

BANDON RECORDER.

The Mutilated Bill Swindle.
The antiquity of a swindle rarely interferes with its success if it is skillfully managed, and one confidence game that has recently been played here probably would never have been revived. It depends on the practice of the United States government in redeeming any part of a torn bill for the amount of money it represents. The value of a part of a bill is very exactly determined by means of an apparatus which measures the fragment of the bill with the greatest accuracy. This mechanism prevents anybody from getting in return for part of a torn bill any more than it is really worth.

That fact is not generally known, and it is the ignorance of the public in the matter that has lately made possible the success of a well-dressed swindler who has been operating downtown. He has with him parts of a \$10 bill bearing the bill number. He explains to waiters, barkeepers, cashiers and similar persons that he is too busy to go to the treasury and redeem the full value. He offers for that reason to dispose of the torn piece for a small sum and has succeeded in getting from \$5 to \$7 for fragments of a bill that could never be redeemed for more than half those sums.

The purchasers, of course, had confidence in the swindler, and the full value of a bill would be paid at the treasury for any part of it, however small the section might be. By securing a \$10 bill into five or six pieces and selling them on such liberal terms this form of swindling may be made very profitable.—New York Sun.

A Supreme Court Jest.

An eminent lawyer, one of the most eminent in the United States, was in the midst of an argument in defense of the patent rights of his client to a newfangled collar button that was being unlawfully manufactured by the people on the other side of the case. The distinguished counsel was describing the patent referred to and its many advantages when Justice Sutherland interrupted him and in a most serious manner observed:

"I should like to ask the learned counsel if his client manufactures a collar button that won't roll under the bed?"

Of course the court was shocked. Some young people in the seats reserved for spectators tittered, and the marshal, mopping up his desk with his gavel, roared, "Silence in this honorable court!" The eminent counsel maintained his gravity, although his soul must have been deeply stirred, and had presence of mind enough to turn the incident to his own advantage, saying with emphasis:

"I have the honor to inform the court that the collar button manufactured by my client is unique in that as well as in other respects, but my client would not be so selfish as to patent so important a benefit to mankind."—Chicago Record.

Wrestle With This Problem.

Here is a little philosophical problem which perhaps some of our readers can solve. A philosopher, as you know, is a person who thinks a great deal. Post, saying: "I have the first of human beings, two parents. They in turn had each two. Those four grandparents had each two, and so on. Now, if we take on an average four generations to a century 33 generations have passed away since the time of William the Conqueror, and by the simple process of multiplying two by itself 33 times I find that at the date of the Norman conquest I must have had 8,589,934,592 ancestors of that generation. This is eight or nine times the total population of the globe at the present day and must be fully 30 or 40 times the total number of human beings living in the eleventh century, so that there must be a fallacy in my calculation somewhere. Can anybody tell me," he asks, "what the fallacy is?"

Moons Worship in China.

The feast of the moon is celebrated in the eighth month of the year, and this lasts six days. Presents are then made on which the figure of the moon is apparent, and a large pagoda is illuminated. Firecrackers and music and family reunions prevail. A multitude of people on the last night terminates the feast, and then the descent of the goddess of the moon, which we call the man in the moon, is awaited. She is supposed to visit the earth at this time to grant the wishes of mortals. The moon with the Chinese is the personification of poetry and autumn is the poet's favorite season.—Lassie's Weekly.

Evolution of Vanderbilt.

An old friend who keeps autographs as a hobby pointed out to me recently the evolution of the name of Vanderbilt as we have it at the present time. The original was Van der Bilt. The old commodore signed it "Van Der Bilt." William H. signed it "Van der Bilt," leaving a distinct space between the "n" and the "d." The small "d" was then dropped between the "n" and the "d." Most of the present generation make one word of it.—New York Press.

His Reason.

Bigbee: Why, Snailbee, you are just the man I want to see. You have known me now for five years, haven't you?

Snailbee—Yes.

Bigbee: Well, I would like you to accommodate me with the loan of 12.

Snailbee—Sorry, Bigbee, but I can't.

Bigbee: Can't? Why not?

Snailbee—Because I've known you for five years.—Pearson's Weekly.

His Ambition Realized.

Hobbs: When he was a little boy, he was always singing "I want to be an Angel."

Hobbs—And he died young, I suppose.

Hobbs: No; but he's had his wish gratified. He's backing Barnstormer's Colossal Aggregation of International Stars.—Philadelphia Record.

POLLY LARKIN.

I was in one of our big grocery stores the other day and overheard a conversation between the clerk and a customer. She had ordered a can of tomatoes and the clerk had asked to see the article before it was sent to her home. She scrutinized it closely and then said very decidedly, "I don't want it." "Why?" asked the clerk in astonishment. "What is the matter with it?" "The brand is sufficient," said the customer. "I don't want any tomatoes bearing a San Francisco label. There are too many factories run by Chinamen in this city, and one of the worst features of these factories to me is the fact that most of the employees in these dirty factories are little women and girls, some of the latter being mere children. It is galling to me to think that they have to be under these filthy Mongolian, who order them around and are almost insulting to many of them. They have not a bit of respect for white girls and women who are unfortunates enough to be compelled to accept work at their hands. I assure you I think it is deplorable and sad enough that such things are known to exist. From the moment I learned that such factories were running in this city I made up my mind that canned tomatoes bearing a San Francisco label should never come into my home, and I wish every lady in this city could look upon it in the same light. To satisfy myself that such a state of affairs did really exist, I visited some of the factories run by these Chinamen. I was not a welcome visitor, for the Chinese proprietors and their foremen looked at me in anything but a friendly light when I entered the place reeking with the fumes of over-ripe and decaying tomatoes mingling with the foul air and the heavy odor of cooking fruit. There were white girls to the left of you, white girls to the right of you, and in fact white girls all around you, all working as busy as bees under the watchful gaze of their almond-eyed employers and their trusty assistants. Some were peeling the stinking tomatoes, others were canning them, while at another table the sealing of hundreds of cans was going on. The labeling was mostly done by women and girls, while men attended to the packing.

"I asked one young girl if she liked the work. 'The work is all right,' she replied, 'but I despise to work for Chinamen. I cried every night for awhile, but there was no help for it, and I finally made up my mind to make the best of it, for when adversity needs us we cannot always be choosers of the way we will bring the necessary bread and butter into the house to feed a lot of healthy children whose appetites for something to eat seem never to be satisfied. I was all right until I stepped on a spoon that rolled with me, injuring my hip and spine. Finally I was compelled to give up my position in the store that I had held for several years, just because I could no longer stand behind the counter, and I found it no easy matter to find something else to do. It was Hobbs's choice, so here I am, doing the best I can in my miserable surroundings, keeping apart from the 'rabble' for I can call the majority nothing else. They seem to think it is all right, and laugh and joke with the Celestials or anybody else who is in the mood. It is awful to me, and there are others in the factory who are just as sensitive and feel just as keenly the degradation. That is what the feeling amounts to with sensitive, refined people, who, from force of circumstances over which they have no control, find themselves working for Chinamen. I hate the very thought of it, and another reason I don't find me in a den like this? Others felt like this young lady and blushed at being seen working in these cheerless factories, but the majority thought it was all right as long as they got their money Saturday night. They did not care who they worked for if the wages were paid when due. If you have got any tomatoes from a country factory you may send them up, otherwise leave that part of the order untill," said the customer, as she left the store.

Speaking of the girls who work in country factories reminds me of two girls who have always lived in the country up to within a few months ago. Tiring at country life they, with their father's permission, came to the noisy, bustling city to see if they could not find something to do. The fruit season was just beginning and they both found work in a cannery, one labeling the cans and the other peeling the fruit. They were strong, healthy girls and they earned from five to six dollars apiece per week. They lived frugally, did their own washing and ironing at night, and managed to lay aside nearly all of their wages, and what do you think they did with their money at the close of the season? I am sure you would never guess, so I will disclose their secret, which they promised themselves to keep faithfully, but utterly failed to carry out their good intentions, for they confided the fact to a few chosen friends and like the down of the thistle it was scattered hither and thither. All of their summer savings went into a diamond ring—something they had coveted since childhood. They are not altogether satisfied with their bargain, for the gems are not as large as they thought they would be, and they lack the luster and sparkle they had dreamed of sleeping and waking and have failed to dazzle their friends with their exceedingly great brilliancy. They have lost their fondness for the gems and do not covet the diamond necklace they had dreamed of working a lifetime for.

They had to dress shabbily in order to get the rings, and they realize now that diamonds and shabby, though neat, attire do not go well together. One of their fond relatives in commenting on the purchase said: "They are dear, good girls, and wouldn't do anything wrong for the world; but they are diamonds in the rough for all that, and need a good deal of polishing. They are busy bees when it comes to how to shirk, no matter how disagreeable the task, but you couldn't get them to read a book or attend a lecture. They think it is not only too dry, but entirely too hard work."

When you were a wee lad or lassie did you ever wish on the chicken-bone that to your childish eyes made one of the principal dishes on the table, a favorite that was made all the more welcome because of that wish-bone that would fall to some lucky member at the table and who would never solve the mystery when the wish-bone was broken as to whether it came true or not? Polly could almost weep if she was in the habit of doing those things, that she knows one wish on a chicken's wish-bone that came true. An attorney at Salinas swallowed a wish-bone the other day and liked to have strangled to death. It is safe to say that he wished real hard and earnestly for the removal of the chicken-bone, which was finally accomplished.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Beauties of Malheur Cave.

Harney county, Or., contains a most remarkable cave. Fifty-five miles, a little south of east from Burns, is Malheur cave. Its peculiar form, as perfect as if laid out by an engineer and chiseler through the rock by a sculptor, makes it the wonder of all who see it. In visiting this cave one comes to the mouth right out on the "desert." One might pass within a few yards of it and not see it. Entering a dark, ugly hole and walking down a gradual incline for forty or fifty feet, one reaches a level floor of rock, smooth as glass. Raising the torch, a cavern about sixty feet in width, with walls coming to an arch overhead, about twenty feet at the highest point, is seen. This cavern can be followed for 300 yards without a curve or turn. The floor continues smooth and the perfectly formed walls retain the same dimensions. Only at one point is there a small pile of shattered rock fallen from the roof. At the end of the 300 yards is a clear lake of water. Here a small rowboat is found anchored, and taking passage on this, one may continue the journey in the same direction into the interior. The water is shallow at first, until it becomes practically immeasurable the entire width of the cave. And the water is so clear that no surface is distinguishable. One will walk into it without seeing it, and the bottom, reflecting the bed of the cave at a great depth, the smallest object lying on the bottom looking as natural as if it were at hand. The water never rises or falls, or changes its character—always the same temperature and clear as crystal. It has the temperature of artesian water. At a distance of 300 yards on the lake the end of the cave is reached, and the wall at the end comes down like the arched walls and is lost in the depths of the water. Here the water seems to be at its greatest depth. There are many theories about the lake, but after all it proves to be one of the natural wonders of this great country that now awaits the exploration of science. The Malheur river rises in the mountains above and flows along at the end of the cave. The cave is 600 yards long—300 yards of dry bottom and 300 yards of water.

Tree Growing in Kansas.

Fifty years hence Kansas and the States planting trees to-day will be supplying California and the coast States with timber. One need not be particularly gifted with foresight to predict such an event. It is an indisputable and lamentable fact that at the present rate of forest denudation on the Pacific coast it will be but a short time before all the timber on that section of the coast is gone. The Government will realize when it is too late the great loss this despoiling of our forests means. Kansas has formed an organization for the preservation of the trees which other States would do well to join.

Swiss Life-Saving Invention.

A Swiss genius has invented a pith cloak weighing about one pound which will hold up a fully equipped soldier upon the surface of the water. Successful experiments were made recently on the Lake of Zurich. The cloak is provided with waterproof pockets, in which food and drink may be carried, as well as blue lights, in case that the wearer is shipwrecked in the night.

Mulberry trees grow everywhere, and hence China's great product of silk. Silk factories are operated in several of the large cities. In 1898 Shanghai had 318,000 cotton spindles, and several cotton mills have recently been started.

The average sickness of human life is ten days in the year, or two years out of the life of an ordinary man.

It is estimated that only one couple in 11,000 live to celebrate their diamond wedding.

There are 20,000 different kinds of butterflies.

There are 738 distinct species of roses known.

There are only fifty-six Chinese newspapers in China.

AN INSPIRATION.

It Showed the Bachelors Youth a Happy Way to Pop the Question.
"It's a go!" announced the young man with beaming face, "and the happy day has been set!"

"So you got your courage up to the point at last?" said the friend who understood the situation.

"Yes, say, it isn't hard when you get started. But it is a wonder I didn't get nervous prostration before I made the plunge! I was six months trying to get courage enough to ask the all important question. But every time I opened my mouth to speak I simply broke out into a cold sweat and couldn't say a word for the life of me. I would have retraced a dozen times bag and baggage if I could have done so gracefully. Not that I didn't want the girl, but simply for the reason that I despaired of ever being able to ask her to be mine. The girl acted, too, as if she had a right to hear something to the point. But I could only sit there like a chicken-headed idiot and abuse the weather. I would have been right there in the same horrible situation if something hadn't happened to break the ice."

"One night last week we were sitting side by side on a sofa and during one of those blissful moments when nothing was being said I chanced to notice the girl's eyes intent upon a motto that hung on the wall opposite and which read 'Love One Another.' I'll be hanged if I ever saw that motto before, but it gave me an inspiration, and I leaped over and murmured, 'Shall we?' and she murmured, 'I don't mind,' and it was all over but the shouting!"—Detroit Free Press.

ONE ON HIS FATHER.

Smart Youth Is Caught, Then Victimizes Parent.

The 12-year-old son of a Van Buren street food parent recently became the proud possessor of some guinea pigs. A day or two after the same were safely corralled in a cage he went about bragging of his new acquisition among his playmates. Now, it seems these youngsters knew of a "self" in which guinea pigs play a prominent part. They started to "hook" the youngster and caught him fast and hard.

He felt so bad about it that he started in turn to "sell" some one else. His father was the victim.

"Did you know, papa, that if you hold a guinea pig by the tail his eyes will drop out?"

His father laughed outright.

"Why, who in wonder told you such stuff, Louis?"

"The boys all say that," answered Louis, sober as a judge, "and it's so, yes, sir."

"Oh, nonsense," said his father, still laughing.

"Well, you go to the cage and hold one up and you'll see."

Just to humor the boy the father went out. In a moment he came back looking well, looking just like a man that's been badly sold.

"The little rascal got me that time," he replied to a friend.

"But I don't see the point," said the friend.

"Don't you?"

"No."

"Well, guinea pigs have no tails!"—Topeka capital.

The Magic Lantern.

How many of us while using magic lanterns have wondered how they were first made? Indeed they are of very respectable antiquity. As early as the seventeenth century a Jesuit named Kircher constructed one. It was a very crude affair, and he was not unwilling to excite the fears of the persons who witnessed his exhibitions. He called it a "magic" lantern, and so it has always been called.

There are reasons to believe that the lantern was in use even earlier than the seventeenth century and that the mysterious figures which the old astrologers produced in the smoke of their mystic fires were produced in the same way as Kircher produced his, the smoke hiding the lantern.

It Told the Truth.

A countryman on a visit to Glasgow, while walking along Argyle street, reading the signboards and the tickets in the shop windows, said to his companion, "How can I take him shops be the best and cheapest? Every yin of them says that, and the same with the clothes shops too. They are just a lot of hoaxes."

They continued along the street until, coming opposite a plumber's shop with a big bill in the window with the words "Cast Iron Sinks" printed in large letters on it, he exclaimed: "Well, look, here's yin that tells the truth at any rate. But any danged fool kids that cast iron was sink!"

Her Choice.

Once upon a time a young person, by dint of Frugality, had accumulated a Ward, and the season of Military Openings having come, it was now up to her.

"Shall I," she asked in no small anxiety, "make my Ward look like 30 cents, or shall I try my own hat and thus make myself look like 30 cents?"

As the Steward-Reader will doubtless have conjectured, the Upshot of the matter was that the Young Person purchased a Lovely Imported Creation, costing \$30.—Detroit Journal.

Obeying Papa.

Stern Father: Now, my boys, quarrelsome again—and for a miserable little halfpenny?

One of the Boys: Well, you said, father, the less we quarreled about the better!—London Tit Bits.

A Sweet Emerson.

"What a beautiful volume of Emerson's 'Essays and Lectures' Miss Madge!"

"Yes, isn't it lovely? It's a candy box!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Of Two Evils.

"Huggles, I am sorry to hear you were burned out the other day. Did you lose all your household goods?"

"Yes, but we don't feel so awfully bad over it. Lumpkin. We expected to have to move next week away!"

SHORT NEWS STORIES.

Jeffries' Strong Right Arm—Where He Got His Inspiration—Queen Margherita's Telegram.

Major Hughes' admiration for the once mighty John L. Sullivan is so well known in sporting circles, says the Philadelphia Call, that it no longer excites curiosity or comment. The major does not regard the present day champions as being in the same class as the once great fighter, and his contempt sometimes leads him astray. He and Jeffries recently met in the same city, and of course the conversation drifted around to the prize ring and the pugilists.

"Why," exclaimed the major, "you fellows were not in it with Sullivan. You should have seen him in his prime. He had the toughest arm that I ever saw. The muscles were like iron, and it was impossible to indent the flesh."

"Why, Sullivan in his prime days never had an arm such as mine," replied the champion.

"Why, that's ridiculous," retorted the major.

"Well, feel this arm then," and Jeffries held up his left.

The major felt the arm and found it as hard as steel. Then he thumped on it, but with no better result. He might as well have struck a brick wall for all the impression that he made. He tried hard and long. Then turning to the champion he said: "Well, I never expected to see an arm like that. I must admit that you have Sullivan beat a block, and I take off my hat to you."

The crowd laughed, and the major felt uncomfortable.

"Well, it's on you, major," said one of the sports. "You were feeling Jeffries' game arm. It's done up in a plaster of paris case."

Where He Got His Inspiration.

Every visitor to Washington falls in love with the National library, the splendid structure which faces the United States capitol, says a Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times Herald. Not long ago the official architect of the French government was here, and he proceeded to go into raptures over the library. "It is the most magnificent building of its sort in the world," he said, "and I must see the great man who designed it." So he hunted up Paul Polz, modern artist, Paul Polz, whose genius flashed forth in the drawings for the new building on the American continent. After paying many enthusiastic compliments to Mr. Polz the French man asked:

"Of course you were educated abroad?"

"No, I was born in Germany," replied Polz, "but I came here as a boy and studied in this country."

"Then you traveled much in Europe—every year a few months perhaps?"

"No, I have not been back to Europe since I came over many years ago."

"Where, then," asked the astonished stranger, "did you get your inspiration for this great creation?"

"I absorbed it out of my nose," like the bear," was the reply.

Queen Margherita's Telegram.
The signature, "Margherita, povera donna" (poor woman), of the telegram sent by Queen Margherita to Cardinal Prisco, archbishop of Naples, at the time of her husband's death is now proved to have been due to a misapprehension. In the first days of her great grief the queen mother insisted on answering personally all the telegrams sent to her, although this was afterward impossible, as they were so numerous. As it is a rule not to send royal autograph telegrams to the office they were at first copied by a secretary or dictated by him to a clerk. That to the cardinal was dictated, and the secretary, touched to the heart by the royal widow's words, exclaimed after the signature "Margherita" "poor woman," which the clerk mechanically took down, not noticing the change of voice, and so it went to the telegraph office. The secretary, seeing the words aroused, at first did not confess the mistake.—Pall Mall Gazette.

No Charge for the Biscuits.
An amusing incident occurred to Princess Victoria of Wales during her recent visit to the Cumberland lakes, says the Dundee Journal. The princess and party, who had been cycling, rode up to a station in order to entrain for another part of the district. They were tired and dusty and in want of some refreshment. There was no time to leave the station, and a messenger was sent to a neighboring hotel and returned with a waiter, who took an order for some lemonade and biscuits.

"What sort of people are they?" inquired the landlady when asked as to the charge.

"Oh, ordinary people," replied the waiter in blissful ignorance.

"Ah, poor things, just charge them for the lemonade and never mind the biscuits," said the proprietress.

It came as a surprise to her later on to learn that she had been entertaining royalty unwares.

In the manufacture of a pocket-knife in France 22 workmen are employed for the handle and blade, 18 for a table-knife, 9 for scissors and 6 for razors.

"There's no time like the present," said the young college man as he turned over to his "uncle" the watch his grandfather had given him last birthday.—Syracuse Herald.

The Bengal cavalry, which consists of the bodyguard of the governor-general of India, was raised as far back as 1772.

DON'T SPRINT IN PARIS.

From the account of his adventures in Paris given by a young American artist lately returned after a visit to the exposition it is dangerous to run in the streets of the French capital.

"I often run to catch a car here," says the now enlightened young man, "and I tried it out over there with a tram. It was just outside the Ecole Militaire. The tram was not far, and I could easily have caught it, but I hadn't gone many yards when a big soldier with a sword and a gun jumped out and called 'Halte! I am not big, and I had no gun, so I halted. The big soldier then made me a speech in French, though I told him I was in a hurry. He seemed to be looking over my head, which I thought at the time was done for effect, to make me feel my insignificance. I kept on saying 'oui oui' like a scared guinea pig to show I agreed with him, but he kept on his oration, looking over my head all the while, until the tram was gone. When the tram turned the corner, I got mad and said, 'oh, you go to Hallo!'"

And then the brass buttoned uniformed soldier and let me pass.

"Afterward, when I told X about it, he said the soldier thought I had come from assassinating the shah of Persia or the president. X says the soldiers and gendarmes in Paris all ways think that when they see any one running in the street. Nobody ever runs to catch a tram in Paris. They only run when they have assassinated somebody. The soldier was not looking over my head merely for effect. He was looking to see if the gendarmes were coming after me, and I want to tell him to go to had nothing to do with his letting me pass. He let me pass as soon as he thought enough time had elapsed to allow any gendarme who might be in pursuit of me to leave in sight. The Paris gendarmes are made up more for looks than for spirit. I guess X knows all about it. He has lived a long time in Paris."

An Old Substance.
How to abate the smoke nuisance is a problem which has been before the public for centuries. Cassier's Magazine, in an article on the subject, says that while substantial progress has been made the exploits of cranks and half informed people have tended to retard a perfect solution of the question. William H. Bryan, who writes the article, gives his ideas for a rational solution of the problem. Regarding the antiquity of the question, he says: "The emission of smoke, of ten densely black, has accompanied the use of soft or bituminous coal from the earliest times. It was from the first acknowledged to be a public nuisance and has long been the object of repressive legislation. Its harmful effect on vegetation was noted centuries ago, and it was believed even to be poisonous to the human system. To such proportions had this nuisance grown in the reign of King Edward I that the people of London petitioned that the use of coal be prohibited. A law to this effect was accordingly enacted, with the extreme penalty of death. Such a measure was, however, too radical, and it became necessary to modify the law, but the agitation of the subject has continued to this day."

Central as an Alarm Clock.
The French, if we may believe the Epigrams, are in the way to solve the question of early rising. Our English methods are empirical and unreliable. The professional awakener who makes a precarious living in distillers who the early worker sleeps may himself be overcome by slumber, and even the policeman who in the small hours may be seen pulling the string which awakens the sleeper's nose may have more pressing business to call him away. The Frenchman has remembered that the central telephone office is awake all night. So he gives notice of the hour at which he wishes to be awakened and is rung up accordingly. To this end one must have the telephone in one's bedroom. And it must require some practice to sleep well with the potential ring at one's ear.—London Chronicle.

Qualifications of French Deputies.
A candidate for the French chamber of deputies must be 25 years of age and an elector and must have completed his term of compulsory service or otherwise fulfilled the requirements of the military law. There is no property qualification of any kind. Hence the poorest citizen may run for office, and a sufficient number of electors ready to vote for him encounters no monetary stumbling block on the road to the Palais Bourbon. The result is that many men possessed of no financial resources present themselves as candidates, and a certain number of gentlemen who succeed in attaining the position of deputy, with its emoluments of 25 francs a day, draw a larger income as parliamentary representatives than they would easily earn in other capacities.—London Daily Mail.

First to Salute the Alabama.
The first foreign vessel, says the Philadelphia Record, "to salute the new United States battleship Alabama which is lying at anchor off Cramp's shipyard, was the Spanish steamship Barba, which arrived here from Bilbao, Spain, loaded with iron ore. It was pleasant to see after the recent war with Spain the vessel dip her colors to her ally Alabama as she passed on her way to Port Richmond wharves. The warship did not return the salute, of course, according to the rule in the various navies not to dip colors to merchant vessels, as too much time would be taken up in observing the practice. But the incident was just one of the many of importance in the history of the new warship."

His Significant Interest.
She: What are you thinking about, Harry?
He: Nothing.
She: Aren't you afraid of overtaxing your brain, dear?—Detroit Free Press.

"The man who talks too much without he knows what he is saying," remarked Eph, usually got mighty long lazes.—At Atlanta Constitution.

It is said that, were the South American sea, will sustain life many days without the gangs of hunger.

FACTS IN A FEW LINES.

A dealer in artificial limbs estimates that 300,000 Englishmen have lost one or both legs.

In Mexico schoolteachers usually have a cigar in their mouth. Even criminals before the bar are allowed to smoke.

Common laborers in Spain get from 30 to 40 cents per day in the larger towns and from 20 to 30 cents in the rural districts.

An Egyptian contemporary says: "Our whole island is now griddled with golf courses. All the world is no longer a savage, but a golf links."

The British museum authors' catalogue is now completed after 20 years' labor and has cost \$200,000. It consists of 400 volumes and 70 supplements.

The eruption of Vesuvius is gradually increasing in intensity, and the authorities are taking the usual precautions to prevent imprudent tourists from approaching too near the crater.

An Australian volunteer is carrying a bullet in his brain, imbedded too deeply to allow of extraction, and he declares that but for the knowledge of the fact he never felt better in his life.

In England during the past few years, it is claimed, 140,320 farm laborers have been displaced by machinery, while the making of the latter, it is asserted, required only the labor of 4,000 men for one year.

Kerschard near Heidelberg, has a lively 10-year-old blacksmith and a fourth-year-old who recently climbed to the top of the church steeple and tied a red