,000,000 copies of the Bible were sold by the British and Foreign Bible Society last year. This is an increase of 1,000,000 over the sales of the year before.

The Stundists, or Nonconformists of Russia, have a hymn book full of adaptations of the hymns found in the Moody and Sankey hymn books.

A STRANGE LAKE.

The Peculiarities of a Body of Water in Australia.

Lake George is situated about four miles from the railway station at Bungendore, Australia, and has for many years engaged the attention of scientific men by reason of the singular and inexplicable phenomena connected with it. The estimates of its size vary considerably according to circumstances, but when moderately full about 20 by 7 miles will be found tolerably correct. At either end the land is fully 100 feet above the highest recorded surface of the lake, which possesses no known outlet, although it is fed by numerous mountain creeks.

The lake was discovered by a bushman in 1820 and was known to the blacks as the "big water." It was then supposed to form the source of a river having its mouth on the south coast, but subsequent visitors were much perplexed at the manner in which the blacks avoided the lake, of which they appeared to entertain a superstitious dread, one aged aboriginal stating she had seen it all covered with trees, another explaining that the whole of the water sunk through the bottom and disappeared, while others remembered the lake only as a series of small ponds.

During the following 20 years considerable variations were noted in the depth and extent of the lake. In 1841 the lake became partially dried up, the most portions being simply grassy swamps. A few months later large numbers of sheep were pastured in the bed of the lake, but fresh water had to be carted for the use of the shepherds, that of the lake being too salt for human consumption. The place remained more or less dry until 1852, the year of the great floods in that part of the colony, when it again became filled, with an average depth of nine feet. Since then the surface level of the lake has varied considerably, but the bed has never been so dry as in former years. There are indications that many hundreds of years ago the lake covered a far larger area than any yet recorded, remains of trees over 100 years old being found in spots formerly under water. The saline character of the lake is the more remarkable by reason of its being fed by pure and sparkling fresh water streams.

ENGLISH MONARCHS.

Death Often Unkind in the Manner of Their Taking Off.

Of the monarchs who have reigned over England since the days of the Norman conquest nearly one-quarter of the number have met violent death. William I was killed by a fall from his horse. William II was shot while hunting, whether by accident or design is still one of the unsolved problems of history; Richard I was killed by a shaft from a crossbow while besieging the city of Chaluz, in France; Richard II was murdered in Pontefract castle, Edward II was murdered in Berkley castle, and Edward V in the Tower of London. Richard III was killed on the battlefield of Bosworth and Charles I had his head cut off in London.

Elizabeth's death was hastened by remorse that she had ordered the execution of Essex, and her sister Mary sickened and died soon after the loss of Calais, declaring that the name of the city would be found after death written on her heart. The death of Edward III's son, the Black Prince, caused the aged monarch to die of grief. So, after the loss of his son in the White Ship, Henry I was never seen to smile again and lived only a short time. Henry VI and George III were insane during the latter years of their reigns and finally died from what in these days would be called paresis. Charles II, Henry VIII, Edward IV and George IV hastened their deaths by the dissipated and sensual lives they lived. Only two monarchs died of that great national scourge, consumption, they were Edward VI and Henry VII. Queen Anne's death was due as much as anything else to overfeeding. Only two monarchs, Henry VI and George III, died after long illnesses.

The Happy Medium.

A clergyman relates that a worthy Irishman with an impediment in his speech brought him a child to be baptized. While making a record of it he was in some doubt as to the correct spelling of the family name given to him and asked the man how he wrote it.

"Indeed and I don't write at all," was the reply.

"I just want to know," said Father Boyle, "whether the name is 'McGrath' or 'Magrath,' whether the second part of it is spelled with a big 'G' or a little 'g.'"

After scratching his head hopelessly the puzzled parent saw his way out of the difficulty. "Well, father, just spell it wid a middlin sized 'g.'"—Exchange.

It Won't Roll Off.

The egg of the guillemot is one of the most peculiar and furnishes an admirable example of the way in which nature provides for the conditions of life.

This bird is found on the coast, and the eggs are usually laid on the bare edges of high rocks, from which position any ordinary specimen of the egg would probably roll off.

But the guillemot's egg won't do this. It has been fashioned by nature to stop on. The egg is nearly conical in shape, broad at the base and sharp at the point, so that it will only roll in a circle.

Better Than Making a Note.

"Just before Badmun was sent to prison he bought a set of books to be paid for in installments."

"What did he do that for?"

"He said it would make the time seem shorter."—Chicago Tribune.

Accordingly.

"She's well educated, isn't she?"

"Well, she's one of those women who can pass as being that way. When she meets any one who can speak French and not German, she can speak German, and when she meets any one who can speak German and not French she can speak French."—Indianapolis Sun.

It is contemplated to issue a new coin from the French mint of the value of 2½ centimes. It would be principally for the use of very poor persons who would be able thereby to buy the equivalent of a farthing's worth.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

On the Head of a Pin.

There is a man in Philadelphia who wears a commonplace looking little pin as a watch charm. To the naked eye it is not different from the millions of other pins. Yet its head is a masterpiece of the engraver's art, for on it is engraved the English alphabet in old English lettering, and in the center is cut the year when it was done, 1900.

The naked eye cannot distinguish a scratch on the pin's head, but a powerful magnifying glass, such as is used by a watchmaker, reveals the letters of the alphabet in proper order around the edge of the head, every character separate and perfectly formed.

There was on exhibition at the Paris exposition last year a marvel of Egyptian work, the writing of the Lord's prayer on paper one-eighth of an inch square. This was done by Fred Swarts Brink, a penman in Philadelphia. He regarded it as the finest work of the kind ever done, but when he saw the engraving on the pin's head he confessed that he had been outdone. He bought the work of the engraver, August Starcke, for a trifle and recently carried the pin to a jeweler and requested a salesman to have it gold plated and a little ring soldered on the body of the pin, so that he could attach it as a charm to his watch chain.

"Some sentiment connected with the pin, eh?" asked the salesman.

"None at all," replied the customer. "Just look at the head through a glass."

The jeweler did so and then discovered the alphabet. The engraver who did the work spent one year at it, and so tedious was it that he could only work at it a few minutes at a time.

Mexico Boasts as Follows:

In our country we have the following:

The highest mountain in North America, Popocatapetl; the deepest mine in the world, Valenciana; the richest vein in the world and the one which has yielded the most silver, that of the mountain of Guanajuato; the most extensive and wonderful caves, those of Cacahuamilpa and Villa Garcia; the oldest city in the Americas, formerly Tollan, now Tula; the oldest commercial house in America, the bookstore of Abadiano, founded 211 years ago; the city in which printing was first established in the new world, Mexico, in 1538; the sanctuary most venerated in America, that of Guadalupe, with which only may be compared that of Lourdes, in France; the people whose tongue, like that of Basques, cannot be classified among any of the continent, the Seri; the capital with a higher altitude than the other cities of its country, Mexico; the biggest known tree, the "Santa Maria del Tule," in Oaxaca; the most recently created volcano, Jorullo; finally the ruler now in power, who has done most to preserve peace in all the countries of America freed from Spanish rule, General Porfirio Diaz.—Correo de Sonora.

Tea Raising In South Carolina.

A company has been organized under the laws of South Carolina for the purpose of making the experiment of tea raising in that state, and a tract of 2,000 acres has been purchased near Charleston on which to begin the industry this season.

Only about 1,000 acres will be put immediately under cultivation, but the remainder will be enriched, ready for planting by next spring. Tea requires an exceedingly rich soil, but there seems to be no reason to doubt that the conditions necessary to produce an excellent quality of the leaf can be supplied by proper attention.

If the experiment proves successful, the company will raise as much as 300,000 pounds of tea per annum, and so confident are they of satisfactory results that they are already negotiating for the purchase of additional lands.—Atlanta Constitution.

Restricting Sale of Poisons.

No intelligent reader of the newspapers needs to be told that poisons are much too easily obtained by people who make a harmful use of them. In connection with nearly every suicide by poison the fact is developed that the drug was obtained without difficulty, and in a majority of cases no questions were asked. The laws should be sufficiently stringent to make the purchase of poison impossible without a physician's prescription, and even in this case no careful druggist will rely wholly upon the prescription should there be suspicious circumstances connected with the purchase. Suicide will not be stopped by making the purchase of poisons impossible by laymen, but a fruitful source of scandal and shame to the drug trade will be removed.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Vesuvius.

Signor Matteucci, who has been studying Vesuvius for many years, says that from July, 1895, it kept constantly active for more than four years, the flow of lava ceasing in September, 1899. The depth of the crater was then over 900 feet. Last April the lava rose to within 240 feet of the top, when a series of explosions within the crater began. Some blocks of lava were projected 1,800 feet perpendicularly into the air. One block weighed 50 tons, and Signor Matteucci estimates that it took 610,000 horsepower to eject it. Five hundred thousand cubic yards of lava ashes were belched forth in April and May. The crater is 30 feet higher than before, so that Vesuvius rises now 4,300 feet above sea level.

A Census Curiosity.

As a curiosity of the recent German census it is recorded that the returns showed the village of Reutenbourg contained 444 inhabitants, 222 being of the masculine and 222 of the feminine gender.

English Roads.

After the abandonment of Britain by the Romans the roads fell into disuse and bridle paths formed the only means of communication. Not until the sixteenth year of Charles II—that is, 1676—was any systematic effort made to improve the roads of England.

Two Records.

The world's record for skinning fish is held in Gloucester, Mass. The world's record for skinning lambs is held in Wall street, New York.—San Francisco Bulletin.

PAINTING BIG SIGNS.

ARTISTS WHO DEVOTE THEIR TALENT TO ADVERTISING PURPOSES.

Some of Them Have Had Years of Training In Drawing and Color Work, and Some Have Studied In Famous Old World Ateliers.

Although the vivid advertisements of the excellences of foods, ointments, clothing, all mechanical appliances known to man and a thousand other things never dreamed of in the philosophy of a hundred years ago are continually catching the eye and possibly shocking the artistic sensibilities of the beholder, few of the ordinary observers give a moment's question to the makers of advertisements. The advertising craze has grown of late to such huge and unlovely proportions that any brief account fails to explain its workings. The office of a large advertising concern is one of the busiest places in town. Artists are constantly appearing with designs for the firm, a small army of men with paint pots and brushes are hovering about waiting to be sent out, and everywhere are gay evidences of the results of all this labor.

"Who are the men that paint these 'heroic' pictures one sees on unused walls and lofty fences?" asked a reporter of one of the men who keeps these subordinates busy.

"They are not the people you think them, I fancy," was the answer. "Instead of being daubers, with about the ability necessary to wield a whitewash brush, our best men are real artists. By this I mean that many of them have had years of training in drawing and color work. Several of them have studied abroad in the ateliers of well known men. A man whom I saw painting a head on a wall yesterday is a night instructor in a Brooklyn art school. Recently one of our men painted on a large wall the biggest portrait ever attempted. He had studied five years in the Paris art schools."

"Why do they take up this work?"

"The other doesn't pay. It's a case of 'commercialism in art.' They find that they can't make the real thing pay, so they come to this common calling. There's money in it. Why, our star painters get $50 a week. The daubers, who put in backgrounds, don't earn more than $10 or $15 a week."

The men who paint the designs in various inaccessible and conspicuous places have with them small copies of the designs to be reproduced. Long experience makes them expert in accurately tracing the design upon the chosen surface. Although the familiar advertisements scattered over the city seem exactly alike and one face seems the exact counterpart of another, yet closer inspection will show various points of difference. In the case of a very familiar picture which is displayed from one end of the United States to the other, when it was first brought out one man was hired for the sole purpose of painting that one design, and to do this he traveled from Maine to California.

"Not the least of our difficulties," said the advertising man, "is finding places to put our signs. We hire men who do nothing else but go about and obtain permission from owners to put up billboards on their premises, use a vacant wall or decorate a fence or a roof. It needs great tact to do this. When there are objections, they must be overcome, and after this is done the owner often gets the idea that his available space is worth thousands of dollars to us and to him. The experiences of advertising men among farmers and tramps would make a mighty interesting book."

"Why do you say tramps?"

"Oh, the tramps are our worst enemies. They build fires behind our billboards and burn them or else tear them down out of sheer wantonness."

When asked about the price a blank brick wall in a conspicuous part of New York would bring to its owner if he let it for advertising purposes, the advertising man laughed and said he could not tell that, but he did not mind saying that he was now paying $6,000 a year rent for a wall in the middle of the shopping district. "This is not an unusual sum to pay," he added, "for such prominent positions."

Advertising firms are liberal subscribers to all art magazines, particularly to those French art periodicals which display the newest drawings of the still popular poster. The ideas of the foreign artists are taken freely and converted into gaudy designs for advertising the latest song or a new cigar without the least compensation, since, as the advertisers assert, American ideas are assimilated abroad just as unceremoniously.

Not all the large reproductions of figures and faces on our streets and along the roof tops are handwork. Many of them are machine made. By a process akin to that of making lithographs machines have been invented to lay the colors automatically. The finished product, quite devoid of personality, presents accurately a copy of the working design.—New York Post.

Measuring Your Man.

Put this in your pipe and smoke it: There is always some chap smarter than the chap you think is the smartest on earth—meaning yourself. You are a wonderful judge of human nature, but don't measure your man too confidently, for 99 times in 100 you'll find the suit doesn't fit. Never play favorites. The lightweight today, in your measurement, will be the heavyweight tomorrow. Old friends, like old wine, will in the end prove best. Never go back on an old friend unless you have plenty of money well invested. Possessed of a big bank account and flushed with success—the mischief take friends, old and new!—New York Press.

The output of watches in Switzerland last year was the largest ever recorded. According to statistics just published the total export amounted to 2,366,426 nickel watches, valued at $4,064,000; 3,090,777 silver watches, valued at $7,570,200; 800,258 gold watches, valued at $7,144,000, and 6,769 chronographs and repeaters, valued at $200,800.

An automobile and an express train in Italy had a race of 44 miles going out from Rome. The automobile was the winner, though it was considerably impeded by traffic.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

Berlin people can say "Hello!" on 50,350 telephones.

The Paris faculty of medicine has established a school for the study of tropical diseases.

Nearly one-fourth of Mexico's foreign trade was handled through the port of Tampico last year.

The 20 Mexican banks reported in the government reports show a combined capital of $70,000,000.

Women lawyers of New York must take off their hats when practicing their profession in the criminal court.

The number of saloons in Ohio last year was 10,348, an increase of 470 over 1899. The license receipts were $1,894,642.

Mrs. Walker of Birchington, England, has lived in the reign of five sovereigns. She has 6 children living, 58 grandchildren and 37 great-grandchildren.

The climate of northern Ontario is not unlike that of northern Europe, and its soil is equal to that of many thickly peopled portions of the old world.

The new Austrian bank notes have been designed by Alexander Hegedues, the eminent Hungarian artist. Nine different languages are used in the text of the bank note.

Fancy names for girls are going out of fashion. A New York clergyman who for some reason is particularly in demand at christenings is the authority for the statement.

The Salvation Army in Madras numbers among its soldiers several young Hindoos whose services have thus been engaged and who hold themselves bound to fulfill the pledge.

The Mexican army of more than 25,000 men is supported upon a trifle more than a million Mexican dollars a month. The Mexican congress does not cost a million dollars a year.

At Muleje and Santa Rosalie, in Lower California, there are some 60,000 bearing date trees, the fruit from which is exported in rawhide packages containing about 50 pounds each.

The Greek inspector general of antiquities states that the bronze statue of a youth recently discovered at Cerigo, in the Ionian islands, dates from the period of Phidias and is the most perfect and beautiful relic of antiquity yet brought to light.

Cultivating ordinary honeybees in a modern apartment house has been accomplished in Chicago. One enterprising individual has found that the bees keep just as busy storing away nectar in a home on the third floor as in a hollow tree in the woods.

Women lawyers in Boston have a large and flourishing club, with a noble disregard of "objects" other than to come into sympathetic acquaintance. Once in two months the members meet and dine at a well known hotel. The only officer of the Portia club is the business manager, who arranges for the meetings.

The governor of St. Helena, in his annual report, expresses the belief that when the new barracks are finished it will pay a small company to erect a plant for lighting Ladder hill and the town by electric light worked by windmills. There is always a steady wind from the southeast traders, only nine days having been calm in 1900.

The little Norfolkshire town of Walton may well be described as the home of patriarchs, for there reside eight persons who have lived under five English monarchs—George III, George IV, William IV, Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. In addition there are eight other residents who are octogenarians, and the 16 form an aggregate of 1300 years.

The number of suicides in Paris is very large at present, and the chief cause is thought to be the general retrenchment following the exposition which has thrown many people out of work. Throughout France, however, suicide seems to have been increasing for some time. In the five years ended Jan. 1, 1901, the number of suicides was no less than 27,000.

There is in Paris a hotel which has 4,000 employees. The smallest kettle in its kitchen contains 100 quarts and the largest 500. Each of 50 roasting pans is big enough for 300 cutlets. Each dish for baking potatoes holds 225 pounds. When omelets are on the bill of fare, 7,800 eggs are used at once. For cooking alone 60 cooks and 100 assistants are always at the ranges.

At Guilford, England, the quaint custom of throwing dice for the "maid's money" was observed recently. A sum was invested by the mayor of the borough in the seventeenth century from which 12 guineas are given annually to a servant girl of good repute who has been in the same service for over two years. There were two applicants. The prize was won by Martha Shingler, who threw seven. The same dice box has been used for 60 years.

After careful and patient investigation the historical committee of the Society of California Pioneers has learned that Jan. 24, 1848, was the exact date of the discovery of gold in California by James W. Marshall. The gold was first found in the rocky bed of the tailrace of the Sutter sawmill at Colona, on the south fork of the American river. Marshall himself made three or four different statements of the date. The committee was unanimous in its decision.

The island of Molene, off Ushant, which has recently been perilously near starvation, has been relieved. For four days there was no bread, and the fisher inhabitants had to live on potatoes. So terrible was the prospect that help from Brest was urgently asked and in spite of a heavy gale the steamer Titan managed to land supplies just in time to avert a disaster from the little community, the mayor of which has sent a message of thanks to the marine prefect at Brest.

The Difference.

Lady—I see you advertise homemade bread?

Baker—Yes, ma'am.

Lady—Does it taste like homemade?

Baker—No, indeed, ma'am. It's sweet and light.—New York Weekly.

The largest sponge ever sent to market was from the Mediterranean. It was ten feet in circumference and three in diameter.

The first street lighting in this country was done in New York in 1697.