

BANDON RECORDER.

The Story of a Hoodoo Hat. Mr. John Cooper, one of Dooley county's most prominent citizens, is in the city on his way to Augusta to attend the old veterans' reunion.

On the first day of the battle of Winchester a Yankee was killed so near the line of battle that a soldier of the name of McEnder, Company I, Fourth Georgia, picked up the hat and put it on and wore it.

Another soldier of the name of Wooten of Company H, Fourth Georgia, picked up the hat and put it on, and less than an hour he, too, was killed, the bullet striking him in the head near the place where the other two bullets had entered.

The next day another soldier of the name of Kilpatrick of Company H, Fourth Georgia, was wearing the hat when he, too, was struck in the head and killed.

Although the hat was a fine one, it was left lying on the field, as there was no one who would wear it, as four men who had worn it were then cold and stiff, and each one had been shot through the hat in almost the same place.—Macon News.

Cyclone Pranks.

A traveler in the west, the Rev. C. T. Brady, says that of all the manifestations of power he ever witnessed, from an earthquake down, a cyclone is the most appalling. The midnight blackness of the funnel, the lightning darting from it in inconceivable fierceness, the strange crackling sound from its bosom, the suddenness of its irresistible attack, its incredibly swift motion, its wild leaping and bounding, like a gigantic beast of prey, the awful roar which follows, all this but feebly characterize that strange ravager of the plains. He continues:

The cyclone plays odd pranks. I have seen two horses lifted in air and carefully deposited, unharmed, in a field about an eighth of a mile away. I have seen chickens and geese picked clean of feathers and get feebly alive.

One house, I remember, had a hole ten feet in diameter cut out of its roof, as if by a circular saw. I have seen the black, whirling cloud lift a building and shake it to pieces, as one shakes a pepper box. One of the worst cyclones I ever knew threw a heavy iron safe about as a child might toss a wooden alphabet block to play.

It is an irresponsible as well as an almost omnipotent monster, and it seems to love the hideous jokes of its own concealing.

Boston's "Little Italy."

The Boston Transcript says that Boston's "Little Italy" is established in the very quarter where Paul Revere lived and whence he bore the message of the bell. The Old North square rippled with the color and music of foreign faces and tongues. The Old North church itself cannot have far to go to neighbor with Franciscan chapels and Roman Catholic cathedrals, the whole melody of a foreign world usurping that place where once Puritanism reigned supreme.

They say that the Boston Italians are very thrifty, that from being good rent payers they are becoming notable property buyers. They are a music loving and art loving people. "Go to the Museum of Fine Arts on the free days and see these same Italians, in their rags and bonnet shoes, men, women and children, standing before the finest things in the gallery and appreciating them."

And that slight reminds a writer in The Transcript of a shabby cabman in Florence who always carried his Gerasalenna Liberta in his coat pocket and whose passion was for the preservation of the Italian tongue in its purity, "as only the Siamese now preserve it, signorina."

King Richard in a Kitchen.

"Actors of the old stage did not have the gorgeous attire settings of the present," said a veteran stage manager the other night as he gazed at the stage in Ford's Opera House while in a reminiscent mood. "I remember once we were playing southern folks with Edwin Booth and wanted to put on 'Richard II.' No special scenery was carried for this, and I was told to lose over the stock at the theater to see if there was any that could be used. The second scene called for the entrance of the king and all his courtiers into a royal hall. I picked out a set of scenery that I thought would do for the palace, but envisioned the stage hands not to get it on wrong side out. Well, the first scene was finished, and when the stage was finished, and the second scene was to be played, the king and the courtiers, a candlestick on the mantel and all that. I was horrified and asked Mr. Booth if we should change it by rigging down the curtain. He said no, he would go on, but he cautioned the other players to 'keep your eyes on me; don't under any consideration look behind you at the scenery.' Well, the scene went off, and afterward, when I asked some of those in the front of the house, they made no comment, and I was convinced that in the intensity of the acting they had not noticed that the king was in the kitchen instead of the palace."—Baltimore Sun.

The Point of View.

The squint (sympathetically)—I'm very sorry to hear that your husband is at the point of death. Mrs. Hoodge, but you must try and be cheerful, as you know it will be all for the best. Mrs. Hoodge—Ah, yes, indeed, sir; it'll be a blessing when 's gone, as I'll be able to live in comfort then, as I've 'im in four different places.—Ju'.

POLLY LARKIN.

Polly often wonders when she hears this one and that one given credit for having such a sweet and lovely disposition, if the ones who are born with the heritage of a quick temper and an impatient, unlovely disposition, if those they come in contact with in every day life give them half the credit they deserve for keeping within bounds. Break out in an unguarded moment they will as sure as the sun will break forth from the blackest clouds. Possibly they will rage and storm, then everything will appear as serene as a May morning when the storm has passed, but inwardly the unfortunate inheritor of this peculiar disposition is sorely grieved and conscience-stricken over the outbreak of temper for which they are not really accountable. They shed bitter tears over their unfortunate disposition, but the resolves they have made over again only to be taken unawares when they least expect it. They know when they are making all these good resolutions that they will be broken sooner or later and they are in constant dread of something coming up to arouse the smoldering embers and fan them into a conflagration that will make existence as dreary as the gray ashes that are left after the angry flames have done their work. No one knows of the suffering that a person with a hasty temper must endure unless they have been tried by the same tortures, and no one gives them half the credit they deserve, for it is a struggle from the cradle to the grave to gain the mastery over this terrible inheritance that has shadowed their lives and caused them untold pain.

I knew of one little lady so afflicted who had scores of friends. In speaking of her hasty temper one day, she said: "Polly, no one will ever know what I have had to suffer from my unfortunate temper, and I come by it naturally enough, for my father had just such a violent temper and he was a dangerous man when aroused. My mother lived in constant terror of his doing something desperate in an unguarded moment that would bring disgrace and sorrow upon him and the rest of the family. It was a great grief to my gentle little mother that I had inherited this unfortunate trait of my father, and it has been the prayer of my life, the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning to enter my thoughts, that I might be spared the humiliation and disgrace of losing my temper and being guilty of both doing and saying things I was sorry for.

"No one ever gives you any credit for the battles you must fight from day to day. They openly praise the girl with a sweet disposition, whose temper is never ruffled for a moment and who can never be roused from the even tenor of her way by anything that may happen, and from whom trouble rolls away as readily as the rippling waters of the brook go singing on their way unimpeded by the pebbles that they pass over and around to reach the end of their journey. Everybody loves them and praises them for their goodness; but, Polly, between you and me, they don't deserve half the credit that unfortunates like myself do, and yet even our own, who know the circumstances of our unenviable disposition, have no patience with us. So note it, but I comfort myself by thinking that earthly judgments are not final, but there is a higher power who knows and understands our trials and tribulations and our efforts to do right, and when the final day of reckoning comes, he will judge us leniently and wisely, for I honestly believe we have done the best we could under the circumstances, and I try not to feel over my ugly disposition any more than I can help, for I know that I am not the only one that is blessed with such a heritage but have plenty of just such unfortunates to keep me company."

"An honest confession is good for the soul," thought Polly, and she uttered the truth when she said she had plenty of company. Her sorrowful little history brought to mind a conversation I once had with a lady who spent much of her time in visiting the jails and frequently the penitentiaries. She had just returned from one of the latter places one day, and her sympathetic heart was filled to overflowing with the miseries of some of the occupants who were enduring punishment and humiliation and whose lives were forever blasted by the result of this inheritance—a quick temper. "It would make your heart ache, Polly, to talk to some of these men," she said, "for there are men confined within the prison walls who will never walk forth free men again, and they are there for striking one of their fellow-men in a moment of anger, with no intention of injuring them seriously, but striking in their blind fury of the moment a blow that resulted fatally. They are suffering the tortures of Hades here on this earth, Polly. One of them told me that his conscience had never been at rest for a moment since he struck the fatal blow that robbed his neighbor of his life and left his little family fatherless. He would have hailed death as a welcome release from his ever-present sorrow. He said he had never for a moment intended to inflict any bodily harm on his neighbor, but in a moment of excitement over the dispute of the boundary of a fence line that would not have meant over a foot of ground to either claimant, he struck at him blindly, and unfortunately striking a fatal blow from which he never rallied. No one will ever know what he has suffered for the rash act. I am sure,

Polly, that there are scores of men, honorable and upright citizens, who are just as great criminals as these unfortunates. They have just such violent tempers, but have been fortunate enough never to bear the heavy cross that these men must carry through life. Some times I wish the Angel of Death could place the seal of silence on these men and send them to be judged by one who knows of their trials and tribulations and will give them credit for having tried to do right in this life.

"This is a long way round, Polly, to reach the point of this conversation. The point is this, however: it lies with the mothers in the land. When they find out their child has this unhappy disposition they should make it their aim in life to reason with them. Whipping will rarely do any good with such a nature, but you can appeal to them in a tender, loving way that will be far more effective. Don't harp on his violent temper or speak of it before others, not even before the family, for he will feel the humiliation keenly enough without that. I believe if this course were pursued there would be fewer embittered lives, and the mother would gradually gain control over her child's disposition that is temper one minute and sunshine the next, but censure and reprimand will never do it. I know what I am talking about, for I know one of the temperous kind and have been through the fire."

BRIEF REVIEW.

Extravagant Luxury of Millionaire Wright.

Few millionaires in London or other countries live in such princely style as Whitaker Wright, the moving spirit in the collapsed London and Globe group. In London he has a miniature palace in Park lane, in the drawing-room of which is a copy of the famous Cabinet du Roi of Louis XV. Three years were spent in building it and it cost many thousands. At Godalming he owns a country seat worthy of Monte Cristo, which 900 workmen are now engaged in beautifying. It contains costly fountains and statuary brought from Italy. Wright's stables alone cost a small fortune. They have unpollished oak and leather settees and polished gunmetal fittings, while valuable paintings and his reliquary adorn the stalls. His private yacht is fitted up with similar luxuries. Everything he owned had to be of the best. To gratify this desire there was no stint in expenditure.

Newport No Longer a Capital.

By the recent adoption of an amendment to the State Constitution, Rhode Island has ceased to have two capitals and the last State in the Union to maintain them has given up that peculiar custom. Heretofore the city of Providence will be the only capital of the State, and, incidentally, the old historic Statehouse in the city of Newport finishes its career as a legislative edifice. This venerable pile has had a history of which any building within the borders of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations might well be proud. If it had a tongue to tell it might relate many incidents of the early days of New England when Newport was one of the big cities of America and New York was described to the visitor from abroad as "near Newport," but, unfortunately, the old building stands in silence upon its firm foundation and of its noble past remain only the stories handed down in the few records that remain.

Boy Manuscript Reader.

The youngest reader of manuscript in New York city is the grandson of a partner in a big publishing house. For the last three years, and he is now only 16 years old, he has read manuscripts, chiefly boys' stories, and his judgment has been verified by the success of the books which he has accepted. One would naturally expect that a boy would be the best judge of a boy's story, but no other publishing house has submitted such manuscripts to boys. This young reader is still in school, and when he finishes his studies he is going into his grandfather's house to begin at the bottom and work his way up.

Versatile Lamp Post.

In England a lamp post has been introduced which combines the hydrant, tap and fire alarm box. The hydrant can be used for the alarm purposes, turning water carts and for street flushing, while the small tap can be used by an individual for domestic water supply. There is a water meter and siphon at the bottom, by which the water is shut off from the hydrant, thus preventing it from freezing.

The Last Instance of Bolting to Death.

look place in Prussia in 1806. The offender, who was found guilty of stealing State revenues, was put into a large cask of cold water which was slowly heated to the boiling point. His bones were distributed, as a warning, among the provincial tax collectors.

Golden and Diamond Wedding.

Golden and diamond wedding were celebrated by 614 couples in Prussia last year, and the State distributed medals to each husband and wife.

In 1890 the United States produced.

32 per cent of the world's coal, 30 per cent of its iron and 40 per cent of steel.

There are twenty-two gold dredgers.

now operating in California and the total output of gold is about \$1,000,000.

Earthquake sleepers are in use on some of the Japanese railroads.

The railways of the world carry over 40,000,000 passengers weekly.

A TIP FROM A SHARK.

THE REWARD THAT IT BROUGHT TO A PAIR OF SHARP MEN.

How a Gravel Wool Broker Became a Millionaire and an Intelligent Immigrant Became a Tavern Keeper—A Story of New South Wales.

One of the most interesting spots in Sydney is the point in the famous harbor known as "Mrs. Macquarie's chair." It is the eastern point of the domain, and the great natural seat in the rock facing down the harbor is said to have been a favorite resting place of the wife of Governor Macquarie, who represented the British government—also as governor general of Australia—in Sydney in the early days of the nineteenth century. "Mrs. Macquarie's chair" has long been the favorite resort of suicides and sweethearts, and many murders have been committed near the spot. It was also the main resort of shark fishers in the days when a reward was given for each shark fin delivered at the water police station, the object of course, being to thin out the dread man eaters from the harbor, where they became plentiful and dangerous as the city of Sydney grew in size.

It was there one night that a broken down immigrant came to a strange turn in his fortunes. Not able to obtain employment, he spent his last shilling in a fishing line and shark hook and cast off from "Mrs. Macquarie's chair." After patiently waiting for some time, another tramp joined him, and this changed the luck, for he immediately got a fine "bite." It took the two all their time to haul the shark ashore, but when they got him in he proved a beauty—25 feet 10 inches long. They cut off his fin—15 shillings' worth in the morning—and being anxious to make all they could out of the haul, proceeded to "rob" the monster. They had often read of diamond rings, gold watches and pocketfuls of sovereigns being found inside sharks, for, while these fish can digest a man, they are not able to negotiate metal.

Indians Wouldn't Use a Bed.

Thomas O. McGill, who a few weeks ago returned from a sojourn at Bitter Lake, speaking of the Indians of northern Montana, said: "A party of five came down to Bitter on a revenue launch while I was there, and they certainly were about the finest Indians I ever saw. Not one of them was less than 6 feet 2 inches in height and well built. They had on their paint and feathers and cut a great swell, or at least thought they did. They staid at one of the leading hotels, and the first morning after their arrival there was considerable amusement among the other guests on the discovery that the Indians, true to their instinct, had the hotel and had climbed on the roof of one of the hotel buildings where they slept with just their blankets over them. They couldn't get those beds to sleep in a bed, every night, no matter how cold, they climbed out on the roof and went to sleep."

A Twenty-first Century Journal.

The publishers of the Cleveland World recently issued a paper purporting to give the news of Jan. 1, 2001. The phonetic system of spelling is used throughout this alleged twenty-first century journal, and among the leading news articles are an account of the opening of communication with Mars, a story of the robbery of an airship express by bandits who froze the messenger to death with liquid air, a description of the execution of a "murderer" by vaporization and a record of the discovery in the ruins of abandoned Cincinnati of several barrels containing a curious, foul smelling liquid labeled beer. Minor items chronicle the intention of "Miss Sarah Hentzetta" to make a farewell tour of America, the death of a woman who never worked George Washington to sleep in his cradle and the fall of a workman from the ninety-sixth floor of an office building.

Popularity of the National Capital.

Not counting the national capital there are 44 towns and cities bearing the name of Washington. No doubt more communities would have thus honored the memory of the father of his country but for the prohibition of the postoffice department of more than one postoffice of the same name in a state. There is in nearly every state a county called Washington. But the most popular use of the name has come to light in the pension bureau. In certain parts of the country a retail business is being done by attorneys in applications for pensions on behalf of colored soldiers who served during the civil war. The attention of the bureau has been called to one region in which, according to the rolls, 28 colored George Washingtons served. A single company shows a membership of 15 George Washingtons by the appellation used—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Probably the Last of Andrew.

The announcement that the brother of Andrew the assassin, has opened the latter's will signifies that he is giving up the largely advertised plan of going some time ago that if the balloon did not return by the end of the season lately closed he would abandon the confidence in his safety. His plan was that the explorer would return in a hot air balloon and that the journey would require three years. As Mrs. Andrew has been in the past one of the stoutest believers in his brother's reappearance, the rest of the world will probably agree that it is next to impossible for it to take place.—Pittsburgh Journal.

An Editor's Wedding Present.

Russia seems to be entering the lists with America on the question of "free" gifts. The daughter of the editor of the Novoe Vremya has just been married to the son of one of the ministers of ways and communications. The father of the bride has given the bridegroom as a wedding present the daily profits of one of the advertising pages of the Novoe Vremya. The gift is said to be causing considerable comment.—London Globe.

Rapid Transit Returns.

"I wouldn't be guilty of doing a favor for a man and then in a day or two asking him to do one for me." "No, no, I'd ask him right straight off, before his gratitude got a chance to cool."—Indianapolis Journal.

In New Zealand there exists a brass band.

whose members are wholly mounted on bicycles. This band, which is located at Christchurch, consists of ten players, and these not merely ride their bicycles to practice, but fulfill their engagements on the wheel.

INDEPENDENCE HALL.

Richard McWilliams, a shoemaker and a poor man by his own rating, has presented a rare picture to the collection in Independence hall. It is one of the four known copies of the Krimmel engraving of Independence hall in 1815, perhaps the rarest engraving of that building.

The very existence of the engraving was unknown to the commission which recently restored Independence hall until a small outline of it was discovered in an old almanac. The importance of the picture to the architects planning the restoration was realized, and a widespread, thorough search among collectors revealed only three copies. One copy was borrowed, and to it Archibald Stacy Reeves was indebted for many details of the old statehouse which could have been learned from no other source.

The other day a plainly dressed man of 50 walked into the office of Superintendent S. S. Reeves and surprised him by presenting a richly framed copy of the most longed for engraving. The donor was Richard McWilliams of 1018 South Seventh street.

"I'm a shoemaker," said he, "and I got this 20 years ago in payment for a pair of boots. I didn't attach much importance to it, though, and for nearly 20 years it lay rolled up. I read in the papers that after much search a copy of the lost Krimmel had been found and borrowed for the use of the architect. I had several offers, but I decided to present it to the statehouse collection."—Philadelphia North American.

Alcohol and the Brain.

A lecture delivered by Dr. Victor Horsley in England on "The Action of Alcohol on the Brain" showed how it acts as a whole. It was desired to find out whether the brain as a whole works as well with alcohol as without. One way of testing this was by testing the reaction time, the length taken in perceiving a given signal. He tried a complex experiment, showing a signal with a number on it which was not to be signaled long unless it was above five. This took longer, involving association of ideas, and the time from the very first was prolonged by alcohol. Professor Horsley said that chloroform, ether, nitrous oxide and similar narcotics acted in the same way. Alcohol produced a dissolution of the nerve centers.

Kraepelin had tried the action of alcohol on muscular power by means of the pressure dynamometer, which was spaced at regular intervals. After a test alcohol was taken, and at first there was a little increase, soon followed by a notable decrease. Under the influence of tea there was no decrease at all. He showed a diagram representing the amount of type set up by certain compositors in a quarter of an hour before and after taking alcohol. The amount was made less by alcohol.

The Stool of Repentance.

"An infraction of the rules at Glendon college," says the Philadelphia Record, "is punished with 20 minutes of a stool of repentance. When the institution first adopted this scheme of punishment, one stool was enough. As the college expanded the stools multiplied and today to less than 64 four-legged penitential instruments of discipline are in more or less constant use in a room devoted exclusively to the punishment of those who have transgressed the rules. There is absolutely nothing to the discipline except the stool set on a comfortable stool for 20 minutes and 'think it over.' Any of the lads would sooner take a sound whipping and have done with it, but the stool of repentance has proved itself an ideal punishment, and it has come to stay at Glendon college."

Mirror Mad.

What's possible the astonished people of St. Louis are told that there are five convicted persons on the face of the earth who are not in the habit of looking into their faces. These five persons are the only men in the world who have never seen their own faces. They are the only men in the world who have never seen their own faces. They are the only men in the world who have never seen their own faces.

The Obstacle.

Oldhamme—Young man, I've had a hard time, I say, and I've got you for your boss at all times and places. Youngdodge—She won't let me get her.

The Better Man.

A safe man is often better for long pull than the brilliant man, but latter flashes and is gone, while the former stands by you.

A hotel fireward in St. Louis.

tabulated curfew regulations in his house. Promptly at 10 o'clock in the evening, and guests if time are expected to turn out the door and go to bed.

Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same.

An 17. The postman.

The rose was an emblem of fidelity among the Syrians, and the base planted it over graves.

PHOTOGRAPHING A BIG CRISIS.

Photographing a Big Crisis at Yellowstone Park. I said to my cowboy friend, 'know this bear?' He replied: 'Waal, I reckon that's the old grizzly. He's got the green electric lamp in each eye. Then he slowly turned around on a large tomato can. 'Goodness,' I thought, 'is he to throw that at me?' But he merely licked it out, dropped the book another, paying no heed to whatever either to me or to his notices.—E. Seton's son in Scribner's.

TOOK CENTURIES TO BE.

Coloane Cathedral Was in Process of Erection 632 Years.

While the first stone of Coloane cathedral was laid on Aug. 15, 1362, the body of the edifice was not until Aug. 15, 1818, 600 years the very day, it was not, however, until Aug. 15, 1880, that the structure was finally reported as having thus occupied in the record time of exactly 632 years. The castle of Kingsberg, stands at the southern extremity of the foundation stone of the of its master's banner on its flagstaff. Its foundation stone, laid by its builder, the emperor Charles V, was laid on Aug. 15, 1580, and the structure was finally reported as having thus occupied in the record time of exactly 632 years. The castle of Kingsberg, stands at the southern extremity of the foundation stone of the of its master's banner on its flagstaff. Its foundation stone, laid by its builder, the emperor Charles V, was laid on Aug. 15, 1580, and the structure was finally reported as having thus occupied in the record time of exactly 632 years.

Restored castle, in Cornwall.

90 years to build, of which perfectly one-third was occupied in laying the foundations. The site upon which it stands is almost as iron. Indeed Restored in Cornwall (the palace of the iron).

Milan cathedral was begun.

and finished under Napoleon in 149 years.

The Duomo, at Florence, was

commenced by Arnulfo in the year 1163, the last block of marble being in position in the facade in presence of the king on May 12, 1887, a period of 724 years.—Stray Stories.

Kent and Burr.

James Kent, whose famous precedents on American Law is well known by Blackstone as the text-book on law, was a great admirer of Alexander Hamilton, and Burr in a duel he became the intimate enemy of the latter. One day afterward when in New York Judge saw Burr on the opposite street as fast as his years would permit, and brandishing his cane in his hand, shouted:

"You're a scoundrel, sir, a scoundrel!"

Burr proved equal to the

emphatic he raised his hat and bowed to ground and then said in his professional tone, "The opinion of a learned chancellor are always to be the highest consideration."

Working the Head of the

Father's work his father, and in this predicament the most boys are wise. Louis' father in Omaha, but Louis himself lives his granddaddy in western Nebraska. Like most boys do, Louis writes fond father only when he wants or something new in wearing.

Last week he wrote, enumerating number of articles he needed. J. other things he wrote:

"Please send me some stockings, better send bicycle stockings, they last longer than the other. Are you going to send me a bicycle birthday to wear with my stockings?"—Omaha World-Herald.

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