A MOST REMARKABLE MEMORY. Nicholas Hoffman Handles 500 Hats a Day

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. His full name is Nicholas Hoffman. He is 19 years old, and he has been engaged for the past three years taking charge of the hats of men who pass into the dining-room. He is a tall, sprightly. soft-voiced young fellow, and the remarkable facility that he has acquired in disposing of men's hats has made him the object of much curiosity among Hoffman House guests. At a moderate estimate he handles about 500 hats a day without checks, and he has not made a mistake in two years. He has been four years at this particular work, having been employed at the same business one year in Delmonico's. His fame as a hat handler has spread so far that he has had several offers to go to summer hotels for the purpose of handling hats.

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

"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

"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 on man takes half an hour and another an mains especially "the hand in which hour. Sometimes I return a hat from you hold your knife;" and that is exthe 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.

"Do you never use checks?" "Yes. I used them for a while at Delmonico's, and we have them here for strangers, who occasionally do not get the right hats back again."

"Why not use checks? "Because it takes too much time. There is no necessity for delay. akes withthem by mistaking numbers.

"Of course you recognize the hats of

regular guests easily." "Yes; but they are constantly changing with the seasons, so that I must all the time keep on learning new hats. When the summer hats come in I must

begin all over again."
"What hours do you work at it?" "One day I come on at until 11 A. M., until breakfast is over.

Then I go away until 5 P. M., and I work from 5 P. M. to 1 A. M. The next day I work from 11 A. M. to 9 P. M., straight. That brings me here every dinner hour. I never miss a din-"Do you do this all alone?"

"No; there is another boy, Alfred Gautier, 24 years old. He helps on the other side, and has been years handling hats. Each of us knows which hats we take, and as he is a litthe shorter than I am it is easy for the guests to tell which of us took their hats. The rule is that we both handle hats each day without mistakes, and the regular guests have no hesitancy in letting us take their hats, because they know they will get them back when they come out. Gautier speaks French and German, and acts as interpreter for the house."

"Do you remember names as well as faces and hats?"

"Yes. Of course there is some trouble with foreign names, but I can generally repeat it as I hear it, if not correctly, at least near enough to be re-

"Don't you sometimes get confused?"

"No; it won't do to get rattled. It is my business to notice hats and men, and I do it intuitively. Practice alone has made me perfect. I do not know that I could teach anybody how to do it. I never got any rules of other men who do the same business. There is a man at the Fifth Avenue hotel who does the same sort of work, and I know him and have talked with him, but we do not talk over methods of taking care of hats. I begin to look at a man as soon as he comes in sight, and look at him and his hat as long as I can. That fixes him and his hat in my mind. I have got so used to it that I would rather not be bothered with

"Do you find many people curious as to the way you do this?"
"Yes, they often question me about it and amuse themselves by looking at me. Sometimes they try to puzzle me, but when I say a man's hat is his I know it is his. I suppose I have a natural hat faculty. I have not done much else for the past four years, so I have got to be pretty well used to it. If a man wants his hat sent out to be ironed or brushed up while he is at dinner I can do that. I never watch where a man goes in the dining-room or where he comes from. I depend entirely upon my recollection of him and

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

#### 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 laties 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, natual selection manages it for you by killing you off as an immediate conse-

To the boxer, wrestler, or hand to and combatant that most vulnerable portion is undoubtedly the heart. hard blow, well delivered on the left breast, will easily kill or, at any rate, stun even a strong man. Hence, from in 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 home to get ready, and, lot what do I supersede mere fists and teeth it is find?" 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 vay, at last, for the supremacy elsewhere. For when weapons came into use, the habitual employment of the the right side far more obedient to the control of the will than those of the ing?"

"Have I been drinking! That's just ty" implies this fact-made it more natural for the early hunter and arhatchets, 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 redecide the question which is which, years. when they begin to know their right hand from their left for practical pur- cent." poses. — 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 like to give up their hats without checks, as they are afraid they will not 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 half an hour ago."

And in this closet is your Sunday "And in this closet is your Sunday may be betted. But the profession of music is noble anywhere, at any time. Musin tells a very good story you growing blind, Mr. Bowser?" 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 relia-ble. 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 talk-

ing 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 love-

ly 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.

## She Gave Him the Curl.

Such a thing as wearing different sorts of bangs on various occasions is common enough among girls, your correspondent is led to believe. And this reminds him of a young woman he knows who affects a good deal of the lack of sentiment and excessively common-sense ways characteristic of the Boston girl. One evening not long ago a young man whom she cordially disliked had been making her a visit, gushing over as usual in his conver-sation with idiotic compliments. At length with an air and accent designed

be quite irresistible and heart crushing, he said:
"My dear Miss P., your hair is so beautiful. Should I be venturing too

gross a liberty if I begged you to give me one little lock of it?"

"Not at all, Mr. K.," replied the lady in a matter-of-fact tone. "You are quite welcome!"

And with that she deliberately detached a small curl from above her pink little ear, on the left side, and gravely presented it, hairpin and all, to the importunate dude. Of course he took it. He could not perceive that there was anything else to do .- Albany

An Indian in the Everglades, Fla., it is said, is still holding in slavery ne-groes that were his when the war MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

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



hen 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 bour ahead of his usual time I was naturally as-

tonished, 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 alternatively, he replied: "Mrs. Bowser, this is the last straw-

the very last."
"Why, what have I done?" "I had an invitation to attend a ban-quet of the B. N. G. Club, and was down to deliver an address. I came

"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 right hand to grasp the spear, sword, ont-bin in the barn, or packed away in or knife made the nerves or muscles of the garret for a rat's nest." "Mr. Bowser, have you been drink-

the right-see how the word "dexteri- like a woman! When she gets cornered she throws out just such insults to hide her own short-comings. It's a wonder tificer to employ the same hand pref- I don't come home drunk and wipe out erentially in the manufacture of flint 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 up

stairs, and show me, for instance, where Very well. We shall find them in you hold your knife;" and that is ex-actly how our own children to this day where they have been for the last two

"I'll bet you a million dollars to a

"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 protested Mr. Bowser.

are your socks, neckties, cuffs and collars. See?"
"I see, but that drawer was empty

suit. See? Coat, vest and pants. Are



WE WENT TO THE BUREAU.

"There is some dark mystery connected with all this, Mrs. Bowser, and I will not rest until I unravel it. I spent s good half hour looking for my things, but not one single article could I find." "Because you rushed upstairs and went into the spare room just like a lot of other husbands. Of course you did! See? Every drawer in the spare room bureau has been pulled out, and the clothes press door is wide open!"

"Mrs. Bowser, don't try to get out of it this way! My eyesight is still good, hour looking for my things, and now I cannot go to the banquet.

He went downstairs and called up some one by telephone and said: "I can't be there this evening. My shirts, collars and clothes have all been mislaid by my wife, and I only found

them a moment ago. Very sorry, but give my regrets to the boys and tell them how it was. Some wives are like that, and can't help it, you know. Good-

a friend up with him—the same one he of the chain, having the instrument had telephoned to. After a bit he took him up stairs for a smoke, and as they reached the head of the stairs they found the following notice on the bed room door:

INSIDE THIS ROOM will be found

MR. BOWSER'S SHIRTS. COLLARS, CUFFS AND SUNDAY SUIT. Don't make the mistake of looking in the alley.

On the bureau I had tacked a second sign, reading:
"First drawer-Your hair dye, etc.

neckties. "Third drawer-Your shirts. a third sign, reading:

Your Sunday suit is in this closetfirst hook to the left as you enter."

"1. Fling your hat under the bed. "2. Kick your pants over behind the lounge

stand and your coat on the floor.

the buttonholes.

"6. If the buttonholes in your collar is very simple.

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 expect-ed a national calamity when he came down and bade his friend good night. 1 was disappointed, however. He looked at me benignly, walked up and down for a while and then observed: "Mrs. Bowser, before we were mar-

ried I had a long talk with your mother."

"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.

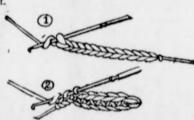
"Thanks, Mr. Bowser." But I agreed to bear with you and be patient, and so I shall. Twenty years hence you may know something about housekeeping and a wife's duty towards her husband's wardrobe. It's a time to wait, but I will be patient. Perhaps this is my mission on earth, and is what the Lord wills 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 Poundation of the Art.

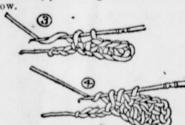
Crocheting is pretty generally under stood, says the Youth's Companion, but there are many to whom the art is still a mystery. For these this article is printed. In crocheting hold your needle and wool as lightly as possible. Hold your needle in your right hand, but keep it free from everything else; 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 soft ly 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 efflcient 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 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



1. THE CHAIN. 2. SINGLE CROCHET. No. 2. Strole crocher. -Or. as it is sometimes called, "slip" or "mitten stitch." 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 stiches at once. In working double crochet, chain three at beginning of each row, proceeding as with the first



2. DOUBLE CROCHET. 4. TREBLE CROCHET. 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 and when I see an empty drawer I know needle; take up the thread again and it is not full of shirts. I have lost an draw it through the two stitches which 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 slitches at a time, is drawn through all three stitches at once. (See illustration of treble

No. 6. CROCHET POMPONS.—Make a The next evening Mr. Bowser brought

Chain of thirty stickes, quite loosely.

Put the needle through the second stitch



CROCHET POMPONS

under the hand, as in knitting; hold the needle and work with thumb and mid-"Second drawer-Collars, cuffs and die finger of the right hand, having the forefinger about one inch above the hook of the needle, and wind the wool On the door of the clothes closet I had nine 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 On each garment was marked the needle through the chain stitch, and finname, "coat," "vest," and "pants," and ish with single crochet. When the chain on the wall a set of instructions, read 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 reounge.

"3. Throw your vest behind the washand and your coat on the floor.

"4. Throw your vest behind the washand and your coat on the floor.

"5. Throw your vest behind the washand and your coat on the floor. "4. In removing the buttons from thread over and draw through twice your shirt, jerk and twist from left to more, making six stitches on needle, right and back again. This will enlarge Work the six off at once with a single stich, then work off the remaining two "5. If you drop one of the buttons, stitches, chain one, and begin on next jump up and down and cuss and deciare puff. They are all made in the same that you have been one button short all way, and if one remembers to make the week.



No. 8. STAR SRITCH.—Make a chain f the required length. Take up the of the required length. 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 re-

maining stitch. In making the next star, count the stitch already on the needle as one, make the second stitch by putting the needle through the tiny hole formed by frawing together the first five stitches, bring the thread through as before; make the third stitch in the same way, back of last stitch of star, fourth and fifth stitches in chain, draw together as previously directed and repeat to the end of the row.



STAR STITCH Break the thread and begin the second ow 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.



women live longer than men. But this is obviously a misake, for you seldom see a six-foot wo-

Woman is

probably called

the "Sunday of

Boston Gazette.

It is said that

man .- Danville Breeze. cause it took a long time to grow old in those days."-Boston Gazette.

Women often do the wrong thing. If 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 tele-

phone. "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

The Melonium Has Come.



Uncle Reub-Well, ole 'oman, I struck stiddy job to-day. Gwine have wuk clean up t'll Fall, now.

Aunt Dinah-Praise de-how much yo' gwine ter git? Uncle Reub—Doan git no pay. (Whispering.) Gwine wuk awn er watermelon

Aunt Dinah—Praise de Lawd! Praise de Lawd! Praise Fair Warning.

She-You must never let father see ou put your arm around my waist. He-Why, should he be so angry.

She-No, dear; but he would try to borrow some money from you.-Life. Summer Fodder. Grocer - "Good



morning, Mr. Oatcake. What brings you back to the city so soon?" Farmer Oatcake -"Waal, I'm goling to have a good

many more summer boarders than expected, so you might send me ten

more cases of canned vegetables!" - Life. Women should insist upon a share of the census-taking. They can ask questions and find out about people quite as successfully as men.

#### The Eyes of Peruvian Mummies.

A man came to the Inquirer office

esterday with a handful of what ooked 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, particulary 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 abo-rigines found would not last in that climate. In having them set as a piece of jewelry you must be cautious. 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 office, "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.

R. H. ROSA,

## "Women must have been happy in the time of Noah." "Why so?" "Be- Rough and Planed Lumber. BANDON, OREGON.

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