

BANDON RECORDER.

Millions Made by Planting Trees.
Any one who takes a vital interest in the welfare of his grandchildren can insure their being rich by planting trees on treeless land, which land he can leave to them in his will. Some big British fortunes have been provided for in this manner. A predecessor of the present Duke of Athole had a lot of land. It was not especially valuable—in fact, he was "land poor."

He determined that his descendants should fare better and so began planting trees. In the course of his lifetime he planted 14,005,719 larch trees alone, covering an area of 10,324 acres. His last plantation covered 7,800 acres, which in the ordinary way becomes a forest of mature timber 70 years after planting. Thinned down to about 250 trees an acre, each tree will contain at least 50 cubic feet of timber, which, at 25 cents a foot, gives a sum of \$4,375 an acre, a total for the value of the timber on the last plantation alone of \$34,500,000.

The whole initial outlay for this plantation, which has so increased the wealth of the ancient house of Athole, is said to have been only about \$15,000 for the seedling trees and the cost of the labor of planting them. The maintenance of the wood was paid for out of the profits arising from the sale of young wood when thinning the plantations.

The Earl and the Highwayman.
One night when the Earl of Stanhope was walking alone in the Kentish lanes a man jumped out of the hedge, leveled a pistol and demanded his purse.

"My good man, I have no money with me," said Lord Stanhope in his remarkable slow tones. The robber laid hands on his watch.

"No," Lord Stanhope went on, "that watch you must not have. It was given to me by one I love. It is worth £100. If you will trust me, I will go back to Cheltenham and bring a £100 note and place it in the hollow of that tree. I cannot lose my watch."

The man did trust him. The earl did bring the note. Years after Lord Stanhope was at a city dinner, and next to him sat a London alderman of great wealth, a man widely respected. He and the earl talked of many things and found each other mutually entertaining. Next day Lord Stanhope received a letter, out of which dropped a £100 note. "It was your lordship's kind loss of this sum," said the note, "that started me in life and enabled me to have the honor of sitting next to your lordship at dinner." A strange story; but the Stanhopes are a strange race, and things happen to them that never did or could occur to other people.

To Be Cheerful.
The sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, its ever spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look around cheerfully and to act and speak as if cheerfulness be already there. If such conduct doesn't make you soon feel cheerful, nothing else will on that occasion. So, to feel brave, act as if we were brave, use all our will to that end, and a courage fit will very likely replace the fit of fear. Again, in order to feel kindly toward a person to whom we have been inimical, the only way is more or less deliberately to smile, to look sweet and amiable, to inquire and to force ourselves to say genial things. One hearty laugh together will bring enemies into closer communion of heart than hours spent on both sides in inward wrestling with the mental demon of uncharitable feeling.

Requirements of a Good Stroke Oar.
During practice a good stroke is one who is regular in his rowing and easy to follow. He must give the big men plenty of time to finish the stroke out. He must keep them swinging steadily, and in a trial over the whole or any portion of the course he must get every possible ounce of work out of them, so that they are completely rowed out without having got short or flurried on the way. In a race he must know the capabilities of his crew and must be able to feel how they are going, when they want easing off and when they are capable of higher pressure, while above all he must have that degree of generalship which will enable him to decide in a well-contested race when to put the pressure on in order to take the advantage of station at a certain point of the course, when to ease off if he is holding his opponent at a slower rate of stroke, how far it is necessary for him to save himself for an effort at the end and especially in a very close contest the exact moment at which he should make the "grande attaque."—Saturday Review.

Abe Lincoln.
Of all the great men I have known Lincoln is the one who has left upon me the impression of a sterling son of God. Straightforward, unflinching, not loving the work he had to do, but doing it with a bold and true heart; mild whenever he had a chance, stern as iron when the public weal required it, following a bee-line to the goal which duty set before him. I can still feel the grip of his massive hand and the searching look of his kindly eye. I remember that when Lord Lyons, who was a bachelor, went to communicate the news of the marriage of the Prince of Wales to his official host, the queen's letter in his hand and said, "Well, Lord Lyons, all I can say is, 'Go and do thou likewise.'"—Sir Edward Malet's "Shifting Scenes."

The Redeemers.
An incident at the siege of Rozen, in 1591, shows that red was looked upon as the English color, for in mentioning the death of one of the Earl of Essex's captains it is remarked that the Frenchman who shot him got near enough to do so by putting on the red coat of a dead English soldier. In 1643 the king's life guards, as also the queen's and Prince Rupert's, wore red coats.

It Brings Her, Etc.
"What do you do when your wife gets sulky and refuses to talk to you?"
"Why, I begin to praise Mrs. Allgood, across the street, or some other woman I know she detests."
"And that brings her, eh?"
"Yes, it brings her and sometimes everything throwable that happens to be in her reach too."—Salt Lake City Tribune.

POLLY LARKIN

The Rev. Dr. Richard Harcourt of Reading, Pa., has taken a new departure and has issued a special request for the women attending his church to remove their hats during church services. He says the ladies find no difficulty in removing their hats in a theater, where the wearing of big hats and a profusion of flowers and feathers that the fair sex delight in, are much less annoying, for the reason that the seats are gradually elevated from the orchestra to the rear and give those seated in the rear of the theater some chance of getting occasional glimpses of the stage. He says that he is told that in the theaters the ladies place their hats on their laps and the audience looks home-like and at ease, quite comfortable and genteel, and like they had come to stay awhile. He believes it is a matter of the greatest good to the greatest number, and ends his petition to the fair sex with a bit of flattery by saying "women are wonderfully clever with a stickpin," and closes his argument as follows: "I will rejoice to view my hatless congregation, and it won't spoil the flower garden to be out of view for a brief hour in the cause of the Master." Now the crusade against the wearing of women's hats in church has begun, I wonder where it will stop? Whether it will be confined to the limits of Dr. Harcourt's church or whether it will be one of the fads that will be taken up by the different churches until a woman will fear to keep on her hat, even though she is suffering from neuralgia and is sitting in the line of an open window or door exposing her to a draught that will make her quiver with pain. She wouldn't dare to keep on the hat for fear some solemn-looking deacon would present her with a card inscribed with the polite invitation, "Please take off your hat."

Such an edict on the part of the churches would create a new departure in millinery, or the way of dressing the hair, or both. With many persons their hair must be dressed in a certain way to enable them to wear their new hats at all. It is all right when the hat is woefully unbecoming without the hat. They are painfully conscious of the fact, and they would rather stay at home from church any day than look like a guy when their hat had to be removed. Some of the ministers who were uncomfortably warm from their exertions to propound the scriptures would mildly suggest that it would be very acceptable if Brother So-and-so would pull down the windows and let in a little more fresh air. It would make some of the good sisters and brothers susceptible to colds from the least draught wind, but they would have to bear it, because the edict of non-hat-wearing in the churches had gone forth. The Rev. Dr. Richard Harcourt also says: "I have been told that the ladies can put on their hats with much celerity and satisfaction without the aid of a mirror. They know when it is right." There is where he is mistaken or has been misinformed. They always have their doubts and fears, and unless it is a plain and comfortable little dude or sailor hat (one and the same), you will hear the question asked when the hat is pinned on and the audience is about to disperse, "Is my hat on straight?" Some times it is, but oftener it is all awry, necessitating a little pulling to this side or the other. All things considered, Dr. Harcourt's plan is doubtless a good one, but Polly believes it would be beaten by a big majority if it was left to the women to vote on the subject.

Some times you hear an ambitious and energetic person say, "I envy those who are contented with their lot, willing to let well enough alone and take life easy. If the whole house is out of order it is just the same to them. They will sit down with a novel, not overtly in their attire, hair not combed but simply brushed on top, after the night's rest, and, hovering over some cheap and sentimental novel, pour over its pages until the never-lagging old clock puts its hands before its face at the hour of 12 as if in shame of the slovenly woman, who, hearing its warning, hastily puts up the novel, knowing that a troop of hungry children will come pouring in at any minute for their lunches, and her breakfast table is not yet cleared. That is her one discontented moment, when she has to put away her trashy reading to minister to the bodily wants of her little flock. That over she piles the dishes into the sink for the children to wash when they get home, for they have been doing nothing but study all day; she changes her dress for fear some one might step in for a few minutes, then she is absorbed in the book again. Nothing worries or frets her much, but heaven help the home over which such a woman presides. No one can blame her husband if he finds the street corners more pleasant than his sadly neglected home after his day's work is over. No one can wonder at the children being seen at any hour in the evening and with questionable company. The mother seldom knows anything about her family when the members of it are out of her presence. She is too busy devouring a novel.

No; it is far better to possess that ambition, even though its power over us taxes our strength at times even beyond endurance. I would rather wear out than rust out, any time. The latter is such an aimless and colorless life. Those who are bubbling over with am-

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Probably no country on earth is more interesting to the traveler on the look-out for queer things and unusual experiences than the silvas of the Amazon, and here is a story about an Indian tribe of that region told by Arthur Axtell, an American traveler, that can hardly be beaten.

These particular Indians were continually bent on discovery and experimenting, says Mr. Axtell. Somehow they had come into possession of some silkworms. These worms were not known before in that country, and most of them died before the natives found out how to raise them. But they persevered and by feeding them on the tender leaves of some native plants produced a good quality of silk, not so good as the Chinese product by feeding the worms on white mulberry leaves, but nevertheless a strong, serviceable silk, certainly good enough for the dusky bodies of these savages, for this silk has not yet become an article of commerce.

Their method of obtaining the silk and transforming it into garments was crude. When the moths laid the eggs, the natives carried them in great quantities in belts about their bodies, thus giving the eggs the body heat. At the end of winter the eggs were hatched, and the result was an army of caterpillars. These were trained to crawl over the naked bodies of the natives. This was their home. They knew no other and seemed quite contented.

During eight weeks the savage is covered with these yellow crawlers. It would seem that thousands of creeping caterpillars over one's body from head to foot would tickle one to death. Certainly a white man would find it unbearable, but it must be remembered these natives of Brazil are scarcely human. To them it is intensely interesting to train these worms in the way they should go. Small bits of leaves are stuck on the bodies of the natives in regular rows, and round and round the worms go, feeding on the way. The natives help each other in the placing of the bits of leaves and in confining the worms to certain localities on the body.

These caterpillar-covered niggers, as Dr. F. A. Marsh, who was of our party, called them, sleep on their backs at night and are careful not to turn over in their sleep. That would be a sad thing. When we came to their village, there were ten Indians, men and women, in the act of raising silk caterpillars by this unique process. They were a sight to chill the blood. I know the blood stopped flowing in my veins. I stood still and shuddered. Yet there was a fascination about it, for I had been told what the object of it was, and I admired the savage ingenuity.

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The natives are now in ecstasy. They make the worms bustle around them as they have been taught during all their life lives and spinning as they go the fine filaments of shining silk. Round and round crawl the worms, each one spinning 1,000 to 4,000 yards of silk thread around each naked arm, around the chest and abdomen and the lower limbs. The work of the worm is over. And the result is a remarkable transformation. From a nude savage figure, loutish and repulsive, with thousands of yellow worms crawling, twisting, writhing, squirming, to a conquering, proud native of Brazil, clothed in a perfectly fitting garment of silk.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Saves the Postage Stamps.

A curious fraud has just been discovered by the postal authorities in Brussels. They noticed at times during the past few months that the number of letters mailed in various places throughout the country was much greater than the number of stamps that had been sold, and they felt convinced that a fraud of some kind was being perpetrated. They therefore set detectives to work, and at last they have solved the mystery. The plan adopted by the tricksters was very simple. When one desired to mail a letter he stamped it as usual, but over the stamp he placed a very thin, transparent piece of paper, the result being that the postoffice mark appeared only on this paper and did not deface the stamp underneath it, which, consequently, could be used again, and just as often as it was protected by the transparent paper. The trick was so easy that any one could do it, all that was necessary being to see that the transparent paper was gummed evenly over the stamp. After it had passed through the mails it was easy to remove the paper by holding it a minute or two over steam. Thousands of letters stamped in this manner have recently, it is said, passed through the mails in Belgium, and as they apparently differed in no respect from other letters it was not until a thorough investigation had been made that the authorities learned how they had been tricked.

Preservation of Stonehenge.

Several English societies interested in archeology have combined forces and arranged a plan for the preservation of the curious pile of Druid monoliths which has been rapidly falling to pieces unmolested at Stonehenge. These stones form the most interesting and important archeological remnant of the early inhabitants of Britain at present in existence. According to statements made at a recent meeting of the allied societies the finest stone of the group, which overhangs the altar stone and is the largest and finest monolith in England, with the exception of Cleopatra's Needle, is in imminent danger of falling and being broken. The work of preservation, which is to be begun as soon as the weather will permit, will be simply preservative, no attempt at restoration being made. An expert civil engineer has been engaged, who will aid Delmer Blow in supervising the work. After the stones now in danger of falling have been cared for an effort will be made to arrange the remainder and their surroundings so that further decay and destruction may be as far as possible prevented.

Swiss Watchmakers Fear Us.

Agents of Swiss watchmakers who have been in the United States, headed by one of their chief experts, have reported that their only salvation was to be found in the introduction of American machinery. If that is their only chance the American companies are likely to take the markets whether they combine or not. The stronghold of the Swiss watchmakers is their manual skill, which is, in some sense, hereditary. In the use of machinery, so far from enjoying an advantage over Americans, they will be at a disadvantage. They may survive, however, as there is no small market in which hand work, though more costly, will be given a decided preference over machine work for a long time to come.

The father of the game of whist, Edmund Hoyle, lived to be 97 years old. His treatise on cards has been published in all languages, and probably no work except the Bible has passed through more editions. The original work appeared in London in 1742.

Denmark started the last century as the poorest country, per head of population, in Europe. It ended as one of the richest. And it has to thank its land system and dairy system for it.

The Indian name of the Charles river at Boston was Mis-sha-um, the meaning of which is great highway.

Many great men have been poor spellers. Orthography does not make the man.

Cape Colony has 30,000 acres of vineyards, with 90,000,000 vines.

In China there is twenty times as much coal as in all Europe.

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The French boatman had a mournful tale to tell. On board the lugger had been an Englishman suffering from an illness which soon proved fatal. In his last moments consciousness he had begged the captain not to bury him at sea, but to keep his body until a resting place could be found for it under the green turf of a churchyard in his native land. Sympathy with his sad fate and the knowledge that the lugger was not far from the English coast had induced the captain to consent, and now he had sent the body ashore for burial. In spite of his broken English, the Frenchmen's spokesman told his tale well.

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That night the local "resurrectionists" were busy, and at dawn the churchyard contained a desecrated grave. A little way inland, however, in the midst of the marshes, a stunglers' store received the addition of a coffin filled with silks and lace—"Highways and Byways in East Anglia," W. A. Dutt.

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He Thought He Had Reached Friendship's Limit.

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"Pretty bad shape," he said as he looked the nag over. "Need him on your delivery wagon, don't you?"

"I need him or some other horse and asked Jones what I could get for a lame one. He said, 'When we come to the village, there were ten Indians, men and women, in the act of raising silk caterpillars by this unique process. They were a sight to chill the blood. I know the blood stopped flowing in my veins. I stood still and shuddered. Yet there was a fascination about it, for I had been told what the object of it was, and I admired the savage ingenuity.'

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A Kindly Joke.

Judge Braxfield, famous in England for his love for hanging criminals, when on circuit always put up near Perth with a crowd who was devoted to chess. The laird had rather the better of his lordship at the game. In the revolution of the circuits Braxfield found himself trying his hospitable friend, who had got awkwardly mixed up in some abduction of cattle. The evidence was clear, the man was convicted and the judge passed the solemn sentence of death. Then, bending down, he chuckled to the unfortunate prisoner—the accommodation in the provincial courts was cramped—"And now, Donald, my friend, I think I've shekemed you for once." But Braxfield delighted in a kindly joke.

Trifling With Charon.

Just as Charon was about to make the ferry slip the ex-distiller nudged him in the ribs.

"If it isn't too much trouble," said the latter, "I wish you would put me with the arrivals from Boston."

"But you are from St. Louis," protested Charon. "Wouldn't you feel out of place among so much culture?"

"No, indeed. I always felt at home in the midst of refined spirits."

Thereupon the ancient ferryman tossed the ex-distiller in the Styx.—Chicago News.

Related.

"I understand that Frailman has come to the conclusion to contest his wife's will."

"Well, what is there courageous about that? She's dead, isn't she?"—Richmond Dispatch.

Why We Wink.

No satisfactory determination has been made of the reason we wink. Some suppose that the descent and return of the lid over the eye serve to sweep or wash it off; others that covering the eye gives it a rest from the labor of vision, if only for an inappreciable instant. This view borrows some force from the fact that the record of winking is considerably used by experimental physiologists to help measure the fatigue which the eye suffers.—Popular Science.

A German expert in the east points out that as time goes on more and more men are required to coerce China into doing the will of another power. The opium war required only 4,000 Europeans, the Anglo-French war against the Chinese 16,000 and 4,800 Indians, etc., upon the streets.

Roughly speaking, Britain produces for export a little less than twice as much per head of her population as the United States, France or Germany.

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"He had bought that horse for \$60. He had spavin and ringbone, was knee sprung and 13 years old. So Jones had made \$78 off me and left me with one of the worst old crowsbits you ever saw. I'm not saying much about it, for Jones is my friend, you know. But an old cogder that buys groceries from me says 'friendship ceases in a horse dealer.'"—Detroit Free Press.

A Kindly Joke.

Judge Braxfield, famous in England for his love for hanging criminals, when on circuit always put up near Perth with a crowd who was devoted to chess. The laird had rather the better of his lordship at the game. In the revolution of the circuits Braxfield found himself trying his hospitable friend, who had got awkwardly mixed up in some abduction of cattle. The evidence was clear, the man was convicted and the judge passed the solemn sentence of death. Then, bending down, he chuckled to the unfortunate prisoner—the accommodation in the provincial courts was cramped—"And now, Donald, my friend, I think I've shekemed you for once." But Braxfield delighted in a kindly joke.

Trifling With Charon.

Just as Charon was about to make the ferry slip the ex-distiller nudged him in the ribs.

"If it isn't too much trouble," said the latter, "I wish you would put me with the arrivals from Boston."

"But you are from St. Louis," protested Charon. "Wouldn't you feel out of place among so much culture?"

"No, indeed. I always felt at home in the midst of refined spirits."

Thereupon the ancient ferryman tossed the ex-distiller in the Styx.—Chicago News.

Related.

"I understand that Frailman has come to the conclusion to contest his wife's will."

"Well, what is there courageous about that? She's dead, isn't she?"—Richmond Dispatch.

Why We Wink.

No satisfactory determination has been made of the reason we wink. Some suppose that the descent and return of the lid over the eye serve to sweep or wash it off; others that covering the eye gives it a rest from the labor of vision, if only for an inappreciable instant. This view borrows some force from the fact that the record of winking is considerably used by experimental physiologists to help measure the fatigue which the eye suffers.—Popular Science.

A German expert in the east points out that as time goes on more and more men are required to coerce China into doing the will of another power. The opium war required only 4,000 Europeans, the Anglo-French war against the Chinese 16,000 and 4,800 Indians, etc., upon the streets.

Roughly speaking, Britain produces for export a little less than twice as much per head of her population as the United States, France or Germany.

FAUST'S WILD CHARGE.

It Sent Marguerite Flying in Terror From the Stage.

The name of the hero of this anecdote I shall not give you, for he has long since been gathered to his fathers. Let it suffice that in his heyday he was one of the greatest tenors who ever sang to a breathless and enthusiastic audience. He had a penchant, however, for the red wine, which in the end proved his undoing and ultimately provided a pathetic ending for an otherwise great career. In his prime his drinking seemed only to affect his legs, but never his head or voice. He could always sing and sing true, but at times he had no more ability to guide his wandering footsteps than has a sufferer in the last stages of locomotor ataxia.

At one time, when he was singing Faust to Emma Abbott's Marguerite, he appeared at the opera house in an apparently hopeless condition. The management was wild, but there was no one to take his place, and so Faust had to chance it with him as Faust. All went well until they came to that scene where Faust, in leaving Marguerite, crosses the stage and then, giving way to an impulse, rushes back and kisses Marguerite yet once again ere taking his departure.

Faust on this occasion got to the other side of the stage all right, but trouble arose when he tried to get back. Marguerite sits in the window of her cottage, and Faust comes back and kisses her through the lattice. Faust measured the distance with a wabbling eye, but made a start when his cue was given. Then he seemed to lose control of himself. One-quarter way across he was trotting, one-half way the trot was a run, and the remainder of the way it had become a gallop.

Up to this point Miss Abbott stood her ground bravely, but that rapidly approaching figure averted her, and with a frightened scream she fled. Faust, poor Faust, charged on. He reached the place he had last seen Marguerite and essayed to clasp the atmosphere in outstretched arms. Then his impetus carried him through the window, and all that the astounded audience looked upon were his waving legs. Somebody pushed him back and, absolutely undisturbed, he finished the opera, singing in an unusually superb manner. Not so with the unfortunate Marguerite, however, for from then on she was suffering from a case of "rattles," which in simple justice should have been the property of Faust.—New York Tribune.

Land Crabs.

One of the commonest and the largest of the Christmas island land crabs is the well known robber crab, which is found in most of the tropical islands of the Indian and Pacific oceans. It sometimes reaches a length of two feet and may measure seven inches across the back. Its colors are of a very rusty description, the ground color being a bright red, upon which there are stripes of yellow, but in some cases a purplish blue is the prevailing tint.

The eyes are fixed on stalks which can be moved independently of one another, and there are two pairs of feelers, one long, the other short. The latter pair are continually jerked up and down. There is a pair of powerful claws, then several walking legs. In general appearance these animals are much more like rather stout lobsters than crabs, and one's first encounter with one of these creatures in the middle of a forest far from the sea is productive of much astonishment on both sides.

Another species of land crab common in Christmas island is a little bright red animal which in general shape is much like the common shore crab. This variety makes burrows in the ground, and in some places the soil is honeycombed with hundreds of holes. The crabs spend most of their time collecting dead leaves, which they carry in their claws, holding them up over their heads, and drag down into their burrows, into which they scuttle at the least alarm.—Pearson's Magazine.

Crabs in Disguise.

Human beings are not the only creatures that have discovered the appetizing, though indigestible, qualities of crabs, and some of these animals have been compelled to resort to various defensive measures. Disguise is one of these and is practiced with great effect by spider crabs.

These deliberately bite up seaweeds and plant them on their backs, very soon establishing a growth which harmonizes perfectly with the surroundings and deceives many an enemy. Should the weeds grow too vigorously, the crab industriously prunes them with his claws and every now and then scrapes the whole lot off and starts a fresh garden on his roof, so to speak.