BANDON RECORDER.

A Change in Leading Men.

They had been engaged for a whole week and met at the same social function. After he had missed her for an hour he explored the conservatory and was mean enough to listen to a conversation that she was having with a young man whom she had rejected that she might accept the eavesdropper.

"Believe me," the discarded one was saying, "I wish you every happiness. I thought all the time that you were too good for me, and I think that he will make you the best of husbands. It is everything to me that you are content. It will probably never come, but should you ever need a loyal friend send for me, wherever I may be."

"Pardon me for interrupting so happy an interchange of confidences," sneered the jealous claimant, who suddenly appeared in front of them, "but they are waiting for you to sing and naturally wondered where you were hidden."

He led her away, but it was into the hall. "See here," he began, "it is high time that you and I understood each other. I forbid you running after your old flames, and particularly that cad you have just left. We're the same as married, and there was a ring in that chap's tone that I don't like and won't have."

"And here's a ring that I don't like and won't have." One swift movement, and he was alone, looking at the sparkling solitaire in his hand. She called at once on her "loyal friend" to see her home, and there is not the slightest chance that the real cad in the case will be among the wedding guests.—Detroit Free Press.

Humors of Mispunctuation.

Married lady, "hospital trained," advertises that she will receive into her house any "lady requiring care and comfort, including epilepsy, hysteria or slight mental case." The advantages of being "hospital trained!"

The South Bucks Standard has a similar mistake in a delightful paragraph describing some photographs taken by a local artist at a fashionable shooting party. "Excellent portraits have been secured," runs the paragraph, "of the Duke of —, Earl —, the Hon. —, the Countess —, who has the little Lord — on her knee, and, indeed, all the members of the party."

In Texas a man once advertised for "a boss hand over 5,000 sheep that can speak Spanish fluently." Then there was the horse dealer who boldly advertised, "A splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail." A member of a well known club was standing on the steps of his clubhouse when a stranger approached and asked, "Does a man belong to your club with one eye named Walker?" "I don't know," was the answer. "What's the name of his other eye?" An advertisement contains the request for "a coachman to look after a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind." One is reminded of the countryman who went round to borrow a "recumbent posture" in which to take his medicine.—London Globe.

Wouldn't Be Fooled Again.

A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, which was lying before the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, "I'm thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes."

Though he purposely laid no stress on these words and said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up and, leaping through the open window, scrambled up to the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potato field. He then, not seeing the cow there, ran and looked into the barn where she was and, finding that all was right, came back to the house.

After a short time the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated his lookout, but on the false alarm being the third time given the dog got up and, wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation that he could not help laughing aloud at him, on which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again.—Exchange.

Tired of Being In Print.

"Mr. Smithers," said his wife, "if I remember rightly, you have often said that you disliked to see a woman constantly getting herself into print?"

"I do," said Smithers positively.

"You considered it unwomanly and indelicate, I believe?"

"Very."

"And you don't see how any man could allow his wife to do anything of the kind?"

"Yes; I think so now."

"Well, Mr. Smithers, in view of all the facts in the case I feel justified in asking you for a new silk dress."

"A new silk dress?"

"Yes; for the last eight years I have had nothing better than four penny calico, and I want something better. I'm tired of getting into print."—London Tit-Bits.

A Dreadful Blunder.

Mr. Jinks—You look all broke up.

Mrs. Jinks—I am. It just makes me sick to think what a fool I've been. You know that commonplace little dowdy next door that I've been snubbing so?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've just found out that her husband gets $5 more a month than you do."—New York Weekly.

To an Extreme.

"I believe in being kind to the birds and all that," said Miss Hankypank, "but I do think Clara Deuger carries it too far."

"What has she been doing now?" asked the other girl.

"She refused Harry Singleshell because somebody told her that when he went out rowing he always feathered his oars."—Chicago Tribune.

Not a Freak.

Larry—The doctor sis Oi nade glasses. How much are they?

Optician—Do you wish nose glasses?

Larry—No; Oi want oye glasses. Oi can't see troo me nose, kin Oi?—New York World.

POLLY LARKIN.

Fort Ross can boast of having a real hero in her midst and his name is Carlos A. Call. On January 2d the schooner J. Eppinger drifted on the rocks at Fort Ross and mountain waves swept over the little craft. Captain Jensen and his crew of five men, clinging desperately to the rigging, called for help, and every attempt was made by the rescuers, who gathered on the shore, to launch a boat proved futile, the waves throwing it back upon the shore as if it was an eggshell, and all efforts to throw a line ashore failed. The sailors became discouraged and accepted what they believed to be the inevitable, and the men and women ashore felt that all their endeavors to save the doomed men were in vain. Then Carlos A. Call, a boy in blue jumpers, volunteered to swim out after the ship's line. His companions hurriedly tied a rope around his body and lowered him into the sea. The boy took his life into his own hands. The waves threatened to overpower him every minute and dash him on to the rocks, but he continued, courageously swimming toward the coveted line, which seemed to elude him on every hand. Finally grasping it he was pulled ashore by many willing hands. Then one by one Captain Jensen and his five men crept along the life line, the captain, like the true seaman that he was, being the last to leave the doomed schooner. They did not have a moment to spare, for presently the wharf went down with a crash, but the crew and the little crowd of rescuers had reached a place of safety. Then the Eppinger soon pounded itself to pieces on the rocks.

* *

But for the heroism of Carlos Call the entire crew would have been lost, and I hear that there is some talk of bestowing a medal upon him for his brave and unselfish act. But to Polly's mind that is far from being reward enough for this brave young man, and he should be entitled to a Government position for life and one of the best that Uncle Sam has to bestow on these young heroes. Without a thought of self and knowing that the chances were against him for ever getting back, and with no thought of reward, for the sake of his fellow men who were doomed if assistance were not given them quickly, he plunged into the angry waves that were lashing themselves into foam and threatening to be the white winding-sheet of the men, he fought his way among the rocks groping for the life-saving line. You who were sitting around your cheery fires during that fierce storm, shivering and wondering what damage it had done, don't you think this young hero is deserving of something more than a medal or even the modest purse that his friends and admirers would cheerfully bestow on him, don't you think that Uncle Sam would be doing the right thing to bestow a life-long Government position on all such heroes? I am sure you do, and so does Polly.

* *

You remember, I said in a recent article that there were ways and ways of making a living. Well, I have another instance to quote in this phase of finding something for busy hands to do in this world, that will not only help to make both ends meet but makes a nice little income for the one who is successful in the business and is disposed to make it her life-work, but not one in five hundred women are fitted for this business either by ability or inclination, for it requires a nature that can forget the deep sympathy for the unfortunate and those who find themselves in troubled waters and let stern duty sway their hitherto very womanly natures. They must be blind to all tears, deaf to all entreaties, and in the name of the law do their duty, hard though it may be at first. This business I speak of is nothing more nor less than the calling of a woman detective. I have in mind a handsome girl who is one of the most clever and successful of the women detectives in San Francisco. She is a born detective, her father before her having been acknowledged one of the cleverest and most skillful detectives on the coast. All her life long, from her babyhood up, this girl had wanted to be a detective, and in spite of the entreaties of her family to turn her attention to music or art, in both of which she was gifted and showed unusual talent in the latter, she refused to interest herself in anything else as a business, but chose as her career in life the work of a detective.

* *

You would never think of associating her with the business of a detective to see her. She is such a sweet, amiable looking girl and does not look like she would have the courage to arrest the worst culprit that haunts houses and stores in the unfortunate belief that they have the right to help themselves to other people's money and chattels. She dresses with exquisite taste, usually all in black with a little knot of dainty ribbon tucked in her fluffy golden hair to add the bit of bright color she loves. You would take her to be more on the order of our society young ladies who have nothing more urgent in life than to kill time and comment on their latest conquest, the swell parties past and future, the recent engagements announced and those just whispered of that are not supposed to be publicly known as yet, the golf games that have lain other amusements in the shade, etc. She pursues the even tenor of her way smiling and regardless of care, but her pretty sparkling blue eyes are ever on the alert and nothing escapes her, but woe to the petty thief who comes under her surveillance. She will haunt them, all unknown to themselves, however, and she will bide her time if it takes days to accomplish the task she has undertaken to ferret out and will unravel the cleverly laid scheme until she sees her way clear, then her firm little hand falls on the culprit.

* *

The guilty party, while they may inwardly quake with fear, feel when they see the face of the one who has laid a detaining hand on them their assurance comes back to them for a minute for they don't believe she would for a moment inflict punishment even on the erring. There they are wrong, for all their entreaties come to naught, for if the little detective believes she is right, and she generally has positive proof, you couldn't sway her for a moment. In speaking of her choice of a business career recently she said: "You know I always enjoyed doing a little detective work on the sly in school, and many is the scholar that would have had troubled dreams if they had but known how much I had ferreted out. It is second nature to me, Polly, to act in the roll of the detective, and while I may have been conscience-stricken over some of the first few arrests I made, I am a good deal like the undertaker who was asked if he didn't find his work anything but a pleasant business, and replied, 'Oh, no; we get used to all kinds of grewsome and sickening sights.' We get used to our business in every form as well, and delight in it."

BRIEF REVIEW.

Another Man Who Heard from Mars.

William A. Eddy of Bayonne, N. Y., says that since 1892 he has drawn from his kite wire hundreds of electric signals, both regular and irregular, which may have come from some planet, and the signals have been usually in groups of three, regularly timed like a Morse sounder. When the ends of the kite-sustained steel wires are separated by silk strands the sparks jump at twelve-second internals. Then there are mysterious disappearances of all electric action for several minutes. These electric sparks come from a high point in the air not near to the low tension electric currents of trolley and live wires. Eddy is about to begin a careful series of measurements of these spark lengths. He does not believe that the Morse sounders affect his wire, because the dynamo electricity sticks to its wire and does not radiate to unknown distances, so far as known, as do the high-tension sparks used in wireless telegraphy and the same high-tension sparks drawn by him from the clouds. Eddy says that these spark signals may come from an outer planet, because electricity travels at the rate of 190,000 miles a second and is as tireless as light, which travels at the rate of 188,300 miles a second. Great variability in effect is produced when there is apparently no change whatever in the condition of the upper air, so far as known.

Important Discovery in Wireless Telephony.

M. Emile Gautier announces that the first step has been made in the discovery of wireless telephony. He ascribes the discovery to M. Maiche, the French inventor, whose experiments Gautier witnessed in the forest of St. Germain. The transmitter was in a house on the outskirts of the forest. It was connected with the earth in the manner in which lightning rods are connected. Two iron posts, ninety feet apart, connected with a conducting wire, were planted in the ground about 1000 yards distant. Voices and other sounds at the transmitter were clearly heard at the ordinary telephone receiver attached to one of the posts. M. Maiche will not divulge the secret, but claims communication is in a straight line, not like the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy by wave current, but by circuit current, virtually enabling a given spot to be aimed at. If the receiver is not placed exactly in the direction given to the current there will be no transmission and the receivers on either side of the line of transmission will not be affected.

Won Success in His Old Age.

An American at 60 with a wife and four children and $14 in his pocket, went to Mexico, having lost his fortune in another country by speculation. This man was "game." He started in doing odd jobs of surveying down in the hot country, raised vegetables on a small tract of land he hired, gradually acquired some upland country where everybody said coffee could not be grown, and made a success of his plantation. He added more land as time went on, and now takes $30,000 a year from his place. He is so now and says that, were he again to lose his property, he has the grit to begin life over again.

Two wireless telegraph instruments, said to be the most powerful ever made, are to be shipped from New York to Japan. They were made especially for Japan, and will be installed on two of the fastest Japanese cruisers. It is expected that they will be able to transmit messages at least 125 miles.

Within the last twenty years the number of American and English female physicians in Asiatic countries has increased from 20 to 250.

The cheapest postal service in the world is that of Japan. Letters are conveyed for about seven-tenths of a penny.

There are 240,000 women servants in London, and 10,000 of these are always out of situations or changing places.

The discovery of diamonds is reported in the State of Oaxaca, Mexico.

BANKERS' EDUCATION.

The Bankers' Magazine notes an effort in banking circles to help bank clerks to "acquire a broader knowledge of the banking business through a course of study that can be pursued without interfering with their regular business."

Many bank clerks seem to wish for means of self education so as to prepare themselves for the "higher duties" of their business. The recent convention of the American Bankers' association voted $10,000 to give a scheme of education a start. As a rule bankers, it appears, work by "the rule of thumb." They learn by practice and gradual accretion of knowledge, not having any sort cut to general principles.

The Magazine shows this entertainingly. "On examining," it says, "the questions which it is proposed to propound to bank clerks to enable them to educate themselves by discovering the answers thereto the wonder at once arises that up to this time the banking business of the country has been carried on with any success at all without this knowledge, which it is now proposed to impart, being possessed by bank employees. Some of the eminent bankers at the convention, among them Mr. Cromwell himself, confessed that they did not think they could offhand answer these questions. Mr. Thompson of the Seaboard National Bank of New York, an institution which propounded a series of banking conundrums to its employees, jestingly said that the officers in asking these questions desired to educate their bright young employees so that they might do the work, run the business of the bank and let the officers draw the salary."

The Embezzlements In 1900.

Although the embezzlements of 1900 show a decided increase over those of 1899, it is to be considered that the total of last year was the smallest in 23 years. The figures for 1900 are $4,692,134 as compared with $2,218,373 in 1899, an increase of $2,583,761. Large as this sum appears, it is far below the average of the last 23 years, which is $7,339,804.

The losses for the year are distributed as follows: Stolen by public officials, $1,183,678; from banks, $1,857,761; by agents, $271,878; forgeries, $195,900; from loan associations, $125,100; by postoffice employees, $24,427; miscellaneous stealings, $982,390. Bank employees have the unenviable reputation of heading the black list, and more than three-fourths of the bank total was taken by six employees in Newport (Ky.), Fort Worth (Tex.), Elizabeth (N. J.), Buffalo, Rutland (Vt.) and New York city banks under conditions which would not have existed had the embezzlers been under proper surveillance and the banks been conducted upon safe business methods.

There is nothing discouraging in the increase for the year, however, as it is still far below the average. The comparatively small sums embezzled are an evidence of the general prosperity of the country. In 1893-4 the totals were $20,504,000 and in 1893-4 $37,293,714, and these were hard times years.—Chicago Tribune.

The Penny.

"Pennies," said Treasurer Roberts, "are not composed entirely of copper, the alloy being 95 per cent copper, 2 per cent tin and 3 per cent zinc. They cost the government about 12 cents a pound for "blanks," meaning the circular disks prepared ready to receive the impression of the die. As it takes about 148 to weigh a pound the government apparently makes $1.06 on every pound of pennies minted. Are would in fact make this surplus were it not that they are redeemable in gold upon presentation at the treasury if ever presented, though, of course, the amount presented for redemption is comparatively small. All the pennies coined in this country are minted in Philadelphia by law. This is because formerly there was little demand for pennies in the southwest and on the Pacific coast, where for years until quite recently the nickel was the smallest subsidiary coin in active circulation. There is, however, a law before congress now permitting their coinage in other mints."

A "Black Hole" Monument.

The government of India has sanctioned the erection of a monument on the site of the historically famous "Black Hole" of Calcutta. The monument will stand between the pillars of the new postoffice and the block of writers' buildings where a century ago the civilians who founded our empire in north India lived and learned the oriental languages. All that is left of the first Fort William, "in a cube of about 18 feet" of which 146 British prisoners were confined during a sultry night in a Bengal June, is a row of arches ten feet high, used at present as a workshop and stables. John Zephaniah Holwell, F. R. S., the chief civil servant who refused to escape leaving his fellows to the mercy of the sleeping nawab, Suraj ud-dowla, survived to write the famous narrative of the horror, whence the new monument is to be called Holwell's monument.—Cor. Scotsman.

Fast Riding.

German papers say that Captain Baron Holzing recently covered a distance of 15 kilometers (9¼ miles) on horseback in 25 minutes. He was riding with a railway train from Graben to the neighborhood of Carlsruhe and beat it by eight minutes. His horse had been especially trained for the ride, having been fed on a prepared food instead of oats for weeks. The ride was accomplished without extraordinary exertion, and the horse was fit for more work at the finish.

A Cold Weather Joke.

A business man came down to his office on a winter morning when it was bitterly cold.

"Whew! how cold it is!" he said to one of the clerks. "Just shut that safe, if you please."

The clerk obeyed, with a puzzled look. Then when he could restrain his curiosity no longer he asked:

"Excuse me, sir, but why did you tell me to shut the safe?"

"Why," replied his employer, with a sly chuckle, "there are a good many drafts in that safe."—London Fun.

A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

The Meeting Between an Ambitious Hunter and His First Grizzly.

In "Sketches of Life in the Golden State" Colonel Albert S. Evans tells an amusing anecdote of an ambitious hunter who met his first grizzly bear—in procession. The incident occurred in the woods near the site of the present town of Monterey.

The hunter sat down to rest in the shade of a tree and unwittingly went to sleep. When he woke, it was near sunset, and he sat up, rubbing his eyes and contemplating a return to his hotel several miles distant.

Just then a rustling and cracking noise from a clump of chaparral about 100 yards away attracted his attention. Out walked a grizzly bear, a monarch of his kind. He yawned, licked his jaws and then advanced toward the tree where our hunter sat, but evidently was unconscious of his presence.

His grizzly majesty had proceeded about 20 paces when a female bear followed him, and an instant later a third grizzly followed her at a slow, shambling pace.

The hunter sat spellbound with terror as the procession came toward him until the forward grizzly was within 30 yards. Then, scarcely realizing what he did, he sprang to his feet and uttered a frenzied yell—yell upon yell!

The effect was magical. The foremost bear sprang into the air, turned sharply about, knocked the female down, rolled over her, gathered himself up and bolted "like 40 earthquakes of rock going down a shoot," straight for the chaparral again, the other two bears close at his heels and never turning to see what had frightened them.

The hunter, seeing the enemy retreating, sprang to his feet and fled at top speed for the hotel, leaving hat and gun behind. The truth of his wild and startling tale was proved the next day by the numerous bear tracks of different sizes found in the marshy ground near by. But the three bears had gone off beyond pursuit.

SINKING SHIPS.

They Don't Linger In Mid-Ocean, but Go to the Bottom.

What becomes of the ships that sink at sea? Do they go all the way to the bottom or do they meet somewhere under the surface a certain pressure that buoys them up and holds them in equilibrium? Somebody, we forget who it is, has given rein to his grewsome fancy and pictured all the ships that have been lost in mid-ocean as wandering about like so many ghosts half way between the surface and the bottom.

There is no foundation whatever for such a notion, though many persons have it. Any object that will sink beneath the surface of the sea will go all the way to the bottom. The pressure encountered on the way down, which is simply enormous in the deeper parts, has nothing to do with the object's sinking, for it is exerted on the object as well as on the water, thus counteracting the conditions.

The reason why the object sinks to the bottom is that water is not compressible; at least it is so little so that its density at the bottom of the sea is only a trifle greater than it is at the surface. Scientists tell us that the water at the bottom is just about as much denser than the water at the surface as sea water is denser than fresh water.

This slight difference in density, therefore, does not and cannot stop the downward course of a sinking ship or any object that is heavy enough to sink rapidly beneath the surface. Pressure, as we have said, is not a factor in the case at all.—Chicago Record.

A Bone "Library."

There is a lending library of human bones in London. It is intended for the use of medical students, and the bones are lent out in exactly the same manner as books from a circulating library. The entire collection is valued at £5,000 and contains besides human bones the skeletons of horses, dogs, cats, oxen and sheep—all animals that the veterinary surgeon is likely to be called upon to treat. The present market price of a human skeleton is from £6 to £20, according to its condition. A skull may be worth anything from 5s. to £1. For a payment of 6d. a student can borrow any part of the skeleton that he desires to study and may retain it for one week. A complete skeleton can be borrowed from the library for the sum of 15s. down and a deposit of £5.—London Answers.

Her Proposals.

Talking of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts Lord Houghton said: "Miss Coutts likes me because I never proposed to her. Almost all the young men of good family did. Those who did their duty by their family always did. Mrs. Browne (Miss Coutts' companion) used to see it coming and took herself out of the way for ten minutes; but she only went into the next room and left the door open, and then the proposal took place, and immediately it was done Miss Coutts coughed, and Mrs. Browne came in again."—Augustus J. C. Hare's Recollections.

The Mystery of Goat.

It is better to confess ignorance than to assume false knowledge. In spite of the careful study that has been given to the subject of goat it must be admitted that we are as yet uninformed as to its exact nature.—Medical Record.

An Inventive Genius.

Mr. Small—Do you know her?

Mrs. Small—Only by reputation. Her husband is the inventor of the cash register for married men's trousers pockets.—Amslee's Magazine.

Fitting.

A tailor made suit is sometimes followed by a lawyer made suit and can in turn by a nonsuit.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Only in 17 states can a married man dispose of his separate and independent estate by will. In the remaining 28 states he must leave the consent of his husband before she can will her own property as she may wish.

A man is a fool to be jealous of a good woman, and he is a fool to be jealous of a worthless one. Now draw your own conclusions.—Chicago News.

Standing around the streets is not the only way of loafing.—Atchison Globe.

TOLD BY THE GROCER.

His Conversation With a Deaf Woman Lost Him a Customer.

"I'll tell you how I lost a good customer the other day," said the grocery man. "I have one customer who is extremely deaf, and to make her hear I have to just yell at her. It takes about half an hour to get her order, and by that time my voice is pitched so high that I can't get it down to earth again.

"The other day it happened that after she left in came Mr. Oldboy, who is a perfect oyster. Was in the army once and a great stickler for bowing and scraping and all that sort of thing. Wants a fellow he trades with to salute and present arms and do all kinds of things. He came in and said, 'Good morning.' I wish you had heard me yell at him. My voice made the windows rattle. He looked surprised, but went on talking to me, and I kept up answering him in a voice that could be heard a block away. He got madder and madder, but I never knew what was up until finally he got red in the face and said, 'Mr. Black, sir, I am not deaf, sir, and I resent your yelling at me as if I couldn't hear a cannon fired in my ear.' With that out he went.

"You see, I had been talking to the deaf lady and couldn't get my voice down again. You try it some time and see if you don't yell at every one you meet. Funny, too, but I always yell at blind people and foreigners, and I always whisper when I go in where any one's sick."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Weak Human Nature.

"Talk about the frailties of human nature," said a well known insurance agent the other day. "No one else has so good an opportunity to discover them as an insurance man. An incident occurred a few days ago that showed me a side of a neighbor's character which I had never suspected to exist. A fire broke out in his home, and, do you know, that man went three blocks to a telephone to report it when there was a phone right in his house.

"I saw the fire soon after it started and rushed to give assistance. It was while helping to pack things up that I discovered the phone and turned in the alarm. Now, it takes a strong stretch of the imagination to believe that the owner had forgotten there was a telephone in his house. That he should have acted as he did undermines one's faith in people in general.

"Think of it. There I was sweating and endangering my life to save his property, while he was anxious, evidently, to have it burn. Such conduct doesn't encourage one to exert himself for others"—

"By the way," interrupted a listener, "did any of your companies hold a policy on that house?"

"Now you are asking a leading question," replied the insurance man, with a guileless smile. "What I am saying is that the actions of that man are a sad commentary on human nature."—Kansas City Journal.

Used Against Her.

A certain music hall belle who had just successfully "landed" an old and wealthy nobleman sued an unpopular manager, alleging that he had not paid her sufficiently well for her engagement at his hall. She won the case and was immediately inundated with flowery congratulations from her friends, all of whom were glad to see the manager go down.

Not content with her victory, however, the belle must needs crow over her beaten rival by packing up the choicest telegrams and dispatching them to his house, with the intimation that he might make what use of them he thought proper.

She received this last concession the next morning. Taking her at her word, the manager posted the telegrams on a board outside the music hall, headed thus: "What Miss Flighty's friends think of her engagement" and left the public to assume which engagement, the professional or the matrimonial, was meant.

Then followed such messages as "Good for you, old girl!" "Pinned the old horse at last!" "Don't let him wriggle off the hook!" "Stick to him till you get the dibs!" "Congratulations on your splendid haul!"

Another action is pending.—London Tit-Bits.

Success Without Winking.

Bobby came home one day covered with dirt and bruises and trundling a broken bicycle.

"What on earth have you been doing, my child?" exclaimed his terrified mother.

"I ran over a big dog and took a fall," explained Bobby.

"Couldn't you see him and give him the road?"

"Yes; I saw him and was turning out, but when I got within about ten feet of him I shut my eyes, and before I got up again I'd run into him."

"For the land's sake, what did you shut your eyes for?"

"Couldn't help it. Had to sneeze. If you think you can hold your eyes open when the sneeze comes, you just try it some day."

If the reader thinks Bobby's excuse was but a rank one, let him try it some day "when the sneeze comes."—Youth's Companion.

Not Arguing.

The person who feels like saying "Let us keep silence, that I may have the talk all to myself," would fain reduce conversation to an entirely one sided affair.

The London News says that the late Charles Keene, the artist of Punch, used to describe with great delight the method of a certain man whom he called a "pot house Ruskin."

This person was sitting with a friend in an inn parlor and was haranguing the other man on matters in general. Finally the friend ventured timidly to interpose an objection. The speaker drew himself up with much dignity.

"I ain't a-arguing with you," said he; "I'm a-telling you."

Hopeless Woman.

Mrs. Sheets—Oh, dear, how the wind does blow!

Mr. Sheets—My dear, did you ever know the wind to do anything else but blow?

"But the other day you said the rain came right down. Did you ever know the rain to go right up?"

"That's quite another thing. Just like a woman! Never can stick to the question under discussion."—Boston Transcript.

DO COWS CRY?

The Grief of an Animal Whose Had Been Killed.

A correspondent writing to Dumb Animals says: Dumb animals are to have a "sign" language of their by which they make known the tions of pleasure or pain and a lit catalogue of wants and sorrows. cently I had occasion to dispose 5-months-old calf which was t away about noon and butchered short distance from my residence.

When the cow came home at she missed her calf, and although orphan calf was permitted to suck continued to call it by affectio meeting and looking. The cow, ever, only gave about one quart of instead of a gallon or more, as for ly. During the night she lowed quently for her calf, and the morning when it did not appear she hibited unmistakable signs of The orphan calf was no solace to She was driven to the woods with mate, but came back and contin lowing until noon. She came to the inclosure, but would not eat g

Just after dinner a great commo was heard in the direction of where calf was butchered, made by a nu of cattle lowing, having scented fresh blood. The grief stricken mo cow ran to the closed gate and lo beseechingly toward me, as much say, "Please open the gate," being done she started on a ru where the other cattle were lowing

In a short time she came sl walking back to the house and again permitted to come inside the closure, when she deliberately too a position at the kitchen door, wi ly looking in mute despair at member of the family as they hap ed to pass her. The tears flowed ously from her eyes, and there stood the balance of the afternoon weeping incessantly, with the same parent grief that a mother would her dead child. It really caused shed tears of sympathy for the animal.

A Rattlesnake Trap.

Rattlesnakes were the most dan ous wild animals with which the settlers of New Jersey had to con They were very numerous, and bite, if not treated properly at was generally fatal. In "Stories American History" F. R. Stock cites an incident which gives an of the abundance of rattlers in the colony:

In a quarry from which the men were engaged in getting out for the foundations of Princeton lege a wide crack in the rocks was covered which led downward to a cavity, and in this cave were fo about 20 bushels of rattlesnake ho

There was no reason to believe this was a snake cemetery, to w the creatures retired when they sposed they were approaching the of their days, but it was, wit doubt, a great rattlesnake trap.

The narrow, winding passage ing to it must have been very att ive to a snake seeking retired quar in which to take its long winter Although the cave at the bottom of great crack was easy enough to into, it was so arranged that it difficult, if not impossible, for a s to get out of, especially in the sp when these creatures are very and weak, having been nourished winter by their own fat.

Thus year after year the rattlesn must have gone down into that cr without knowing that they could n get out again.

The House Problem In Paris.

The housing problem is one that years has lain heavily on those small incomes in Paris.

Every day the French capital comes more and more impossible residence for poor people and, handsome houses grow more numer reasonable lodgings become scarce

The poor no longer find it easy to cure apartments at a modest rental the city unless they are willing to confined in barracklike tenements the sixth or even seventh story or off in a courtyard where they get little daylight and hardly ever see sun.

The workingman has therefore obliged to migrate to the outskirts the city, and whole suburbs, like Villette on one side of Paris and Gr nelle on the other side, are now lai lted exclusively by industrial colo

Every exhibition in Paris brought a rise in rents all around, today the landlords' dues are hig than ever. Less accommodation available in Paris for a given ren than in London, and the sanitary co ditions are generally inferior.

The better housing of the work classes, however, is now beginn to attract the attention of reform and when the extension of the eventually takes place perhaps s improvement will be effected.—Pa Cor. London Mail.

Ancient Castle, Curious Clock.

Rushen castle, Castledown, Isle Man, is the ancient seat of the kin and lords of man. The castle is a v table curiosity, both historically a otherwise. The first mention of dates to the year 1257. It was ta after six months' siege in the ye 1315 by Robert the Bruce. The cas is built of limestone and is not a ru Until a few years ago it was used as prison. The town clock seen in t castle wall was presented by Que Elizabeth in the year 1597. It has on one hand on the dial. This is the ho hand. The minutes are judged by t position of the hand between the hour The works of this clock are also a cu osity. The weight at the end of t pendulum is a large stone, and it driven by a rope coiled around a cy der of wood, with another stone at t end of the rope. The clock is still goi after its centuries of service and is s the town clock.—Newcastle (Engla Chronicle.

Ibsen's Table Companions.

Upon Ibsen's writing table a visito saw a small tray containing a numb of grotesque figures—a wooden bea a tiny devil, two or three cats (one them playing a fiddle and some rab bits. Ibsen said: "I never write a si gle line of any of my dramas withou having that tray and its occupants be fore me on my table. I could not wri without them. But why I use them is my own secret."—Cosmopolitan.