

# BANDON RECORDER.

## Mazeppa.

Historically, Mazeppa was hetman of the Cossacks. He was born of a noble Polish family in Podolia and became a page in the court of Jan Casimir, king of Poland. While in this capacity he intrigued with Theresa, the young wife of a Podolian count, who discovered the amour and had the young page lashed to a wild horse and turned adrift. The horse rushed in mad fury and dropped down dead in the Ukraine, where Mazeppa was released by a Cossack family, who nursed him carefully in their own hut. In time he became secretary to the hetman and at the death of the prince was appointed his successor.

Peter I much admired his energy of character and created him prince of the Ukraine, but in the wars with Sweden Mazeppa deserted to Charles XII and fought against Russia at the battle of Poltava. After the loss of this battle Mazeppa fled to Valenta and then to Bender. Some say he died a natural death and others that he was put to death for treason by the czar. Lord Byron makes Mazeppa tell his tale to Charles after the battle of Poltava.

## How Colorado Desert Was Formed.

Everybody knows, without looking at the map, how Lower California runs south from the Pacific coast like a sort of tail, separated from the United States—for it is a part of Mexico, as some people are not aware—by a long arm of the sea called the gulf of California. Once upon a time the gulf extended in a northward direction 300 miles beyond its present inland limit. Into this northerly extension the great Colorado river emptied millions of tons of detritus annually until the deposit accumulated in quantity sufficient to shut off the upper part of the gulf, which was thus transformed into a lake. To begin with, of course it was a salt lake, but it gradually became fresh through the influx of water from the Colorado. Thereupon fresh water fishes, mollusks and other creatures not of the brine were developed in it, and in this way it happens that the dry bottom today is covered with their fossil remains.

## When Lives Were Cheap.

In the prison of Luxembourg one of Fouquier Tinville's agents could only make up 17 convicts out of the list of 18 which had been given him. "I want one more," he said. He asked the first suspect who passed by his name and on hearing it said, "Yes, it is you." He had him carried off, and the next day he was guillotined.

On another occasion a wanderer called out the name of an aged prisoner. A lad who was playing ball in the gallery mistook the name for his own and asked if he was wanted. "Yes," was the answer, "come along," and the next day the boy was guillotined instead of the man.

At Bordeaux a boy of 16 named Mellet was guillotined instead of an old man of 80 named Bellay. On objection, he was told that he was 80 years old in wickedness.

## Getting Away From Land.

The question has been asked, Is it possible to sail 1,000 miles from land? This can be done at several points. By leaving San Francisco and sailing northward into the north Pacific a spot is reached where there is no land, not even an islet, for 1,000 miles in any direction. So, too, sailing from the southern point of Kamchatka southward ships reach a point equally distant from land of any kind, the nearest to the north being the Aleutian islands and to the south the outlying members of the Sandwich group. In the southern Indian ocean it is possible to sail 1,000 miles out from the southern points of Australia and New Zealand and still be as far from any other land, and the same may be done in a westerly direction from Cape Horn. Indeed, from this point a much longer distance might be reached, for the southern Pacific between the Horn and New Zealand covers a space of 80 degrees of longitude and 40 of latitude of absolutely unbroken sea, making its central point over 1,200 miles from anywhere.

## Mother Goose Repartee.

The Little Boy had been trying to go into vandeville, with ill success, and he was obviously in a fault finding humor as he sat under the haycock with Boepp.

"I fall to see the reason why you secure such widespread advertisement," he exclaimed pettishly.

"Especially," retorted Boepp, "when you are so vigorously blowing your own horn."

"You neglect your charges shamefully. I believe even now they are lost," he pursued.

"Oh, they'll all come home, like your press agents, bringing their tales behind them," returned Boepp lightly.

Hereupon the Little Boy looked rather sheepish for an instant. "Your long continued association with crooks is corrupting your morals and manners," he cried, recovering himself.

At this Boepp blushed, but made no reply. Perhaps, after all, it was jealousy that made the Little Boy Blue—New York Sun.

## Light on a Great Question.

"It is my opinion," said one sage, "that a man who has a college degree is very likely to be successful in life."

"Yes," answered the other, "and it is a rule that works both ways. A man who is successful in life is very likely to get a college degree."—Washington Star.

## Tiresome.

"I'm so tired," she sighed to the woman next door.

"What do you do?"

"I've been the last four hours at the photographer's having an instantaneous picture of the baby taken."—Exchange.

# POLLY LARKIN

## Are we retrograding or advancing?

That is the question. According to a conversation Polly heard between an Englishman, just from the old country, and a New Zealander, who has been here but a short time, we are doing the former at a rapid rate, although the New Zealander said the American people had never advanced, except in their own minds. The strike that is paralyzing business in San Francisco led up to the conversation. "The American people are a hundred years behind the times," said the Englishman. "These abominable strikes are never heard of in the old country now. They would not be tolerated for a minute. The leaders of such an organization who create a reign of terror in this country, paralyzing business and traffic and causing bloodshed, arson, and goodness knows what, would not have time to voice their sentiments until the heavy hand of the law was laid upon them in England and they would find plenty of time behind prison doors to learn the lesson of letting well enough alone. The American people make me laugh. They claim to be so enlightened and so far advanced, and hold themselves up as such a bright and shining light for other countries. I tell you they are away behind the times. You never hear of strikes in England, but a hundred years ago strikes did play the same havoc there that they are doing in this country now. The United States Government does not seem to be able to cope with these unions. They need to take a few lessons from old England, don't you know. The idea of a lot of idle men who have chosen of their own accord to walk out and leave their places being allowed to pull men off their wagons, beat them into insensibility, etc., because they choose to work, wouldn't be tolerated a moment. I don't know what the American people can be thinking about."

## BRIEF REVIEW.

### A Substitute for Meat.

Vegetarians particularly will be interested in a "vegetable substitute for meat" which has been newly patented. The mere fact that it is declared by the inventor to have the flavor and nutritive properties of meat, while actually of purely vegetable ingredients, would amount to little were it not that the chemistry section of the Patent Office has indorsed the claim as truthful. As a matter of fact the compound appears to contain protein and other elements, utilizable in the body for making flesh and blood and for fuel, in about the same proportion as beef or mutton. In a word, as is claimed by the patentee, the compound is a vegetable substitute for meat, containing the same nutrients in the same proportions and easy of digestion and assimilation. The stuff of which it is made is wheat gluten, water and peanut meal. Of course peanut meal is exceedingly rich in protein (the flesh and blood making substance of foods, while its oil is capital fuel for the body). Wheat gluten furnishes the remainder of the elements required to imitate meat. In preparing the mixture the gluten is first washed, to free it from starch, and is then mixed thoroughly with water and peanut meal. Finally, the mixture is cooked in sealed cans for from one to three hours, at a temperature of from 212 to 230 degrees Fahrenheit, the result being a total change in the consistency and flavor of the contents. It is the cooking, indeed, that seems to give a peculiar quality to the product.

### Fast Nine Months Every Year.

A census which has just been completed in British India has brought to light the extraordinary fact that there are in that country 1,426,638 persons who fast and remain entirely idle during nine months of every year. These persons are members of the Jain sect and their homes are in Bengal and in the provinces of Guzerat and Rajputana. Their principal shrine is on the mountain of Parasnath, near Chota Nagpore, and thither they flock every spring in order to begin the first great fast of the year. A Jain can live for six or seven weeks without taking even a morsel of food, and during certain festivals it is customary for all of them to abstain from food for two full months. When they eat they confine themselves to vegetables, for they never kill an animal, even in self-defense. It is their religion which imposes upon them the obligation of fasting, but travelers say that abstinence from food is no penance in their case, and that even if they were all to become converted to some other creed they would still remain idle and lead a severely ascetic life for the greater part of the year.

### Politeness as a Fine Art.

A Vienna correspondent writes that there is a law in Austria which makes it a very serious offense to insult a public official, or even to offend his dignity in any way. Public officials include all railway employes from traffic directors to porter, policemen, tramway drivers and conductors and municipal street cleaners. Recently an electric trolley ran into an omnibus and overturned it. One of the omnibus passengers, Frau Sidonie Lank, wife of a well-known doctor in Vienna, was badly cut and received a severe shock to her nerves, which prostrated her for weeks. After the collision, in her alarm and pain, she cried, referring to the driver of the electric car: "The wretched fellow! Why couldn't he stop sooner?" For this expression she was summoned and sentenced to a fine of £1 13s 8d "for insulting a public official."

One of the curiosities of the Bank of England is to be seen in the printing room. A man sits at a desk and every three seconds a machine delivers to him two complete £5 notes. If he sits there six hours he receives over \$360,000.

For more than a hundred years the Derby has been recognized as the greatest sporting event in all the civilized countries, and in London is regarded as of such importance that business houses close and everybody takes a holiday.

Canada has the largest forest in the world. It is in the Labrador and Hudson Bay District, and is, roughly estimated, 1,000 by 1700 miles.

The native dress of the better class of Japanese of both sexes is a loose wrapper, open at the chest and at the waist, confined by a girdle.

It is estimated that an average of eight matches are used daily by every man, woman and child.

The rooster makes two-thirds of the noise, but the hen does all the work.

# PERFUMED CIGARS.

## The Ones General Rosecrans Once Offered to a Friend.

One of the stories told by old employees in the treasury department at Washington is of the time when General Rosecrans was register. The general never smoked and knew nothing about cigars. He determined, however, to have a box of good cigars handy for the benefit of friends who might drop into the register's office. The general accordingly purchased a box of expensive cigars, put them in a drawer and forgot all about them for some time. Then, one day, when a friend was calling, the general remembered the cigars and brought them out.

"I know nothing about cigars," said Rosecrans, "but I am told that these are very fine."

His friend lighted a cigar, and a look of pain and horror instantly overspread his face. He tried to conceal his feelings and puffed manfully at the cigar for several seconds. Then Rosecrans, noticing that he was growing pale, asked what was the trouble.

"General," said the visitor, "I don't want to be ungrateful, but I'm afraid it's this cigar."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Rosecrans. "Why, when I bought them I was told that they were the finest cigars on the market."

"Well, general, you were deceived. The cigar tastes and smells exactly as if it were made of camphor."

"Camphor!" stammered Rosecrans, looking chaffalain. "Why, I never thought, but perhaps camphor does injure a cigar." And, reaching into the drawer, he brought to view several garments filled with camphor balls. "Do you suppose that can be the trouble?" he inquired.

## SOME WISE DON'T'S.

Don't confound hauteur with dignity or repose with stupidity.

Don't "howl," "roar" or "explode." To laugh heartily is better.

Don't pose. Affectation is a bar to respect, let alone confidence.

Don't groan over the wickedness of the world, but mend your own.

Don't boast. The illiterate and the self-conscious are thus made manifest.

Don't use superlatives. Few things require them, and they weaken description.

Don't preach unless you have practiced. Deeds are tremendously convincing.

Don't think a foreigner can comprehend you any better if you shout into his ear.

Don't forget that politeness is the foster sister of diplomacy and an essential tact.

Don't appraise a book at another's valuation. Critics are not censors absolute.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## A Railroad Man's Story.

"One of the worst starts I ever had," said an engineer the other day, "was due to a large, lazy pig that had got on my mind. Nothing will slide a train more easily and destructively from the rails than live pork. This particular specimen had a habit of burrowing alongside the track, and it was a fair presumption that sooner or later he would find something to interest him between the rails and somebody would go down the bank."

"I was coming down a hill one day at high speed and craning my neck for a comforting sight of piggy in his accustomed place when, as I popped around the curve, a bright red flag assailed my anxious gaze. The connection between that flag and the pig was only a bit of mental aberration on my part, but it was very vivid. I shut off and grabbed the whistle cord, but before I could even screech for brakes I saw that the flag was only a red flannel shirt which the good woman of the shanty to which the pig belonged had hung on an improvised clothesline between the telegraph poles."

"That may not sound like much of a scare, but it represents a type that turns the railroad man's hair to a delicate ash color."

## When Herrings Were Plenty.

In former days herrings were so abundant in Newfoundland waters that the most wanton slaughter of them was permitted without any restriction whatever. Science was allowed to remain until they perished, and then the fish was freed, and the whole contents fell to the bottom to pollute the ocean for miles around. When a poaching smack was captured, the herrings it had on board were all thrown into the sea, and frequently boats when chased resorted to the same means to get rid of incriminating evidence. The fish then fetched only 50 cents a barrel of 500 herrings, or ten for a cent.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Making It Clear.

The London Spectator tells a funny story of a definition given by a well known public speaker in an address to children.

"Now, children," he said, "I propose to give you on the present occasion an epitome of the life of St. Paul. Perhaps some of you are too young to understand what the word 'epitome' means. 'Epitome,' children, is in its significance synonymous with synopsis."

# BIG ENOUGH TO HIT.

## So Thought the Small Boy, but the Man Thought Differently.

He wasn't very big, but he was a sturdy little chap with a face that bore the marks of much thinking and premature responsibility. I learned afterward that he was suffering a crippled mother and an invalid sister who had been left helpless in the world by the death of her father. He might have run away from home and evaded the responsibility, but he didn't think of it. He just sold papers.

The loop on Fifteenth street a crowd was gathered, waiting for the evening cars. A ragged young girl was selling flowers at the Fifteenth street end of the waiting station when a man, rushing to catch his car, knocked her against the side of the building. Without stopping, probably not having noticed what he had done, he continued his rush, when the boy stepped in front of him defiantly.

"Say, what do you want to knock a girl down for? Hit me. I'm big enough."

The man paused in surprise and then glanced around. He saw the flower girl picking up her wares and under stood. Without a moment's hesitation he went back to her, gave her enough money to make her eyes sparkle with joy and said:

"I'm sorry, my dear, that I hurt you. I didn't see." Then, turning to the boy, he continued: "You said you were big enough, young man, but you're a great deal bigger than you think. Men like you will have a lot to do with keeping this old world in a condition of self respect."

Then he caught his car, and the boy and the girl stood there wondering what he meant.—Denver Times.

## DREAMS WHICH HAPPEN.

A Robbery That Was Witnessed by a Woman During Sleep.

A lady spending the summer in the country, some 20 miles from her city residence, dreamed that the latter was robbed, she herself being a witness of the robbery. In her dream she saw two men, one of whom limped, in the act of rummaging some trunks in the hall.

A candle stuck by means of its own wax on the newest spot illuminated the scene with a dim light.

After finishing their work with the trunks the men went up stairs to a closet, from which they removed coats and hangings stored for the summer months. The dreamer observed that they overlooked her most valuable curtains, which had been placed well back on upper shelves.

Suddenly she seemed to be transported to her birthplace at Auburn, N. Y., where she especially noted the bronze figure of an Indian which surmounts the prison edifice.

At breakfast the next morning she related her vivid dream to those present, five of whom are now living and vouch for the fact. Subsequently it was found that the city house had been entered and robbed. On the novel post the curtains had all been taken but the best set, which were found where the dreamer had seen them.

Suspicion was directed to a painter who had been at work on the house, who was lame and who disappeared immediately after the robbery. Investigation of this man's character showed that he had served a term in the Auburn penitentiary.—Health Culture.

## France and the Potato.

There was much difficulty in introducing the potato into France. It was only toward the end of the reign of Louis XIV that it began to be used. The learned had opposed its introduction systematically, saying it produced leprosy, and the common people refused to test it even on their live stock.

A trick at last established it. Fields were planted all over France with potatoes and carefully guarded until the tubers were ripe, it being given out that these fields were growing a new thing specially for the king and that the growers would be prosecuted. Now, the laws at that time were severe. A man might be hanged when he hunted in the wild forest, for the game was the seigneur's, almost each one of whom kept his private galleys. Trespass against the king implied, therefore, terrible punishment.

The danger of the punishment proved itself an alluring bait. As the contrivance, wise in foresight, had seen, the fields that were purposely left unguarded were pillaged right and left, the potatoes eaten, some kept and planted and the tuber at last effectually introduced in France.

## Irving's Intensity.

The piercing eyes and intense expression of Henry Irving once had the effect of making a fellow actor altogether forget that he was on the stage at all. It occurred in Manchester during a performance of "Macbeth," and in the scene where Macbeth says to one of the murderers, "There's blood upon your face!" Irving put so much earnestness into his words that the murderer forgot his proper answer ("Tis Banquo's, then") and replied in a startled voice: "Is there? Great Scott!" He fancied, as he afterward said, that he had broken a blood vessel.—Ledger Monthly.

## Unknown to the Lawyers.

Judge —, one of the great lawyers of the last generation, charged a client a retainer of \$1,000 in an important case, but the parties got together next morning and settled the suit before the judge had opened a book or written a line concerning it. His client called to see if he would not refund part of the money. The lawyer seemed surprised at the suggestion. "Refund?" he exclaimed. "Refund, did you say? My friend, that is a kind of fund unknown to the legal profession!"—New York Press.

## Unpleasant to Have Around.

"Are you still engaged to Mr. Briggs?"

"No! I broke it off last week. I was afraid to marry him. He knows too much. I gave him some ribbon to match. He found it in the first store he went to, and he bought it for 2 cents below the regular price."

Iceland exports sulphur, Iceland moss, wool, dried fish, sealskins and oil, whale oil and baleen, elderdown, bird skins and ponies. Its manufactures are entirely domestic.

# CHOICE MISCELLANY

## The Soldier and His Clothing.

At a banquet in Manila General Chaffee, just back from the campaign in China, made a speech in which he deplored the careless dress of the American troops and urged the officers to employ good tailors so as to set a good example in the matter of dress to the men. This criticism by General Chaffee, the war department says, is undoubtedly deserved.

European officers are sticklers for proper dress when on duty, and the farther they are from home the more careful do they become with their clothing. Not so with the American soldier when he gets away. Then the western idea of careless, swinging gait asserts itself in all things.

The war department officials say they wish Americans would be a little more careful in this matter of dress, but there is no suggestion that any new regulations are to be put into effect. The men are all furnished with good, well fitting clothes. The American soldier is clad in a uniform that is more expensive and better fitting when new than the uniform of the soldier of any other nation. The whole trouble is that he does not wear it properly. He simply will not keep his coat buttoned when the weather gets too warm for him. The officers sometimes try to keep the men spruced up, but officers have a good many things to look after, and this alone would be a great task. So the American soldier swaggers along, careless and independent, and his officer is proud of him even beside the nattiest soldiers in the world.

## New York's Good Example.

The New York prison authorities did right in formally abandoning the rule under which convicts were compelled to march in the lock step.

It was long ago demonstrated that the after effects upon convicts of this method of marching was for the worse. While it remained true that hardened offenders were sometimes detected through the shuffling gait which resulted from the "lock," it also became evident that this was not the limit of its influence.

Men not yet hardened to crime, but doing penance for their first offense, acquired the same noticeable shuffle and when they emerged from the prison walls with the determination to return to an honest course of life frequently failed of employment because of that prison brand.

The old legal notion was that it was better for ninety and nine guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to suffer, and upon that principle it is better that ninety and nine offenders should get away than that the lock step should render it impossible for one repentant to redeem what was possibly his only error.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## A Thirsty Horse on a Hot Day.

How much water can a horse drink without feeling any ill effects? Here is a question that several people connected with a Kensington mill are asking themselves. A man left his horse and buggy in front of the office for half an hour the other day, first tipping the boy a nickel to give the horse a bucket of water. Soon after the messenger went out, and seeing the horse, with his little bonnet, getting dry, he wet the headgear and gave the animal a second bucket of water. A clerk going out for lunch was moved with compassion to water the horse, and he was followed by a traveling salesman, who offered the apparently thirsty animal a fourth bucket. The horse drank them all, as well as a fifth bucket held up to him by a benevolent boy. Finally the proprietor came out and exclaimed, "That horse must have some water. He was told that it had already had five buckets, but said: 'No matter. Give it a chance at a sixth. It won't drink unless it wants it.' The horse drank a sixth bucket of water and still lives."—Philadelphia Record.

## American Divorees in British Courts.

"It has been almost a custom," says the Toronto Mail and Empire, "owing to the difficulty of obtaining a divorce in Canada, for citizens unhappily married to go to the United States and obtain a divorce after a few months' residence. Returning to Canada, some of these have remarried in the belief that the divorce was valid. Now the decision of the house of lords in Earl Russell's case is that only British courts can annul a marriage contracted under British law. As police officers, crown attorneys and aggrieved persons can lay information in bigamy cases the lot of those who have remarried on the strength of United States divorces will not be a happy one should decisions here follow that in the house of lords. Some families, it is thought, will take time by the forelock and migrate to the United States."

## Quaint Little Books.

Ferguson Hines of Biddeford, Me., has two quaint and rare and valuable little books. One is about 2 by 4 inches in dimensions, and the paper cover is decorated with bright colored flowers. Inside on the title page is the following: "A pocket almanack for the year 1776. Fitted to the use of Pennsylvania and the neighboring provinces, with several useful additions, by Rr. Saunder, Phil., printed and folded by Benjamin Franklin and D. Hall." The other book is several times larger. Its date is "Pensylvania, 1746," and it also is an almanac.

## Proud of the System.

In his annual report the head of the insurance department of Massachusetts says that so thorough is the system of supervision that no life insurance company ever incorporated under the laws of that state has gone into bankruptcy. But another sprig of laurel on the classic brow of Commonwealth of the puritan and — pilgrim.—New York Tribune.

## Remarkable Streets.

Washington has a street 17½ miles in length; it is the longest in the world. The shortest street is the Rue Ble, Paris, which is barely 20 feet long. The widest street is Market street, Philadelphia, the narrowest, the Via Sol, Havana, which is only 3½ feet wide. The highest street is Main street, Denver, Colo.; the lowest street, which is below the level of the sea, Main street, Georgetown, British Guiana. The cleanest street is Regent street, London; the dirtiest, Tehnane street, Nankin.—London Tit-Bits.

# CLOGGING THE PIPES

## A SENSIBLE SERMON ON HOUSEHOLD SANITATION.

Some Suggestions About the Plumbing and the Care That Should Be Exercised in the Avoidance Both of Expense and Disease.

Nowadays the plumber and his bill are your true household specters. Like other specters, careful common sense will put them to rout and confusion nine times in ten. Wise men have been studying this subject ever so long to devise plumbing that would take care of itself, but they have not yet succeeded. But they are trying to do so without a revolution in mechanics whereby the tendency of fluids always to seek their own level may be eliminated and other things as wonderful brought to pass. So long as knowledge remains nearly static so long will it behoove every housemistress to look well to the usage of her pipes and her traps.

A bit of rag or even string, a burnt match, a wisp of hair, seems a very little thing, one that the pipes can carry off with no possible hurt, but the rag, by hanging over the bend of the trap, may serve as a siphon to take away the water seal, which is all that stands between the household and unfiltered sewer gas. And the rag may keep on doing it for weeks and weeks until deadly disease is rampant.

A string snarled and twisted may work the same ill. The match end, of course, ought to float away harmless, but is very much likelier to be caught in some eddy of the flush water, jammed into a crevice and there to take to itself other solid particles until they form a clog both offensive and dangerous.

As for hair, there is no end to the harm it harbors. A wispy curly forms itself into a sort of strainer, catching and holding all that passes. Aside from that, it has a trick of lodging in the most inconvenient places, catching upon the roughest inside of the pipe and staying there until by accretion it has clogged the whole space.

Hair has special affinity for bits of soap. Solid soap, by the way, should never be sent down the pipes. Very strong soaps even is objectionable unless you follow it with a flood of clean water preferably hot water.

Coffee grounds and tea leaves either clog a pipe very soon or else, if the flush water prevents that, wear it through until it is nearly as mechanical action, partly by chemical. Neither should ever be permitted in a sink. Even if you are wise enough to keep out all grease, and thus make sure that the grounds shall get safe away from your own pipes, in the sewer they may come in contact with grease from pipes less carefully kept and cake and clog your whole pipe system, making necessary costly and inconvenient unclogging.

Every kitchen ought to have its grease can, emptied once a week in winter and in summer every three days. All sorts of refuse fat should go into it, even the scrapings from plates and dishes. Greasy water, as from boiling hams or corned beef, should be allowed to cool thoroughly, then have the grease carefully taken off before it goes down the pipes. Skillets and frying pans ought to be filled with very hot soda water and let stand half an hour before washing. This gives time for the soda to partly saponify the grease and keep it from sticking to the pipe or caking on top of the trap.

In scouring faucets be careful to keep the scouring grit out of the joints. Even the finest particles cut away sewer threads turning many times a day. After scouring also take care to let the water run at least a minute before catching any for use. In washing sandy vegetables, as spinach, turnips, potatoes, use a big pan and drain off the dirty water, so the sand may be caught. Even a spoonful of sand going down a pipe will cut and wear it more than a hoghead of water.

Milky water is one of the hardest things to manage. Even a small quantity daily fouls pipes unless the milky water is followed by a flushing of soda water moderately strong, with a lime-water flush about every three days. The lime-water is made more effective by adding salt to it. Sea salt is best. Put a lump as big as the fist in an earthen or wooden vessel along with twice the bulk of quicklime and cover with four gallons of hot water. Stir well and let settle. Pour the clear liquid down the pipes and follow it in half an hour with a flush of clear water boiling hot. Thus every kind of a sink may be kept sweet and fresh.—New York Sun.

## Wait Till He Sees You.

A Zulu chief, when you enter his house, remains silent for some moments and seems quite unconscious of your presence. At length he says, "a tone of grave dignity, 'Go sink your bones! I see you, to which you reply in the same way. The longer he takes to 'see you' the greater man you are supposed to be, and until you are thus 'seen' you must keep silent and appear as much as possible not to be there at all."

## In the Museum.

"The legless man is always putting his foot in it," observed the living skeleton to the snake charmer.

"What has he done now?"

"Last night we were having a friendly little game, and he asked the armless wonder to take a hand."—Baltimore American.

## New Tricks.

Wimbleton—Hello, old man! Have you taught your dog any new tricks lately?

Quimbleton—Yes; I've been teaching him to eat out of my hand. He ate a big piece out of it yesterday.—Harvard Lampoon.

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