

BANDON RECORDER.

EATING FISH.

It is not good form to ask for a second helping of fish.

It is considered extremely bad form to use a knife in dissecting fish.

A little modern fish knife, with an ingenious fork arrangement on one side, is now made.

A bit of lemon is served with broiled and baked fish, and it is correct form to use the fingers in expressing the juice.

Potatoes are considered a proper accessory to the fish course.

Sliced cucumbers, with plain French dressing, are also served.

With a boiled fish the potatoes are also usually boiled, cut into bits or scooped out and garnished with a little melted butter and chopped parsley.

Never use the fingers to separate the bones from the edible portion of fish.

The bones must be evaded with such dexterity as one can command without other aid than such as a bit of bread held in the left hand may furnish.

A Slight Defect.

A weather stained, creaking wagon drew up in front of a photographer's establishment in a Georgia town.

Enter the shop, the stranger paused before a case of sample photographs and, pointing to one, said, "Mister, what d'yer charge for takin pictures like that?"

"Three dollars a dozen," replied the clerk.

Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he turned thoughtfully toward the wagonful of offspring.

"I ain't got but seven," said Harper's Magazine.

One Passenger Too Many.

A good story is going the rounds of the offices of the Metropolitan Street Railway company concerning the wonderful presence of mind displayed recently by a new conductor on one of the company's trolley cars.

The official hurriedly counted the passengers in the car and found that there were nine.

Then he cast his eye up to the register and found that there had been only eight fares rung up.

He disclosed his identity to the new conductor and called attention to the discrepancy.

Slowly and painfully the new hand counted over his passengers and then scanned his register.

"Begorra, an you're right, sir," he said and promptly stopped the car.

"Say," he demanded, addressing the passengers in an authoritative manner, "wan of youse fellows' hov to git off the car?"—New York Times.

Chocolate.

In South America the retail price for the better grades of chocolate averages about \$1 a pound, while in Italy, France, England and in the United States the better grades sell at a much lower price.

In America the ordinary chocolate of trade sells for about one-third of the price that is charged for it where it is produced.

The cause of this, the producers say, is that the original product is adulterated greatly before reaching its final market, a cheaper article than the cocoa bean constituting the large proportion of 90 per cent of the chocolates of commerce.

The cocoa bean from which chocolate is manufactured is produced in its finest form in Venezuela, though various other parts of Central and South America grow and export large quantities.

Two crops of the bean are gathered each year, and the manufacture consists simply in grinding up the beans into a meal and then adding sugar and arrowroot, with the necessary flavor, usually vanilla or cinnamon. The mass is moistened until it is in a semifluid state, after which it is run into molds of the proper shape.

The Captain of an Ocean Liner.

Nowadays the captain is the host of the ship. He is no longer the gruff, rough seadog in a pea jacket of years gone by.

He must observe some of the social amenities; he must talk to the passengers now and then when the weather is fine; he must take his seat at table when he may; he must be a kind of diplomat also and possess wit and tact and a patience sublime; he must see that no jealousies develop among the passengers.

I have been told of the very obliging captain who, to please the lady who asked to be shown the equator while the ship was in southern seas, pasted a hair across the large end of a spyzglass and told the lady to look. And the lady through the glass declared she could see the equator "as plainly as A B C."

Another polite captain I have heard of—one who directed an officer on the bridge to "do as the lady wishes," when the lady requested that the captain steer the ship over to the horizon so she could see what the horizon was like.—Captain Jameson in Collier's.

POLLY LARKIN

Who has not heard of "Calamity Jane" and the valuable services she has rendered to Indian fighters?

Possibly to the younger generation of the day "Calamity Jane" is a stranger, but her name is a very familiar one to all the older residents of the States, and the friends whom she aided in other days have not forgotten her, now that she is in dire want.

Poor "Calamity Jane" has been having a hard time of it the last few years, and although only of about 50 years of age, the hardships she has endured in the past have left her a broken-down woman, not only as far as her physical health is concerned, but in spirit as well.

"Calamity Jane" has been on the frontier since she was a young girl, and rendered valuable services to Custer, Reno, Egan and other Indian fighters.

She seemed to know no such word as fear. She was in the Black Hills at the time of the killing of Wild Bill (William Hickok), and it is said it was she who captured his murderer.

During the last few years she has drifted about Montana from place to place, making a livelihood in any way she could and selling her pictures to park tourists during the summer months.

Her health failed her, and during the past two years she has been ill most of the time and very much discouraged. It was a cross to the energetic woman when ill health marked her for its victim.

The newspapers made many an interesting article out of "Calamity Jane's" trials and tribulations, and were the cause of General Egan and other friends learning of her sad plight and their taking steps to make the remainder of this noted woman's career a happier and more comfortable one than she had ever dreamed of.

They sent Mrs. Josephine Winfield Brake of Buffalo, N. Y., author and Washington correspondent for a New York newspaper, to Montana to search for "Calamity Jane," and she found her in the hut of a negro at Horr, near Livingston.

That old fiery and undaunted spirit of hers was broken and she was suffering with fever. Mrs. Brake informed her that she had come to take her to her own home in Buffalo, where she could spend the remainder of her life in comfort.

Then this brave woman, who had stared danger and death in the face and never flinched, broke down and cried like a child. "Calamity Jane" was originally from New York, and her maiden name was Canary.

The last man she married was named Burke, and he was a drayman in Livingston. She was better known by her old title of "Calamity Jane," however, and when she dies no doubt all her good deeds will be recorded on an imposing granite or marble tombstone inscribed with the name of "Calamity Jane."

And now there is a movement on foot in England to find a way of turning out ideal wives. How the hearts of our sturdy English cousins will leap for joy at this announcement, and some of our own hardy Americans may silently wish that the good work may be waded across the seas and taken up on our own shores.

The idea is this: A woman's college of matrimony is to be established in Chelsea, England, where the duties of a wife will become the subject of a two-years' course of study. The curriculum will embrace not only the usual branches of housewifery, such as cooking, sewing and laundry work, but is intended to deal with physiology and medicine as well, so that the students will receive mental discipline in connection with manual training.

This is all very well, and these model little housewives turned out by this admirable college will no doubt be sought after far and near by would-be benefactors. If it is necessary these wives chosen from the rank and file of this matrimonial college can be very frugal acting in the capacity of their own cook and seamstress as well as doing their own laundering and dispensing with the doctors and their expensive visits, for they can minister to the ailments of their own little flock.

Measles, whooping-cough, croup, chicken-pox, hives and mumps will have no terrors for them, for they will know how to treat all these childish diseases, and to ward off pneumonia and like ills when their liege lord is threatened with diseases and dire aches and pains.

As Polly said before, this is all very well and may result in happier homes and fewer divorces, but in the same breath I would like to suggest a college where ideal husbands could be turned out. Men, who would learn the art of being pleasant in their own homes and being courteous, and endeavor to make as good an impression in their own little home-circles as they do on the outside. Polly knows of some men who should have been doomed to walk through life in single blessedness. They are hardly civil in their own homes and go sulking and pouting about answering every question of their wives in a short and surly manner as if to say, "How dare you ask a question? Women should be seen and not heard."

They never show any appreciation of anything their wives may do, never a word of encouragement, never offer to assist with the children when they are ill, but selfishly turn over and snicker blissfully away while she may possibly be up and down every hour in the night to minister to the wants of the little sufferers. The meal time, in place of being one of the happiest hours of the day, is so turbulent with the ugliness on his part that one and all are glad to hurry through with it and get away from the table. There is no lingering for a last pleasant word, for it is nag, nag, nag at the children.—"Don't do

A VERY CURIOUS BIRD.

The One Young Mark Twain Sprung Upon the Scientists.

Mark Twain's father was an ornithologist. He had several friends who were also enthusiasts on the subject of birds. Whenever any one of them discovered a rare avis it was the custom to have a consultation. Mark had been a witness of several of these bird inquiries and had noted the delight the old men took in discussing a new found specimen.

One day it occurred to him to provide the Hannibal ornithologists with a real circus in the form of a bird. He killed a crow and also a barnyard rooster. Plucking out the tail feathers of both the crow and the rooster, he substituted the rooster's tail feathers for those of the crow, producing a unique effect. When he had the specimen nicely prepared, he went to his father and, handing it to him, said:

"Here, father, is a very curious bird I shot. I thought you would be interested in it."

The old gentleman gazed upon the specimen with astonishment. That evening the ornithologists of Hannibal were assembled in Mr. Clemens' parlor. The discussion was long and learned. The opinions expressed were various. One thought the bird was an offshoot of the bird of paradise family; others had equally ridiculous notions as to its ancestry. But there was one who refused to be swayed by the peculiarity of the bird's tail from the judgment that it was of the crow family.

"Why, just look here," he said, lifting the bird by its tail feathers. He got no further. The feathers came out. There was a quick closing of a door. Mr. Clemens started to leave the room.

"Gentlemen," he said, "please excuse me a few moments. I will see Samuel first and explain later."

Sweeping Back the River.

Some time ago two bulking hoboos who had just dismounted from a Central freight train asked a Yonkers man for a loan of 10 cents to secure some food. He took them to a restaurant and promised to provide them with work as soon as they had finished eating.

When they reported for work, he said: "Boys, my cellar's full of water, and I want you to pump it out. I've fixed these hand pumps right here on the sidewalk. Never mind the people. When they come along and ask questions, just you say nothing, but pump till the water's out of the cellar. Keep cool. Don't hurry, but pump, and I will pay you well."

Now, a tributary to the Nepperhan river ran through this man's store cellar and under the sidewalk, and the pumps reached down into the river. The water pumped out by the hoboos ran into the sewer and back into the Nepperhan, but as the sidewalk was tightly flagged the pumps didn't know the size of the job.

The street became jammed with spectators who roared with merriment as they watched the hoboos. All but the men at the pumps knew what was up. When the sun went down, it descended on the wrath of two Weary Willies, armed with coupling pins. They hunted all night for their kind employer, but he was in New York telling his friends.

Cave Dwellers in Dieppe.

People who only know the gay side of Dieppe would be surprised to hear of the existence of the cave dwellers there. One is apt to connect such people with the knaved bones and flint implements of prehistoric times. But here they are at Dieppe within a stone's throw of the casino, and they may be seen any day about the town selling the shellfish from the rocks outside their habitations. They have certain marked characteristics, one being a peculiar complexion of their own that can be traced largely to a disinclination on the part of the cave dweller to "fall himself of the water that washes so close to his door. Their language also is peculiar, but whether it really belongs to the stone age no one seems to have discovered. They have to hold a license from the municipality, though, which savors of no age but the present.—London Chronicle.

England's Old Common Field System.

A "common field" is quite distinct from a "common" as a field belonging to numerous owners. The land consists of long narrow strips, perhaps not more than ten yards wide and running parallel with one another. What are the exact rules of cultivation that obtain in Kent today we do not know, but of old it was usual to have a regular rotation, such as wheat one year, barley or oats the second and fallow the third. When the crops were harvested, each member of the community getting his or her share, all could put in their cattle, which roamed over a whole field, feeding on the stubble, etc. And this was termed the "right of rack."

The "common field" system was gradually done away with by statutes in the reigns of George III and William IV.—London Express.

Tests of Culture.

The chemist Liebig proposed to measure the standard of civilization by the consumption of soap, a creation which would put the inhabitants of north Holland at the head of all civilized nations. As a more reliable test Edmund About suggested the sale of steel pens. The socialist Bebel the frequency of reform meetings, Dr. Bernard the use of undergarments, a luxury unknown to the semi-civilized tribes of Asia and South America; Professor Ebers the sale of postage stamps. The mileage of railroads per hundred square miles of territory might do in comparing countries of equal density of population.—Exchange.

The Chinaman's Dress.

Those who understand the subject have to admit that when it comes to the question of rational dress the Chinaman has very much the best of it. American clothes are not made for the performance of much stooping or domestic gymnastics. The Chinaman, in his loose, easy fitting clothes, is as free to stoop, jump, run or turn hand-springs as a small boy in bathing. In a Chinese suit of clothes you can lie down and sleep with the same amount of comfort that you can stand up and walk.

THE RAILROADSCARE

ODD EFFECTS OF THE FIRST SIGHT OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

Some of the People of the South Hid Behind Trees in 1833, When the Iron Horse Went By—The Country's Earliest Railroad.

America cannot lay claim to the first locomotive or the first railroad. That great honor lies with England. Yet Yankee genius was not very far behind her, for, when George Stephenson launched his first real locomotive, the Rocket, on the Liverpool and Manchester road in 1825, the first spike had been driven on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, July 4, 1828, by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence.

This was the first road started in the United States, and in 1830 it had reached Elliott Mills, 13 miles from Baltimore.

But the south can claim the honor of completing the longest railroad in the world at that date, being the old Charleston and Hamburg road, now a part of the South Carolina and Georgia system, which was begun in 1830, and by October, 1833, it had 137 miles of track in operation. In a letter from Mr. Samuel C. Clarke of Georgia, a kinsman of the writer, who attained the extreme age of 91 years and who had seen the beginning and the completion of this road, he thus gives his experience upon first sight of a locomotive:

"One day while going down to Charleston with a party of gentlemen to attend the races as we approached the city we saw in the distance the new railroad, finished some 10 or 12 miles out of Charleston. It was built upon piles, longer or shorter, according to the nature of the ground. Sometimes in crossing a ravine the rails were 20 feet from the surface. Our track ran near this elevated road, and soon a horrid shriek as from 20 panthers was heard in the woods. By this time we were nervous. Elephants and lions we had heard of, and some of us had seen them, but what monster was this whose screams we heard? Presently it came in sight, flying aloft through the air and breathing fire and smoke, and our frightened steeds became unmanageable, and in fact I think that some of our party were as badly frightened as their horses. If any of my readers are old enough to remember the introduction of locomotives and how they felt at first sight of them, they will perhaps understand our sensations that day in the pine woods.

"A mile or two farther on we came to a broken wagon by the side of the road, and near it sat a Georgia cracker smoking his pipe. On being asked what was his trouble he replied, 'Well, stranger, I've often heard tell of nullification, and now I reckon I've saw it for true.'"

It is somewhat amusing now to read of the superstitious dread with which the inhabitants looked upon the building of these first railroads. Some thought the smoke of the continual passing trains would cause a pestilence or destroy all the crops along the road. Others were afraid to ride on the cars for fear of having their breath taken away, and the people in the cities objected to the railroad being built because they feared the smoke from the engines would soil the clothes which were hung out to dry.

Many are yet living who looked upon the terrible, screeching iron monster with awe and trepidation. Mr. Nat McGee of Ivy, Alabama, tells a joke upon himself that he heard the train coming he jumped from his horse and got behind a tree, where he viewed it for fear of being run over. Mr. W. T. Prout, who was taking a wagon load of produce to Richmond, when he reached Gordonsville heard the whistle and terrible noise of the approaching train. He and his companions were so scared that they sprang out, leaped the fence and ran across the field to a safe distance, leaving the wagon and team to its fate, but when the train appeared it was only an engine and one coach.

The first roadbeds were formed, as has been stated, by driving piles in the ground, upon the top of which were placed wooden stringers, in which were cut a groove for the wheels to run. These were called "wooden railroads" and at a distance appeared like the elevated railroads in the cities of the present day. The honor of this invention was contested between John Hartman of Scottsville, Va., and John Williams, an engineer of Ohio, but it did not prove a bonanza to either, for the wheels were constantly bouncing out of the groove, and the piles soon after gave place to solid dirt embankments, and strap iron rails were substituted for the wooden groove. But the grading was very imperfect and uneven, which made riding on one of these primitive railroads like going over a corduroy road in a springless wagon.

With the cars bouncing over these rough rails to the jingling music of the windows.—Richmond Dispatch.

Do Carpets Shorten Life?

Just think what a horrible receptacle of unclean things the carpet is in the rich English or French house! Where there are carpets, people should on entering be given slippers, as in the Netherlands or the foothills, as at a Turkish mosque. Making servants sweep carpets is another proof that evil is wrought for want of thought. Fluorine attributed the prevalence of lung and throat diseases in England to carpeted rooms.—London Truth.

Comets of the Past Century.

During the nineteenth century 235 new comets were discovered as against 62 in the eighteenth century. The nineteenth century also beheld a greater number of large and brilliant comets than did its predecessor. The finest of these were the comets of 1811, 1843, 1855, 1881 and 1882. In the year 1800 only one periodical comet was known, Halley's. Now many are known, of which at least 17 have been seen at more than one return to perihelion.

No Difficulty.

Phillips Brooks once gave a new version of the Jonah story to a wondering skeptic, who said he doubted whether a whale's throat was large enough to swallow Jonah. "There was no difficulty," said the bishop; "Jonah was one of the minor prophets."

SIGNALING TO MARS.

The Difficulty of Doing So by Means of Light.

The very largest city that this earth has ever known would be altogether too small to be visible to a being dwelling on the planet Mars, even if that being were endeavoring to see it with a telescope as powerful as the greatest and most perfect instrument in any observatory on this globe.

If the whole extent of Lake Superior were covered with petroleum and if that petroleum was set on fire, then, I think, we may admit that an inhabitant of Mars who was furnished with a telescope as good as that which Percival Lowell uses at Flagstaff might be able to see that something had happened. But we must not suppose that the mighty conflagration would appear to the Martian as a very conspicuous object. It would, rather, be a very small feature, but still I think it would not be beyond the reach of a practiced observer in that planet.

On the other hand, if an area the size of Lake Superior on Mars was to be flooded with petroleum and that petroleum was to be kindled, we should expect to witness the event from here not as a great and striking conflagration, but as a tiny little point of just discernible light. The disk of Mars is not a large object, and the conflagration would not extend over the three hundredth part of that disk.

It is sufficient to state these facts to show that the possibility of signaling to Mars is entirely beyond the power of human resources.—Sir Robert S. Ball in Independent.

BLUNDERS IN FICTION.

The Queer Mistakes That Are Sometimes Made by Authors.

We smile as we read and pass swiftly by the stories of maidens that wander in "lonely woods" at unearthly hours of night, always clad in "a soft, white clinging gown." Now, every girl knows that the average maiden is too much afraid of tramps and snakes to wander in "lonely woods." The weather, too, appears to perplex our novelists, for not infrequently they begin a chapter at dawn, there are a few moments' conversation, and then the "sun sets in lurid banks behind the distant emurpled mountains."

I am reminded at the outset of an English story written by an author of repute where the heroine in one scene was made on one page to stoop down and tie her shoestring, while three pages farther on, directly following, it was said of the same girl that she had remained barefooted the entire day. In another story a blind woman is made to view the hero through spectacles before the tale is ended.

In a French novel—and we generally consider French such literary masters—a heroine is clearly made to go direct from her bed to the breakfast table, out shopping, to an afternoon tea and to dinner in her robe de nuit! Cousins suddenly transformed into brothers without a moment's warning are numerous in this detective's library. This one is amused to find the most marvelous mistakes in books which we think we have carefully read.—Modern Culture.

Golf in the Old Days.

Centuries back golf was a pastime of the royal family, though then usually played in Scotland. The Stuart family was very fond of the game, and the first English club was established at Blackheath in 1608 by James I. His eldest son, Henry, frequently played and on one occasion nearly struck by accident his tutor with a club, whereupon he coolly remarked, "Had I done so I had but paid my debts." Charles I was playing golf when he received the news of the Irish rebellion. James, duke of York, afterward James II, was another ardent player. Golf is frequently mentioned in ancient Scottish records and in the fifteenth century was prohibited because it interfered with the practice of archery. Strutt considered it the most ancient game at ball requiring a bat.—London Chronicle.

The Squirrel Hunter's Weapon.

The cream of squirrel hunting is enjoyed by the man who uses a light rifle of small caliber and medium power. The ".22 long" as now turned out by the leading makers is an excellent weapon—in fact, the best in the world for the purpose. Though not of sufficient range to be dangerous to people or stock at a distance, it throws lead with surprising accuracy to the tops of the tallest trees. Good rifle shots all ways aim for the squirrel's head both to avoid the difficulty of the sport and to avoid spoiling meat. And he it knows that a squirrel's head at a range of 40 or 50 yards is no easy mark. If a reader doubts this, let him go to the woods for a day, keep all empty shells, and at the end of the day let him try to make the dead squirrels and the empty shells tally.—E. W. Sandys in Outing.

Early Birds.

The green finch is the earliest riser. It pipes as early as half past 1 in the morning. The blackcap begins at half past 2. It is nearly 4 o'clock before the blackbird appears. It is heard half an hour before the thrush, and the chirp of the robin begins about the same length of time before that of the wren. The house sparrow and the tom-tit take the last stage of the list.

Advantages of Port Cities.

The revenue New York derives from the rental of piers to the Cunard, the White Star, the American, the Atlantic Transport, the French, the Leyland, the National and other lines is nearly \$1,000,000 annually. The White Star line pays the largest rental, \$217,000; the Cunard line is next with \$120,000 and the American line third with \$88,400.—Ainslee's.

Twice as Black.

Sam Cole—Miss Yallery done treat me scan'ous. She done tole me yes'ity dat I was black as de ace of spades. "Jim Crow—Dat's on'y half as bad as what she sez 'bout me. She tole me I was black as de deuce.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Well Concealed.

"What was the matter with Proudfoot that he made such a fool of him self last night?" "Oh, somebody had offended him unwittingly, and he was standing on his dignity." "Oh, was he? I wondered what had become of it."

The Emblem of the New York City History Club is the industrious little beaver, typical of the sturdy ancestors, surrounded by a circle. This beaver was part of the ancient seal of New Amsterdam.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Wise Men Revived.

The Independence Star recounts that a man down there was nearly stung by a scorpion five inches long and says the man was very lucky to escape, "as the sting of a scorpion is certain death." And we note the item as another instance of the reversal of a university professor. Kansas seems to sit up nights watching for chances to reverse her university professors. Geologist Hayward said there was no gold in the western shales, and Colonel Fred Close reversed him by showing there would be lots of gold there after it had been discovered. Naturalist Dyeche said the Belgian hare and the jack rabbit wouldn't cross, and a state senator reversed him by offering an appropriation bill to pay for the crossing of the two animals.

Chancellor Snow said that the scorpion's deadly sting was mostly a myth and that even in the tropical countries it did little harm, and now the chancellor is reversed by the Independence paper. And this reminds us of an account written by a Kansas editor about the Gila monster, an ugly species of lizard found only along the Gila river. The editor had been down there, and the natives had filled him full of stories about the deadly nature of contact with this creature. "The monster," he said, "differs from every other known animal in the world, because it does not need to bite or sting, but gives instant death with a breath from its mouth." Yet Chancellor Snow got one of these monsters and kept it alive around the university for a year or more, and the scholars used to pat it on the head and call it "Mike."—Kansas City Journal.

Noises of the Street.

"Wards for nervous diseases in the city hospitals are far more crowded in summer than in winter," said an eminent specialist, "and there is no denying the fact that apparently unavoidable street noises are responsible for it. With open windows and doors and everybody in a more or less irritable and debilitated condition from the heat the ordinary street noises prevent sleep and wreck the nerves. I refer now to such simple things as the shouting of children at play, irrepresible peddlers and hand organs. An English writer has said that the organ graders of London have done more in the last 20 years to detract from the quality and quantity of the higher mental work of the nation than any two or three colleges have effected to increase it. I believe the same thing is true of Philadelphia. The nearness of large factories or machine shops, to the institutions of learning costs thousands of dollars yearly in wasted and impeded effort."—Philadelphia Times.

Development of the Roof Garden.

The roof garden owes its existence to American ingenuity. There is nothing quite like it in Europe, and neither London nor Paris is abreast of New York in this most delightful of amusement places. Improved iron and steel construction as known in this country has not been introduced abroad, and until it is the danger of fire in the great cities with the old fashioned buildings will forbid the construction of roof gardens. The roof garden has thrived and developed in New York, modifying its character to suit the variable conditions which have sprung up of climate and of patronage. It has at last become a feature of metropolitan life almost indispensable to those who stay in town during the heated term. It is doing much, moreover, to reconcile many persons with life in the city in summer, although hitherto they have found the seashore or the mountains a necessity.—Leslie's Weekly.

Three Extra Clean Cities.

No looper paper in the future is to be thrown on the streets of Moline, Ill., for Chief of Police Kittelsen has declared war against all offenders. Besides this, store sweepings are not to be swept on to the sidewalk nor ice washed on the streets nor water from the scrubbing of saloons or stores to be swept across the sidewalk nor garbage or offensive matter to be placed on the streets nor kitchen refuse to be placed elsewhere than in galvanized iron cans holding between three and ten gallons under a penalty of \$200.

Mayor Barr of Joliet, Ill., has instituted a similar campaign in his city. President Grove of the Cleaner Dallas league of Dallas has warned the inhabitants of his town that the ordinances covering the same items as mentioned above will be strictly enforced.—Municipal Journal and Enquirer.

The Circus in Vermont.

Some people who have come down from a former generation during the circus-tour are recalling the day of Arcadian simplicity when Vermont's law forbade the circus to come within the state limits, and it was only some two score years ago the prohibition was withdrawn. Circuses skirted all the borders, to which Vermonters came down and crossed over into New York, New Hampshire and Massachusetts to see the feats of ground and lofty tumbling, and finally the virtue and wisdom relearned and admitted the show to the tour of the state.—Montpelier (Vt.) Journal.

A Liberal Minded Tribute.

"There is one thing that I admire about germs," said the professor, who has no patience with people who doubt scientific discoveries. "I didn't know they had any praiseworthy traits whatever."

They have at least one. They are industrious and take things as they find them. They settle down to their business of making trouble and don't waste time in debates concerning any human being theory.—Washington Star.

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