

BANDON RECORDER.

The Plucky Doctor. Dr. W. S. Rainford had started a mission school in the back rooms of a saloon on Avenue A and at one of the first sessions found a big ruffian in possession, greatly to the discomfort of the teacher. Told to go out, the fellow informed Dr. Rainford of an oath that he would see him further first. The doctor talked peacefully enough to the blackguard, hoping to avoid a disturbance, but when he swore at him again gave him his own medicine in a blow that felled him like an ox. The fellow arose, dazed and groping, to find the doctor standing over him, ready to have it out.

"Have you got enough?" he asked. The man cried quits and went his way. The Sunday school session proceeded. A week later there was another fight. The doctor started in to clear the room, persuasion having failed, and found the burly ruffian of the previous encounter at his elbow.

"I thought I was in for it," he said, telling of it, "and that they had come to clean me out. I made sure my back was free and turned upon him. Imagine my surprise when I saw my customer of the week before grab the other by the neck and rush him to the door.

"Here," he said, firing him out, "the doctor and I can clean out this saloon! That was the last fight we had."—World's Work.

His Sad Blunder. Yes, it was a sad blunder. He thought the children were in the other room, but it so happened that it was occupied by his wife and a lachrymose neighbor. We all know these sensitive women who weep on the slightest provocation, who begin to sniffle when they talk of their woes, this being really little more than a bid for words of comfort, and this woman was one of them. What had happened is quite immaterial. Something had been said or done that had completely upset her, and in her appeal for solace she sniffled.

As before remarked, he thought the children were in the other room, and one of the children had been suffering from cold in the head. Of course every one knows how annoying a youngster with a cold in the head can be, and he was not in the best of humor anyway.

"Oh, yes! It was a sad blunder, but even blunders have their compensations. The lachrymose one does not come to that house for sympathy as she formerly did."—Chicago Post.

His Titles. It was evident in his swagger that he was a scion of the British aristocracy, and the most casual observer could not have failed to note that he was a stranger to the city. He touched a well dressed, amiable looking young man who was loitering in front of a Broadway hotel on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, dear man, but could I trouble you for a match?" After lighting his cigar he continued: "Bah, Jove, this is a remarkable city! This is my first visit to New York, d'you know. I'm a deuced stranger, but on the other side I'm a person of importance. I am Sir Francis Dafny, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron Cross. D'you mind telling me your name, dear man?"

Replied he of the auburn hair in a deep, rich brogue: "My name is Michael Murphy, knight before last, knight before that, last night, tonight and every night.—Michael Murphy."—New York Sun.

POLLY LARKIN

Here's another little "storyette" that comes to mind in connection with Polly's favorite "angel of mercy" in the ranks of the Red Cross. Word came to headquarters one day that one of the soldiers stationed at the Presidio was lying dangerously ill in a home of a certain party in South San Francisco, and that he would die if he was not removed at once. In fact, the man himself had implored them to send him to a hospital, or at least notify his captain of his condition, and finally, in desperation, had scrawled a line stating that he was seriously ill with typhoid fever, was receiving no attention whatever, and that if he was not removed he would surely die, and bribed a small boy in the family to mail it for him. The party who had taken the sick man home with him, it seems, was getting paid so much per week for taking care of him by a society that both men belonged to, and he had no notion of losing the amount if he could help it.

The ladies of the Red Cross, hearing of the matter, sent an ambulance after the sick soldier, but they not only refused to let him go, but would not allow them to see him, stating that he was getting along nicely, was perfectly satisfied and did not want to be removed. The unsuccessful members of the Red Cross reported their failure, and then our "angel of mercy" with others took the matter in hand, and the next day stormed the fort. They met with open resistance and hurried to the police station; but here they again met defeat and were informed they could do nothing in the matter, as it was a purely military affair. Nothing daunted they hurried to the only near-by telephone, which proved to be in a saloon, and phoned to the captain of the young man's company the condition of affairs, and his answer was to hold the fort and that he would send a detachment of soldiers and take him by force, if necessary. It was getting on towards sundown and the situation was not very pleasant for the ladies, but they vowed they would get the soldier out of this mercenary man's hands if it took them till midnight. Finally a dozen soldiers appeared upon the scene and charged into the house with drawn bayonets. As they went in the front door the courageous man who had been standing off the ladies of the Red Cross so persistently fled from the back door and took to the hills, leaving his wife to face the enemy. They found the soldier in a deplorable condition. The room as well as the house was in filthy condition, and he lay burning up with fever in the clothes he had been put to bed in several weeks before. Wrapping him in clean blankets the half-conscious soldier was carried to the ambulance and taken to a hospital where proper care could be given him. It was dark before the ladies of the Red Cross reached their respective homes, but they were in high glee at the success of their undertaking. The soldier got well and the man who bent so hasty a retreat has made himself "very scarce" in the vicinity of the Presidio since the event. He didn't mind the face-powder and artillery of words from the ladies a little bit, but when it came to the charging of bayonets by the soldiers—well, that was a different matter, and "an ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure."

If, to use a well-remembered phrase in "Helen's Babies," you "want to see the wheels go round" in earnest, you should visit one of the big factories in this city where they are making ladies' shirt waists entirely. Everything is run by electricity and the seventy-five or more machines are ranged in long, straight lines down one side of the room. There are about three columns of these workers, and nearly all seem to be young girls. Their eyes are glued on the machines and they are all business, scarcely ever glancing up from the bright and shining little needle that clicks many times as it passes through the yards and yards of pink, blue, lavender and red percales or ginghams, and the billows of snowy lawns and laces for the more elaborate and costly light-waists. They chatter like so many blackbirds during the noon hour when the day's work is ended, but they scarcely ever utter a word, unless it is for some instructions regarding their work, while at their sewing. How fast the machines fly! It almost makes you dizzy to look at them. The girls bending over the machines have buzz used to the constant click and clatter of the machinery, and it does not affect them in the least. They turn out hundreds of shirt-waists in a day, and we beside the little seamstress who does not come up to the average. They cannot afford to be drones in this busy hive; they cannot be even moderately slow. Everything must go with a rush, and the superintendents of the work glide round among the bread-winners with an ever-watchful eye, an encouraging word for this one and censure for that one. They must understand their business and make no mistakes. From Monday morning until Saturday night this busy whirl goes on, and Polly often wonders, as I pass the open door, if half the people who don the cool and comfortable little shirt-waists and go sauntering forth know of the hundreds of girls who bend over their work from day, listening to the "Song of the Shirt," not sung as Hood has so pathetically written it, but buzzed on their machines. Many of them are just working for pin money and spend their wages on dress as soon as they receive it; others it helps more to, for their wages go to help sustain not only themselves but their families.

MOTTOES OF STATES.

HOW MANY OF THEM, WITH THEIR MEANINGS, DO YOU KNOW? The Great Seal of the United States Was Designed by an Englishman, Who Also Suggested the Motto Adopted, "E Pluribus Unum." If you desire to have fun with a learned acquaintance, ask him simple questions about his country, its history, financial condition, political divisions, geographical lines, climatology, topography, etc. Questions that any schoolboy can answer Dr. Knowall will stumble clumsily over, often getting a bad fall. Here is one question that I have never heard any mottoes of the several states of the Union and their meaning? A clever man may name that of his own state and guess at those of three or four of the more important sister states, but he is unlikely to repeat the meanings of any that are in the original Latin. Try some able professor in a crowd and see him flounder.

BRIEF REVIEW.

A Naturalist Enriched by an Arizona Rat. The actions of a rat led N. R. Ingoldby to the discovery of a rich gold mine in Arizona. He named the property the Rat Hole mine. Mr. Ingoldby had been spending several months near Mammoth, on the San Pedro river, in Arizona. His purpose was to enjoy the hunting and make a collection of the animals and minerals of the Southwest. He pitched his tent in the canyon of the San Pedro in the Santa Catarina mountains. He had no neighbors and was for a time unable to account for the disappearance of small articles that he lay lying about his camp. At last he noticed that when anything was taken something was left in its place. This was usually a bit of stone or wood. The culprit he found to be a large rodent of the species known as the trading rat. The habits of the animal made an interesting study for Mr. Ingoldby, and he often lay awake at night to watch for his visitor. A silver spoon was missing one morning, and in its place was a piece of quartz carrying free gold. This still more excited Mr. Ingoldby's curiosity, and after several attempts he succeeded in following the animal to its home. Near by was the ledge from which the gold-bearing quartz had been taken. Mr. Ingoldby made an examination thorough enough to prove that his discovery was of considerable value.

American Silk Industry. It was the current belief only a few years ago that the silk industry could never be a success in the United States. It was thought that in this line of trade we could never hope to compete with France and other European countries. Climatic conditions and other natural causes were supposed to be against the development of the silk business here. But facts and figures tell a different story. Even the French trade papers, according to one of our Consuls in France, concede that the United States is likely to take the lead among the silk producers of the world. During the last three years the consumption of raw silk in the United States has exceeded that of France. One trade paper says the producing power of the United States has equaled that of France since 1897. "And American manufacture has a power of expansion that ours does not possess," it adds. These statements, taken together with the fact the use of silk goods and silk combinations is rapidly increasing everywhere, indicate that the silk industry has a highly promising future in America.

Tahiti the Land of Mystery. To the antiquarian Tahiti is as full of fascinating mystery as Egypt, writes a correspondent from the islands. It contains monuments of a civilization past and modern comprehension. Picture a statue measuring thirty-five feet from head to hips, and carved out of a single stone, transported from a quarry three miles away. On the head of the image place a crown of red stone ten feet in diameter. That is the sort of mystery you encounter in Tahiti. Everything there is strange, everything entrancing. And now a line of steamers has been started from San Francisco, and before many years have passed we may expect to see the beauties of that land trampled out of existence by tourists and traders, and its crystal atmosphere polluted with the smoke of factories.

British Building Trade Penions. A practical proof of what can be done in the way of establishing old-age pensions without Government assistance is given by the Provident Institution of Builders' Foremen and Clerks of Works. The members of the institution, when incapacitated by old age from following their employment, obtain a weekly pension of 15 shillings, and this sum is about to be increased to 18 shillings. When the pensioners die their widows are not forgotten, a sum of 6 shillings a week being allowed them. The society is in a prosperous condition, not mainly through the subscriptions—each member pays only £2 a year—but it has the good will of the large London builders, who liberally subscribe to the funds.

Where Co-operation Succeeds. The co-operative movement, which began in Bolton, forty years ago, under humble conditions, has grown rapidly. The income last year attained to the record figure of over £700,000, of which £100,000 was divided as profits among the 25,000 members. Since its inauguration the society's income has totaled £10,000,000, and over £1,500,000 has been returned in dividends. The society's building club has enabled hundreds of members to acquire homes.

It is fifty years since the first messages by electric telegraph passed under the Channel between England and France.

More steel is used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world.

THE DEADLY COBRA.

How Venomous Creature is Handled by Hindoo Snake Charmers. The creatures were on the defensive, but not one of them attempted to strike at the master, who sat only in front of them, so long as he did nothing to annoy them. Kullian talked to them as if they were his dearest friends. After a time one or the other of them would lower its head, collapse its hood and begin to try to wriggle away. Whereupon Kullian would give it a smart little rap on the tail with his stick and bring it instantly to attention again. Whether this man possessed any special magic over these cobras or whether the description given below of how he could handle and play with them was simply due to his method I cannot say. He himself repudiated the idea of magic and asserted positively that any one who had the necessary nerve and dexterity could do exactly the same.

He used no reed instrument or music of any kind to propitiate the reptiles. He would simply squat on his haunches in front of them, and, after they had been hissing and swaying their uplifted heads backward and forward for a few minutes, he raised his hands and they would lift their heads and slowly make them descend till they rested on the snakes' heads. He then stroked them gently, speaking all the time in the most endearing Hindoostanee terms. The serpents appeared spell-bound. They made no effort to resist the liberty, but remained quite still, with heads uplifted, and seemed rather to enjoy it. Presently his hands would descend down the necks about three inches below the heads, his fingers would close loosely around the necks, and he would lift them off the ground and place them on his shoulders. The looseness of the grip appeared to be the main secret. The snakes, being in no way hurt, would then slowly crawl through his fingers and wind themselves round his neck, his shoulders and his arms. They appeared to realize that no harm was to be done them, and they made no effort to resent the handling. He would pick them gently off one arm and place them on the other and, in fact, stroke them and pet them as if they had been a pair of harmless worms.—Cornhill.

A TIGRESS WITH A GRUDGE. She Gets Furious at Sight of a Keeper Who Once Beat Her. There is a lean tigress in the Central park menagerie who spends a part of the day beating her head against the iron bars of her cage in a vain attempt to spring upon one of the keepers. Ordinarily the animal is quiet enough. It is only when this keeper passes that she ceases to be a purring cat and becomes a fiend incarnate. The other morning the tigress was in an extremely bad temper. When her fancied enemy stuck a mop in through the bars to clean her cage, she sprang at him, growling in thunderous bass. Nearly everybody in the crowd stepped back involuntarily. The keeper placed an iron bar in the cage at the great cat's feet and went on with his work, while the animal snarled in impotent rage and drew back her upper lip over two gleaming white fangs.

"She doesn't seem to be fond of you," ventured a bystander. "No, there isn't much love lost between us," replied the keeper. "Her tantrums show that animals treasure grudges just like people. That tigress came here eight years ago. A day or two after she arrived I had to punish her, and she has never got over it. She watches me all day out of the corner of her eye, and every time I go by the cage she makes a jump. I suppose she thinks she'll get me some time. If she does, I might as well say goodbye."

While the man talked the tigress looked at him with hate plainly stamped on her face. When he went away, she watched him until he was lost to view. Then she resumed her nervous tramp, tramp.—New York Mail and Express.

An Abbreviation. A colonel of a British regiment in South Africa who was repairing a railroad after one of General De Wet's many breakers discovered a fine empty house, which he proceeded to occupy as headquarters. When the news of the colonel's comfortable quarters reached Bloemfontein, he received a telegram which read: "G. T. M. wants house." The colonel was unable to make out what "G. T. M." meant and inquired of officers, who translated it "general traffic manager."

"All right," said the colonel. "If he can use my house, so can I." So he wired back: "G. T. M. can G. T. H." Two days later he received a dispatch from Bloemfontein ordering him to attend a board of inquiry. On appearing in due course he was asked what he meant by sending such an insulting message to a superior officer. "Insulting?" repeated the colonel innocently. "It was nothing of the kind." "But what do you mean," demanded his superior, "by telling me I can 'G. T. H.'?"

"It was simply an abbreviation," replied the colonel—"G. T. M. (general traffic manager) can G. T. H. (get the house)."

When Corks Float Upright. A cork which is longer than it is broad, which is the case with all ordinary corks, floats upon its side, so to speak. How can we make it float upon its head? Place one on end upon a table and around it place six others. Setze them all together and plunge them under water so as to wet them completely. Then remove your hand gently and let them take their own position in the water, when you will find that they will stand upright, as if supporting one another. This is because the water that penetrates the cork will make them cling together.

He Had Noted. "That fellow is a bird," said the admiring stranger as he looked at the fresh young man. "Not now," replied the native, "but there was a time when your description might have been justified." "When was that?" "The night we tarred and feathered him about a year ago."—Chicago Post.

TRICKS IN THE SILK TRADE.

How Shoppers Are Fooled—Tests Which Show the Pure Material. Pure silk, when it has been through all the processes necessary to bring out all its good qualities, is worth its weight in silver, said an expert the other day. Therefore the women who expect to buy pure silk at little more than the price of cotton must expect to be fooled, and there are lots of ways by which the manufacturer gets even with them.

They make stuff that is called silk and passes for it with credulous persons who don't know any better out of nearly any old thing now. One favorite imitation silk is made of cellulose treated with chemicals. It isn't a good material to get on fire in. Then there are south sea island cottons and some mercerized cotton which after treatment look something like silk, though of course they wear very differently, and their silken appearance soon vanishes.

But it is in adulterating goods which really have some silk in them that the greatest skill is exercised to deceive the buyer. To obtain the required rustle and body rough floss is often used for the wool of the material. This soon causes it to wear shaly.

Another trick is to increase the weight and apparent solidity of a flimsy silk material by using metallic salts in the dye vats. Pressing with some kinds of silk increases the weight also, but at the sacrifice of strength. Cheap, crackly, stiff silk which has heavy cords is good silk to avoid. It won't wear.

There are several tests which reveal readily the purity of a piece of silk. The microscope of course will show it at once, even to an unpracticed eye. Pure silk has the appearance of fine, smooth tubes. Another good test is by burning. Pure silk burns slowly, with a slight odor. Cotton flares up quickly and would throw off a decidedly disagreeable smell.

Then the tongue will readily reveal the presence of metallic salts. There is no mistaking their taste. But all these may be disregarded, said the expert, when silk is offered for the price of cotton. You need not bother to test that stuff.—New York Sun.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

In Germany oysters cost 60 to 75 cents a dozen. American books are beginning to sell very well in Britain. Great Britain's trade has multiplied 12 1/2 times since 1801. Compulsory education in New Zealand is considered a success. Berlin has 14 schools in which girls of 13 and 14 are taught to cook. Seattle, Wash., has 13,527 wooden buildings and only 467 of brick.

The number of women engaged in the factories of Finland is 19,385. Nearly one-half the persons in this country die when they are children. The British colonies are 70 times as large as the area of the United Kingdom. It is estimated that the wheat crop of Australia will be about 14,000,000 bushels. More than 4,000,000 baths were taken at the two scores of London's bath-houses last year.

The carrying power of British shipping, including colonial, is now 30,300,000 tons against 3,400,000 tons in 1850. An animal heretofore unknown, resembling both the horse and zebra, has been discovered in the Congo forests. In Germany only 413 out of 1,000 males reach the age of 50, while more than 500 out of 1,000 females reach that age. An Austrian named Anton Petermandel, who recently died at Steyr, had made a collection of about 3,000 knives of all times. Missouri claims to have the best private library of any state in the Union. The library consists of 5,000 well selected books.

Gymnasiums for adults and children to the number of 24 are provided and maintained at the public expense in the parks in London. Sixty-two per cent of the adults in the kingdom of Great Britain, Scotland and Ireland are able to read and write. In 1801 only 22 per cent could read and write. Contrary to the generally accepted opinion, it is asserted that more steam vessels are now used on the Mississippi river and its tributaries than ever before.

The scheme of the men forming large game preserves in the east is to surround them with a wire fence and have it charged with electricity. The poachers who run up against it will be almost surprised. At a eucharist party for the benefit of the Army and Navy society in New York 1,000 players sat at the tables. One of the prizes was three Maltese kittens with long pedigrees. Another was a grand piano. A passion play will be given at Selzach, in the canton of Solothurn, Switzerland, on June 16. Performances will take place each Sunday and fete days up to Sept. 1, when the performances will be brought to a close. In 1800 the largest fortune in the United States was \$250,000. Today there are several fortunes of more than \$200,000,000. In 1800 the settled area consisted of 305,708 square miles. Today it is over 2,000,000 square miles. There have been rapid strides in the iron and steel industry in south Russia during the past few years. No fewer than 14 iron works have been started, while the quartet of pre-existing works have doubled the number of their blast furnaces.

A Boer prisoner who died in Ceylon was insured against war risks with a continental life office. The latter now refuses to pay on the ground that residence in such a latitude as that of Ceylon was stipulated in the policy as an extra risk. The late Edward G. Mason of Chicago, who devoted much time, research and labor to gathering materials for a history of Illinois that he purposed writing, came to the conclusion that the name Chicago was derived from "Chicagou," a place visited by former companions of La Salle in 1681. Already generous in its contributions that relate to the Aztecs and cliff dwellers, Mexico is now yielding up archaeological treasures in the form of buried cities and palaces, some of which reveal an amount and quality of carving and constructive skill quite unexpected by the men of science who are employed in excavations. A baker who has returned from Cape Nome to Chicago reports that the bread selling for 25 cents a loaf. But he could not keep up with the demand, for he could not keep his assistants, even when he paid them \$5 and \$10 a day, as they would be off in the rush following each story of great finds in new localities. Last year the total number of new books published in the United States reached 6,356, or 653 more than in any previous year. There were 662 new editions of old fiction and 616 new novels, showing a decided reaction toward novels of established reputation. A special feature of the year was the re-issue of celebrated books in fine and carefully edited editions. One of three Peruvian Indian mummies received at the Smithsonian institution a few days ago was found to contain the bodies of a woman and two babies, probably a mother and her children. The bodies were imbedded in a padding of leaves, and this in turn was bound about with a piece of goods not unlike gunny sack, held in place by a rope wound about it. About as much spool wool is sent to Europe every year as is manufactured into spools in Maine. Last year Maine exported about 15,000,000 feet of spool bars, chiefly to Scotland, and of this quantity about one-half was shipped from Bangor. Several million feet of spool bars are also shipped to other parts of the United States where there are spool mills, notably Rhode Island.

Forever Settled. She—I tell you the moral superiority of woman is recognized in the language itself. There isn't any feminine for "ascals." Is there? He—Of course not, but that's because— She—That's because there are no feminine ascals.—Chicago Tribune. Some £10,000 has been subscribed in Switzerland to a fund which is being raised for supplying a home in that country for destitute Boer men, women and children.

Squares of Consecutive Numbers. Squares of consecutive numbers, as 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., may be formed by the simple rule: To the square of the preceding number add the preceding number and the number itself. Thus: 0=0 1=0+1=1 2=1+1+0=4 3=4+2+0=9 4=9+3+0=16 The algebraic proof is: (n+1)² = n² + 2n + 1 = n² + n + (n+1) —New York Sun.

A Polley Approved. "No," said the policeman kindly, but firmly, "you cannot photograph that statue." "Why not?" asked the tourist. "Because it is against the law." The tourist looked at the statue in question, a massive piece of contract work, and then answered: "Well, I don't blame you. It's always decenter for people to keep their troubles to themselves instead of letting them be advertised all over the country."—Washington Star.

What Puzzles Young America. It is a puzzle to the modern youth how so many old duffers managed to get along in the world without the knowledge of things in general possessed by the modern youth.—Boston Transcript.