

BANDON RECORDER.

Winding Timepieces.
"I have been doing a little figuring on time," remarked an erratic citizen yesterday, "and I have reached some rather interesting conclusions. I wanted to find out how much time man consumed in keeping his watch on time, and I found that, if the whole world is considered in the computation, years would be crowded into a second of time."
"To illustrate what I mean, take a city where 100,000 watches are wound up every day. Now, it takes probably an average of 15 seconds to wind a watch. It would take, then, 1,500,000 seconds to wind 100,000 watches. This would mean 25,000 minutes or 500 hours and 10 minutes, or 25 days and 16 hours. I suppose there are in the city of New Orleans 100,000 watches and clocks to be wound up every day, so that nearly a month is spent in the city every day in winding watches and clocks."
"One man in a year's time would consume 5,475 seconds in winding his watch if he is prompt about it and is willing to give 15 seconds every day to this useful article. This would mean several hours during every year that he kept up the practice. Allowing 35 years as the average life, a man would spend 191,525 seconds, or 2,190 minutes and 41 seconds, or 530 hours and 10 minutes, or 22 days and 20 hours, in winding his watch."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

What She Saw.
It was at the Normal school that this happened, and the class laughed. It was a laugh on the teacher, too, but he didn't get angry, although it did break into the serious contemplation of serious studies with which he was trying to interest the students.
It was in the study of psychology, and they were discussing what ideas first entered the human mind when certain words were spoken or written—whether the mind thought of one certain object designated by the word or the whole general class which is embodied in that word. To experiment on this mental phenomenon in order to bring it more clearly to the attention of the students the professor said he would write a word on the board and then let one of them tell instantly what impression was made upon her mind.
He called upon one of the pupils to be ready to think quickly and tell exactly what her first thought was after she saw the word which he was about to write. He stood close to the board, so that the word was hidden by his shoulders until he turned. He wrote the word "pig," and all of the class saw it except the girl who was standing ready to make reply. When he turned, he didn't get out of her way, and she couldn't see the word. In reply to his sharp, quick question, "Now, what do you see?" she replied naively, "I see you." And the class laughed.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Florida Hazardous.
The Florida "razorback" is the hog indigenous to this climate and soil. He is usually large of limb and feet of foot, being the only known porker that can outrun a dandy. He has a tail of wondrous length, which, while he is in active motion, he twists into the tightest corkscrew, but with which while quietly feeding he raps his leathery sides much in the same manner that the doleful cow uses her tail.
He is self supporting. He earns his own living and thrives equally well in the highwoods, in the flatwoods, in the hummocks and in the marshes. He subsists upon anything he can find above the earth or underneath its surface. He has a clear, far-reaching eye and is very sensitive of hearing. Nature has equipped him with a snout almost as long as the beak of the wild pelican of Borneo, with which he can penetrate the earth many inches in quest of worms, snakes and insects.
He is the most intelligent of all the hogs and is likewise the most courageous. He has been known to engage in mortal combat with a coon for the possession of a watermelon and to rend asunder a barbed wire fence.—Forest and Stream.

Hints For Smokers.
Here is a good tip for a smoker: The best pipe grows foul sometimes, and the various patent cleaning devices are of little use in making it fresh. But if you pack the bowl tight with grass or hay and lay the pipe aside for a few days you will have it as sweet as when it was new. Talking about smoking, here is a good idea for lighting matches: Don't light them on your trousers, for you'll burn slits in them, nor on your shoe soles, for you'll rub the heads off. The plan is to rub them on a piece of paper—a folded newspaper, an envelope, a ticket. The silica in the paper acts like sandpaper.
Many people can't smoke a dozen cigarettes without getting a sore throat. Invertebrate cigarette smokers are frequently troubled with a perpetual cold in the head. It is not the smoke that is to blame, but the dust. Now, if you use a cigarette tube—amber, cherry or cardboard—a tiny bit of cotton wool in the bottom of it will catch every particle of dust. Try this, and you'll have no more sore throats. But you may not enjoy the smoke.—Exchange.

The Inventor of the Flowering Mill.
About the year 70 B. C. Mithridates, king of Cappadocia, one of the most ingenious and able princes of the time, invented the first mill driven by water. This triumph of his skill and ingenuity caused to be erected in the immediate vicinity of the royal palace. In the course of time the Cappadocian bakers became celebrated and were in great demand throughout all parts of the world as then known.
These mills were usually placed upon boats on the river, being so elevated and contrived as to be easily driven by the water, and the millers were thus enabled to move from place to place, distributing the meal to their customers.

Paterson has the most populous city ward in the state of New Jersey. It is the Third ward, with 23,780 people. Newark has the next largest, with 23,350. Elizabeth has a ward with only 2,758 inhabitants.
St. Helena is to have a university extension. The Cape university is going to send examiners to the island for the young Boer prisoners who are studying to enter the university.

POLLY LARKIN

"There are tricks in all trades except ours," is an old but o'er true saying. We can readily see the tricks in other people's affairs and business methods, but the idea that anything tricky in our own transactions seldom comes home to us. As Bobbie Burns says:
"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us."
I don't exactly see the value of such a gift, for if we possessed it the human family would be wretched, for our friends do not always see us in our happiest light or in the moods that we would rather be remembered by them. First impressions, too, are not always lasting ones. Many people must be well known to be thoroughly understood, and the impression that they create on first acquaintance is not a desirable one or flattering to one's vanity.

But to go back to the tricks in all trades, Polly knows an instance of this kind that occurred not long since that was not only heartless but cruel, and showed the depraved nature of the money-grasper and to what extremes he will go to get the almighty dollar and how totally devoid of all conscience he is. A robust looking young man from the country walked with a quick and buoyant step into one of our drug stores the other day and asked to have a simple prescription put up for a member of his family. The druggist took it, glanced over it, and then looked sympathizingly at the young man and said, "But what's the matter with you?" "Nothing the matter with me. That prescription is for my mother. Never felt better in my life." "Nothing the matter with you?" echoed the druggist, "why my dear fellow, your case is an alarming one. It is the form of the disease to feel well for a time; meanwhile the trouble you have is slowly creeping on, and the first thing you know you are in an utter collapse. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." I don't like to alarm you, but you are certainly in an advanced stage of the disease. Come into my private office a minute." Half an hour elapsed before they returned. The young man had undergone a change in appearance in that half hour. All the brightness had gone out of his face; he looked unhappy and discouraged and he walked wearily to a chair, sat down while the druggist put up remedies, braces, etc., until he had a good-sized parcel to take away with him. "What's the amount?" the young man asked, wearily. "Fifteen dollars," promptly replied the druggist. The money was paid and the young man walked slowly out of the store. There was no elasticity in his step now. He was thinking whether he had begun in time to save his life, or whether he would be shortly resting in his long and narrow home. "What is the matter with that young man, Mr. —," asked a friend standing near, who had witnessed the entire proceeding. "Nothing in the world," laughed the druggist. "On the contrary, he is about as perfect a specimen of a healthy young countryman as you would wish to find." "Then what did you mean by telling him such a yarn? You have scared him almost to death and made an old man out of a strong, active young fellow and taken all the ambition out of him." "That is one of the tricks of the trade," replied the druggist. "I knew he was from the country and sized him up. He had plenty of money, was sort of guileless, believed everybody was as good as himself until he proved them otherwise, so I took advantage of his innocence. Knowing I would possibly never see him again I planned to get all out of him I could; told him a lot of nonsense, drawing on my imagination to some extent, and like the song of the day, it was all a fairy tale. He paid that \$15 cheerfully, when, to tell the truth, he did not need 15 cents' worth of medicine." "That's what I call a downright act of cruelty, and some one ought to tell this young fellow of the fraud perpetrated on him," replied the friend in anything but a complimentary tone of voice. "Why don't you run after him and tell him, then? He's somewhere in the city yet. You forget that business is business," and the druggist calmly went to work to put up a prescription for another customer.

Do you want to find something that will be a pleasure to you in your idle moments and a joy to you when you are busy, if even for a second you chance to glance out of your window? You can all have this bit of happiness and with so little trouble. It is nothing more nor less than a window garden. Polly has one and it is a source of delight morning, noon and night, in fact every minute in the day when I am where I can see it. A box of ivy geranium covered with great clusters of pink flowers, a thrifty little palm, an asparagus plant as lacy and fine as a cobweb, a fragrant spicy pink or carnation, a box of star moss, or wandering jew, as some people call it, fringing the window-sill with its green sprays, but best of all a box of sweet peas that have twined themselves lovingly about the window and thrown out their fragrant buds and blossoms into the pretty dainty little pale pink, lavender and white winks have spangled the green verdure like so many gems. Throwing open the window of a morning there they are, teaching us a lesson by turning their bright little faces to the sun and commencing the day right, all brightness and sweetness. What a fragrance pours into the room as their morning greeting. At night when the sun goes down they get their pitcher of water poured on the roots, and there is a faint rustling of the leaves and a nod-

THE YOUNG GAMBLER.

He Had an Even Chance, but Fate Was Against Him.
I remember one handsome young fellow whom I used to meet occasionally on the staircase who captured my youthful fancy. I met him only at midday, as he did not rise till late, and this fact, with a certain scrupulous elegance and neatness in his dress, ought to have made me suspect that he was a gambler. In my inexperience it only invested him with a certain romantic mystery.
One morning as I was going out to my very early breakfast at a cheap Italian cafe on Long wharf I was surprised to find him also descending the staircase. He was scrupulously dressed even at that early hour, but I was struck by the fact that he was all in black, and his slight figure, buttoned to the throat in a tightly fitting frock coat, gave, I fancied, a singular melancholy to his pale southern face.
Nevertheless he greeted me with more than his usual serene cordiality, and I remembered that he looked up with a half puzzled, half amused expression at the rosy morning sky as he walked a few steps with me down the deserted street. I could not help saying that I was astonished to see him up so early, and he admitted that it was a break in his usual habits, but added, with a smiling significance I afterward remembered, that it was "an even chance if he did it again."

As we neared the street corner a man in a buggy drove up impatiently. In spite of the driver's evident haste my handsome acquaintance got in leisurely and, lifting his glossy hat to me with a pleasant smile, was driven away. I have a very lasting recollection of his face and figure as the buggy disappeared down the empty street. I never saw him again. It was not until a week later that I knew that an hour after he left me that morning he was lying dead in a little hollow behind the Mission Dolores, shot through the heart in a duel for which he had arisen so early.—Bret Harte's "Under the Redwoods."

Speaking of flowers reminds me of a recent talk with an old florist in regard to roses and the trouble of slipping some varieties. "Try my plan and you will seldom fail," was his advice, and it is simple enough. "Cut your slip; slit the end of it a trifle. Insert a grain of wheat and plant it, giving it plenty of moisture. If you don't succeed then you are a hooon on roses and they wouldn't grow for you anyway."

Professor Le Conte, the great scientist and philosopher, is dead, and California mourns her loss. No one can step in and fill the place of this "grand old man," who was beloved and admired by all. His friends were legion and his memory will remain ever green in the hearts of the people. To Polly it seems as though there could not have been a more fitting place for the going out of this noble life than among the sublime scenes of beautiful Yosemite, which he worshipped.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Yachts and Racing Machines.
The serious accident to the new Shamrock serves to call public attention to the extremes in construction to which the modern sea-racing machine has been brought. During the past two racing seasons it has been common to read of a gaff "crumpling" or a topmast "buckling." A witness of the recent accident in the Solent describes the steel mainmast of the challenger as "doubling up a few feet from the deck." Old-timers can tell you that such contortions were impossible in the days of the wooden mast, and that human ingenuity will never make steel equal to pine. However that may be, it is clear that the modern cup racers are hardly yachts in the proper sense, and that Shamrock II, with her crumpled mast, is not the vessel to be put in the same class as the Galatea, in which Lieutenant Henn and his wife sailed across the Atlantic after the coveted cup.

Prunes Better than Candy.
Americans recognize California as the greatest fruit-producing region of the world, although they were not the first to see the great future of the State in this respect. The healthfulness of fruit has been emphasized by the palatable quality of the home-grown article placed on the American market. The California prune has won its way to favor in this country against the French prune. It is larger and more delicious, and it also has the advantage of natural and entirely healthful processes in its preparation and not cloying like candy, and it is bound to come into favor as a substitute for sweets among parents who love to see a ruddy glow on the faces of their children.

Eucalyptus Destroys Germs.
Dr. Rentfield, who has lived for the past twenty-seven years in Tasmania, ascribes the healthfulness of that island, where, according to his testimony, consumption and bronchitis are unknown, in large part to the eucalyptus trees, whose odor is everywhere apparent. The volatile essence of the eucalyptus oil appears to have an aseptic effect on deleterious germs of all kinds. The trees sometimes attain a great size. One that has been measured is 330 feet tall, and some are said to attain the height of 400 feet. The climate of Tasmania is also exceptionally fine, with much sunshine and very pure air.

Some of the wooden churches in Norway are fully 700 years old and are still in an excellent state of preservation. Their timbers have successfully withstood the frosty and almost Arctic winters because they have been repeatedly coated with tar.

From no printing house in the world is the annual output of scientific results so great as from the United States Government Printing Office.

He who makes no mistakes makes nothing else.

The life of an Australian native rarely exceeds 50 years.

THE CONQUEST OF KOREA.

Japanese Legend of Emperor Chuan and His Yallant Wife.
Seventeen centuries ago the Japanese Emperor Chuan was playing his lute in the presence of his wife and prime minister. Whether on account of the music or from some other cause, the empress became inspired with a divine afflatus and began to utter the thoughts put into her mind by the deity. "There is a land to the westward," she exclaimed, "and in that land is abundance of treasure, gold and silver, dazzling to look upon. This land I will now bestow upon you."
The emperor pushed away his lute. "If you go up to a high place and look toward the west," said he, "there is no land to be seen, but only the great waters. They are lying spirits who have spoken to you."
Then the good god was filled with anger, and again he moved the empress to prophesy. "You are not fit," she said, "to rule this empire. Go the one road!"
But the prime minister trembled when he heard these words and said to his master: "I am troubled, my heavenly sovereign, by this terrible message. Continue, I pray, to play the august lute."
The emperor Chuan commenced to play softly. Gradually the sound died away; all was still. They held a light to his face and saw that he was dead. But the empress put herself at the head of her feet, invaded the land of gold and silver with her warriors and soon made the three kingdoms of Korea tributary to Japan.

Europe's Ice Supply.
Few perhaps among the tourists who visit Norway for the pleasures of its scenery are aware that here they are at the headquarters of Europe's ice supply. To the mountain lakes of that country the continent looks for ice. The ice is of the finest quality, for the lakes are of crystal clear water, high up in the mountains, and are surrounded by very tall pines. The ice supply is controlled by syndicates.
After having been cut into great squares by plows the blocks of ice are sent down the mountainside on slides. On the way they acquire amazing velocity and plunge into an inclosed pool beyond which are the ice shelves awaiting their frozen cargo.
It sometimes happens that through delay in the starting of the vessels or the cutting of unusual quantities from the lakes to supply exceptional demands the supply runs short. Then it is that the ice becomes dear and even in winter time is a luxury that must be indulged in sparingly. But ice is used in Europe far less commonly than in America, and a deficient supply does not occasion the sense of loss that it would cause in this country.—Youth's Companion.

Gilbert Islands Tipped.
Neither tea nor coffee is drunk in the Gilbert islands, but liquor named karaffe, or toddy. It is the juice of the coconut tree, from which it is drawn daily at sunrise and sunset. To obtain it the natives climb up the tall trees and while extracting it keep up a constant yelling to let those below know that they are at work. The sap when fresh is a harmless and delicious beverage, but after it has been kept a day or two fermentation sets in, and it becomes intoxicating. Karaffe does not, however, fly to the head, but a man who drinks it to excess loses the control of his legs. However, when this befalls a native he has sense enough to remain indoors and shows his face to no one, for if his chief should ever hear of it he would be tried and sentenced to hard labor and a heavy fine.

The Slowness of Starvation.
During a prolonged fast the loss of weight is unusually rapid at first and decreases as the time goes on. Death ensues when a certain percentage of the loss has been reached, and this percentage varies according to the original weight. Fat animals may lose half their weight, thinner ones perhaps two-fifths. A man or woman of rather spare build weighing 143 pounds might, therefore, lose about 55 pounds before succumbing. Children die after a fast of from three to five days, during which they have lost a quarter of their weight. Healthy adults, however, have fasted 50 days when water has been taken. A German physician reports the case of a woman aged 47 years who fasted for 43 days, taking water freely. She lost 44 pounds out of 143 pounds and died from exhaustion.

An Idea of Mars.
"As for me," said M. Flammarion, speaking of the inhabitants of Mars in The National Magazine, "I rather envy them a land where it is always beautiful, where there are neither tempests nor cyclones, where the years are twice as long as ours, where the kilogram is of 376 grams and where, therefore, men and women who here weigh 70 kilos there weigh only 25, and where, in a word, everything is lighter, more delicate and more refined."
And in another place he goes further, pointing out that if the Martians wished to communicate with us they would have doubtless made the effort many times in the past and probably long ago abandoned it, deciding it a hopeless business to attempt communication with a planet so stupid.

Are There None?
"Johnnie, give me an example of a combination of meaningless phrases."
"Yes'm. A burglar proof safe stored in a fireproof block."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Victoria holds the nugget record, with the Welcome Stranger, found in 1869, 190 pounds, and the Welcome, found in 1858, 148 pounds 9 ounces.

Busy Days.
"I suppose the demand on the time of a successful financier are very great."
"They are," answered the highly prosperous citizen. "I am kept so much occupied telling young men how to succeed in life that I scarcely get an opportunity to attend to my regular business."—Washington Star.

THE BLEEDING CURE.

A RELIC OF THE MEDICAL METHODS OF A CENTURY AGO.
The Barbarous Practice of "Cupping" Suffering Humanity Still Has Its Adherents—The Operation a Somewhat Delicate One.
One hundred years ago the sovereign pain for every ill, from fainting to fever, was bleeding. The wonder is that a human race was left to admit the folly of the practice. It was the correct method of the day, recommended and employed by the best physicians of the time. The surgeon who attended George Washington in his last illness first saw about cupping his patient. The story is that he took several cups of blood from the vigorous arm of Washington and then diagnosed the case. Washington died. Some say that if he had not been bled he probably would have lived.
The cry comes, but that is a century ago! In sharp contrast stands the wonderful advances made by modern surgery. Thankfully it may be said that such is the truth. But sometimes customs die hard, and today the doctrine of "cupping" has devotees as faithful as those who gave up their life-sustaining fluid in Washington's time. This is a startling statement. The writer would have been skeptical if he had not learned its truth himself.
In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries this gruesome form of treatment was the work of the barber. That guild has maintained its prerogative into the twentieth century. In a certain little side street in New York, crushed between two towering brick buildings, stands a timid story and a half frame house. The suggestive striped pole which emblazons the art of the dweller within juts over the walk. In the window hangs a sign bearing the word "Cupping." If today were set back to 1700, the pole alone would tell the story. Times, they say, have changed, and so the sign.

The barber is a German. He was much surprised at the question asked. Everybody knew that cupping was a necessity, especially in the spring, he said. Sometimes, he added, he was so busy that little time remained for his shaving and hair cutting of customers. "Ach, yes," said the barber, "it keeps me a busy man. How strange you say that you thought it no longer was practiced. People come here morning, noon and night every day, but mostly do they come here in the spring and fall. It is then that the blood needs drawing off. If you have a pain in your head, you come to me. I take my little cup, burn the air in it out, push down my little knives just behind your ears, and the blood remains for a full I take it away. If your headache is not better yet, I take another cup, so be it that the bleeding stop, not upon the other side. Maybe your back pains; I cut you a little on the side. Your arm pains; I draw the blood from your wrist."
The barber bared his arm. The skin was crossed with tiny, pale necks, like those one sees on the wrist of a morphine victim.

"Twelve is the number of cups I draw at one sitting," the barber said. "It is a bad pain that will not be gone then. If you come again the next day with the pain, I draw off more until the ache has disappeared completely."
The cups look like sherry glasses with the stems removed. The knife, or lancet, is arranged like a name stamp. Pressure on a spring plunger drives the little blades, which are arranged in pairs or triplets, into the skin. It is here that the skill of the operator comes into play. When the incisions are made, the neck too violent, a tap on the plunger might mean the severing or wounding of an artery. Pressure too light would not let the blood flow fast enough. The barber must have a trained touch.

Upon the condition of the cup much depends. The air is exhausted by means of a tiny alcohol flame. This makes a vacuum. The cup is pressed on lightly, but firmly. The blood rushes under the skin beneath its rim; then, like a flash, the little knives are pushed down, and the bleeding begins. The operator never takes more than 12 cups at one sitting. That would mean perhaps a half pint of blood.

This system of bleeding for human ailments harks back to the earliest times. All through the middle ages it has been the healing balm for the sufferings of mankind. The ancients firmly believed that the loss of blood in this manner drew from their systems the "noxious humors" which afflicted them. The advent of the modern school of medicine and surgery did away with the process as a universal therapeutic measure. It was not until the nineteenth century was nearly half completed, however, that physicians abandoned it as a practice.—New York Tribune.

A Trait of the Sex.
A traveling man who had been absent on a long trip, returned with a little he was able to spend several hours at his father's bedside, though several military sentinels were near the cottage. As he was leaving he passed a patrol in search of himself, in reply to whose salute he uttered a fervent "God bless you!"

To Interview Jonah.
Among the passengers who were traveling one day not long ago on an express from London to Brighton were a commercial traveler and a Salvation Army girl. The traveler began teasing the girl and asked her if she believed the story of Jonah and the whale. "I don't know," she said, "but when I get to heaven I'll ask Jonah if it occurred."
"But," said the funny man, "supposing he isn't there?" "Then," said the girl promptly, "you can ask him."

A Successful Case.
First Lawyer—I just concluded a very successful case.
Second Lawyer—Your client won, eh?
First Lawyer—Oh, no, but I got my fees!—Ohio State Journal.

Every decade brings shorter hours to those who merely work, but for those who would succeed there is no time table.—Saturday Evening Post.
Atmospheric sharps say that even at the equator the average temperature of the sea at the depth of a mile is but 4 degrees above freezing point.

NEW SHORT STORIES.

Cockrell's Lost Check.
Senator Cockrell is out \$24—that is, he thinks he is, but he is not sure. The circumstances are peculiar.
The senator was a member in 1883 of what is known as the "assay committee" by members of congress. The function of that committee, which is composed of members of the house and senate, is to visit the mint at the city of Philadelphia. They go into the vaults where the coin is stored after being manufactured, and after picking out coins promiscuously they weigh, measure and test them to determine whether the specifications of the government for their casting have all been complied with. The work has never been considered onerous, and the assignment to the committee has been sought. On the particular occasion referred to the senator at the close of his work in Philadelphia received a check from Mr. A. Loudon Snowden for \$24 for his expenses and services rendered. It was the night before the return of the committee to Washington, and on his way to his hotel the senator was jostled and on reaching the hotel found that he had lost his pocketbook. The senator has a lingering recollection of being somewhat backward about admitting the robbery to his colleagues and says it is barely possible that he swallowed the loss without disclosing it. In the matter passed entirely out of his mind.

But a short time ago it was recalled to him by the receipt of a letter and a package sent from Philadelphia. The letter stated that in tearing down an old house in the tenement district of the city a pocketbook was found under one of the floors. The pocketbook contained the check for \$24. The senator took it to the treasury department, and the officials looked up the records to learn if the amount had been paid. After a search through many a dusty ledger the officials found the record of the check in question, and an entry showed that it had been presented and paid. The senator says it is possible that later he had another check issued in place of the one which had been stolen. In any event the check itself makes a souvenir which he will gladly retain.

"Fat Dub" Could Row.
During a recent regatta on the Harlem river Ned Hanlan, the Columbia university coach, was out in a single shell, wearing a rowing costume the most striking feature of which was an old straw hat. He was quietly rowing alongside one of the river's amateur champions, says the New York Times. Several "balcony" oarsmen, new members of one of the clubs, observed the fat man in the shell, and one of them remarked:
"Look at that fat dub trying to brush Jimmy."
"Oh, will he, indeed?" remarked an old oar. "Just wait and see where Jimmy comes in."
Jimmy in this case failed to come in at all, for the fat man rowed away from him at will.

"That's Hanlan," remarked the old oar as he turned to go into the house, "and he can go a bit for 100 yards yet." Whereupon the embryo slipped out of sight and hid away to fill a book full of what he didn't know about rowing.

Bold Musolino.
An amusing anecdote of the Italian brigand Musolino's daring and cool address is published by the Neapolitan Journals. His father was recently believed to be dying, and Musolino had to adopt a bold stratagem in order to visit him. He simply despoiled a priest of his ecclesiastical vesture, which he donned himself. Thus clothed and with his features doctored a little he was able to spend several hours at his father's bedside, though several military sentinels were near the cottage. As he was leaving he passed a patrol in search of himself, in reply to whose salute he uttered a fervent "God bless you!"

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The cry comes, but that is a century ago! In sharp contrast stands the wonderful advances made by modern surgery. Thankfully it may be said that such is the truth. But sometimes customs die hard, and today the doctrine of "cupping" has devotees as faithful as those who gave up their life-sustaining fluid in Washington's time. This is a startling statement. The writer would have been skeptical if he had not learned its truth himself.
In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries this gruesome form of treatment was the work of the barber. That guild has maintained its prerogative into the twentieth century. In a certain little side street in New York, crushed between two towering brick buildings, stands a timid story and a half frame house. The suggestive striped pole which emblazons the art of the dweller within juts over the walk. In the window hangs a sign bearing the word "Cupping." If today were set back to 1700, the pole alone would tell the story. Times, they say, have changed, and so the sign.

The barber is a German. He was much surprised at the question asked. Everybody knew that cupping was a necessity, especially in the spring, he said. Sometimes, he added, he was so busy that little time remained for his shaving and hair cutting of customers. "Ach, yes," said the barber, "it keeps me a busy man. How strange you say that you thought it no longer was practiced. People come here morning, noon and night every day, but mostly do they come here in the spring and fall. It is then that the blood needs drawing off. If you have a pain in your head, you come to me. I take my little cup, burn the air in it out, push down my little knives just behind your ears, and the blood remains for a full I take it away. If your headache is not better yet, I take another cup, so be it that the bleeding stop, not upon the other side. Maybe your back pains; I cut you a little on the side. Your arm pains; I draw the blood from your wrist."
The barber bared his arm. The skin was crossed with tiny, pale necks, like those one sees on the wrist of a morphine victim.

"Twelve is the number of cups I draw at one sitting," the barber said. "It is a bad pain that will not be gone then. If you come again the next day with the pain, I draw off more until the ache has disappeared completely."
The cups look like sherry glasses with the stems removed. The knife, or lancet, is arranged like a name stamp. Pressure on a spring plunger drives the little blades, which are arranged in pairs or triplets, into the skin. It is here that the skill of the operator comes into play. When the incisions are made, the neck too violent, a tap on the plunger might mean the severing or wounding of an artery. Pressure too light would not let the blood flow fast enough. The barber must have a trained touch.

Upon the condition of the cup much depends. The air is exhausted by means of a tiny alcohol flame. This makes a vacuum. The cup is pressed on lightly, but firmly. The blood rushes under the skin beneath its rim; then, like a flash, the little knives are pushed down, and the bleeding begins. The operator never takes more than 12 cups at one sitting. That would mean perhaps a half pint of blood.

This system of bleeding for human ailments harks back to the earliest times. All through the middle ages it has been the healing balm for the sufferings of mankind. The ancients firmly believed that the loss of blood in this manner drew from their systems the "noxious humors" which afflicted them. The advent of the modern school of medicine and surgery did away with the process as a universal therapeutic measure. It was not until the nineteenth century was nearly half completed, however, that physicians abandoned it as a practice.—New York Tribune.

A Trait of the Sex.
A traveling man who had been absent on a long trip, returned with a little he was able to spend several hours at his father's bedside, though several military sentinels were near the cottage. As he was leaving he passed a patrol in search of himself, in reply to whose salute he uttered a fervent "God bless you!"

To Interview Jonah.
Among the passengers who were traveling one day not long ago on an express from London to Brighton were a commercial traveler and a Salvation Army girl. The traveler began teasing the girl and asked her if she believed the story of Jonah and the whale. "I don't know," she said, "but when I get to heaven I'll ask Jonah if it occurred."
"But," said the funny man, "supposing he isn't there?" "Then," said the girl promptly, "you can ask him."

A Successful Case.
First Lawyer—I just concluded a very successful case.
Second Lawyer—Your client won, eh?
First Lawyer—Oh, no, but I got my fees!—Ohio State Journal.

Every decade brings shorter hours to those who merely work, but for those who would succeed there is no time table.—Saturday Evening Post.
Atmospheric sharps say that even at the equator the average temperature of the sea at the depth of a mile is but 4 degrees above freezing point.