BANDON RECORDER.

The Englishman Caught On.

An Englishman on his first visit to this city with his family strolled down Broadway alone one night and dropped into a music hall. He had hardly been seated before two sketch artists perpetrated the following:

Persiflage—Hear about Jones? Terrible thing happened to Jones.

Badinage—No.

Persiflage—Yes. He dropped 350 feet.

Badinage—You don't tell me? Of course he was killed?

Persiflage—No, not killed. They were pigs' feet.

A half hour later the Briton grasped his sides and startled the house with an outburst of cachinatory ecstasy. Recovering, he jumped up, hurried out of the music hall and soon reached his hotel. He stopped outside the door of his room and gave way again to a soul stirring laugh. Entering the room he immediately called to his wife:

"Edith," he cried. "Oh, this is the jolliest ever!" and he gave way again.

His wife looked at him in frightened surprise.

"Oh, Edith, did you ever hear about Percy Smithers?"

"No."

"Bah Jove, the poor fellow fell 350 feet."

"How dreadfully horrid! He must have been awfully mangled."

"No. He fell on 350 pigs," and he exploded again and did not subside until a half dozen bell boys rushed to his room to make solicitous inquiries.—New York Sun.

How Water Causes a Fire.

One would hardly believe that a bottle of water standing harmlessly on a table could be the cause of a fire. Nevertheless such is the case. In my laboratory the other day I detected the odor of burning wood and, seeking the cause, noticed a tiny wreath of smoke rising from the counter. Setting aside a flask of water that stood close by I sponged over the burning spot with a damp cloth. Shortly after I again detected the odor of burning wood, when, to my surprise, I discovered another burning spot on the table close to the water flask. The flask was standing in the sunlight, thereby concentrating the rays to a focus on the top of the table, acting in this case as a burning glass. A handful of highly combustible material was thrown over the burning spot, catching fire almost immediately.

I cite this instance merely as a warning to chemists and apothecaries, who may not realize how easily a fire may be started in their storerooms by the sun shining through bottles, flasks and carboys of liquid, converting them for the time being into burning glasses of great power. I have in mind now the instance of a fire originating in a storeroom from this cause.—New York Times.

Jack's Account of It.

One of Uncle Sam's able seamen, who was in an "Owl" train that was wrecked, thus described his experience: "It was a little after two bells this morning and I was smoking my pipe in the 'Owl's' stern galley. The first thing I knew of any happening was when I was thrown violently from my seat. After the pitching and jumping had stopped, I crawled out and saw that the steering gear of the 'Owl' had been carried away, causing her to part amidships. The after end listed badly to starboard and went aground, throwing all hands in a heap to the listed side. No lives were lost, however, though all were badly shaken up and somewhat damaged. One unlucky passenger bunted the glass out of a porthole, cutting her head and face quite badly. After wigwagging the craft coming up behind to change her course, the forward end of our craft picked up the passengers and crew and continued her voyage. As for me, I will be glad when I am safe aboard the Albatross again. This cruising overland is too rough and choppy for me."—Argonaut.

Bargaining In the Orient.

In Smyrna, Turkey and Egypt the bargaining language is about the same.

"What you give, lady?"

"I won't give anything! I don't want it! What! Do you think I would carry that back to America?"

"But you take hold of him. You feel him silk. I think you want to buy. Ver' cheap. Only four pound!"

"Four pounds?" I say in French. "Oh, you don't want to sell. You want to keep it! And at that price you will keep it!"

"Keep it!" in a shrill scream. "You want to sell? Me? I here to sell! I sell you everything you see! I sell you the shop!" More wheedlingly, "You give me 40 francs?"

"No," in English again. "I'll give you $2."

"America! Liberty!" he cries, having cunningly established my nationality and flattering my country with oriental guile. "How much you give for him? Last price, now. Six dollars!"

We haggle over "last prices" for a quarter of an hour more, and after two cups of coffee amiably taken together and some general conversation I buy the thing for $3.—Lillian Bell in Woman's Home Companion.

Booth and "Richard III."

In her book on "Some Players" Amy Leslie says that Edwin Booth's detestation of Richard III was frank and incurable. One night, when in the most magnificent instant of Richard a super fell in a writhing, squirming attack, which set the country audience laughing. Booth said quietly, after the fall of the curtain, amid shouts of misguided laughs:

"What was the matter, captain?"

The trembling captain owned reluctantly that one of his 25-cent men had been seized in a fit.

"Please pay 50 cents next time, and employ one whose fits may not interfere with Richard. Richard is unendurable enough without the addition of rented fits."

Drunkenness In Scotland.

In the matter of sheer, benotted, overmastering drunkenness we stand without rivals in shameful isolation.—Dundee Advertiser.

Don't quarrel if you can help it. A quarrel is never made up.—Atchison Globe.

Polly Larkin.

Selfishness and indifference to other people's comfort can make and create in man, woman or child a disposition that is anything but enviable and will cause their friends to distrust and shun them on all occasions. The selfish person thinks only of self, and this spirit usually leads the unfortunate possessor on to the time when he takes positive delight in torturing and annoying others, and when it is not curbed and no effort made to change the indifference and selfishness into more lovable traits, it takes the noble and honorable qualities out of life that proclaim refinement and that higher nature we expect to find in the true man or woman. It is so easy to be thoughtful of others and do those little kind, generous and thoughtful acts that warm the heart and make one feel a positive thrill of delight when they put in an appearance. They have such winning, cheerful ways about them, and wherever they may go a warm welcome is awaiting them. Their friends are anxious to introduce them to their own particular acquaintances and others, knowing that they will create a good impression from the first, and that they need not be afraid of their saying anything that will cause offense or pain any of the other guests, but they are positively afraid of the selfish and indifferent friend and are in a constant state of anxiety for fear some one's feelings will be hurt or some guest will be slighted. They watch every move and endeavor to catch every word, for in such a case "forewarned is to be forearmed." Polly wishes every boy or girl who is given to selfishness and never thinking of anybody but themselves, forgetting that other people have their rights and feelings, would take this to heart and endeavor to throw a little more sunshine into other people's lives instead of casting shadows before them and sowing thorns instead of roses in their pathway.

.....

I always feel that there is something that is noble and elevating lacking in those who will impale a fly on a pin and deliberately proceed to torture it by pulling off its wings, sticking a pin into its eyes, and finally ending it all by pulling the poor insect to pieces. There is something fiendish and positively inhuman in anyone who will be guilty of anything of the kind, and he should be severely dealt with. Yet I saw a boy treat a fly in that way in the presence of his mother the other day, and what do you think she said? You would never guess. She looked at him fondly and said: "He makes me shudder when he does anything like that, but he's so fond of natural history and physiology, and his heart is set on being a doctor, so I suppose I must get used to all that kind of thing, for in the language of some of our most eminent physicians, 'they destroy to save.'" A lady who was present and who was fairly writhing in her chair at the sight, replied, "But he is not working on that principle at all; he is destroying to kill and make that poor fly suffer. We want humanity and thoughtfulness among our physicians, and not only that, but tenderness and an aversion to cause needless suffering. What kind of a physician would your boy make if he is at this tender age cultivating that heartlessness that will allow him to torture things in that way?" "I don't look at things in that light at all," replied the mother, with some spirit. "He wants to be a surgeon, and they have to be indifferent to suffering and have a cool nerve and steady hand to achieve a success in surgery. He dissected a live toad the other day, and while I fairly had a nervous chill over it, he was as cool as a piece of ice, and knowing that his ambition in life is to be a great surgeon I did not have the heart to say anything," and Bobby caught another fly and proceeded with his cruel work while the guest fled from the room, indignant and with a strong feeling that she would like to catch Bobby out long enough to administer the chastisement that he needed. Yet after all the mother was largely responsible for the cruel nature of her boy, and instead of trying to teach him kindness and gentleness in all things, she encouraged him in his acts of cruelty. It was a mistaken idea, and Polly will "miss her guess" if she does not yet reap the harvest and have many an aching heart over the cruelty of the boy who is now her idol and in whom she can see nothing but what is good and true, but that is mother-like.

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I know of one little boy who from his babyhood up showed this cruel spirit and which his father and mother seemed perfectly blind to, and I am watching to see what the harvest will be for the boy and parents as well. When he was a mere baby and could just toddle round he took a keen pleasure on stepping on everyone's toes. Then he took to pinching and sticking pins into everyone he could. The people in the place where his parents boarded had such an aversion to the child that they could not bear to have him come into the room. One evening he came into the dining-room where all the guests were assembled at dinner, and as he passed he reached up and stuck a pin into a gentleman's arm. He was ready for him, and quick as a flash he returned the compliment and the boy was carried screaming from the room by his mother, who pronounced the victim of her son's daily pranks "a great big overgrown brute to stick a pin into a mere baby." He replied that he was sorry, not for perpetrating the act, but for the commotion that he had caused, but he had stood having his toes stepped on and pins thrust into him as long as he intended to tolerate such treatment, and that if she did not teach her child better manners and more respect for older people, he would surely come to grief. As far as he was concerned he had ceased to be a martyr to the little tyrant and intended giving him a little of his own medicine whenever he gave occasion for it. Needless to say he had no more trouble from the boy, who then played his pranks on some one who was not quite so aggressive. There was not a person in the house who sympathized with the boy but his father and mother. It pays to be kind, gentle and thoughtful of others, and little folks should be taught this in their earlier lessons.

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Two young girls were talking earnestly together in the car the other evening going home from their work. Did you ever stop to think what a fine place a street car is for getting ideas new and old? These two girls were stage-struck. Both had seen Mrs. Fiske in "Tess," and one of them had seen and heard her in "Becky Sharp." They were enthusiastic, and both wanted to be actresses. One of them, who looked as though all talent for acting had been left out of her make up, said, "I am just dying to be an actress, and I would be willing to live on bread and water and study night and day to be as good an actress as Mrs. Fiske or Katherine Kidder." Yet listen to what Miss Kidder has to say on the subject. She thinks it is a mistake, and home is the place for women, and yet she is one of the brightest and most successful stars in the theatrical world. It is good advice she gives, whether the stage-struck girls will take it or not. Few of them realize the hard study and trials and tribulations that every successful actress must pass through to gain her position on the stage.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Wonderful Qualities of Liquid Air.

Professor d'Arsonval liquefied air with great success at a recent conference of the Museum of Natural History at Paris. The air was liquefied by enormous pressure, and its temperature was minus 180 degrees centigrade. The liquid can be kept in double-sided silver-colored bottles, from which it will not evaporate as it did in former experiments when kept in other receptacles. It was shown that liquefied air destroys the elasticity of india rubber, which becomes hard and as brittle as glass. It can then be pulverized. When the air has evaporated the india rubber again becomes elastic. Meat can be treated in the same manner. Professor d'Arsonval showed a beefsteak that had been dipped in liquefied air. He let it fall, and when it struck the platform it sounded like a stone. It broke into pieces. Meats can be reduced to a powder that is easy to masticate and assimilate. Ice dipped into liquefied air will cut glass like a diamond, and mercury will become as hard as anthmony. Liquefied air gives metals, especially steel, ten-fold qualities obtained by ordinary methods. It increased their ductibility, enabling them to be drawn out to the thickness of a hair. When heated it becomes so powerful an explosive that no metal can resist it.

Handwriting Characteristics.

The inexperienced ones are blissfully unaware that handwriting is really a physical characteristic of the human body, which is innately peculiar to its owner. You may, indeed, alter its general form, like the man who writes anonymous notes, or cover it with make-up, like the man who forges a signature—the actor does both to his voice and face on the stage—but this, after all, is the most you can do. You cannot destroy, or even temporarily get rid of the characteristics of your writing itself. It is as much a part of the expression of your being as your manner of talking or your gait in walking, and that it cannot be destroyed is the more certain because no one, no matter how much study he might give it, could ever find out all of the unconscious characteristics of his handwriting.

Oldest British Peer But One.

Lord Gwydyr, one of the few peers with a really Welsh name, is the oldest peer but one in the kingdom. He is 90 years old. He was for a whole generation secretary to the Lord Chamberlain, and held that post when the queen came to the throne. Lord Gwydyr has lately given us a glimpse of his personal habits. It is only since he was 80, he says, that he has taken much care of himself, and even now he does little more than go to bed regularly at night and get up regularly in the morning. He has all his life been used to abundant exercise, and he ascribes his health and longevity to this and to his moderation in eating and drinking. He has not taken many holidays, and the few he has had have generally been in the autumn or the winter.

The State Mining Bureau of California was established in 1880 as a result of the agitation and labors of Joseph Wasson, who then represented Inyo and Mono counties in the Assembly.

Over $300,000,000 has been given to institutions and charities during the last decade in sums of $5000 or more in this country alone.

Japanese bookstores until recently have been unwilling to keep bibles in stock for fear of offending the Buddhist patrons.

The estate of the late C. P. Huntington amounts to over $70,000,000.

The Boer leader, De Wet, still continues to give the English trouble.

A FAMOUS BANK NOTE.

The One That Cruikshank Drew and the Crowds It Drew.

One day about the year 1818 George Cruikshank was passing Newgate on his way to the exchange, when, seeing a crowd collected, he went forward to learn what was the matter and saw that it was the execution of several men and women. He was horrified at the spectacle and on inquiring learned that the woman was being hanged for passing counterfeit £1 notes. He learned also that this punishment was quite a common thing, even though the poor wretches often sinned in ignorance, being the dupes of men who sent them to buy some trifle and return the change to them. Wrung with pity and with shame, Cruikshank went home and immediately, under the inspiration of his feeling, sketched a grotesque caricature of a bank note. He called it a bank restriction note—not to be imitated. He represented on it a place of execution, with spaces about filled in with halters and manacles, a figure of Britannia devouring her children and transport ships bearing the lucky or unlucky ones who had escaped death to Van Diemen's Land or Australia, while in place of the well known signature of Abraham Newland was that of "J. Ketch."

He had just finished this, when his publisher Hone entered, and seeing it, begged to have it for publication. So Cruikshank etched it and gave it to Hone, who exhibited it for sale in his window with startling effect. Crowds quickly began to gather and purchased so eagerly that the issue was soon exhausted.

Cruikshank was kept hard at work making more etchings, the crowds grew so great that the street was blocked, and the mayor had to send soldiers to clear it. Hone realized over £700 in a few days.—Good Words.

BRITISH BANK CLERKS.

Sumptuary Laws Trying on Those With Slim Purses.

Bank clerks generally look so sleek and comfortable and are almost invariably so well groomed that their grievances rarely receive patient hearing.

One who was recently dismissed for the terrible crime of smoking a pipe in a city cafe during one of the hours sacred to what is called by city courtesy lunch writes, giving a list of restrictions which he declares are absurd:

No clerk is allowed to smoke a pipe in the streets during banking hours or at lunch.

The average clerk's salary is not so very high, but nevertheless he must wear a silk hat and cane to the office, dressed as one with double the salary. Wearing a cap to business is not to be thought of, as it is an unpardonable offense in the eyes of the bank officials.

The salary of the average bank clerk ranges from about 38 shillings a week, but in many banks the salary is much lower and the chances of promotion very small.

A clerk's money is greatly diminished by his having to subscribe to numerous funds, such as a "sports" fund, to keep the cricket or football grounds in order, which he himself is never able to see.

Saturday is no holiday for him, as he does not leave the office on those days until about 4 or 5 o'clock.

It must not be supposed that the day's work of a bank clerk ends with the closing of the bank to customers. In fact, it only begins at that time.—London Express.

The Man With a Paper.

The man with a paper during the morning and evening hours in New York city is legion. There are about 400,000 of him. A man without a newspaper on an elevated train, in a street car, aboard a ferryboat or in a railway coach, morning or evening going to or from business is conspicuous.

He is a rare bird indeed, and looks as though he were wrecked and floating alone on a sea of tossing papers. He is sure to feel lonesome and almost outside the pale of civilization, for his fellow men, with their faces to their regular diet of daily news, hardly notice him.

If you have time to spare a moment from your morning paper, just look about you, in car or boat, observe and listen. You will see every mortal man—with often hundreds in view at one time—religiously bowing at the altar of the news in silence that is only broken by a continuous rustle as the scores of leaves are turned. There is no more devout newspaper reading community than is found in the metropolis.—New York Herald.

Even Buds Grow Old.

According to Professor Adam Sedgwick, says The Youth's Companion, there is reason to believe that buds share in the growing old of the parent plant. He illustrates his meaning in this way: Suppose the average life of an individual plant—say a tree—to be 100 years, then a bud removed when the parent plant is 50 years old will also be virtually 50 years of age, and if transplanted by grafting will be able to live on the graft only 50 years more.

Her New Toy.

Hetty (recently engaged)—Oh, mother, you ought not to ask me to make the bread now. The dough gets into the setting of my diamond ring awfully!

Mother—Then why not take the ring off when you begin to make the bread?

Hetty—Mercy! Suppose somebody should come in!—Boston Transcript.

Enough For a Swallow.

"You must keep your mouth shut when you are in the water," said the nurse, as she gave Bessie a bath. "If you don't, you'll swallow some of it."

"What if I do?" asked Bessie innocently. "There's plenty more in the pipes, isn't there?"—Exchange.

He—Do you dance?

She (who has been informed that he is a bore)—No.

He—Neither do I. Let's spend the evening just talking to each other.—London Fun.

Much has been said against pride, but it at least never brings one the humiliation of having a favor refused.—Chicago News.

Compared to the waters of the Dead sea, those of the Salt lake are comparatively fresh.

STUDY ALL YOU MAY.

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A "TIRED BRAIN."

When a Man Thinks His Brain Is Tired, It Is Really His Stomach That is Overfed or Some Other Vital Point That Is Weakened.

Every man should have impressed upon him the fact that the human brain is capable of absolutely unlimited development. It can be developed more easily, more permanently than the muscles. Like the muscles, it is developed by exercise, but unlike them there is no limit to its possible development and there is no age limit to the growth of mental faculties.

If you go to a certain hotel in Chicago you will find at the door of the large dining room a colored gentleman who takes your hat, overcoat and umbrella. He gives you no ticket. When you walk out again, to your intense amazement he hands you your property, identifying you among hundreds of other guests and immediately associating you with the proper hat and coat.

In a big store in Twenty-third street, New York city, a small negro lad, 14 or 15 years old, works for a living. One day at that store this writer asked for a book apparently seldom purchased. Various dignified white men were asked about the book. They thought that they did not have it, but to make sure they asked the colored boy. Without a moment's hesitation he pointed out a certain balcony on the east side of the store and told exactly where the small volume could be found. Every one of the thousands of books in that store was located in a definite spot in that young negro's mind, despite the fact that he probably had seen the insides of very few of the volumes.

The two instances quoted are not unusual. They indicate merely the most superficial sort of development of one particular mental faculty, that of recollection. A more remarkable instance of such development was shown by Houdin, the French prestidigitator. He could pass a shop window containing perhaps scores of different articles, cast a glance at the window as he went by and enumerate without error everything in it from that one glance. Some men learn a score or more of languages.

Yet the greatest development of any human brain has never taxed even to the slightest degree the actual capacity of the mind.

No matter to what extent you may train your mental faculties, no matter how much you may use your brain, you will still be like the man who has spent 5 or 6 cents and has a million dollars in the bank.

We are justified in believing that we are destined to marvelous mental achievements in the future, when we consider the instrument of thought that has been given to us and which is so little used at present.

A scientist named Meipert calculates that the gray matter of the brain contains 9000000000 cells.

That in itself seems quite complicated. If we only had one thought stored away in each cell, we would know quite a good deal.

But you must remember that each cell is divided into several thousand molecules separately divisible.

Every one of these molecules contains many millions of atoms. Unquestionably each separate atom plays its part in the working of the brain. Figuring on a very modest basis, you find that your brain contains 18,000,000,000,000,000,000 separate atoms.

The theory that the atom is an indivisible particle of matter, which is indicated by its name, meaning unsplitable, is only a theory not by any means demonstrated. There is no reason to believe that there is any limit to the universe in the direction of bigness or littleness. What we call an atom may be in effect an indivisible particle of matter or it may be a small universe in itself. However this may be, don't you think that with a brain organized as above you ought to be able to develop a good deal of mental energy and be quite free from any worry about overworking the machine which has been given to you to do your thinking?

When a man thinks his brain is tired it is really the stomach that is overfed or some other vital point that is depleted or overloaded. Keep the rest of your body in good condition, and your brain will never feel any amount of work that you will be able to give it.—New York Journal.

The Practical Joke.

The practical joke is a remnant of barbarism. Hunted back to its origin, it is a survival of the methods of torture in vogue with savages the world over. The idea behind every practical joke is the infliction of pain, shame, fear or ridicule upon the victim. It is not often that tragic effects follow a joke, repeating the news chronicles of the daily press, but when one reflects that the real object of every alleged "joke" of the practical kind is simply to inflict physical or mental pain upon some one it seems as if it must be time, by the clock of the ages, for the practice to end, at least among civilized and half civilized people.—Ada C. Sweet in Woman's Home Companion.

That Some Time.

Gaylord—Glad to have met you, old boy. Come up and see me some time.

Meeker—I declare, it's too bad! It will be impossible for me to come then. I've an engagement elsewhere. So sorry.—Boston Transcript.

Persia has the most famous turquoise mines in the world, which have been worked no less than eight centuries. These pretty stones, however, are to be found in many parts of the world, including Saxony.

Powerful Yeast.

The lateral editor of the Golden (Colo.) Transcript, who hates a liar as he hates a delinquent subscriber, and who uses only the old reliable George Washington brand of truth in his business, fathers this strange story:

"A Larimer county farmer lost a cow in a very queer manner last week. The animal in rummaging through a amateur kitchen found and swallowed an old umbrella and a cake of yeast. The yeast, fermenting in the poor beast's stomach, raised the umbrella, and she died in great agony."—Denver Post.

AN OVERLOAD OF LOOT.

The Worcester Spy prints a letter from a soldier serving in the Ninth United States infantry in China in which he says: "If I could have taken care of and safely handled all the loot and plunder which I had and could have got, I would return to the United States a rich man, easily worth from $25,000 to $30,000, but I couldn't do it and had to get rid of what did fall into my hands as quickly as possible. I sold nearly $1,000 worth of loot. I had silver bullion galore, beautiful and costly furs of all kinds, silk in abundance and a great variety of precious stones and jewels, but I could not carry it, so had to dispose of it as quickly as I could. I sold $1,500 worth of pure bar silver for $200 Mexican money, equal to $100 in gold.

"I have often stated in my palmy days that I would like to have all the wealth I could carry, and here is a case of where I have it. But it avails me nothing, as the poor enlisted man gets nothing out of the affair but hard tack and with but one-fourth rations at that. Many of the officers have secured enough out of the affair to be wealthy for life, and the higher the rank the more loot they got. When you read in the paper of the Americans not looting, you can just wink the other eye and be wise. The Americans and the English were dead in the game, and the English got a trifle more than the Yanks because they were a trifle smarter. The Japanese are the finest soldiers in the world today any way you take them, and any nation wants to think twice before bumping up against them."

A Shrewd Spinster.

A will in exchange for a marriage license is the bargain a shrewd South Omaha spinster exacted in Judge Vinsonhaler's court before she would consent to the settling of the conjugal yoke about her neck.

Jacob Mertz and Barbara L. Lisy, 47 years old, appeared in court and asked to be married. The license had been procured.

"Now," said Miss Lisy, "while we are waiting for the judge we can attend to this business that's got to be done before this affair goes any further."

The bridegroom understood. He drew from his pocket a will and handed it to the clerk with a request for a receipt. By the will Mertz bequeathed all of his possessions to his intended wife. The wedding then went on.—Omaha Cor. Chicago Record.

Are Other Planets Inhabited?

The president of the French Academy of Science at the last meeting of that body announced that Mme. Guzmann, a believer in the plurality of inhabited worlds, had bequeathed to the academy a sum of 100,000 francs to be given to any person who shall have succeeded in entering into communication with one of the heavenly bodies with the exception of the planet Mars. The "will," M. Levy adds, wisely provides that on each occasion that the prize could not be awarded during the space of five years in succession the compound interest will be devoted to the promotion of the serious work of astronomy. The intention of the founder would be scrupulously carried out, and the prize would be put up for competition in the present year.—Paris Cor. London News.

Lemon Juice For the Grip.

I wish to call the attention of the public to what was done by the board of health of the city of London at the time the grip was epidemic there a few years ago. It seems that they placed bulletins in public places telling the people that when taken with the grip they should drink freely of lemon juice diluted with water, or strong lemonade. This should be taken hot. If this was done in the beginning they would need no other medicine. In the meantime take every precaution against taking cold. One thing is certain—hot lemon juice or lemonade is a great remedy for influenza and colds.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Russianized Finland.

The spoliation of Finland proceeds apace. It is now decreed that no gatherings of people for the discussion of social, scientific or economic subjects shall be permitted without special license, and even then only in the presence of the police. Thus the members of the faculty of the University of Helsingfors must not come together to discuss the nature of the canals of Mars without first getting a permit from the Russian police, and then must have a Cossack, knout in hand, among them at their meeting. Truly, Muscovite civilization is a fine thing!—New York Tribune.

A High Priced Cow

The Kansas City Star the other day said: "The highest price ever paid in this or any other country for a Hereford cow was paid this afternoon at the Hereford sale at the stockyards pavilion for 'Clem' Graves' cow Carnation. After half an hour of exciting bidding during which the price advanced at $100 jumps, she was bought by Jesse C. Adams of Mowaqua, Ills., for $3,700. The highest price ever paid before in the world for a Hereford cow was $3,150. Dolly V sold in Chicago a year ago for this sum."

Billposters on the Nile.

The billposting fiend has been at it again. This time in connection with the magnificent ruins of temples and other remains of antiquity which are to be found scattered up and down in the vicinity of the Nile. It is a shame that spots so hallowed by age and tradition, and some of them world renowned in history, should be desecrated by the billposter advertising a hotel or an infallible pill by means of the posters he plasters haphazard on the ruins.—Cairo Sphinx.

Fatal Gluttony.

A messenger employed at the railway station in Praga, Warsaw, made a bet that he would eat at one meal five fowls, a jar of sour cabbage, two melons, ten pounds of fruit, six cucumbers, with bread and, besides, he would drink a gallon of vodki (native spirit), six bottles of beer and three siphons of soda water. A numerous company assembled to witness the feat, which was successfully accomplished, and the bet was paid. The man, however, was found dead in bed next morning.—London Standard.

THAT WAS DIFFERENT.

Papa Said There Was No Similarity In the Two Cases.

"Papa," asked the little boy, "do you remember the first money you ever earned?"

"Yes," said papa. "It was a bright new, shiny 5 cent piece that old Mr. Gregg, the grocer, gave me for carrying about a quarter's worth of work. I worked all Saturday afternoon to earn that nickel, and when he paid me I ran three blocks home, tired as I was, to show it."

"And did you put it in your bank?" asked the little boy.

"No; I got father's permission to spend it just as I pleased. However, I kept it for three or four days, just to have the satisfaction of having it of my own, earned by my own exertions. And if I could have bought the things I thought of buying with that nickel I would have had about $10 worth of books, toys, marbles and what not. Finally I made up my mind. What do you think I bought?"

"I am sure I can't guess," said the little boy. "What did you buy, papa?"

"I went to the bakery and bought a custard pie."

"Why, papa! And you said grandma always had custard pie at home and let you have a slice of it as soon as you got home from school!"

"Yes, I used to get a slice, but I had a whole pie, and she never let me eat it the way I wanted to. So I went to the bakery and bought my pie and borrowed a spoon from the baker and ate the custard and left the crust. I never had anything taste so good in all my life."

"You never allow me to eat custard pie that way, papa," said the little boy.

"Oh, that's different!" said papa.—Indianapolis Press.

PAINT ON INDIAN FACES.

Nearly All of It Means Something to Those Initiated.

The fact of the matter is that every paint mark on an Indian's face is a sign with a definite meaning which other Indians may read. When an Indian puts on his full war paint he decks himself not only with his own individual honors and distinctions, but by his own bravery, but also with the special honors of his family or tribe. He may possess one mark of distinction only or many. In fact, he may be so well off in this respect that, like some English noblemen, he is able to don a new distinction for every occasion. Sometimes he will wear all his honors at one time.

Among the Indian tribes is one designated by the symbol of the dog, painted in red on the face. The various parts of the fish are scattered heterogeneously on the surface of the face; the peculiarly long snout is placed on the forehead, the gills are represented by two curved lines below the eyes, while the tail is shown as a tube two and hanging from either nostril. When only one or two parts of an animal are painted on a man's face, it is an indication of inferiority; when the whole animal appears, even though in many oddly assorted parts, the sign is one of great value and indicates a high rank.

Very peculiar are some of the hideous symbols painted on the Indian faces. There are fish, flesh and fowl of all kinds—dog salmon, devil fish, starfish, woodpeckers, eagles, ravens, wolves, bears, sea lions and sea monsters, mosquitoes, frogs, mountain goats and all manner of foot, claw and beak marks—each with a special meaning of its own.—Pearson's Magazine.

He Got Some Work to Do.

"Prisoner," said the learned magistrate to a lazy fellow before him, "this is the third time you've been here."

"But, your honor," pleaded the prisoner, "I've been trying to get work but couldn't."

"You wouldn't work if you could get it."

"Yes, I would, your honor."

"What kind of work?"

"Anything, your honor, so long as it was honest work."

"What kind of wages?"

"Wages is no object, your honor; all I want is work, with food and clothing and shelter."

"And you'd work if you had that sort of a job?"

"Indeed, I would, your honor; only try me," and the tears actually came into his eyes.

"Very well," said the magistrate kindly, "we'll give you a job with shelter, food and clothing combined. Six months' hard labor. Next case."—Tit-Bits.

Asparagus With Oil.

Fontenelle, who was passionately fond of asparagus with oil, invited to dinner an abbe friend, who preferred it with butter. Mindful of hospitable obligations, M. Fontenelle had given orders that half the dish should be served one way, half the other.

Just before the course came on the abbe fell down in a fit. Without taking the slightest notice of him Fontenelle rushed straight to the kitchen crying: "All with oil! All with oil!"—Cornhill Magazine.

The Expert.

"Do you think those two letters were written by the same person?"

"I really couldn't say," answered the handwriting expert.

"Oh, I see! You haven't studied them?"

"Yes, I have; but I haven't as yet been retained either by the prosecution or the defense."—Exchange.

Particular About His Name.

"Don't drag my name into print in connection with this absurd affair!" cried the indignant citizen. "But if you do be sure to spell out my middle name in full."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Posted In Spite of the Rule.

Collector—I am afraid to present this dun in person to Mr. Grump. Had we not better forward it by mail?

Manager—Yes, but remember this is the only instance where we will violate our motto, "Post No Bills."—Ohio State Journal.

A London paper commenting on the fact that upward of 100,000 horses had perished in the South African war up to date sees in this condition of affairs a potent reason for the success of the motor vehicle as a military adjunct.