BANDON RECORDER.

The Cost of Cutting an Old Atlas.

In the state department at Washington is the most comprehensive and complete set of atlases and maps to be found anywhere in this country. As can be readily appreciated, they are vitally necessary to the carrying on of the department, and therefore neither trouble nor expense is spared in keeping them constantly up to date. It would be supposed that their extreme value and importance would be patent to every one.

Some years ago, however, one of the most valuable atlases was found with two of the maps cut out. The maps had not been abstracted. They had simply been detached from the binding. Investigation proved the mutilation to be the work of a certain clerk, who on being hauled up by his superior explained why he had done it as follows:

"Those books are terribly heavy and hard to handle, and so I cut the maps out in order to get at them easier. The atlases were very old, and I didn't suppose they were of any value or that any one would care."

To the state department an atlas is like a bottle of wine to a judge of fine drinks—its value increases in direct ratio with its age. It was felt in the department that that particular clerk had mistaken his calling in life, and to him was accordingly given an opportunity to pursue another one.—New York Tribune.

Cure For Insomnia.

I suppose all of us are suffering from the invasion of electricity. My old friend Bounce, who was a victim of insomnia for 40 years, thinks he sleeps now better than any other man on earth. He lost his way in the Adirondacks and staid overnight in the cabin of a forester. His sleep was the deep sleep of a just man made perfect, and in the morning he found that he had not moved half an inch all night.

"It's the insulation," the forester insisted. "You city folks are killin yourselves with contact. If you'll break the contact you'll be able to sleep and get your nerves back."

This matter of "contact" was finally explained to mean that our bedposts are in contact with the floors, the floors with the walls and the walls with mother earth, so that whatever personal magnetism a man has in him goes away in the nighttime, leaving him like a log on his mattress. The forester had obtained four glass insulators from telegraph poles somewhere and screwed them on the posts of his guest bed, so that the electricity could not run away. Bounce the very day he got home insulated his bed, and from that moment to the present his insomnia has been banished.—New York Press.

Cautious.

Many years ago, when printed music was dearer than it is now, a plain, quiet man, evidently from the country, went into a London music shop and asked to see a certain book of tunes. The clerk laid before him an oblong volume with two tunes on a page, a book familiar to old time choir singers.

The old man drew out of his coattail pocket an ancient yellow fife and, opening the book at the first page, began to play softly, turning the leaf with careful fingers as each page was finished.

The clerks, very much amused at first, grew weary of the droning noise after a time, and one of them, waiting till a tune was ended, ventured to say politely:

"Do you think you will take the book, sir? Does it seem to suit you?"

The fife was lowered, and the player, looking over it at the youth in mild surprise, said gently:

"I cannot tell. I have played only half the tunes," and placidly turned another leaf.

Jupiter Warmer Than the Earth.

The gigantic mass of Jupiter has a much larger warmth than that of the earth. It is the result of the molecular movement produced by the compression of the strata and must be greater the more powerful the masses, and hence the larger the pressure of the strata is. Jupiter surpasses the earth in point of mass 307 times, and for this reason the inner temperature or individual warmth of the planet is probably high enough to evaporate the water upon the surface quickly, so that water vapor forms the principal substance of the atmosphere of Jupiter. Water vapor is an excellent reflector and readily accounts for the bright radiation of light emitted by the planet.—Professor Hughes in Chicago Tribune.

Awkward Compliment.

There is such a thing as being too persistently complimentary. A candid and well meaning professor who had witnessed the performance of a little play in a private house in which his hostess had taken the leading part met the lady as she came from behind the curtain.

"Madam," he said, rushing up to her, "you played excellently. That part fits you to perfection."

"Oh, no, professor," said the lady modestly. "A young and pretty woman is needed for that part."

"But, madam," persisted the professor, "you have positively proved the contrary!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Helping the Enemy.

A coal heaver was getting in a load of coal in the suburbs of London. He was shoveling in the coals at a good rate when he was startled by a terrific yell from the house adjoining.

"Wot the dickens is the matter?" queried the coalman, starting up.

A disheveled looking individual made his appearance at the door.

"Matter, you thickhead!" shouted the man, frantically endeavoring to pull his hair up in clots by the roots, "you are putting the coal down the wrong hole. My wife's people live there!".

His Limit.

"I'm getting along," said Mr. Cumrox. "I'm progressing slowly, but surely."

"In what?"

"Culture. I've been traveling around with Mrs. C. and the girls until I'm getting right refined. But there's one thing I don't think I'll achieve. I don't believe I'll ever be able to go into an antique store and tell the difference between bric-a-brac and junk."

POLLY LARKIN.

Where to secure help is getting to be a serious question with those employing it to assist them in their housekeeping. It is next to impossible to get a good girl. Housekeepers advertise and run to intelligence offices until they are weary and nearly distracted. One girl asks you if there are any children in the house, and if the answer is in the affirmative she refuses point blank to go, stating that she does not wish to hire out where there are any little folks. Some of the seekers after employment really seem to be in earnest, but the knowledge that there is a baby in the house settles the matter and they could not be induced to go for love or money. Others after asking if there are any children in the house want to know if there is much company for dinner, how many nights can they get off in a week and what the dinner hour is on Sunday and how many meals on that day, as they generally have Sunday afternoon and evening off. Nearly all the women that crowd these intelligence offices seem to be eager for work, but when it comes right down to the point they want to dictate their own terms, and those desirous of hiring them have no say in the matter. Another drawback is the country. No matter how hard up a girl seems to be or how eager for work, she will not consent to go to the country, even in our neighboring towns and within half an hour's ride of San Francisco, giving as their sole reason that it was too lonely. They couldn't stand the quiet of the country after the bustle, noise and excitement of city life.

* *

What are the housekeepers going to do? That is the question that is puzzling a great many persons at the present time. It is next to impossible to get a girl of any nationality. The majority of those who would really like situations ask such high wages and so many favors that the average housekeeper cannot think of employing them, even if they would consent to come to their modest and well-kept homes. Japanese can be had and plenty of them, but they are so unprincipled and the majority of them so dishonest that they cannot be relied on for a moment. Gratitude they know nothing about, not even the meaning of the word, and they will leave you at the worst time imaginable. If you chance to have guests for dinner the sight of a few more dishes is enough to frighten the Jap away, and he leaves you that instant taking his bag and baggage. Chinamen, who, if they are at all good, are always reliable, have become so scarce owing to the exclusion act that they are hard to obtain and command very high wages. Some young men in the East have recently come to the front and have fitted themselves for housework in all its branches, from cooking to washing and ironing, etc. They stated that there seemed to be two men for every position, and there seemed to be so much trouble for housekeepers to get good and reliable help that they determined to fit themselves for housekeeping in all of its branches. One of them gets $15 a month. "It's not such bad wages when you come to think about it," he says. "I get my board, a good room, light and fuel, and my $15 a month is clear gain. Another thing, by hastening with my work I have much spare time and my evenings to myself, and I generally devote them to reading and improving myself. I don't know what the matter is with the girls in the land. They complain of our taking their places, and yet they step into the stores and the factories, work for half pay and force us out into the world, and the only thing I can see for hosts of our idle young men who long for work is for them to follow my example and take the places in our kitchens and do the general housework that you would suppose a woman was only too well fitted for but which they scorn to accept. It is sort of a Hobson's choice with me, still I have nothing to complain of and do not find my lot a hard one, and it won't be long until you will find a good many young men following my example."

* *

This is the keynote to the difficulty in a good many instances. Factories of all kinds and canneries are filled with girls and women, many of them preferring to work for the smallest of wages, say 50 and 60 cents a day, rather than do housework. A lady was very indignant with her friend not long since because she had hired a Chinese cook in her household, and after denouncing her in no gentle terms, said: "I should think you would be ashamed to hire a Chinaman when there are so many white girls wanting work." After she had finished her tirade of abuse the friend said: "I wish you would show me one of the girls you speak of. I advertised for two weeks in our daily papers for girls. Out of the whole number of replies I got two only consented to come and they never returned or offered any explanation for their nonappearance. I visited all the intelligence offices but without any result. Now tell me what I am to do under the circumstances, go without help through the sentiment that prevails that we must employ only white girls?" "Oh, that is the case," said the friend tamely, as she took her departure.

* *

The above is one of the stern realities of this every day life. And now for a little sweetness of ye old-fashioned kind, and it is merely a hint to our candy-makers, big and little. Every once in a while you hear some one with a sweet tooth and a good memory revert to the days gone by and wish for a good-sized piece of ju-ju paste that used to be made in red and white squares about as big as a good-sized soda cracker and that they could nibble on for nearly a whole day and yet have a piece left to enjoy in their odd moments. The confectioner or candy-maker who gets out ju-ju-paste, mind you, of the old-fashioned variety, will be kept busy in supplying the demand of the little lads and lassies as well as the older boys and girls whose hair is streaked with silver and who will buy it for the sake of old memories of the days when they were young and never out of a square of ju-ju paste.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Important Discovery by Chicago Scientists.

Experiments on turtles have convinced Dr. Jacques Loeb and Professor D. J. Lingle, physiologists at the University of Chicago, that common salt in the blood makes the heart beat. What is more, they claim that not only does salt keep the heart in action, but that it possibly may cause the heart to beat again after it has once stopped. For several months Dr. Loeb and Professor Lingle have been experimenting to secure the necessary result to prove their theory. They have conducted a series of delicate scientific tests bearing upon the pulsation of the heart and have made public the announcement that the results they had obtained verified beyond a doubt their theory that the presence of salt in the blood caused the beats of the heart. Dr. Loeb and Professor Lingle claim that the fallacy of the early belief that the heart beats because it is full of blood was quickly shown when a strip of a turtle's heart was suspended in a solution of sodium chloride and regular series of beats began. Separated from all nerve connections, the lifeless strip of heart muscle responded perfectly to the presence of the salty solution. For weeks the experimenters worked to ascertain what qualities salt possessed to cause this rythmic beating of the heart that were not possessed by calcium or potassium, the salts of which enter into the composition of the blood. They found a solution of the problem in the fact that the action of sodium chloride was due to the peculiar character of the sodium. In making the investigations they discovered that pure sodium chloride solution was destructive of heart tissues, and by mixing calcium and potassium solutions they found that the poisonous effects of the chloride were destroyed.

Founded a New Science.

It is not often that a ship sails away for a brief four years and brings back a new science; but that was the accomplishment of the Challenger, and the science thus founded is known as oceanography. Not quite four years were expended in exploration and observation, but it required nearly five times as long to place the results in orderly and comprehensive form before the world. It was not until 1895 that the first volume of the great report of the expedition, which might well have been called a "Book of Oceanography," was published. This report is not only one of the very greatest of existing works of science, but in mere material mass it is quite the biggest book ever produced. It is published in fifty royal octavo volumes containing 29,500 pages 3000 plates and a large number of maps and pictures. This stupendous work will always remain one of the greatest monuments to English science.

Liquid Air for Commerce.

Carl Linde, who is giving special attention to machines for the commercial production of liquid air, and who was the inventor of the original Linde apparatus on which the later liquid air machines have been modeled, describes in a recent article a new furnace designed for an ingenious application of this substance. The furnace is intended to burn low-class fuels, such as lignite and peat. The combustion of these is intensified and made commercially useful by turning the gaseous mixture obtained by evaporating liquid air into the furnace. This mixture, owing to the preliminary evaporation of the nitrogen, is very rich in oxygen, containing about 50 per cent of the latter and hence very much intensifies the heat of the furnace. The price of this gaseous mixture is said to be about 81 cents per 1000 cubic feet.

Fishes Sleep While in Motion.

The sleeping of fishes, if they may properly be said to have such a habit, is as yet a puzzle. It is altogether probable that they do sleep, though they never close their eyes, simply for the reason that they have noeyelids. Probably many fishes slumber while swimming in the water, reducing the exercise of their fins to an automatic minimum. But it would be a mistake to suppose that a fish does its sleeping at nights necessarily. On the contrary, many species are nocturnal in habit, feeding in the night time.

Italian macaroni is no longer made by hand, but by machinery. According to the British consul at Naples, about 70,000 cases of macaroni are annually exported to England and 500,000 to the United States.

The thirty-three largest towns of England and Wales have a total population of nearly 12,000,000.

The longest plant in the world is a species of subtropical seaweed, which grows to 600 feet in length.

The screw in the fourth jewel wheel of a watch is so small that a lady's thimble will hold 1,000,000 of them.

Germany has one doctor for every 1957 inhabitants.

There are 8000 carrier pigeons, all well trained, in use in the German army.

PAY OF GERMAN JUDGES.

The whole question of the remuneration of public officials in Germany, and especially in Berlin, is beginning to demand serious attention. English, Scotch or Irish judges would be amazed if they were informed of the miserable salaries—$1,500 a year is considered above the average—which their German colleagues receive for labors which in many cases are far more exacting than their own. In the days when Prussia was a small agricultural state and the standard of life in the towns was low, such salaries, combined with the honor of being a Prussian official, may have been adequate. Nowadays the honor of the position is the only attraction, and also men who are poor find an official career an expensive luxury.

The profession of law, moreover, except in its highest official grades, is not honored in Germany as it is in England. Will it be believed that a barrister as such cannot be received at court? There is a true story of a foreign barrister who was invited to attend a court function in Berlin and who was also requested, in accordance with the Prussian custom, to state his profession at the chamberlain's office. He replied, "I am a rechtsanwalt" (barrister). "Could you, please, give some other description of your quality?" pleaded the court official. "Barristers are not hoffähig (i. e., cannot go to court) in Berlin."—London Telegraph.

Chinese Warlike Instincts.

"The Chinese have no warlike instincts," says Colonel Webb C. Hayes, who has just returned from service on the personal staff of General Chaffee. "They are not a nation of warriors, but if they should ever be trained they would make the finest soldiers in the world. They do not know what fear means, and they absolutely disregard death. There are two things they worship—their fathers and the almighty dollar. You may kill a man over there, and no one thinks anything of it unless the dead man happens to be his father. They shrug their shoulders and say, 'There are plenty left,' and that is all. The Chinese are not vindictive. They get excited now and then and go in for slaughter, and the next minute they are cool and are drinking tea. Our cavalry made an attack upon a mob of Chinese one day, and they quietly sat down upon the ground and waited the advance of the column. They knew they would all be killed, but did not seem to care. They struck at the horses with pikes and something that looked like forks. The idea of trying to disembowel horses and fighting cavalry by sitting upon the ground was something new for modern soldiers to face."

Left Handed Motormen.

"Unless the present style of trolley cars should go out of vogue," says a gossiper in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "they will develop a race of left handed motormen. If you will notice the motorman next time you get on a car, you will observe that he keeps his left hand on the crank which controls the current and his right on the one connected with the brake. The reason for such an arrangement is that the brake crank requires considerably more strength in its manipulation, but the current regulator comes into play ten times as often and has to be moved at much greater speed. As a matter of fact, the operator is continually shifting it to and fro for the purpose of increasing or decreasing the power, and a sort of dial, over which the handle moves, tells him exactly how much electricity he is calling into play at any given moment. All that demands special alertness and attention, while with the brake it is merely a matter of a straight pull. The natural consequence of such an unequal division of labor is to transfer the dexterity of the right hand to the left, and with many of the older men it has already become noticeable."

A Troublesome Tablet.

The handsome bronze tablet, 12 feet by 5, which the state of New Hampshire presented to the battleship Alabama is giving the officers a good deal of trouble. It was intended to occupy a position on the exterior of the forward turret directly under and between the two 12 inch guns. Figureheads having become obsolete, that portion of a man of war is used nowadays to receive the ship's escutcheon. But the workmen find it impossible to bore holes in the harveyized steel in order to rivet it, and it may have to occupy a less conspicuous position.

Too Close Dancing.

The young people get too close to each other as they dance. It looks bad and is very improper. Young ladies should insist on the gentlemen supporting their arm at right angles with the shoulder. It is all right to be affectionate, but the place for it is not in the ballroom. If you want the young man to hug you, have him do it at home and not in a public hall where every one can see you. Besides this, it is much more comfortable to hold the lady or gentleman at a distance. You can dance easier and be more graceful.—Horton (Kan.) Headlight.

Mince Pie For Convicts.

Current gossip avers that the Charlestown state prison, Boston, has abjured mince pie as a steady diet for the prisoners because the medical experts declare that it impairs the health of the inmates and tends to increase the death rate. The exclusion of this dyspeptic dainty will doubtless decrease the hospital list in Charlestown, but in what other prison on earth do the convicts get mince pie, except possibly on Christmas day or Thanksgiving?—New York Tribune.

The Happy Ass.

The chief beauty of the following poem is that it is both rhyme and blank verse—rhyme according to the spelling and blank verse according to the pronunciation:

Through twilight's gold I heard the wild ass bray
His love song, which resounded o'er the land,
While he, well knowing that for joy he should
Caveat in glee, kicked up the mossy mould,
And with the energy of lusty youth
Once more let off his everlasting mouth,
Which set on edge two polka dotted calves
Until they, too, oped with their safety valves
And fled like me, and I flew like the wolf
Or e'en the hot ball in the game of golf.

—G. S. Monkittrick in Smart Set.

SOME MEN GROW ON TREES.

This Is the Belief of an Indian and Some Other Tribes.

The Sioux Indians still share with the old Aryan and Semitic tribes in the belief that there are trees that bring forth human beings and others that bear various portions of the human body, and in the fourteenth century an Italian traveler, on arriving at Malabar, was told by the natives that the country abounded with a tree that bore men and women. The latter were attached to the limbs by the nether extremities and were full formed when the wind blew, but when the wind died out they soon withered. These specimens of humanity reached the length or height of three feet.

In the first book of the Mahadharata mention is made of forms of dwarfs that were to be found on a large fig tree. The Arabs are still strong in the belief that somewhere in the southern ocean there is a tree that bears a nut that resembles the face of a man and when in its fullness the mouth opens and gives voice to the cry: "Wak! Wak!" The Chinese reverse the order of things and, instead of believing that the trees give birth to men, claim that in the beginning the herbs and grass sprang from the hair of the human family. They have preserved the tradition, too, that somewhere within the borders of the beautiful Flowery Kingdom there is a wonderful lake by whose margin grew trees whose leaves developed into birds and also that, if a jar be broken on the waters, birds of the most brilliant plumage will at once arise from the pieces and fly off.

In central India there is a tribe called Khattles that claim to have their origin from a stick of wood. When the five sons of Pandu, the heroes whose exploits are told in the Mahadharata, had become simple tenders of sheep, Karna, their illegitimate brother, wishing to deprive them of their last resource, prayed to be gods to assist him. He struck the earth with his staff, which opened, and from it sprang a man who was called Khat, meaning begotten of wood, and by this name have his descendants ever since been known.—St. Louis Republic.

Giving Him a Rest.

The energy of one of the oldest inhabitants of a Massachusetts town is a byword among his neighbors and a trial to his grandchildren, who have not inherited their full share of his active temper.

His grandson John in particular suffers from the old man's untiring industry, for John is his assistant in the little grocery shop, where everything from codfish to brooms, may be found. A purchaser of gingersnaps lingered one day to hear the noontime address delivered to poor John by his grandfather.

"Now, Johnny, I'm a-going home for my dinner," said the old man briskly, "and on the way I'll carry up these pails to Miss Manson and fetch back her kerosene can. I shall be gone upwards of half an hour. You'll have plenty of time to eat your luncheon, and while you're resting after that I wish you'd saw up that little mess of wood that lays out by the back door and split it up for stove kindling, for the weather's turning sharp a'ready.

"Most likely I'll be back 'fore you get out o' work, and anyways I don't want to keep you at it all the time, so if there's a few extry minutes jest set down and make out a bill or two. The first of the month'll be upon us 'fore we know it."—Youth's Companion.

Make a Pet of the Rat.

"As a matter of fact," says a courageous writer in the Boston Transcript, "the common rat is a vastly more intelligent creature than the squirrel or the average cat. I am more than half convinced that the resources of the rat as a household pet would if fairly tested prove very great. The rat is undoubtedly capable of a higher and more intimate form of domestication than that which he now commonly assigns to himself. He is at present a resident of our houses on unwelcome terms, and he makes himself, quite naturally, as much an enemy of the household as possible.

"Let the rat be welcomed and made a friend of the family, as has been done in a few cases, and he becomes a different sort of fellow altogether. No longer forced to steal his food, he becomes a playmate and a companion. The sleek and well groomed gray rat is, barring the ordinary baldness of his tail, quite as pretty and graceful a creature as the squirrel, and there is no reason why we should not become so much accustomed to the appearance of his tail that in time we should regard it as quite ornamental."

The House That Tresham Built.

One of the curiosities of architecture in England is, according to The Stone Trades Journal, the house erected about 300 years ago at Rushton, in Northamptonshire, by Sir Thomas Tresham, a Roman Catholic, who wished by his design to typify the Trinity.

The house is all threes, has three sides, three stories and three windows on each flat, each of them in the shape of the trefoil—the three leaved shamrock. Where the roofs meet rises a three sided pyramid, terminating in a large trefoil. The smoke escapes from this chimney by three round holes on each side of the three sides. The building is almost covered with mottoes and carvings, three Latin inscriptions, one on each of the three sides, having 33 letters in each. Three angles on each side bear shields. Over the door is the text from the Vulgate, "There are three that bear record." Inside the house each corner is cut off from each of the three main rooms, so that on every floor there are three three sided apartments.

A Morocco Superstition.

In a paper to the Anthropological Institute Dr. Westermack showed from investigations in Morocco that the Arab ghin, or genii, is regarded as a special race of beings created before Adam, of no fixed form and assuming, like Proteus, who was perhaps a personage of the same extraction, almost any shape they please. Bad genii attack men, but are kept away by salt or steel and verses of the Koran. The author supposes that the belief in genii has come down from a soulless and fruitless age, but was absorbed and developed at a later time under the influence of Islam.

LINCOLN WAS GRACIOUS.

Invited the Theater Usher to a Seat in His Box.

"I never saw much of a Republican," said a gentleman who was born and reared in Washington, "but I loved Abraham Lincoln. He was one of the most lovable men I ever met. I was an usher at the National theater, and about two weeks before the assassination John Wilkes Booth and Susan Denin were playing there. Mrs. Lincoln having expressed a desire to see them in 'Romeo and Juliet,' I was sent to the president's house to say that a box had been reserved. In the evening, Mrs. Lincoln being indisposed, the president and little Tad Lincoln came, and I showed them to the box.

"As Tad entered he turned and said, 'Come in, Lew.' 'Oh, no,' I replied; 'that would not be right.' Tad then turned to his father and said, 'Pap, you have no objection to Lew coming in?' Mr. Lincoln, with a smile and motioning me to a seat, replied: 'No, Tad; certainly not for any of your friends. We will be glad to have your company.'

"I told Tad that my business would not allow me the privilege, and, thanking both father and son, I returned to my duties with a light heart and with an admiration for the president I have felt for but few men, and since that incident I have often recalled it and expressed my sorrow that he met with a death so untimely."—Washington Star.

A Tinker's Dam.

There is no profanity in saying that any certain thing "is not worth a tinker's dam," although it is so considered by many. The expression originated many years ago, when tinkering, or mending, leaky vessels was much cruder than it is now.

In former times the use of rosin to check the flow of solder when placed on tin was not generally understood, at least by the roving tinkers. When one of these gentlemen of the road found a job, such as mending a wash boiler or other tin household utensil, he would get from the housewife or domestic a piece of soft dough. With this he would build a dam around the place where he intended to put his solder. Inside of the circle thus formed he poured the melted lead. When the metal had cooled, he would brush away the dam of dough that had confined it to the desired limits. The heat had hardened the heavy paste and baked it thoroughly, so that it was absolutely of no use for anything else. It became one of the most useless things in the world, and there was not enough of it even to be worth while carrying to the pigs.

Hence the expression, which was originally intended to convey a certain idea, appears to have been retained, while the origin is not generally known.

Black Diamonds.

Black diamonds are comparatively rare and correspondingly high priced. They are three or four times as hard as the white ones, and fire cannot harm them, however great the heat, but if a drop of water should touch them while heated they will explode and leave nothing but a little heap of sand in their place.

Their beauty is not remarkable, but on account of their extreme hardness they are invaluable for dressing surfaces impervious to the friction of any other material. The largest black diamonds are set in the end of a round short bar of steel, with a handle of wood, and are used in dressing emery wheels that have lost their "trueness." A black diamond is the only substance that will not be ground away by contact with the emery surface.

Black diamonds are also used as points in scribing pencils which are used by sealers of weights and measures to mark glass receptacles. They are used by dentists for drilling teeth before filling them with gold. In appearance they look more like a shining little splinter of iron or grain of coal than a precious gem, and their chief mission is a distinctly commercial and not an ornamental one.

The Chinese Cook.

Mrs. Whipple determined in the first flush of her newly wed dignity that she was not going to be "squeezed" by the Chinese cook and the storekeeper, as it was quite plain every one else was. Accordingly she purchased scales and weights and announced her intention of personally weighing everything. For some days this method proved very satisfactory, but she was sometimes a little puzzled on finding that the provisions occasionally weighed more than was charged for.

One day the mystery was solved. She was carefully weighing a chicken. In China not only is everything living and dead sold by weight, but fowls are always supplied alive. The chicken during the weighing operation suddenly entered a vigorous objection and began to flap and struggle with all its might, and during these flappings and strugglings something weighty fell with a thud to the floor, evidently from somewhere about the chicken. This turned out to be a large piece of lead which had been cunningly fastened under one of the wings. Further investigation led to the discovery of a similar piece underneath the other wing. The storeweight of the past few days was now accounted for.—Chambers' Journal.

Hobson's Choice.

How many of us who use or hear the familiar expression, "It was Hobson's choice," are acquainted with the real fact of selection that Tobias Hobson offered his guests? This is the genuine origin of the tale. The said Tobias Hobson was a Cambridge innkeeper, with 40 horses in his stables some better, of course, than others. When a traveler came to request a mount, he was obliged to take the steed that stood nearest the door, although there were so many others advertised as for hire. If the traveler objected to that steed, all he could do was to wait until some other traveler had come for one and so removed this and left its next door neighbor nearest the stable door.

The leaves on both sides of the Mississippi are of sufficient extent that if they were built in a single straight line they would be about 1,300 miles long or long enough to stretch the greater part of the distance between New Orleans and New York.

ANXIETY OVER A TOMCAT.

A Mystery Which Was Explained by a Wall Street Man.

It was in a Broadway pharmacy. A reporter was waiting with others when the druggist stepped to the telephone and, after getting the number he called for, said:

"What is that tomcat doing?"

He listened with apparent excitement and added:

"How is spinach?"

After holding the receiver to his ear for a few moments he rang off and started to attend to his customers. He seemed nervous, however, and finally excused himself in the midst of filling an order and called up the same number on the telephone again.

"Sell my tomcat at the market," he said as soon as he had some one at the other end.

Then he returned to his customer with apparent ease of mind. The reporter wondered what the druggist meant by this strange conversation until it was explained by a Wall street speculator. "Tomcat," it seems, is a pet name among brokers for Tennessee Coal and Iron stock. "Spinach" is the familiar name for Southern Pacific. The druggist had evidently bought "tomcat" low, and his excitement was caused by his eagerness to "take profits."

These are not the only stocks that have pet names in "the street." People's Gas of Chicago is known as "Postoffice," and Brooklyn Rapid Transit is known among many as "Little Manhattan." The names are not the same in all brokers' offices. The jargon enables customers to give orders over the telephone to their brokers with a certain amount of secrecy. The practice is as old as "the market."—New York Mail and Express.

MISPLACED SWEETNESS.

Mamma Suffered on Account of Her Son's Lovemaking.

She was pouring at a tea that afternoon, and she looked unusually bewitching. He was sitting at her left in a bower of palms that almost concealed h[illegible] was holding one of her hands [illegible] er of the tablecloth, while she [illegible] to pour with the other.

She did not look at him as he talked, but he knew by her color and the little quiver of the hand he was holding that she heard everything he said.

"Dearest," he murmured as she sent one cup off without a spoon and another filled only with whipped cream, "dearest, if you don't mind my saying all this to you, just drop a spoon. Couldn't you manage it?"

A clatter of silver and more color in the girl's face as, in stooping to pick up the spoon, he kissed her hand. Spurred by this success, he went on, "Dearest, if—if you return it—that is, if you love me, you know—just put three lumps of sugar into the next cup you pour—'y-e-s'—or, if you don't, two, to spell 'no.'"

One, two, three! The tiny cup was almost full, but in her haste to hide her confession she covered the three lumps hastily with chocolate and cream and sent them off.

He asked his mother, as they drove home that night, if she had enjoyed herself.

"Ugh! No!" was her disgusted reply. "Such horrible stuff to drink as they gave one! Why, my cup was half full of sugar!"—M. S. Holbrook in Smart Set.

"Something-In-It"-ism.

Did you ever notice how many persons there are in the world who can be induced to admit there "is something in it?" Doesn't make any difference what it is. The most of the folks will sputter disbelief for awhile and then when some sudden recollection strikes them or you get some argument in under the solar plexus they will grudgingly admit that there's something queer about it or something we don't understand or generally "something in it."

The members for the society of psychical research, the spiritualist doctor, the medium, the Christian Scientist and some of the rest of the folks will explain to you just what "is in it" according as they practice the cult. For the rest of us the vague notion that there is something somewhere somehow, that we do not understand, must needs suffice.—Lewiston Journal.

That Tired Feeling.

"There's no doubt about it," says a prominent vegetarian, "that for endurance, for hard work, vegetarianism is the only thing. Do you know why? It is because in vegetables you eat no tiredness. In meat or fish or poultry you eat a great deal of tiredness, and that is why the meat eater after a hearty meal feels lazy and heavy and disinclined to work. He has absorbed with his meat a great quantity of uric acid, and the definition of uric acid has been given by an eminent scientist as the 'essence of tiredness.' He who eats only vegetables is never tired after a meal—never."

Toil.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it, and if pleasure you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil and not by self indulgence and indolence. When a man gets to love work his life is a happy one.

Hardest Task of the Day.

Hardduppe—I always do my hardest work before breakfast.

Borrowell—What's that?

Hardduppe—Getting it.—Philadelphia Record.

Limited.

"Great Scott, and the bank has gone up for $500,000! For how much are the directors responsible?"

"Only for the failure."—Denver News.

Baby's Need.

Mamma—We must get a nurse for the baby.

Papa—Nurse nothing! What he needs is a night watchman.—Exchange.

A birdseye view of the sanitary situation of Europe shows that it is the damp, chill, cloudy north which is healthy and the dry, warm, sunny south which is unhealthy.

The largest city in the country in Washington's time was Philadelphia. It had 69,000 inhabitants.