

BANDON RECORDER.

Value of the Footbath. To break up a cold, which certainly disfigures the face of beauty, as well as a valuable adjunct in the removal of facial eruptions, the nightly footbath is invaluable.

This is all wrong. The feet should be made the gateway for the escape of effete deposits. The temperature of the footbath should range from 105 to 110 degrees or as hot as can be endured with comfort.

Good pedal circulation is a foe to corns and chilblains. Frequent warm footbaths prevent callouses and make walking a pleasure.

Wit and Wisdom of Children. One very cold day Tom, in his first trousers, was walking out with his tiny overcoat turned back to its utmost limit.

Mamma—Why, Susie, you've offered your buttered toast to everybody but little brother. Why didn't you hand it to him?

A Sunday school superintendent who happened to be a dry goods merchant and who was teaching a class of very little tots, asked when he had finished explaining the lesson.

Mary was a very conscientious child. One day she was allowed to go and spend the day with some little cousins about her own age.

A Large Order. The man from the country took his green necktie and his best girl into the restaurant, and like some other men, he was disposed to be facetious at the waiter's expense.

"Walter," he said, "I want you to bring me a boiled elephant." "Yessir," replied the waiter, perfectly unmoved.

"And, waiter, bring it on toast." "Yessir." Then he stood there like a statue for a minute.

A Saving Quality. Gilbert Wren, the naturalist, was once a university professor, and of his performance of the office this anecdote is told: On his rounds one evening White discovered an undergraduate lying on the ground, sleeping the sleep of intoxication.

A Couple of Card Streets. One of the light fingered fraternity after winning ten games at cards in succession tried his fortune against a new opponent and continued to win.

Henry Lord de Ros was once said to be one of the best whist players in England. Subsequently, however, it was discovered that he was in the habit of aiding his skill by marking with his nails the high honors of the pack so that he might observe to whom they were dealt.

A Danger. "Do you ever look back on your life and reflect on the opportunities you have missed?" inquired the melancholy man.

"No, sir," answered the hustler. "It would be just my luck to miss some more while I was brooding over what can't be helped."—Washington Star.

He Was One of Them. Manning—A year or two ago I advised Pitcher to write a book on the famous men he had met.

Boy—And did he do it? Manning—He wrote an autobiography.—Boston Transcript.

POLLY LARKIN

I'll tell you what it is, boys and girls, that makes the success in life—it's sand—and it must be the right kind of sand, too. Sand that is made up of energy and determination to succeed in doing whatever you start out to accomplish in the face of all obstacles.

When I am writing or doing anything else that requires particular attention, I dislike to have my train of thoughts flagged, don't you? And yet it depends a good deal on the one who flags the train of thought whether the annoyance lasts only for the moment.

National Gallery for Washington. There is talk among artists and persons interested in art of the establishment in Washington of an American national gallery, which shall do for this country what the National Gallery does in London and the Louvre in Paris.

Thomas Jefferson as an Inventor. According to William E. Curtis of the Chicago Record-Herald Thomas Jefferson was an inventor of considerable genius.

Britons Scooped in Making Carbons. Carborundum and artificial graphite are products which England ought to manufacture, says a London newspaper.

Mosquito Riddance. The systematic efforts made last summer and to be continued this season in various communities to banish the mosquito carry a lesson of useful suggestion to the individual householder.

Her Version of It. A young girl in a class preparing for admission into the church was asked by the pastor how she ought to obey the fifth commandment, to honor her father and mother.

A Leading Question. Hobb—I put \$100 in the bank for my baby the other day for his majority.

His Uncertainty. Farmer Honk—Say, Lem! Farmer Stackrider—Har?

Sweden and Norway both boast several homes for unmarried women. One of these was endowed more than 200 years ago by a man who left the bulk of his fortune to his spinster descendants.

They had protested they were each other's first and only love. "And this engagement ring"—he was beginning.

It is pitiful to see a well behaved old man bustling about to help his wayward son out of difficulty.—Atclison Globe.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Supplementary Pantry. The first thing is to take stock of your domestic dominion intelligently. Consider well its possibilities, then set about realizing them.

Vapor and Shower Baths. The merits of both the shower and vapor baths are well understood, and yet comparatively few bathrooms are fitted with these appliances for the bathers' comfort.

How to Care for Pussy. Boys and girls who have pets are very often at a loss how to take care of them. Pussy is a fastidious creature, and to afford her the change of diet which her taste calls for is sometimes a tax on the ingenuity.

A "Swap" Party. This is a game which will be found amusing for a children's summer entertainment. Each guest brings with him one or more bundles neatly wrapped and tied.

Spain's Champion Billiardist. Jose Ortiz, who has been hailed as the champion billiard player of Spain, has arrived in New York and says he is anxious to meet some of the leading American players.

Champion Woman Golfer. Miss M. A. Graham of the Holyoke club defeated Miss Adair in the final round of the women's golf championship games recently at Aberdeev.

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THE SPORTING WORLD

A Pitching Wonder. Probably the most prominent figure in the ranks of the National League ball players just at present is Christopher Mathewson, the new pitcher of George Davis' Giants.

Bill Joyce's Chicago Orphans, big Delehanty's slugging Phillies and the Cincinnati Reds. Mathewson is a student at Bucknell university, Lewisburg, Pa.

Banastar's Last Race. Clarence H. Mackay's celebrated race horse Banastar will probably never compete again. It has been discovered that he has broken down and consequently has been withdrawn from all his engagements.

Wefers as a Ball Player. Bernard Wefers, the St. Louis baseball team's acquisition, promises to be a valuable man, even though he may never get in the game.

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THE PIRATE SHIP

The house is old and low, the windows are broken, the roof is covered with gray moss, and it sits on the brow of a hill overlooking the sea in a sheltered little harbor on the bleak New England coast.

Aunt Esther once lived in the old house, and many were the incidents of interest in her quiet life. There she was born and lived all through her girlhood and married life and only left it for the little cemetery on the hillside.

But it is of the adventure of a night in the old house when Aunt Esther was young that grandma has often told me. Aunt Esther's parents were away, and grandma spent the night with her, the two girls being the only occupants of the house.

Grandma, always a light sleeper, was aroused about midnight by the sound of footsteps beneath her window. After a few minutes the outer door opened, and the girls, now fully awakened, heard some one enter and begin to look about the house, opening doors and finally coming with heavy tread up the stairs.

It being a comparatively light night, although there was not a star to be seen, they saw a large ship riding at anchor close in to the shore. While they were wondering over this, for none but small fishing vessels ever anchored there and not a sail had been in sight when they retired, their attention was suddenly drawn to two men coming up from the shore, where they could make out the outlines of a small boat, with shovels on their backs and bearing between them a large box.

Now that all was over the girls lay down upon their beds and slept until morning. When Aunt Esther's parents arrived, they listened with interest to the story of the night. Grandma's father, then an old man, said it was without doubt a pirate ship, and in the strong box was stored some of their ill gotten gains.

Others had seen the ship. Some related fishermen had seen the boat as she was rowed away from the shore. Then began an eager quest to find the box which it was believed the men had buried. Some thought it was a notorious robber of that time, who was far famed for his bold and daring deeds, and that being closely threatened with capture he had hidden this treasure away until such time as he should return for it.

With what awe do the children even now walk through this grove of trees! As they listen to the story the woods look very dark and gloomy, and they seem to see the hard faced men digging silently in the solemn night. They imagine all sorts of things the box might have contained and talk of the hermit, pointing out the place that was his cure, and they draw a breath of relief when once they are out of the woods into the sunlight again.

In after years many a night did Aunt Esther arise from her bed and gaze out over the billows in vain hope of again seeing the pirate ship. All her watching was rewarded, however, the pirates—if pirates they were—came and silently took their treasure away, unseen by any, or whether it moldered away in the forest shades remains an open question.

Homes For Unmarried Women. Sweden and Norway both boast several homes for unmarried women. One of these was endowed more than 200 years ago by a man who left the bulk of his fortune to his spinster descendants.

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CHRIS MATHEWSON.



COMBINATION BATH APPARATUS.