# BANDON RECORDER.

**Brown's Buttered Watermelon.**

Colonel George W. Anderson, a man of splendid genius and rare oratorical gifts, was stumping for Greeley and Brown down in southwest Missouri. One night in the midst of his speech an old fellow arose in the back of the house and said:

"Colonel Anderson, is it true that Governor Brown was so drunk at that Yale alumni dinner that he buttered his watermelon?"

Colonel Anderson reared back on his pastern joints, straightened himself to his 6 feet 2 and with a lion's roar answered:

"Yes, it is true that Governor Brown buttered his watermelon at the Yale alumni dinner, and I am happy to inform you that that is the only way in which watermelons are eaten in polite society."

Anderson's happy retort was greeted with a shout of laughter and a roar of applause by his auditors. His interrogator sat down discomfited, and that was the last ever heard of the story of the buttered watermelon—all of which goes to demonstrate the value of Danton's famous motto: "L'audace! L'audace! Toujours l'audace!"

Colonel Anderson was a wonderful stumper. He was most emphatically a rough diamond. In the rough and tumble, catch-as-you-can style of debating he never had a superior in Missouri, which is saying a great deal. He was an adept in the use of every species of oratorical weapon.—Champ Clark in Saturday Evening Post.

**Wouldn't Sell the House.**

The house in which Joan of Arc was born is still faithfully preserved in pious veneration at Domremy, where it is looked upon almost in the light of a shrine. Passersby invariably cross themselves and utter a prayer for protection as they go by.

The story goes that a rich and eccentric Englishman tried hard to buy the place in 1837. It was at that time the property of a farmer named Girardin. The Englishmen offered to let him name his own price, but the old man held firm. "No, no, no," he cried. "I would not sell it even to a Frenchman, much less to a foreigner and especially an Englishman. People here would call me a traitor and a coward were I to part with the house from which Joan of Arc set out to serve France."

The Englishman convinced himself that further bargaining was useless and went his way.

Soon after an officer from the king's household arrived in the village and asked to speak with Girardin. Before the whole village, assembled in the street, he said: "Girardin, the king has learned that you have refused to sell your house to an Englishman. He desires to reward you, but not in coin. He knows that you no more want the money of the French than of the English, therefore has he commanded me to present you with the cross of the Legion of Honor."

**An Awe Stricken Witness.**

"I well remember," said a veteran lawyer, "the trial of a case in which Judge Henry T. Backus was doing cross examining. Now, the judge was noted for his lavish use of six footed words, and he used frequently to astound if not confuse an unprepared witness with a plethora of high sounding phrases. The case I speak of was tried in Sault Ste. Marie, and there was a simple, inoffensive Frenchman on the witness stand. He understood little of the attorney's profound interrogatories and gave his answers in a confused and stammering way calculated to ruffle the sweetest temper. Finally the attorney paused in the middle of his cross examination and objected because the answers of the witness were not responsive. He was advised by the court to couch his questions in simpler language. Then Judge Backus, pointing his finger at the meek looking witness and looking him straight in the eye, thundered:

"'Sir, I desire you to respond to my interrogatories categorically and without prevarication or take the consequences!'

"'Oh!' exclaimed the Frenchman, rising from his chair in fear. 'Oh! What dat?'

"Of course the incident convulsed the spectators and the court, and it was some time before order was restored and the case could proceed."—Detroit Free Press.

**The "If" In Checkers.**

Analyzing a game just played at the club by two checker experts seems to be almost as fascinating a recreation to the spectators as any other branch of the game. Time and again have we watched a half dozen checkerists who were busy suggesting "this move to draw" or "that move to win," while an equal number would be just as eager to prove the unsoundness of the lines in question. By the time both sides are through, the position has been thoroughly sifted and its intricacies are apparent to all. Many players, however, are not very anxious to have their "good things" displayed and advertised in this manner and generally decline to answer "leading" questions.

When an amateur whom the late James Wyllie had just defeated in a game, reset the pieces at a certain position and said, "Mr. Wyllie, if I had played so instead of my original move, I think I would have drawn the game," the "Herd Laddie" retorted, "They are all draws if you put them back far enough"—Shaefer's Checkerist.

**Tripped Up.**

Mrs. Newrich—That Mrs. Hyart is a stuck up thing. I know just as much about music as she does. She needn't get funny.

Mrs. Browne—Why, what has she done?

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, she tried to trip me up today—asked me if I'd ever heard somebody's "Songs Without Words."—Philadelphia Press.

**Indefinite.**

A notice which attracts the attention of many sojourners in a New Hampshire town is posted on the wall of the little railway station. The paper on which it is printed bears evidence of long and honorable service:

Notice: Loafing either in or about this room is strictly forbidden, and must be observed.

# POLLY LARKIN.

The bright ruddy hollyberries, forerunners of Christmas, came early this year, somewhere about the middle of October, when the first bunches made their appearance on the street for sale at ten cents a bunch by the flower venders, or were in the hands of those who had been on a jaunt to the country and returned with their hands and arms laden with the beautiful clusters of crimson berries nestling in their setting of bright green leaves, and who were envied by the less fortunate who fairly coveted the beautiful reminder of the X-mastide, the season that prompts all little boys and girls who continue to dwell in the happy thought that makes Santa Claus or Kris Kringle, as the case may be, a jolly old fellow who will persist in liking good little boys and girls, and shows his appreciation by showering presents galore on them, while the bad little boys and girls get only his frowns of displeasure and are left out in the cold so far as presents go. But strange to say, all the bad little lads and lassies, no matter how very bad they have been throughout the year, have a season of repentance commencing about five or six weeks before Christmas, and become so good that the dear old Santy can't find the little culprits, and they get their share of gifts just the same as though they had been good all the year round and had not turned over the new leaf just for the sake of the reward.

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Just as soon as the ruddy hollyberries make their appearance the little folks begin to think of writing letters to Santa Claus, disclosing to the big-hearted giftmaker just what they want in their stockings and on the pretty X-mas trees. They are not alone in the art of general limiting for what they want for the other members of the family, the grown up children, who as long as the merry old world wags on will enjoy the happiness of giving and receiving at Christmas time. There is a certain amount of mystery in the very air that is positively exhilarating, and whispering so impolite at other times is given full sway. Secrets from your best and truest friends are in order and no curiosity, even though you are "almost dying" from its effects, is allowed in regard to the many mysterious bundles and packages that come into the house at this season of anticipations. If by some mere chance you happen to discover the contents, it is your duty to keep silent and not look too wise, for knowing what is coming invariably takes the cream off the pleasure of giving and receiving as well. As long as hollyberries in wreaths and festoons will be in order for the next few weeks, it is just as well to take a glance into the stores, etc., and note what is going to be popular in the gift line for old and young.

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You would be astonished if you could see the number of struggling artists who have been designing and making calendars galore this year. It is the beginning of the new century, and dealers say if there ever was a calendar year, 1901 will be that one. Consequently calendars in every conceivable shape and size have been invented and placed upon the market, and they are finding a sale, too. There are calendars of our own native redwood made in a thin panel and a redwood tree burned into the wood and a tiny calendar seemingly tacked upon the trunk. Then there are Chinese calendars in variety, with pretty tinted pictures of the denizens of the Flowery Kingdom, but truthfully speaking are taken from life in the heart of Chinatown in San Francisco. They are pretty and unique, but owing to the war in China the merchants or dealers in these goods are not laying in a vast supply. The sentiment is too pronounced at the present time, and it is not in favor of Chinese calendars or anything pertaining to the denizens of the present seat of war. Then there are the black cat calendars, popular because a black cat is the luckiest thing in the world, particularly if it comes to your house and takes up its abode under your roof. There are big cats and little cats, in fact, whole families of cats, and on one of the popular cat calendars a cat sits on a skull gazing from a cloud "black as Egypt's darkest hour" into the brightness of a new dawn. What is the meaning of the cat on the skull? has been asked, and this is the story as it was told to Polly: The old century is dead, and from the ruins and desolation of the past the lucky black cat arises and, mounting the skull, the home of the brain and the symbol of light, power and reason that has been, gazes into the dawn of the new century as if to try and foretell what the future may hold.

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Last year there was a great demand for calendars in the State University and Stanford colors, but they were a scarce article. This year every art dealer has laid in a supply, and they are in all shapes and sizes; in fact the two university fads have been carried into sofa pillows as well, that will be appreciated by the students and their friends if by nobody else. But in the university novelties Polly has yet to see one pertaining to literature, study or the arts. They mostly represent some scene in the athletic sports or some young lady dressed in crimson or blue and gold, battling with the elements, with an obstreperous umbrella that seems determined to turn wrong side out, etc. There is no hint of some pretty girl burning the midnight oil over her studies or some resolute young man delving into the mysteries of chemistry and other knotty problems. The lamp of wisdom can take care of itself, or the field sports need looking after and portraying on canvas and paper.

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And "lo, the poor Indian" in war paint and feathers and fantastic array from Alaska's ice-bound shores to the sun-kissed plains and valleys of Southern California and Arizona are depicted in calendars and ornamented with beads and claws and a few with feathers of wild birds. Some coon calendars have been gotten out, but not many. Some of the most taking calendars are the pictured ones, made from scenes of our Golden State, nearly all of them having a picture of the Golden Gate, the Cliff House, the old Missions, Yosemite views and the big trees. "Souvenir" calendars one dealer calls them.

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But enough about calendars for the present. I want to tell you how one little lady, who excels in her Chinese pictures, got her subjects. She is a fine photographer and would trust no one else to take her pictures, but with her camera in hand spent days traveling in and out of the alleys and streets of Chinatown. Nor did she take her subjects from the poorer classes, but the most aristocratic little Chinese lads and lasses belonging to the merchant princes of Chinatown posed for the pictures. It would be safe to say that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like these rosy-cheeked, copper-colored little boys and girls. They were attired in the richest of silk costumes in vivid pinks, greens, red, yellow and magenta. Their embroidered slippers were works of art and their jeweled adornments for the head wonderful to behold. Every child was pretty, and as a result the pictures are lovely and beautifully tinted. The artist paid the little posers or their parents well, however, for they do little for nothing.

## BRIEF REVIEW.

**American Tool Manufacturers.**

The whole group of small machine tools and minor mechanical appliances has been left to the last. The American exhibit at Paris was incomparably finer than the British, and even their great superiority in the very small tools was not fully brought out. It is useless to urge that Great Britain was poorly represented, for it would be difficult to find the materials in England to make a good show. There are at least four firms in America making a specialty of small accurate measuring appliances, and so far as known, there is not one in England making them systematically at all. Instances of the beauty of American light tools and appliances could be multiplied without limit, and will occur to every one who pays attention to such things. But, outside considerations of their technical excellence, the sale of American tools is assisted by the ease with which they are obtained and their uniform quality. It is probable that English manufacturers have produced at one time or another good examples of all the tools exhibited, and that they are prepared to make them more or less quickly according to the pressure of their current work. American firms, on the other hand, who advertise certain classes of tools can generally supply them from stock, and every salesman knows the advantage of being able to offer his goods for inspection or for immediate delivery, especially when their finish and appearance is such as to tempt the purchaser.

**England's Coal Problem.**

American coal in England is a large and vital question. It is yet in its initial stages, but it is satisfactory to note that the American coal recently imported by the South Metropolitan Gas Company has undergone a trial with excellent results. Nearly 4000 tons of coal at 27 shillings a ton was imported from Philadelphia, and it is stated upon authority that it is superior to English coal in illuminating power and in the quantity of coke produced. To be sure, the American coal is dearer than even the present high rate of English coal, but it is held that its superior quality more than compensates for the difference in price.

**Densely Populated Countries.**

According to the most recent census, the population of Belgium is 6,750,000, which for its 11,378 square miles of territory, gives 593 inhabitants a square mile, making Belgium the most thickly populated country in the globe. Holland's population is 4,145,000, which gives for the 12,582 square miles of Dutch territory 408 inhabitants to a square mile, making the land of dikes and windmills the second most densely populated country.

**Keeping Paris Clean.**

Paris is said to be the cleanest city in the world. Every morning 2000 male and 600 female scavengers, divided into 149 brigades, turn out to perform the toilet of the capital. The men work from 4 in the morning till 4 in the evening, less two hours off for meals, or ten hours a day. The women are engaged in the morning only.

California has contributed to the world's stock of the precious metals since Marshall's discovery in the Sutter mill race at Colma, over $1,400,000,000.

Two men have wagered $10,000 that they will roll a barrel containing 150 gallons from Vienna to Paris in 50 days.

In Hungary there are thousands of villages and hundreds of small towns without a doctor within ten miles.

There are on an average eight powerful muscles in a lion's tail.

The entertainment of royalty costs British society each year $10,000,000.

## SHORT NEWS STORIES.

**Doesn't Rise Early Any More—One of Vest's Stories—How the Queen Managed It.**

The chief of one of the bureaus in a certain department has been beset recently by newspaper men desirous of interviewing him concerning a subject upon which he will soon be compelled to act. So assiduous were they that the poor chief, made desperate by their pursuit of him, resorted to every possible subterfuge to avoid them. For weeks he arose with the sun and slipped out of the back door, the front door even at that early hour being in a state of siege. At the department his faithful clerk stood between him and his persecutors, whom he managed to escape in the afternoon by driving far into the country.

But one pursuer, more persistent than the rest, was not to be outdone and followed on horseback. Hearing a horse galloping behind his victoria, the other day, the hunted chief looked back and saw a man following him at a furious pace, waving a paper above his head and shrieking to him to stop.

"Drive on," he ordered. "Don't let that man overtake us. Drive for your life."

"Wait, wait a moment," screamed the man on horseback. "I've got something for you."

But the victoria bowled on at all possible speed, the rider following fast behind. The chase was a long and hot one, ending with a victory for the equestrian.

"How do you do, Mr. X?" he asked when he came up to the carriage. "What are you running away from me for?"

"Because I'm tired of you infernal newspaper people," he replied, "and I won't give you a bit of information until I render my decision, so that's all you've got for your race."

"Newspaper people?" queried the breathless rider. "I'm not a newspaper man. I'm clerk to the law firm of B. & B."

"And what do you want of me?" asked the chief with a sickly smile.

"You grubstaked a man to go to the Klondike two or three years ago, didn't you?"

"Yes," responded the chief. "What about it?"

"Well, he struck pay dirt and sent us a check for you covering the stake, with interest, and including a handsome bonus, with the request that it should be delivered in person. I've been two weeks trying to get at you and almost lost my position because I did not succeed. Today Mr. B. told me that if I could not give you that check he guessed I was too slow for them, and I need not come back. So here I am, and here's the check. Please give me a receipt."

Since this incident the chief has abandoned his habit of early rising for fear he may miss some other debtor desirous of paying up.—Washington Cor. New York Tribune.

**One of Vest's Stories.**

Senator Vest has a story he sometimes tells to illustrate Arkansas character of the Bourbon mossback type. According to the narrative the senator, in the days following the civil war, was

"YANKEE, BY GUM!"

on a wild country road which had been blocked by a huge tree. The natives were trying to drag it out of the way as a whole when Senator Vest arrived on the scene, looked at the tree and at the helpless crowd of Arkansas natives and then said, "Why don't you cut the tree in two at the middle and haul the ends out of the way?" There was a moment of silence, broken suddenly by one of the crowd who reached for his gun and exclaimed, "Yankee, by gum!"

**How the Queen Managed It.**

One of the royal housemaids fell ill recently in Windsor castle. One of the clergy attached to the royal residence—it was one of the canons of Windsor—went to visit the ailing girl. The sufferer was in a bed in a room which was high up in the building and could only be approached by several flights of stairs. The canon, who, by the way, is not in the first flower of youth, was a little tired by the ascent. When he arrived at the room of the sick girl, he remarked upon her peculiarly radiant expression and also made a half peculiar allusion to the altitude of her bedroom and the difficulty he had experienced on the stairs. "I am happy, sir," said the housemaid. "Today the queen herself has been to see me. This majesty came into this room and sat down by me. Then she said I had got away from them all and come to see you. Do you know how I managed to get away? I managed by sitting down on every third stair."—Under the Union Jack.

The telegraph line which France has been erecting from Lorango, on the coast of the French Kongo region, to Brazzaville is completed. The line is 322 kilometers long, and the work was finished in 18 months. It does not touch any foreign terminus.

**Their Business.**

Gas Man—Hello, Tom! What are you doing these days?

Pork Packer—I'm in the meat business. What are you doing?

Gas Man—I go you one degree better. I'm in the meter business.—Exchange.

Robert Burns, the poet, divided the scale of good wifeship into ten parts: Good nature, 4; good sense, 2; wit, 1; personal charms, 1. The remaining two degrees covered fortune, education, family, plaid, etc.

## FIGURES AND EYES.

**An Indication of Advancing Age That Admits of No Compromise.**

"As we grow older," remarked the man who was doing that at the rate of a week every seven days, "we begin to observe that we seem to need more light when we read or that the print of the newspaper that we have been reading with ease for ever so many years is not quite as good as it used to be, or that we can distinguish the letters a little better if we hold them farther away than usual, but we are very slow indeed to observe that the real cause of it is that we are growing old, and we rather resent the suggestion of some kindly friend that we need glasses.

"We resent glasses especially because they are the visible sign of our weakness, and all the world may know by them what we fondly think they have not yet discovered—to wit, that our eyesight is failing. I am that way myself, or was, and I stood the glasses off as long as I could, and really I could get along very well reading almost any type. Of course, I could not make out every letter, but I could get enough to complete the word, and oftentimes I could supply whole words that were indistinct by the sense of what I was reading.

"But it was the figures that got me down at last. Ah, those figures! There is no context there, and when I saw dates or numerals of any kind the blur of the years shut out all their outlines, and to save me I could not tell what was before me. I made mistakes so often in reading aloud to my wife that she would laugh at me, though she never caught me on the letters, notwithstanding many was the time I guessed at about half I was reading. But figures would not stand any fooling like that, and at last I acknowledged that it wasn't the type or the paper or the light or anything of that sort and got myself a pair of glasses. Now I can tell a figure as well as a letter, and I discover they are printed quite as plainly as ever, though I was sure they were blurred before."—New York Sun.

## ROSE TO THE OCCASION.

**The American Girl, as Usual, Managed to Win the Trick.**

A man who is back from a visit to Paris and Germany is telling a story which ought to make the great American eagle flap his wings with pride. It happened at a little railway station in Germany, Grunenwald by name, while the man who tells about it was waiting for a train on a branch line which connects with the main line at that place. Besides himself there were at the station a party of American tourists of the kind you read about in English books and an English family of the kind you read about in American books. The Americans were loud voiced and ungrammatical. They laughed a great deal and they ate peaches, the stones of which they threw at a post to test their marksmanship. They were persons for whom Uncle Sam himself would have felt apologetic, and they displeased the haughty British materfamilias greatly by the younger members of her family, a gawky boy and a lanky and "leggy" girl of the typical elongated English variety—they were objects of great interest, however, and the girl in particular edged nearer and nearer, to her mother's great disgust. At last she was so near that mamma could endure it no longer.

"Clara!" she called in her loudest voice, "come away at once. You might be mistaken for one of those disgusting Americans."

A pretty young American looked up and swept Clara from head to foot with a calm glance. Then she went on eating peaches.

"Don't worry, madam," she called out cheerily. "There's no danger of that—with them feet!"—Washington Post.

**He Despised Tobacco.**

The healthful or reverse action of tobacco has been an absorbing question for decades and one hard to settle. Emerson, cautious as he was, was once drawn into a discussion on the subject and, being a nonuser of the weed, was an ardent advocate of its abolition as a marketable commodity.

"Did you ever think about the logic of stimulants?" he asked. "Nature supplies her own. It is astonishing what she will do if you give her a chance. In how short a time the gentle excitation of a cup of tea is needed! Conversation is an excitant, and the series of intoxications it creates is healthful. But tobacco, tobacco—what rude crowbar is that with which to pry into the delicate tissues of the brain."

**A Bold Defense.**

"An enlisted man once put the president of a court martial in a difficult position," says a writer in Cassell's Magazine. "The court martial was trying the soldier for some fault or other. When the evidence—and it took an unusually long time—had been given, the president asked the prisoner if he had anything to say in his defense.

"'Well, sir,' said the man, 'I can't see how this 'ere court can sentence me, for Major Jones 'as been reading a paper under the table the 'ole blooming time, and Captain Smith 'as been making me into a karicatoor on the blotting pad, and as for Lieutenant Brown, 'e 'asn't 'ad his commission a year, and don't count anyways!'"

**Powers of Endurance.**

"When my grandfather was a young man," said the boy with a snub nose, "he could run ten miles without stopping."

"I heard my grandfather make a prayer 25 minutes long once at a prayer meetin," responded the boy with the dirty face, "an it didn't fetze him."—Chicago Tribune.

A single firm of chairmakers in Buckinghamshire, England, will turn out many gross weekly. Five thousand were made for the Alexandra palace in six days; 8,000 for the Crystal palace. The record order is 10,000 chairs finished and delivered within a few weeks to the order of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

An astronomer declares that Jupiter is in the state that our earth was 34,000,000 years ago. Those who can remember back 34,000,000 years will understand what this means.

## HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

She met him at the door and whispered: "Don't dare to come in. He would declare the engagement off, and he has a baseball bat in the corner of the dining room. Keep quiet till I get my hat and wrap."

"What's wrong?" he inquired as they walked away on tiptoe.

"Goodness, I never saw papa so angry in my life! What was that game of solitaire you showed him the other night?"

"Chinese," laughed the careless youth. "Over there the proprietors of the gaming establishments charge 10 cents to play the game and give $100 if you 'get' it. You know how the old gentleman hung around. You told me he was daffy on solitaire, so I had a hunch and showed him that one. He'd be lucky to get it twice in a lifetime, but it left us to ourselves, don't you see?"

"I see, but he's boiling. Why, he worked over that thing till breakfast, went right at it again when he was through eating, telephoned the office that he would be down later and played away till the next midnight, when he went to sleep in his chair. We got him to bed, and he waked up violent. He wanted to bet $10,000 that nobody ever got the game, said that you were a card shark and a swindler and that if you ever came into the house again he'd kick you out. He's staying right at home playing the game and listening for you. That's the reason I was at the door before you could ring. What in the world are we to do? It's awful."

"Cold deck him. That is, I'll fix up a deck so that he will win. You manage to substitute it after he has shuffled the cards."

It was done without creating suspicion. The old gentleman cheered and met the young man as though he were a welcome prodigal. "You are the second man between the Alleghany and Rocky mountains that ever got it," lied the youth glibly. "It's simply wonderful."

The prospective father-in-law strutted around for a couple of hours bragging about himself and is now preparing an article for the newspapers.—Detroit Free Press.

**Desperate.**

"Here's er quarter, druggist. Gib me er dose of carbolic acid wot's ernuff ter kill er hoss, an gib it ter me quick!"—New York Evening Journal.

**The Literary Merry Go Round.**

Editor—Young woman—this story of yours—that is, on account of pressure on our columns—in fact, I am forced to say—

Young Woman (airily)—Oh, that's all right—speak out; don't be bashful; I've no feeling in the matter; it has already been declined by 11 better magazines than yours.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Very Fortunate.**

Gussie—Just aftah I stahted out it began wai[illegible]g, and I had to turn back.

Miss Kostique—How fortunate that there was some one there to tell you!

Gussie—To tell me what?

Miss Kostique—That it was raining.—Philadelphia Record.

**His Ruination.**

"Is it de truth dat de legislatur' gone en pass a law ter tax dogs?" asked the old colored citizen.

"Yes, it's a fact."

"Well, sah, dat bein de case, heah's one nigger dat's tectotally ruint! Dey's seven dogs en one mule in my fambly!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**Glaring Contrast.**

In overhauling the moldy worm eaten trunk they found a newspaper two years old.

"Yellow," they said wonderingly as they looked at it, "but respectable. How extremely old fashioned!"—Chicago Tribune.

**A Great Scheme.**

Tom—Your father has been following us around all evening. Can we stop his embarrassment?

Job—Yes; I will drop a quarter and paw will keep his foot on it until the company have all gone.—Chicago News.

**Her One Desire.**

Rube—Well, Mandy, hyar we be in town. Anything ye wanter see purticular?

Mandy—My land, Rube, I jest wouldn't care ter go through the money market!—Philadelphia Record.

**A Safe Plan.**

Tomdik—I want to purchase a horse; what am I to look for to ascertain his age?

Holax—That's easy. Ask the dealer and multiply his answer by three.—Chicago News.

**No Doubt of It.**

"I tell you what there's a dark outlook for that young man."

"Why?"

"He has a night job in a signal tower."—Chicago Times-Herald.

**An Illusion Rudely Destroyed.**

Nancy—That was a beautiful fib Dorothy brought you.

Kitty—Yes—I thought so, too, until I found out it was marked to cents.—Indianapolis Journal.

The crust of the earth under Japan must be comparatively thin, judging by the number of earthquake shocks in that country. They average 500 a year.

Three chief foods during which the Chinese take least holidays are those of the drugman, the coolie and the year.

A number of Scottish grouse have been imported into the Canadian government preserves in the highlands of Scotland to see if some of stocking the provincial parks.

## A LIFE SAVING PIGEON

An incident occurred recently in the family of G. F. Marsh, a member of the Pacific Coast Pigeon society, the San Francisco Examiner, which proved to him in a most impressive manner the valuable services which may sometimes be rendered by the carrier pigeon. His little baby boy was taken slightly sick with most alarming symptoms of diphtheria. The mother, watching by the bedside of the little one, dispatched a message tied to a carrier pigeon to her husband at his store on Market street. In the message she wrote the nature of the child's alarming illness and made an urgent appeal for medicine to save its life. The bird was started from the home of the family near the Cliff House, miles from Mr. Marsh's Market street store.

The bird flew swiftly to the place where Mr. Marsh received it. He read the message, called a doctor, explained the child's symptoms as his wife had detailed them in her message and received the proper medicine. Then, tying the little vial containing the medicine to the tail of the pigeon, he let it go. The pigeon sped away through the air straight for the cliff. It covered the distance, five miles, in ten minutes, a distance which would have required the doctor three-quarters of an hour to cover. In 20 minutes from the time the mother's message was sent to her husband the baby was taking the medicine. Naturally enough Mr. Marsh is partial to pigeons, for he considers that he owes his baby's life to one.

**The Elevator Disease.**

It looks as though people with weak hearts had, after all, better climb the flights of stairs than effect the ascent by means of the lift. This convenient institution is becoming ubiquitous. We soar up to the topmost story of the skyscraping flat; we descend the geological strata to the twopenny tube by its assistance. We thought we were thereby saving our vital energies and lengthening our lives. The doctors seem to hold another opinion. Lift attendants have died sudden deaths. People with weak hearts have noticed ominous sensations when in the elevator. We are told the sudden transition from the heavier air at the foot to the lighter air at the top is extremely trying to the constitution. Even millionaires and bishops and aldermen are now voluntarily tramping up stairs and avoiding the swifter but inside route. In fact, a new disease has swung into our ken, "liftman's heart." We have all of us been risking it unknowingly without knowing it. It is true most people have experienced a singular sensation of internal collapse when the lift floor sinks beneath their feet, but none of us suspected the results might be serious. Every new notion for health and comfort seems to bring its particular Nemesis.—London News.

**Death Rate In the Boer War.**

Now that the war is drawing to a close we can reckon up its cost. We purchased the Boer republic for Britain with their lives, not to speak of the times that number who have been wounded, many of them crippled for life. It is a terrible record, but it is consoling—if there can be consolation in such a deplorable event—to know that the mortality has been less than was expected when the full strength of the army in South Africa was known. The chances of war are that five men in a hundred will be killed in battle or die of disease, but the deaths in South Africa have been only [illegible] per hundred. This is nearly 2 per cent lower than the mortality in our Crimean wars, and it compares favorably with the death rate in some of the principal wars of the century.—London Chronicle.

**Paris and Her Debts.**

Paris, in spite of its gayety, is a thrifty paying city. Its finances for 1901 show a deficit or nearly £500,000. This, however, is covered by new taxation, bringing the local debt of Paris to £71,000,000. Paris owes nearly one-half the municipal debt of France and one-third of the local debts of all England. The debt of Paris is twice as heavy as that of London, and every Parisian owes £20 more than every Londoner. The explanation lies in the expensive government of Paris, which is the dearest of any capital in the world. The government of Paris costs £5 per head as compared with Washington, £4; Rome, £3 18s.; London, £3 15s.; Stockholm, £3 2s.; Copenhagen, £1 12s.; Vienna, £1 10s.; Berlin, £1; St. Petersburg, 10s. Even London has something yet to learn in the matter of cheap government.—London Chronicle.

**Temper and Eggs.**

A Chicago modiste who has a large trade and a bad temper was recently brought into a police court charged with throwing eggs at her servant. The servant claimed that she was late with the breakfast, and her mistress came into the kitchen to ascertain the reason. Not being satisfied with the servant's explanation, the modiste picked up a dish of eggs and hurled them at the girl one by one, great splashes of the eggs sticking in the servant's hair and on her dress. The mistress was fined $1 for each egg thrown.

**Wreck of the Maine.**

All that remains of the battleship Maine is to be taken from Havana harbor. This has been decided upon by the navy department on the representations of Governor General Wood. He says the wreck is a serious obstruction to navigation. The tangle of plates and beams is sinking deeper and deeper into the mud of the harbor, and the delay will only make the work of its removal more difficult.

Comfort powders are beautiful little stanzas or verses of courage and good cheer, written on small papers and inclosed up like powdered medicines. One is to be unrolled, read and enjoyed each morning. Each one is a mystery until its turn comes. And the surprise is part of the pleasure.

The Mayflower, after her memorable trip across the Atlantic with the pilgrim fathers of New England, went into the West Indian cotton trade and was lost in a cyclone.