

A MOST REMARKABLE MEMORY.

Nicholas Hoffman Handles 500 Hats a Day Without Making a Mistake.

There is a famous young man at the Hoffman House, and his name is Hoffman, says the New York Sun. This is, however, only a coincidence. For he is not named after the house and the house is not named after him.

"What is the first thing you notice about a man whose hat you have to put away?" he was asked the other day.

"First his face. I look at him full in the face, so that I shall know him again."

"How do you identify him with his hat? Do you look at the name of the maker?"

"No; that would be but a slight guide, because most of our guests have fashionable hats made by a few makers. Of course, if a man has a hat with any peculiarity, if it is very old or very new, or an odd shape, or has anything peculiar about it, that would at once attract my attention. The main guide that I have is the size and shape of the head. By long practice I can size up a man's hat pretty quickly."

"Have you no guide as to the time a man goes into the dining-room as to where to find his hat?"

"Yes, there is a general guide. I put those that come in first in regular order on the top rack. I have four racks, and fill in so that the last hats go on the bottom rack. If they all came out in the same order that they go in there would be no trouble. But a man takes half an hour and another hour. Sometimes I return a hat from the bottom rack before the last one is gone from the top rack."

"When a man comes out of the dining-room you first remember about the time he went in?"

"That's it, for by that I have a general idea of where to find his hat. But to pick out the right hat is entirely an effort of memory."

Why We Are Right-Handed.

Primitive man, being by nature a fighting animal, fought for the most part at first with his great canine teeth, his nails, and his fists; till in process of time he added to those early and natural weapons the further persuasions of a club or shillalah. He also fought, as Darwin has conclusively shown, in the main for the possession of the ladies of his kind against other members of his own sex and species. And if you fight you soon learn to protect the most exposed and vulnerable portion of your body. Or, if you don't, natural selection manages it for you by killing you off as an immediate consequence.

To the boxer, wrestler, or hand to hand combatant that most vulnerable portion is undoubtedly the heart. A hard blow, well delivered on the left breast, will easily kill or, at any rate, stun even a strong man. Hence, from an early period men have used the right hand to fight with and have employed the left arm chiefly to cover the heart and to parry a blow aimed at that specially vulnerable region. And when weapons of offense and defense supersede mere fists and teeth it is the right hand that grasps the spear or sword, while the left holds over the heart for defense the shield or buckler.

From this simple origin, then, the whole vast difference of right and left in civilized life takes its beginning. At first, no doubt, the superiority of the right hand was only felt in the manner of fighting. But that alone gave it a distinct pull, and paved the way, at last, for the supremacy elsewhere. For when weapons came into use, the habitual employment of the right hand to grasp the spear, sword, or knife made the nerves or muscles of the right side far more obedient to the control of the will than those of the left.

The dexterity thus acquired by the right—see how the word "dexterity" implies this fact—made it more natural for the early hunter and artificer to employ the same hand preferentially in the manufacture of flint hatchets, bows and arrows, and all the other manifold activities of savage life. It was the hand with which he grasped his weapon: it was therefore the hand with which he chipped it. To the end, however, the right hand remains especially "the hand in which you hold your knife," and that is exactly how our own children to this day decide the question which is this, when they begin to know their right hand from their left for practical purposes.—Cornhill's Magazine.

Music and Musicians. There are souls for music in people who, the moralists believe, have no souls at all, or have lost them, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Perhaps the simplest proof of a soul for music may be stated as the ability to collect or the willingness to pay \$1 for a concert. And in the cases of people who sing in or go to places where admission is free the existence of the soul for music may be doubted. But the profession of music is noble anywhere, at any time. Music tells a very good story on the subject. He went into one of those variety places in the basement where the girls who sing bestow their society upon the audience between appearances on the stage and serve drinks. There was a small party of them, and when they were joined by some of the ladies Musin promptly ordered the refreshments. They came, were handed round, and Musin pulled out his money to pay for them, when one of the young ladies put her hand on his arm.

"I beg your pardon, M. Musin, but we artists never charge one another." There is one serious trouble about a soul for music. It is not always reliable. It is apt to make mistakes. There is a lady of high culture and refinement who is sorry she did not let her soul for music take a look at the hotel register before she spoke. She is proud and deservedly so of her musical taste, but she does not feel quite so sure of it as she did. There was a great violinist in town and everybody was talking about him.

"Have you been to hear him yet?" a friend asked this lady. "No, I have not been able to go; but I don't mind that, because I hear him every day." "Every day? How is that?" "Well, he has the rooms just below mine, and he practices every morning, and I open my window and listen, and it is so delightful. He has such a lovely violin."

"The rooms below!" said a third friend. "The rooms below are occupied by —, the millionaire, and that's his valet playing every morning on a \$3 fiddle."

It was true.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Sad Trials of the Faithful Spouse Over Mr. B.'s Wardrobe.

When I got home from mother's the other afternoon Mr. Bowser was walking up and down the sitting room like a caged lion. As he was an hour ahead of his usual time I was naturally astonished, and as he looked so stern and dignified, I was fearful that some misfortune had occurred.

"Anything wrong, Mr. Bowser?" I managed to ask. He halted, folded his hands under his coat-tails, and balancing himself on his heels and toes alternately, he replied: "Mrs. Bowser, this is the last straw—the very last."

"Why, what have I done?" "I had an invitation to attend a banquet of the B. N. G. Club, and was down to deliver an address. I came home to get ready, and, lo! what do I find? "Robbers in the house!"

"Not much! No robber with any sense in his head would come to this house! It would take him a week to find anything! I go up stairs to get a clean shirt, collar, etc., but nothing of the sort can be found. I come down and ask the cook to see if my Sunday clothes are in the flour barrel, but she looks in vain. I go to the telephone and ask the coal man if he saw them in the basement when he put in the last ton, but he can't remember. You, of course, have no knowledge of them. You can't say whether they are in the out-bin in the barn, or packed away in the garret for a rat's nest."

"Mr. Bowser, have you been drinking?" "Have I been drinking! Get's just like a woman! When she corners she throws out just such insults to hide her own short-comings. It's a wonder I don't come home drunk and wipe out this family. Mrs. Bowser, I demand to know what you have done with my clothes."

"They are upstairs, unless you have sold or given them away." "No more insults, please. Come upstairs, and show me, for instance, where my shirts are." "Very well. We shall find them in the second drawer of your bureau, where they have been for the last two years."

"I'll bet you a million dollars to a cent." "Come on." We went upstairs to the bureau and I pulled out the drawer and there lay five clean shirts, just where I had placed them as they came from the laundry two days before.

"But they were not there an hour ago," protested Mr. Bowser. "But they were. How could they be anywhere else. In this other drawer are your socks, neckties, cuffs and collars. See?"

"I see, but that drawer was empty half an hour ago." "And in this closet is your Sunday suit. See? Coat, vest and pants. Are you growing blind, Mr. Bowser?"

are too large, kick over a chair and declare your desire to murder some one. If too small, kick over two chairs and lay it to me.

"7. In changing your clothes, get your suspenders twisted, leave your shirt bunched up at the shoulders, and snap off as many buttons as possible." "I had intended those signs for Mr. Bowser's eyes alone, and I fully expected a national calamity when he came down and bade his friend good night. I was disappointed, however. He looked at me benignly, walked up and down for a while and then observed: "Mrs. Bowser, before we were married I had a long talk with your mother."

"Yes." "She told me that you had never been called upon to exercise judgment or responsibility, and that I would find you a very great burden."

"But I agreed to hear with you and be patient, and so I shall. Twenty years hence you may know something about house-keeping and a wife's duty towards her husband's wardrobe. It's a time to wait, but I will be patient. Perhaps this is my mission on earth, and is what the Lord wills me to do. Go ahead, Mrs. Bowser, and be just as mean as you can, and do everything to hurt my feelings. I shall do my duty and never let the world know how I suffer."—Detroit Free Press.

THE ART OF CROCHETING.

An Introduction to the Stitches at the Foundation of the Art. Crocheting is pretty generally understood, says the Youth's Companion, but there are many to whom the art is still a mystery. For these this article is printed. In crocheting hold your needle and wool as lightly as possible. Hold your needle in your right hand, but keep it free from everything else; do not even allow the fingers of this hand to rest upon the work. Do not wear tight sleeves or finger-rings; have your arms free. Do not wind the wool—use it from the skein; but if you must wind it, do not make it into a ball, but wind it softly and lightly from the thumb to the little finger of the left hand. The stitches here explained are the "fundamentals," and a girl having become efficient in them may then move on to the more difficult branches of the art:

No. 1. THE CHAIN.—Twist the end of the thread around the hook, forming a loop; take up the thread and draw through this loop, making the first stitch; draw thread through the stitch thus formed, as directed, to make the second stitch, and continue to the length required. The chain is a series of loops, each drawn through the one preceding it.

No. 2. SINGLE CROCHET.—Or, as it is sometimes called, "slip" or "mitten stitch," it is so simple as to scarcely need illustration. Having a stitch on the needle, put the hook through the work loop of chain and draw the thread the loop and stitch at once.

No. 3. DOUBLE STITCH.—Having made the foundation chain, turn the work, draw the thread through the third stitch from the needle, take up the thread again and draw through both stitches at once. In working double crochet, chain three at beginning of each row, proceeding as with the first row.

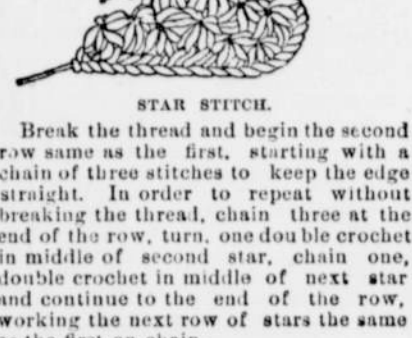
No. 4. TREBLE CROCHET.—Having a stitch on the needle, put the thread over as for another stitch, insert the hook in the work, draw the thread through, take up the thread again and draw it through two of the three stitches then on the needle; take up the thread again and draw it through the two stitches which remain. If working on a chain, as illustrated, insert the hook at starting in the fifth stitch of chain from needle.

No. 5. SHORT TREBLE CROCHET.—Like the treble crochet, except that the thread, instead of being taken up twice and drawn up through two stitches at a time, is drawn through all three stitches at once. (See illustration of treble crochet).



PUFF STITCH.

No. 8. STAR STITCH.—Make a chain of the required length. Take up the first five stitches by putting the hook through four loops of the chain, one after another, and drawing the thread through, keeping all five on the needle. Then draw them into a circle or "star," by putting the thread over the needle and drawing through all at once, and then drawing the thread through the remaining stitch.

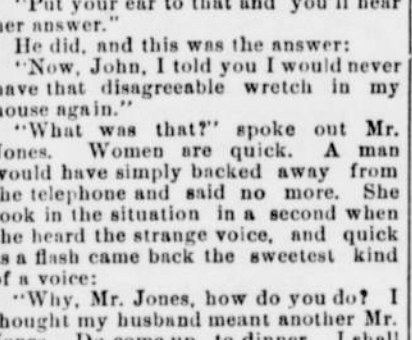


STAR STITCH.

Break the thread and begin the second row same as the first, starting with a chain of three stitches to keep the edge straight. In order to repeat without breaking the thread, chain three at the end of the row, turn, one double crochet in middle of second star, chain one, double crochet in middle of next star and continue to the end of the row, working the next row of stars the same as the first on chain.

Lovely Woman.

Woman is probably called the "Sunday of man" because she goes to church while he stays in bed.—Boston Gazette. It is said that women live longer than men. But this is obviously a mis-



ake, for you seldom see a six-foot woman.—Danville Breeze. "Women must have been happy in the time of Noah." "Why so?" "Because it took a long time to grow old in those days."—Boston Gazette. Women often do the wrong thing. If a woman has a number 7 foot and the shoe dealer says she can wear a number 3 shoe, she's very apt to put her foot in it.—Yonkers Statesman.

She Meant the Other Mr. Jones.

He had never seen a telephone—you can see how old the story is. He had never seen a telephone, and his friend was showing him how it worked. It was in his office. He called up his house and the wife came to the telephone.

"My dear, Mr. Jones is here, and I have asked him to come up to dinner." Then he turned to Mr. Jones and said: "Put your ear to that and you'll hear her answer." He did, and this was the answer: "Now, John, I told you I would never have that disagreeable wretch in my house again."

"What was that?" spoke out Mr. Jones. "Women are quick. A man would have simply backed away from the telephone and said no more. She took in the situation in a second when she heard the strange voice, and quick as a flash came back the sweetest kind of a voice: "Why, Mr. Jones, how do you do? I thought my husband meant another Mr. Jones. Do come up to dinner. I shall be glad to see you."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Eyes of Peruvian Mummies.

A man came to the Inquirer yesterday with a handful of what looked like dull reddish golden eyeballs. They were of various sizes. "Do you know what these are?" said he. "You will never guess nor do I believe there are many persons in Philadelphia who can tell you. They are taken from the mummies of the Incas of Peru. When I was stationed out there some years ago, when in the naval service, I got a whole lot of them. The mummies were thrown up and in some cases destroyed by seismic convulsions. There are thousands of them about, particularly near Arequipa. These that I show you are taken from the skull and are believed to be the real eyes of the Incas, and are respected as such. The women wear them made up into necklaces, scarf-pins, and other articles of jewelry. As a matter of fact, however, they are really the eyes of the octopus or devil fish. They are thoroughly desiccated or rather mummified by the air, and were put in ages ago to take the place of the natural eyes, which the aborigines found would not last in that climate. In having them set as a piece of jewelry you must be cautious. The workmen in trimming them down must beware of getting any dust in any cut he may have. If he does so, blood-poisoning is sure to set in and the termination may likely be fatal, by the way," continued the ex-naval officer. "I'll tell you a queer thing happened down there. I have no doubt you recollect the great tidal wave of about twenty years ago. The United States store ship Fredonia was sunk, and the man of war Wateree lifted bodily and deposited several miles inland, crossing a railroad in its flight. When it was proposed to get her on the beach again the natives wanted such an exorbitant sum for cutting out about the railroad that the scheme was abandoned. Some time afterward another earthquake took place which again lifted the Wateree bodily, carried her back over the railroad tracks, and deposited her on the beach. It was found, however, that her condition was such that it would not pay to do anything with her, so she was left to rot and be broken up by the inhabitants."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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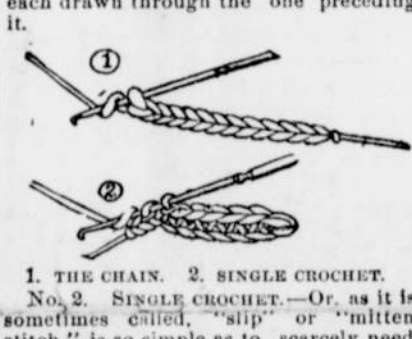
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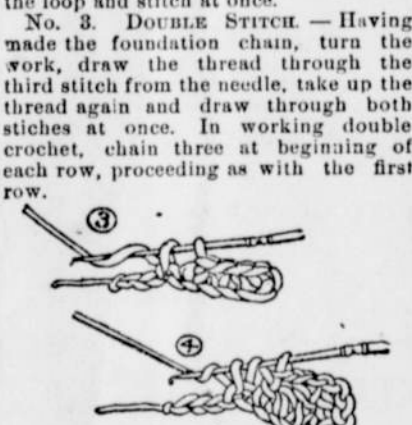
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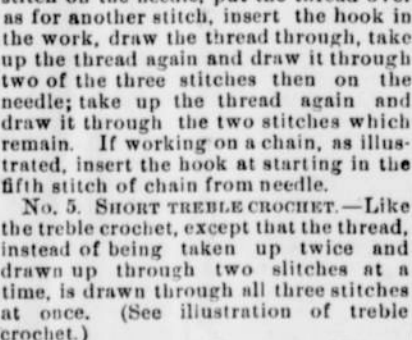
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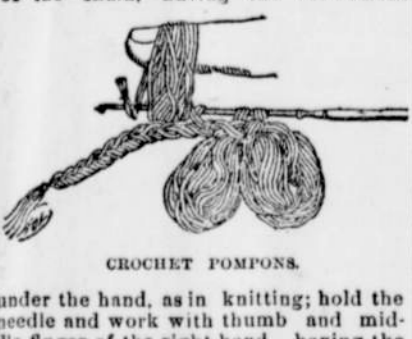
1. THE CHAIN. 2. SINGLE CROCHET.



2. DOUBLE CROCHET. 4. TREBLE CROCHET.



No. 5. SHORT TREBLE CROCHET.



CROCHET POMPONS.

under the hand, as in knitting; hold the needle and work with thumb and middle finger of the right hand, having the forefinger about one inch above the hook of the needle, and wind the wool one or ten times around the needle and finger, thus forming long loops. Having wound the thread evenly, keep the finger well up, draw the loops on the needle through the chain stitch, and finish with single crochet. When the chain is all taken up sew into a round mat and pick the loops well apart to make the pompons look fluffy.

No. 7. PUFF STITCH.—Chain any required number of stitches, turn; five chain, put thread over, as for treble crochet, draw through but do not finish; thread over and draw through twice more, making six stitches on needle. Work the six off at once with a single stitch, then work off the remaining two stitches, chain one, and begin on next puff. They are all made in the same way, and if one remembers to make three half trebles before working off, it is very simple.

Furniture of Glass. Glass furniture is manufactured especially for India, where the Rajahs like glittering and showy room.