

BANDON RECORDER.

Three Kings Before Victoria.

Victoria ascended the throne at an auspicious moment. Kingship had fallen into a miserable disrepute. The last three monarchs who had sat upon our throne had done little to make their office easy or glorious. George III had obscured whatever virtues were his by an obstinacy of opinion which lost us a vast colony and which might well have enslaved us to a foreign power.

George IV had died unwept and unloved. As he had made his distinguished office a scandal, as he had made his throne ridiculous by a deplorable levity of taste and conduct, so he had forfeited the affection of his people and alienated their sympathy long before death overtook him.

Nor can it be said that William IV graced the throne of Britain. Loved for his homely virtues, he raised a smile of kindly contempt by his lack of dignity and his frank misunderstanding of kingly ceremonial.

The late Sims Reeves was fond of telling a story that related to an early engagement in Glasgow which was arranged through a metropolitan agency. One of the items on the programme was "Hail, Smiling Morn!" and of course Mr. Reeves was put down for the solo portion.

The whole matter was settled hurriedly. Mr. Reeves was at first disinclined to accept, as other engagements prevented him from reaching Glasgow in time for a rehearsal with the choir.

"That's nothing at all. You were a little wrong in your pronunciation, and the echo was correct. You see, it was a Scottish echo."—Youth's Companion.

To Polly's mind Miss Gould & Co.'s manner of dealing with the saloon business is better than Carrie Nation's and her little hatchet. It is certainly a more peaceable and womanly way.

"Men on newspapers often have peculiar experiences," said W. A. Churchill of Chicago, "and such a one befell a friend of mine some time ago. The friend in question was city editor of a great daily, and in the course of his manifold duties it fell to his lot to take to task one of his reporters.

"But, as the result proved, he did some tall thinking. City editors when 'riled,' as it is well known, are not particularly choice or economical in the language they bestow on their unfortunate reporters, and among other things the Englishman had been told that he was no better than—in fact, was—a crazy man and that his proper habitat was a lunatic asylum and not the hall bedroom of a Chicago boarding-house which he occupied.

"The Englishman took this part of the city editor's remarks as his text and acted upon them. He promptly went to an asylum, had himself thoroughly examined by three or four alienists and secured from them an official certificate to the fact that he was sane. With this he appeared at the office of his paper the next day, and entering the editor's sanctum, he slapped it down before his astonished and dismayed superior. 'Now, you go and get one,' was his only comment and for once that city editor capitulated."—New York Tribune.

POLLY LARKIN

Miss Helen Gould is again heading a scheme for the advancement of mankind. This is the announcement that one of the daily papers makes concerning the subject: "Miss Helen Gould, John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie are going into the saloon business in the worst part of New York. Miss Gould and two eminent co-adjutors have decided, after long and careful consideration, that there is always room for more, and if their present plans are carried out, and there seems to be no reason why they shouldn't, the doors of the saloons of Gould, Rockefeller, Carnegie & Co. will swing open before the end of summer."

On the day of his accession he was escorted from his council and was found throwing shillings to a noisy crowd in a back street, and never did he acquire the rudiments of tact which should be the first wisdom of kings.—Blackwood's.

The diary of Major Andre, after lying hidden for a hundred years, has been discovered in England. This interesting find was made by Lord Grey while he was going over a lot of old family papers that probably had not been disturbed since the conclusion of the American war of independence.

Wales a Pioneer in Iron Trade. Byron wrote in his "Childe Harold" that he "stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs, a palace and a prison on each hand."

Russia's Great Railway. It is nine years since the Trans-Siberian Railroad was commenced, and at the present time 3240 miles of rails have been laid, showing an average of 360 miles a year.

Fish That Change Color. It has been found that certain prawns, common along the coasts of England, change their color at least twice every 24 hours in order to harmonize with the stronger or weaker light prevailing near the surface or in the deeper water.

It is the law in Maine that double bounty for bears must be paid when the animal's nose is shown, and in New Hampshire the money is payable on exhibition of the ears.

It is a Christmas custom in Atlanta to release all prisoners charged with offenses against city ordinances.

A UNIQUE SENTENCE.

THE NOVEL PENALTY A JUDGE IMPOSED UPON TWO MEN. Both Prisoners Were Condemned to Jail Until One of Them, a College Graduate, Taught the Other How to Read and Write.

Along in the seventies the late Judge Arnold Krekel was holding court at Jefferson City, relates an old timer, when there appeared before him two men charged and indicted for a violation of the United States laws, one of whom will be called Brown. He was charged with cutting timber on the public domain. Brown was about 40 years old and had been reared on the border in Arkansas and never had any opportunities for schooling, hence was unable to read or write.

BRIEF REVIEW. Diary of Major Andre Discovered. The diary of Major Andre, after lying hidden for a hundred years, has been discovered in England.

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The pest bags in Sweden, many of them eight to ten yards deep, cover an area of about 8,048,000 acres.

UNDEFINED.

Who can define love? Not the little child who lifts his soft eyes from his mother's knee. Fulfilled with innocent tranquility, for that poor knight who went where Venus smiled.

Snake, Eggs and a Jug. A Moccasin's Appetite and Lack of Sense Led to His Death. A party of Jacksonville mechanics were at work on the Matanzas river raising a sunken dredgeboat.

What is a "Lich Gate"? A lich gate is a shed, generally of oak, over the entrance of a churchyard, beneath which the bearers passed when bringing a body for interment.

Unappreciated Efforts. Unselfish goodness is seldom appreciated in this world of ours. There was that man in the electric car, for instance, having rung up close fares in his efforts to stop the car for the lady that sat on the opposite side.

Both at Rest. "I suppose," said the postcutter, "you'll want 'Requiescat in pace' at the bottom of your wife's monument?"

Adversity's Round Robin. "This is a cold world. A man can't get a job unless he has a good suit of clothes."

A Pound of Care. "My son," said the family man, "is anxious to become a pugilist. I'm doing my best to prevent him."

The Retort Courteous. "No, I have nothing for you," said the housekeeper sternly. "And don't you come here after dinner again."

Before 50 the most healthful occupation is that of the clergyman. The doctors and the lawyers are close together. After 50 years, according to the figures, it is more healthful to practice medicine or the law than it is to preach.

The forests of the Philippine islands cover an area of about 40,000,000 acres. The island of Mindanao, with an area of some 20,000,000 acres, has immense tracts of almost unbroken forests.

In the course of the demolition of the gasometer in the old town gas works at Mayence a large bale of cloth, well preserved, and a great number of French bayonets and chassepot rifles were found between the inner and outer containers of the gasometer.

QUAINT WAYS IN RIO.

Rio is the easiest city in the world to get credit in," said a New Orleans man who lived for awhile at the Brazilian capital, "but it's the worst place in the world in which to dodge a debt. All business there is done on the semi-annual account system, and you can get anything you want and have it charged without difficulty, but the end of every six months is settlement day, and if you are not on hand with the cash—well, I'll give you a little experience of my own to show you what happens."

The shoe-maker gravely made a note of the fact and promised to send around the boots as soon as they were done. Several weeks elapsed, when, one morning, a porter came staggering into the office almost buried under an enormous load of English top boots.

"I realized that the fatal reputation for eccentricity which Americans enjoy the world over was partly responsible for the middle. Still it was an inexcusably stupid blunder, and, after vainly arguing for an hour, I put him on notice that I would only accept one pair."

"That made me furious. I sent the man my check for \$15 and told his messenger to sue me and be hanged. But he didn't sue me. They have a much more effective method down there."

"Within a week every tradesman with whom I did business advised me courteously that he had closed my account—meaning that my future custom was not desired. Moreover, the foreign colony all gave me the cold shoulder, and when I dropped in at the club the frost was something awful."

"At last I sent for a particular friend. 'Look here,' I said, 'I want you to tell me frankly why I am getting this taboo. Because you haven't paid for your boots,' he replied. 'But this is monstrous!' said I. 'You know very well that I never ordered 8 1/2 pairs of boots. Of course not,' said he, 'but you'd best pay for 'em all the same. It runs a man here, he went on to explain, 'if he allows any bill to pass settlement day. No explanation is permitted, and everybody joins in cutting him. It seems hard, but we have to do it to sustain this credit system. If we didn't, we'd all be ruined by bad accounts.'"

"I groaned in spirit, but I sent the shoemaker \$12.50 and told him to let me have the rest of my boots. I was so mad I could have worn out the whole 17 on his anatomy, but I preserved my outward calm and was promptly reinstated socially and financially throughout the town. Later on I used seven pairs of boots as Christmas presents to friends and gave the one odd one to a one-legged beggar on the plaza."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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PRECIOUS STONES.

The Methods by Which They Are Tested by Experts. In a lecture on precious stones recently delivered before the Industrial Association of Berlin, Dr. Immanuel Friedlaender said that the testing of diamonds is comparatively simple. The common test for hardness suffices. If the stone resists strong attacks, it is certain to be genuine; if it does not, the damage is insignificant, as only an imitation has been destroyed.

The only reliable way in which genuine rubies can be told from imitations is by the minute air bubbles of the latter, which become clearly visible under the magnifying glass. These are not to be found in the natural gem. On the other hand, the imitations lack certain defects characteristic of genuine rubies—certain vacuums, whose outlines are much more indistinct than those of the air bubbles in imitations.

True emeralds have similar characteristic defects, such as inclosures of liquids and curious dendrites. Sapphires also show peculiar netlike formations.

SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEERS. The Part They Played in the War Between the States. It is odd to think that the southern mountaineer was not discovered until the outbreak of the civil war, although he was nearly a century old then, and it is really startling to realize that when one speaks of the southern mountaineers he speaks of nearly 3,000,000 people who live in eight southern states—Virginia and Alabama and the southern states between and occupy a region equal in area to the combined areas of Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The American mountaineer was discovered, I say, at the beginning of the war, when the Confederate leaders were counting on the presumption that Mason and Dixon's line was the dividing line between the north and south and formed, therefore, the plan of marching an army from Wheeling to some point on the lakes and thus severing the north at one blow.

The Honorable Board. Sam Rawson occasionally said a good thing, and one of these occasions chanced to be the town meeting. The people of Sam's village could not understand how the money appropriated for the roads had vanished with such poor results.

A stretch of road running past Sam's house was in notoriously poor condition, although Sam declared that he had paid liberally to have it put in good order, and there was general interest when Sam rose to make his statement before the selectmen.

"I'd just like to say one thing," he drawled, heedless of the fact that he had interrupted an indignant neighbor. "I don't want to make any fuss, but I'd just like to ask the honorable board of highwaymen—"

That was as far as he could get. A roar of laughter swept over the town meeting and showed its effects in the red faces of the "highwaymen."—Youth's Companion.

Companions in Misery. "I am not especially sensitive," said the man with the billiard ball pate in talking to friends with scanty hair who had been telling experiences, "but I confess it rankled when an absolute stranger hailed me as 'Old Baldy.' I was sprinkling the lawn one hot evening last summer and had laid aside hat and coat. I was somewhat astonished on looking up to see a stranger hanging over the picket fence intently watching me. I continued to play the lawn, but when I looked up again the man was still there studying and with evident amusement. I glared at him.

"Hello, old Baldy!" he shouted, making a profound bow. "Are you speaking to me, sir? I demanded. "Hello, old Baldy!" he repeated. "Why, you verdam chump," I replied, rushing toward him with the nozzle. "I'll turn the hose on you!" "No, you don't," he answered, removing his hat with a flourish and making another low bow. "I'm the limit," he said. I then saw there was not a hair on his head. We went off together and had a drink."—New York Sun.