

BANDON RECORDER.

The Bride at Last Said "Obey." In telling about "Some People I Have Married" in Ladies' Home Journal...

"Then there was a scene. They talked it over, and the more seriously they argued and discussed the more stubbornly she refused. The parents became angry, the groom excited and the bride hysterical. To humor her, he joined in the request to have me leave it out. But I liked the fellow and decided that a little sternness from me in the present might be a favor to him in the future. So I told them I had no authority to change it and would not do so. I tried to show the foolishness of her objection, but it was no use.

"Finally I said to him: 'Well, this household must have a head somewhere. I will leave it out for her if you will say it.' Then it was his time to refuse, which he did. He gathered up his hat and started for the door when, presto change, she sprang after him, led him back by the hand, looked meekly up at him and said it."

A Winning Touch. The strong, manly voice was low and intense as the handsome face bent over the fair, bowed head by the fire.

"Darling," he went on eagerly, "there are others here observing us. I must see you a moment alone."

For an instant the listener was quiet, and not a curl stirred on the lofty brow. Then the blue eyes were raised to the beseeching dark ones.

"Yes, what is it?" was the low reply. "I—well—"

A slight red flush mantled the neck and cheeks of the speaker. In striking contrast to the cool, calm dignity displayed in every movement of the half reclining figure in the big plush chair.

"The fact is," he went on, mastering up courage, the little embarrassment giving place to a first more self confidence, "I have come to ask you something I never expected would pass my lips, especially after the last sum I borrowed from you. Darling, will you lend me \$10?"

Jack Darling laid aside his paper. "Of course, old man," he cried heartily. "It's not a drink." And the two passed out of the chitroom together.—San Francisco News Letter.

A Last Resource. A lady was recently reading to her young son the story of a little fellow whose father was taken ill and died, after which he set himself diligently to work to assist in supporting himself and his mother. When she had finished the story, she said:

"Now, Tommy, if pa were to die, wouldst you work to keep mamma?" "Why, no," said the little chap, not relishing the idea of work. "What for? Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Oh, yes, my dear," said the mother, "but we can't eat the house, you know." "Well, ain't we got plenty of things in the pantry?" continued the young hopeful.

"Certainly, dear," replied the mother, "but they would not last long, and what then?"

"Well, ma," said the young incorrigible after thinking a moment, "ain't there enough to last till you get another husband?"

Ma gave it up.—London Answers. Immediately Suspicious. "Why did you terminate your interview with that professional politician so abruptly?" asked the confidential man.

"He made me suspicious at the outset," said Senator Sorghum. "I don't care how much preparation my assistants use toward other people, but I want them to be frank and honest with me. The first thing that man did was to tell me a falsehood. He said he was working from disinterested motives and didn't want money."—Washington Star.

Difficult to Treat. "Well, what is the matter with your husband?" the physician asked as he laid down his repair kit and removed his gloves.

"Imaginary insomnia," replied Mrs. Fosdick. "Imaginary insomnia?" repeated the physician inquiringly.

"That's what it is. He thinks he doesn't sleep at night, but he gets lots more sleep than I do."—Detroit Free Press.

The New Rabbit. "Why, where did you come from, Uncle Jasper?" I said to the old darky who had sent the house girl in to tell me that he wanted to see me.

"I come 'um Decatur, Miss Alice," he said. "I got to Atlanta 'bout two hours ago, but I didn't 'low you was ready to see nobody."

"Did you come on the train?" I asked. "No, ma'am; dat I didn't. I come in on de rabbit."

"On what?" "On de rabbit. You sholy done heard er de new rabbit dey's got."

POLLY LARKIN

"Home again, home again, from a foreign shore." If there ever was an occasion when that good old song that is tuned to ring in every heart could be sung lustily and with intense feeling on the Pacific Coast, that time was on the 2d of July. Four regiments had been paid and mustered out of Uncle Sam's service, and four thousand men were free to go when and where they chose. Many of them chose to go to their homes in the East, where loved ones were waiting to welcome them back into the family circle that had seemed so empty since they marched away. All of them had more or less money and comparatively few spent their dimes and dollars in the saloons, but they left many a silver dollar in the stores and received in return ribbons, dainty little souvenirs, pictures, views of San Francisco and articles of jewelry, which they stored away in their brand new grips, baskets and trunks as gifts for their relatives and friends in the old home. Polly never saw so many new grips and baskets at one time as were packed up at the ferry depot by the anxious soldiers, who jealously guarded their belongings while they were impatiently waiting for the gates to open. What a busy scene it was. Such happiness on their sunburned faces, and nearly all of them were rugged and healthy looking in appearance and neat and clean. It was well-met, hustle and rush by those who were the last ones coming to the ferry. They had no time to spare. Baggage had to be checked and the good-byes said to new friends and acquaintances they had met during their short sojourn on the Pacific slope. Two of the regiments mustered out were colored, and many of them were going home, too. The ticket agents and baggage masters had their hands full, although they had prepared as well as they could for the rush by having plenty of tickets ready and putting on additional men to handle the great quantity of baggage.

Polly stood and watched them with a feeling that was just as near akin to joy as though one of those stalwart soldier boys was coming home to our own fireside. I pictured them going home, the happiness of those who were waiting to receive them. Only a few days' journey separated them, and yet they would be longer to the anxious soldiers than the long, tiresome trip from the Philippines. I wondered that if they could all break forth into song at that moment what the melody would be. It would not have been some grand anthem. I don't believe it would have been our national hymn, for their hearts were tuned to something nearer and dearer, and I believe they would have made the welkin ring with "Home, Sweet Home" and "Home Again." I am sure the same thought would have occurred to you if you could have seen those anxious, expectant faces.

Polly saw one touching incident in that busy, bustling scene. One of the soldiers lay on the ground with a group of fellow-soldiers around him. He was going home with the boys, but it did not look as though he would ever reach there; he appeared too ill. His companions were working with a will. They would not leave him behind and they intended to take him on board in "ship-shape" order. One young man who looked enough like him in his lap and pouring medicine between his colorless lips from a bottle with a look of anxiety on his face as he proceeded to fan him after the bitter dose. Another soldier was down on his knees with a piece of cloth wiping the dust from his shoes and polishing them up with a liquid he poured over them, and another young man was kneeling down and rubbing his thin and amaciated hands, while two others stood by arranging about his baggage and assuring him they would see that it was taken aboard. He was going home, but if he did not improve it was only for a brief season when he would be summoned out of the ranks to join the vast majority. Poor fellow! What a desperate effort he was making to keep that little spark of life which was fluttering so feebly alive until he could reach home. You might assure him that "while there was life there was hope," but in your own heart you would have felt that in this case the promise was almost a mockery.

The poet, Joaquin Miller, has the interests of the children at heart and is planning that even after he has gone hence his memory will be kept ever green in their hearts. His beautiful home, known as "The Heights," and comprising one hundred acres, he intends to leave as a park for the children of Oakland. The poet says: "My place is not suitable for a general park and is too rough for a driving park, and my idea is that it is only fitted for a children's park or playground, and that is what I intend it shall be. In the years I have lived here I have seen thousands of children come here and romp and play." The poet has had this idea in view for several years, in fact, ever since he purchased the property. When he became the purchaser of "The Heights" they were destitute of timber. Now the sunburned hills are covered with a growth of healthy young trees which he has planted and takes a great deal of pride in. Every improvement he makes about the place is done with a thought for the future happiness of the little folks, who will romp, sing, play and swing in the pretty park when he has gone to his long rest. When that time comes he wishes his remains to be cre-

PUZZLES FOR JUDGES

SIMPLE WORDS THAT HAVE TANGLED UP ENGLISH COURTS.

Some Terms of Almost Everyday Use That Proved to Be Too Profound For the Intelligence of the Learned Bench and Bar.

In a case that came before a famous lord justice some time ago the counsel for the prosecution in the evidence had to mention a "blouse." The judge asked what a blouse was, and it was explained that this was part of a lady's dress. But the case came to a dead stop for the time, for the judge did not know which part, and after some hesitation the barrister admitted that he wasn't sure. Several learned brothers gave their opinion, some opining a blouse was the upper half of a lady's costume, while others insisted it might be the word "for" the entire costume, filled with learned celebrities whose heads held all the laws of Britain, from pitch and toss to manslaughter, argued it out, but nobody was sure. The judge thought it was the lower half, but a junior barrister who had lately been married said he thought that that half was called a skirt, but did not feel certain. At length a lady was called, who set the court right.

Another odd dilemma happened not long ago when in the Hobson "horse faking" case the word "for" was used. A fool who everybody knows, is the ankle of a horse. The court asked what it was, however, and the prosecuting counsel was nonplussed. The witnesses were out of court save one, and he knew nothing. The judge thought a fetlock was a sort of hind knee, otherwise "hook," but one learned brother was quite certain it was the lock of hair that hangs over a horse's forehead. The defendant's solicitor opined it was that part of the harness which slips over the tail, the crupper, and another legal celebrity agreed with the judge. Finally the court had to call a stable groom to clear up the mystery. In a case that was settled some years since the recorder was brought up short by a phrase used by the counsel for defense, who spoke of a transaction concerning a pound of "blacklead." This is a common and useful article, but the counsel on being asked to explain its nature said it was a black substance used for boot polishing. The recorder thought it was a mineral used in lead pencils, but another barrister asserted it to be a "tough kind of lead used for roofing houses." The case was brought to a standstill, and one lawyer, unsurpassed in legal knowledge, declared that blacklead was a slang term for pig iron as produced in the north country. A fourth expounder of the law vaguely suggested it was the opposite of white lead, and finally a domestic servant put the court right, and the assembly at last learned that it was used for blacking stoves.

Another dilemma was produced a little while ago on the western circuit by the introduction of the words "dry nurse" in an address to the court. This bewildered the judge, who asked if a dry nurse was a nurse who dried babies after they had been washed. That solution did not occur to the learned counsel, who, after some hesitation, said he thought it meant a nurse who was not admitted to the count right, and therefore most suitable to look after infants. Nobody seemed to know what the term really meant, though several more guesses were made, the last of them that a dry nurse was one who could not amuse children.

The court was again nonplussed by a statement made that somebody concerned in the case supposed to suffer from melancholia was really "as jolly as a sandboy." The judge wanted to know what a sandboy was in order to form some idea as to the exact degree of jollity involved. The counsel could not tell him, though one suggested it was a boy who sanded the roads and the other thought it might be a lad building sand castles on the seashore. The whole court stopped to discuss what a sandboy was and why he was jolly, but they could not solve the problem.

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HUMOR OF THE HOUR

He Felt Cheap. "Excuse me, sir," said the disagreeable man, "but that open window is very annoying."

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it."

"I wish you would close it, sir."

"Would like to accommodate you, but I can't."

"Do you refuse to close that window, sir?"

"I certainly do."

"If you don't close it, I will."

"I'll bet you won't."

"If I go over there, I will."

"I'll give you odds you won't."

"I'll ask you once more, sir, will you close that window?"

"No, sir; I will not."

"Then I will, sir."

"I would like to see you do it."

"I'll show you whether I will or not, sir."

"Why don't you close it?"

"It appears to be stuck."

"Of course it is. I tried to close it before you came in."

And then the disagreeable passenger felt childish, and the other passengers chuckled audibly.—Tit-Bits.

Summer Fiction. In a frenzy of self depreciation Bertrand fell upon his knees.

"Oh, why," cried he, "should you, a lady born, love me, the mere hired man upon a New Jersey truck farm?"

"Silly boy!" exclaimed Helene archly. "If you had been a character in summer novels as long as I have, you'd know that it takes amazing stunts to keep people from thinking of the thermometer."

Here she lighted a fresh black cigar.—Detroit Journal.

One Short. "Well," asked the professor, "did you attend our commencement and meet our graduates?"

"No," answered the editor; "I didn't attend, but I've met them all, I guess. How many young men did you graduate this year?"

"Two hundred and twelve," answered the professor.

"Then one of them must be ill," said the editor. "Up to date only 211 have been around to strike me for a job."—Indianapolis Sun.

Bertie's Last Joke. Bert Loompot—See here, chap, I'm just going to collar that chap's leg and then bark like a dog. Bet it frightens him nearly out of his senses. Just you watch.

And that chap was frightened. "Yah! Hellup!" he howled; but, unfortunately for Bert, it made him upset that melted lead, and some of it dropped down poor Bert's neck, and—

CHOICE MISCELLANY

A True Horse Story. A remarkable instance of equine sagacity was exhibited recently which comes to us testified by several reliable witnesses.

Thomas Drummond, a teamster in our city, owns a horse which has been afflicted with lameness for two or three weeks. One morning Mr. Drummond turned him out upon the common, hoping that fresh air and exercise would benefit the animal. Upon gaining his liberty the crippled horse hobbled along on three legs direct to the blacksmith shop of William Eager, entered the shoeing department and stood there holding up his injured foot, with his head turned and his eyes intelligently fixed upon Mr. Eager.

This peculiar act upon the part of a brute attracted Mr. Eager's attention and induced him to examine the foot held invitingly up for inspection. The result of that examination was the discovery of a long nail driven into the frog, which was the cause of the lameness. Of course Mr. Eager removed the nail. Mr. Drummond generally had his horses shod at Mr. Eager's shop, and the suffering brute undoubtedly reasoned that this was the place for him to go for relief.

Equine intelligence, according to the common acceptance of the term, is not so rare, but when a horse deliberately conceals and executes a plan for relieving his injured foot of a rusty nail he certainly can lay claim to a small portion of the reasoning faculties which are supposed to elevate the human race above the level of brutes.—Janesville (Wis.) Gazette.

No More Tips to Croupiers. The tip question bothers Monte Carlo, too, and as a result of the laxity due to giving and taking tips eight croupiers have been dismissed and other employees of the gambling establishment have been disciplined. It all came about through the dispute which invariably arises when winnings are made by persons other than those connected with the "house."

When the wheel stops on a winning number, argument begins as to who really put his money on that number, and the croupiers naturally have been disinclined to side against those who have tipped them liberally. The same is the case when the dispute is left with the presiding croupier. Of course the aggrieved player could go up higher and appeal to officers superior to the croupier, but this course usually is distasteful to gamblers.

The spirit of dissatisfaction grew so strong that something radical had to be done, for the bank wins from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000 a year from the players besides what the players win from one another. Naturally enough, the managers of the bank have decided to allow the croupiers to take no tips whatever from any of the customers.

A Parallel to Aladdin's Lamp. We may breakfast on food cooked by electricity, we ride in the morning to our offices, which are cooled and ventilated by electric fans, in a car warmed, lighted and propelled by electricity, reading a newspaper printed by electric power and from type set by a machine driven by an electric motor. The white paper itself is made from wood by electrically manufactured soda, its news received by electric telegraph and some of it during the South African war flashed by electric searchlights from a town 12,000 miles away, sent by electric cables to us, coming so fast that it outstripped the sun in his daily progress and arrived here several hours before it started. Is there any story of Aladdin's lamp that can parallel such a marvel?—Leslie's Weekly.

Her Double Mission. A young woman schoolteacher of Kansas on her way to the Philippines, where she is to teach, writes thus to a friend: "Dear Mazie—Yes; it is true that I have signed a contract to teach three years in the Philippines, and that contract looks very big and horrid to me now, for papa says the government will hold me to it whatever happens. But I don't believe the government would force a girl to keep on teaching if one of those brave, noble colonels or captains asked it to let her off so he could—oh, you sly thing! You know what we talked about. Anyway, I am going, and if I come back with a military title to my name won't you poky things envy me? Your own, Cally."

Frogs Do Not Swallow Water. At a recent meeting of naturalists at Chicago Mr. H. H. Donaldson described experiments with frogs tending to show that those animals rapidly absorb water through the pores of the skin. He emphasized the fact that frogs never take water by the mouth. On being exposed for several hours to dry air the frogs experienced with lost 14 per cent of their weight, but this was nearly all regained within 24 hours when they were replaced in a dish containing water only one centimeter in depth.

Our Indians' Rations. Gradually the government is doing away with the distribution of rations to Indians. In five years the system will be practically abolished. There are now in the United States 268,000 Indians. Of this number 42,250 draw rations regularly, while 12,600 more are provided for at various times when they are unable to work or do not feel like it. In the latter class are included most of the Indians who have grown old and are deserted by their young relatives.

When Doctors Agreed. "He was threatened at one time, as I understood the case, with a complication of disorders."

"Good land! What saved him?"

"Professional courtesy, they say."—Detroit Journal.

Quick and Effective. Willie—How did you break your wife of the "advanced woman" craze?

Wise—Told her everybody thought it meant "advanced" in years.—Kansas City Independent.

Owing to the ravages of the peronospora, the larva of a small moth, in the wine growing provinces of Greece, great distress exists, in some districts the people being absolutely starving. Whole families are leaving their homes, most of them migrating to America. 2,000 people having left lately.

A REMARKABLE DUEL

BOTH OF THE PARTICIPANTS WERE QUICK ON THE TRIGGER.

An Enforced Parade Preceded the Gun Play, Which Was on the Pall Mall and Shoot-Order—Why Bratton Was Glad He Lost His Right Hand.

"The most affectionate looking two handed gun play that I ever saw," said a Colorado gentleman in one of the house committee rooms, "was the one that happened at La Junta, in my state, between 'Big Divide Jim' Bratton and George Gannon, as pizenish a pair of real bad men of the type that has now passed away as ever fanned a '45 or twisted a Bowie.

"Gannon was the proprietor of the Gilt Edge honkatonk in La Junta, and it was at this place that he had some trouble with Bratton. The argument ended by Bratton backing out of the door with his hands up, Gannon having the drop. Gannon didn't shoot then because his gun wasn't loaded. He had been cleaning it and had forgotten to replace the cartridges. He'd have killed Bratton otherwise as a matter of course.

"That same night Bratton sent word to Gannon that he meditated shooting him up some on the following day. Gannon wasn't a man to take to the cliffs or the cactus, having plenty of notches on his gun barrel himself, and he walked around the next afternoon in a light battery of artillery. 'Big Divide Jim' Bratton bulged him, however, by turning a corner suddenly as Gannon paraded down the main street, and then it was Gannon's hands that went up for a change. Bratton had two guns covering him, and Gannon knew his gait.

"This," said Bratton, "is where I get an even break for my coin. Now, you like me so much, Gannon, that I want you to sort of show your appreciation of me by walkin around town linked arms with me for awhile."

"It was up to Gannon to comply with this peculiar request. 'Big Divide Jim' Bratton jabbed his guns back into his belt, and then he clutched Gannon's left arm and passed it through his right. The disadvantage of this arrangement accrued to Bratton. It left Gannon's gun arm free, while in case of argument Bratton would have to use his left gun. But 'Big Divide Jim' wasn't selfish.

"The population of La Junta was amazed to see 'Big Divide Jim' Bratton and George Gannon, who had always been more or less sore on each other and who had had a quarrel that meant the death of one or both of them on the night before, walking arm in arm up and down the main street of the town. It looked like a peripatetic love feast between the two of 'em. But they were watching each other like cats. At the end of the street Bratton, still with his right arm linked to Gannon's left, stopped suddenly and said:

"George, I ain't much on the blow about any gun suddenness that I may possess, but I sure want to give you a chance. You thrung it into me last night in a way that's eat up so much of the atmosphere around here that there's not enough air left in this neighborhood for both of us to breathe at one and the same time. I'm a-goin to cut three, and when I say 'three' it's a breakaway and a finish. You've got a loose right arm, but I ain't no bog. One—two—three!"

"The event proved 'Big Divide Jim' Bratton the quicker man and the better marksman. He got Gannon through the heart, whereas Gannon's ball lodged in Bratton's right wrist. Bratton had to suffer his right hand to be cut off that same night.

"The last time I saw him was in Creede. He was sitting on the edge of a bunk in his own cabin, close to a claim he was working. I hadn't seen him since he'd lost his hand.

"Jim," said I, "it's too bad you should have lost that right hand. If the fellow that plugged you had only got the left hand, why?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Bratton philosophically. "If I'd ha' lost my left, I wouldn't have been able to play the fiddle any more."

"He reached under his bunk and brought forth an old violin. Then he rigged up an attachment he had for holding the bow in his right stump, and he played the instrument real sweetly for me for half an hour or so."

"I couldn't have done no fignerin if I'd ha' lost my left hook, you know," he said simply when he put the old fiddle away.—Washington Post.

The Result of His Study. "I suppose you have made a study of human nature," remarked the friend.

"I attribute my success in life to that fact," answered Senator Sorghum.

"Were you ever tempted to give the world the benefit of your observations, to put them into book form as a human comedy or something of that sort?"

"My dear sir, it wouldn't take a book to do it. I have figured on the problem of human nature until I know the answer. I should just say 'Human nature loves money,' and let it go at that."—Exchange.

Buttons. Towne—For goodness' sake, what are you so cranky about?

Browne—Oh, I asked my wife to sew a button on my coat.

Towne—And wouldn't she do it? Browne—Yes, but I've just discovered that the button she sewed on my coat she cut from my vest.—Exchange.

What Was Needed. Henry Ward Beecher used to tell a story about a priest in the olden time who was called to bless the field of a poor farmer prior to the planting. He came and after surveying the soil remarked to the agriculturist, "Praying won't do here; what you want is manure."

An Incurable. "If there ever was a terrible child in this world," remarked the worried mother, "he's one."

"De what? I will, I can't break him of the habit of telling the truth right out when we have company."—Philadelphia Times.

Officers who lose arms or legs in the service of the British army will in future be supplied with artificial limbs at the cost of the government. No provision, it seems, is made for the private.

Wheat in Kansas.

Commencing the latter part of May and extending far into July the great wheat belt of Kansas is, perhaps, the liveliest place in the world. For the thirty days of harvest season the golden grain is reaped at the rate of \$2,000,000 a day. The farmers are growing rich at the rate of \$1000 a minute. But they forget all this and are pessimistic until after the grain has been placed behind granary doors and covered by fire insurance. Then