

## BANDON RECORDER.

### FLOWER AND TREE.

A single leaf of the orange tree, carefully planted, will often take root and grow.

Seven-year-old tea plants yield four ounces of leaves apiece, or 700 pounds of tea to the acre.

New Zealand has in its edelweiss a plant differing but slightly from the famous Swiss variety.

An oak tree at 100 years averages 41 inches in diameter, a larch 40 inches, an elm 50 inches and a yew 9 inches.

A white pine tree 20 years old ought to be about 25 feet high, and at 30 or 40 years of age it ought to measure about 60 feet.

The pest of British Columbia forests is a plant called the devil's club. It has spikes which, when they enter the flesh, break off and produce poisoned wounds, which often fester.

### Were His Old Hat Home.

They were talking about getting bald. "Men wear their hats too much," the doctor was saying. "I have noticed that a great many business men wear them in their offices. The head should be kept bare as much as possible." "My partner always wear an old straw hat around the store," replied a market street merchant. "He wears this in winter as well as in summer, or at least he did until last winter, when he had an experience that cured him of it."

"One very cold afternoon he left the office early, and as he walked briskly through the street he noticed in a rather absentminded way that he was attracting considerable attention. People turned and looked after him and laughed. It was not until he had walked five or six blocks that he realized what it all meant. He met a lady of his acquaintance, and when he went to raise his hat he found that he was still wearing the old straw one, having forgotten to change it when he left the office. Fortunately there was a hat store near by, and he went in and bought one more suitable to the season."—Philadelphia Record.

### Peculiar Trees.

The visitor to the Falkland Islands sees a number of what appear to be weather beaten, moss covered bowlders of various sizes scattered here and there. On attempting to turn one over he is surprised to find that it is anchored to the ground by roots of great strength. These are not bowlders. They are trees. No other place in the world can show such a peculiarity of "forest" growth. The Falkland Islands are exposed to a strong polar wind which renders it impossible for trees to grow in the proper form. Nature has consequently adapted herself to the prevailing conditions and produced this strange form of plant life. These "living stones," as they are called, are quite devoid of "grain," and it is next to impossible to cut them up and utilize them for fuel.

### The Heart of a Mouse.

A tiny mouse who lived near the house of a magician begged him to save her from the cat of whom she lived in deadly terror.

So the magician changed the mouse into a cat, and she went away delighted.

In a few days she came back again in terror. "Oh, save me, save me now from the dog," she begged.

And the magician changed her to a dog.

A few days more, and back she came—this time in deadly fear of a tiger.

"Nonsense," said the magician. "You have only the heart of a mouse, and afraid you will always be. It is the heart that tells."

### Use Hard Beds.

A German doctor advises the adoption of a hard bed and that children should be trained from the beginning to sleep upon no other kind. It is certainly true that as a rule the hard bed conduces to the most refreshing kind of sleep, the feather bed, so dearly loved by our grandmothers, being enervating in the extreme, and encouraging weakness of mind in the matter of getting up in the morning.

### The World's Space.

A statistician asserts that when 350 years shall have passed the density of the earth's population will be so great that each person will have only two thirds of an acre, which space will have to suffice for all purposes—agriculture, roads, houses, parks, railways, etc. He estimates the present population of the earth at 1,900,000,000 and says that in 2500 it will be 52,073,000,000.

### A Chinese Joke.

There was a man in Ch'ang'an who was very fond of giving dinners, but the food given was atrocious. One day a guest threw himself on his knees in front of this gentleman and said, "Am I not a friend of yours?"

"You are, indeed," replied his host.

"Then I must ask of you a favor," said the guest, "and you must grant it before I rise from my knees."

"Well, what is it?" inquired his host in astonishment.

"Never to invite me to dinner any more," cried the guest, at which the whole party burst into a loud roar of laughter.—North China Herald.

### Lets Him Out.

Mrs. Nagger—Oz, James, how awkward! Mr. Smith has come, and now we shall be 13 at table.

Mr. Nagger—What then?

Mrs. Nagger (with a shriek)—Why, one of us will die before the year is out!

Mr. Nagger (brutally)—Never mind. I'm tough.—Pick Me Up.

### Just in Time.

An Irish gentleman getting upon a street car found one place vacant, which he proceeded to occupy.

"Sure," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "I came just in the nick of time."

"How is that?"

"Arrah! If I was to come now, I shouldn't find a seat in the car!"—Exchange.

### Easy to Prove.

If a man wants to know definitely just what kind of a peg he is—square or round—there is only one way—he must get into a hole.—Philadelphia Press.

## POLLY LARKIN

Women may be fond of dress and the "frivolities of life," as the manly sex is pleased to term them, but they are not so very far behind the times after all. "Ancient cities found in Crete," announces one of our daily papers in big headlines, and continuing, says: "Crete, now that it has been rescued from the Turks, is proving a wonderful storehouse of records of fact far antedating what archaeologists expected. It is even transpiring that the island's traditional claim to embrace a hundred cities is not without foundation. Professor Hogarth of Oxford, a noted explorer, describes the remains of an ancient city which are coming to light at many more points of the Cretan coast than are recorded in classical atlases. These towns, so far as searched, show little or no sign of having continued into a historic period. Their civilization was blotted out with Mycenaean domination. Professor Hogarth does not hesitate to call attention to the fact that the best site worth visiting in Crete was located and uncovered by an American woman, Miss Harriet Boyd, and is the remains of the ancient Mycenaean town of Gorynia, lying on the gulf of Mirabello, at the head of the lowest pass to the south coast. It is close to the main road from Candia to Sitia and was discovered by Miss Boyd, who, elated at finding the prize, has been directing the excavations herself, and is finding enough in this ancient town to justify her enthusiasm and amply reward her for her trouble."

Following the above is another instance where women are able to cope with the stronger sex, and it comes nearer home, for it happened in our own Golden State. A rich gold quartz ledge was recently discovered in the heart of the town of Colfax, Placer county. Mrs. M. E. Fildes, a recent arrival in the town, purchased eleven acres for a home. While making some terraces at the corner of her kitchen the other day she discovered the croppings of a quartz ledge were encountered. The ore looked promising, and a shaft was commenced. It had been sunk to a depth of twenty-three feet, when a body of decomposed quartz was found. The deposit is four feet in width, and neither the hanging nor the foot wall has been encountered. An assay of the ore taken from the ledge shows a value of \$27.93 per ton. Delighted with their little bonanza, Mrs. Fildes and her daughter, Miss Adeline, assisted in sinking the shaft to its present depth, working in true miner's style with shovel and pick, and they intend to thoroughly develop the mine. They are elated at their prize, and no wonder. Polly doesn't believe there is a woman in California who would not attempt to use the pick and shovel if gold was tantalizingly staring them out of countenance, or in other words, dazzling them with its golden hue.

You would be surprised at the number of the fair sex in San Francisco who are making comfortable livings for themselves and families by inventing or designing and manufacturing little novelties for dealers, who take the samples and send out their agents broadcast over the land into every city, town and village of any size to display them and take orders. As fast as the orders are received they are turned into the designer, who agrees to fill the orders at a certain time so that they can be ready for the holiday season. Many times the orders roll in so thick and fast that the designer of the attractive little novelty is compelled to take in from one to half a dozen experienced girls to assist her in getting them out on time. The work on these unique novelties, if they take at all, will keep all hands busy until the last week in December, and occasionally until the first week in January. But it must be a novelty, and a very striking one, too, to warrant such a run, and when that does occur it is the exception and not the rule. Before the last of the orders have gone out the busy brain of the little woman is puzzling itself over some new design that will take the eye of the novelty-seeker by storm and warrant her in protecting it either by patent or copyright. If the former it will cost her the modest sum of \$75, for patents come high; but she can afford that if the article happens to catch the public fancy, for it will net her a nice little sum and insures her a protection that unprincipled dealers will not dare tamper with. A copyright will cost her \$5, providing she has to pay a patent lawyer to attend to the matter, but if she will study her own interest a little she can send to the copyright office at Washington, secure her own blanks and instructions and attend to the matter herself, and there will not be so much red tape about it but what she can unravel it and get the longest for copyright for about \$1. Many of the designers, however, do not bother about a copyright, aiming to have the article out for only a season, which is the run of most of these conceits, and getting out something new the following season. It is not one in five hundred of these unique little trinkets which appear during the holidays that have a run a second and a third season. It is work the designers like, and they combine both pleasure and profit and go on in the even tenor of their way year in and year out.

There are dealers in San Francisco who are constantly on the lookout for some new novelty. They usually know in a minute whether there is anything in the design. If they are favorably impressed they take particular pains to show the designer that while it is good

it may not sell. In their own hearts they are sure of it. They point out possibly, where a little change could be made here and there, and then end in signing a contract for a certain amount or all they can make. They intend to profit off all other dealers. They fix the price at a few cents above what the materials cost unless the designer has learned to be sharp by bitter experience, and then sell the article for about five times what they have paid the designers for their work. However, usually one year in the field of novelty designing generally opens their eyes and they are shrewd enough never to be caught napping again. Then they set their price, and if the dealer does not meet it, then "there are others." The crafty dealer will use every effort to get the work at his figures, but if the designer remains firm she will carry the day, for rather than lose the novelty he will pay the price gladly. Another thing will be accomplished besides gaining her point, that dealer will have more respect for the designer when he knows that she has awakened and knows the full value of her work and will under no consideration lower her prices.

Mining for oil, gold, silver, copper, etc., is having full swing just now, and a little woman dependent on herself for a means of livelihood for her family took in the situation, and after due thought and a little study dropped her needle one day, and to the astonishment of her family said, "I have taken my last stitch. I shall never sew again to support myself and family. I'm going to open an office down town and devote myself to selling mines." "What kind of mines?" echoed the children. "All kinds—gold, silver, quicksilver, oil, and—" "You don't know anything about mines, mother," ventured the oldest boy. "I'll learn," she said, quietly. She did learn, and now has her own office and is doing a good business, besides having an interest in more than one mine that is expected, to use an old miner's phrase, "to pan out well." Her figure in neat black wearing apparel and her widow's bonnet is frequently seen on the street and she is always talking in an intelligent and interesting manner about mines she has to sell to mine purchasers. She thoroughly understands the business and has made many an important sale. She says the best day of her life was when she received the inspiration to lay down the tiresome little needle forever and a day.

### BRIEF REVIEW.

#### A Submarine Dwelling Place.

According to a London newspaper a sub-marine dwelling is going to be built by a well-known Marseilles firm for the Countess de Montagne; and the experiment is especially an interesting one, for should it prove successful the solving of the sub-marine problem will have been intimately bound up with a latter-day romance. The Countess is said to have become weary of the world and that in society in which she was a brilliant leader, and to have made up her mind that she will renounce the ordinary pleasures of life. So, having plenty of money and the gift of invention, the Countess is busy preparing to seek seclusion beneath the Mediterranean in the submarine dwelling she is having built. The Countess knows that the gossips of the Paris boulevards, when they relate her story, call her Le Mystere, hence she has given her boat that name.

#### Eve's Apple Tree.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden and to warn men against its noxious properties. The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam did not also leave its mark is not known, but, as one piece seems only to be missing, its loss is ascribed to the woman.

#### Gain in Beat Sugar Industry.

In 1880 there were four beet sugar factories in the United States, located in four States, with a total capital of \$365,000, employing 350 hands, and turning out products valued at \$282,572; in 1900, the number of factories was thirty-one, located in eleven States and Territories, with a total capital of \$20,958,519, employing 1970 wage-earners and turning out products valued at \$7,323,857.

A Hungarian engineer named Eugene Zollan has invented a new system of telegraphy, by which he claims to be able to connect one wire with as many as eight apparatuses and telegraph the same number of messages simultaneously. Exhaustive tests are to be made of his method.

Nearly 900,000 square miles, or about 30 per cent of the area of the United States has been mapped by the experts of the United States Geological Survey during the last twenty years.

Of 555 Japanese university students who were questioned as to their religious beliefs no fewer than 471 called themselves atheists.

The Japanese language is said to contain 60,000 words, but the people are familiar with only about 10,000 words.

## POOR AND BIG HEARTED.

### Specimens of the Hospitality of the Southern Mountaineer.

The latchstring hangs outside every cabin door if the men folk are at home, but you must about "Hello" always outside the fence.

"We us is pore," you will be told, "but y'ure welcome o' y'u kin put up with what we have."

After a stay of a week at a mountain cabin a young "furriner" asked what his bill was. The old mountaineer waved his hand. "Nothin," he said, "cept come ag'n."

A belated traveler asked to stay all night at a cabin. The mountaineer answered that his wife was sick, and they were "sorter out of fixin's to eat, but he reckoned he mought step over to a neighbor's on a borrow some." He did step over, and he was gone three hours. He brought back a little bag of meal, and they had corn bread and potatoes for supper and for breakfast, cooked by the mountaineer. The stranger asked how far away his next neighbor lived. "A leetle the rise of six miles, I reckon," was the answer.

"Which way?"

"Oh, jest 'over the mountain thar." He had stepped six miles over the mountain and back for that little bag of meal, and he would allow his guest to pay nothing next morning.

I have slept with nine others in a single room. The host gave up his bed to two of our party, and he and his wife slept with the rest of us on the floor. He gave us supper, kept us all night, sent us away next morning with a parting draft of moonshine applejack, of his own brewing, by the way, and would suffer no one to pay a cent for his entertainment. That man was a desperado, an outlaw, a moonshiner and was running from the sheriff at that very time.

Two outlaw sons were supposed to have been killed by officers. I offered to the father to have them decently clothed and buried, but the old man, who was as bad as his sons, declined it, left for that, and if not, why, he had—"The Southern Mountaineer," by John Fox, Jr., in Scribner's.

## WASHDAY WISDOM.

A very hot iron should never be used for flannels or woollens.

Calicoes, gingham and chintzes should be ironed on the wrong side.

Clotheslines are made much more durable by boiling for ten minutes before they are used.

Table linen should be ironed when quite damp and ironed with a very hot and very heavy iron.

Irons should not be allowed to become red-hot, as they will never retain the luster properly afterward.

Embroideries should be ironed on a thin, smooth surface over thick flannel and only on the wrong side.

Linen may be made beautifully white by the use of a little refined borax in the water instead of using a washing fluid.

Wash fabrics that are inclined to fade should be soaked and rinsed in very salt water, to set the color, before washing in the suds.

Silken fabrics, especially white silk handkerchiefs, should not be dampened, but ironed with a moderately warm iron when taken from the line.

## His Test.

A dealer in pictures who makes it his business to find as many new painters as possible, both in this country and abroad, was asked in regard to his methods of selecting pictures to buy. He was very frank in his talk, and one thing which he said is shrewd enough to be worth quoting.

"Of course," he said, "with my experience I am able to judge whether there is promise in a painter's work, but I never buy with any idea of putting the painter on my list until I have seen the man and talked with him myself. I always watch him closely, and I never buy his pictures unless his eye lights up when I talk to him about his work and about his profession."

The artist whose heart was really in his business would not discuss it without killing, and the man who did not paint from the heart was not the one whose pictures the dealer wanted.

## A Bird of Passage.

"And where, may I ask, do you generally reside?" the young man said after he had other subjects had been exhausted.

"Oh, I have no fixed abode," Miss Mobile replied, "but I usually pass the greater part of the winter in Reading. In Lent I find myself attracted to St. Paul. After Easter I go down to West Virginia and spend the summer and part of the autumn in Wheeling."

"And then?"

"Then, Mr. Heavy, I find myself admirably prepared for a month or two of Alken."—New York Herald.

## A Good Cricketer.

Dr. W. G. Grace was once giving a brilliant batting display at the oval, and one of the spectators observed to his friend: "Did you ever see anything like it? Why, he puts 'em wherever he likes."

"Well," he said the other, "it's all practice—he's always at it—he doesn't waste any of his time over family prayers."—C. W. Alecock's "Cricket Stories."

## Millet and "The Angelus."

It was only after long years of struggle and dire poverty, through which Millet was consoled and supported by his wife, that the peasant painter was able to take the three roomed cottage at Barbizon and "try to do something really good." It was then that he began to paint that most beautiful "poem of poverty," the "Angelus," which is today one of the most valuable pictures in the world. Again and again he threw aside the picture in despair of ever finishing it to his satisfaction, and as often his wife replaced it on the easel and induced him to continue.

On one occasion he was so incensed at not being able to produce a certain effect that he seized a knife and would have destroyed the canvas and ended the matter once for all had not his wife fortunately seized his hand and induced him to give the picture another trial. Thus it was that at last the "Angelus" found a place on the walls of the Louvre. The success it won encouraged Millet to paint many more pictures and thus place himself among the immortals in art.

## A SKETCH.

A bettor's stand, a ship upon the ways, The groan of straining planks, the snap of stays, The cheering of a crowd: "She moves! She's off!" And with a sudden rush and splash the great ship leaves the wharf.

A storm swept, foam lashed sea, a howling gale, A ship half lost in foam, a rag of sail, The tolling of a bell, now lost, now clear—"The shore! The shore!" She strikes in crashing waves to disappear.

A summer's eve, a calm and wailing tide, A dismal stretch of sand that tries to hide The bones of some great vessel, prone on high, Outlined against the sunset's faint glow Athwart the sky.

—Julian Hincley in Outlook.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FAULTS

### She Was Very Vaing and Inordinately Fond of Fine Dress.

Yet Elizabeth was never really successful with her wardrobe as a more feminine woman might have been. Her dresses were never beautiful, only indifferently and most inappropriately magnificent—laden with jewels, weighted down with cloth of gold, stiff with silver embroidery and so heavy that even her big, powerful frame must, without supporting vanity, have felt the fatigue of carrying them about. Elizabeth was certainly vain, but she cannot claim femininity merely on that account, for vanity is by no means an exclusively feminine characteristic. There are perhaps more vain women than vain men because women have more leisure and their costumes afford greater opportunities for vanity than the strangely hideous clothing which custom has arranged for men, but no thoughtful (feminine) observer can doubt that a vain man is vainer than a vain woman.

Elizabeth's hands were her especial pride, and judging from her portraits, they were certainly beautiful. They were laden with jewels, and it was her habit in public to pull her rings off with absent-mindedness and push them on again, moving those white hands about in the most obvious way. Once, during the grave consideration of a state paper, wherein her cold sagacity never took second place, she interrupted the discussion to ask whether the Duc d'Anjou, who was at one time one of her suitors, had been told what a pretty foot she had and how white and well rounded was her arm? This in the woman who financed the armada with hard headed economy, who dared the superstitious terrors of her own conscience in her high handed and impudent treatment of the bishops, whose interest in methods of torture for state prisoners was most mechanical and intelligent, entirely unhampered by any squeamish feminine hesitation as to blood or pain, is most curious.

In connection with this last characteristic of cruelty vanity is not at all unprecedented. Indeed, if one observe closely one will notice that excessively vain persons have almost always a strange inclination toward cruelty. The accounts of what Queen Elizabeth permitted and indeed commanded in this respect will hardly bear reading by its sensitive folk today.—Margaret Deland in Harper's Bazar.

Slavery Protected the Negro. If the negro had been forced to compete for existence in America, he would have been crushed out by the civilized power, as the Indian has been, says Albert Phelps in The Atlantic, but the peculiar institution of slavery protected him not only from this competition, but also, by artificial means, from those great forces of nature which inevitably weed out the weaker organisms and which operate most unrestrainedly upon the ignorant savage. For the first time, perhaps, in his history the world human beings had been bred and regulated like valuable stock, with as much care as is put upon the best horses and cattle. As a natural consequence the sanitary condition of the negro during slavery was remarkable, especially by contrast with his present condition, and his growth was the abnormal growth of a plant abnormally raised in a hothouse. When, therefore, this mass of helpless beings was thrown upon its own resources by the act of emancipation and when the protection of slavery was withdrawn, the direst wretchedness and suffering followed.

Abraham Lincoln—This Lincoln of the black loon, who built his neighbor's cabin and hoed his neighbor's corn, who had been store-keeper and postman and flatboatman, who had followed a rough Justice round a rough circuit, who had rolled a local bully in the dirt, rescued women from insult, tended the bedside of many a sick coward who feared the Judgment, told coarse stories on barrels by candlelight (but these are pure beside the vice of great cities), who addressed political mobs in the raw, swooping down from the stump and flinging embroilers east and west—the Lincoln who was one day the tender of a steamer, who had been driven to agony, whose large hand was to be on her forehead and whose knowledge, almost divine, was to perform the miracle of her feeling.—Winston Churchill's "The Crisis."

A Brief Interview. The late Rev. R. S. Storrs was a very hard man to interview, for he resented the inequity of the press and was very to his agents.

One evening a reporter attended a reception at his house and in the course of the evening touched his arm and whispered: "Doctor, I'm from the —" and he named the names of guests and all the particulars.

"Yes," Dr. Storrs whispered in return. "This way, this way." And, taking the young man's arm, he escorted him to the front door and put him out.

It Takes Time. "Your wife," we said to the husband of the great authoress, "is the woman of the hour." "Indeed she is," he responded, with a tinge of sadness in his voice. "She is the woman of the hour and a half when she is dressing for the theater."—Baltimore American.

Trees Older Than the Pyramids. A wonder of longevity is the so-called dragon's blood tree of Tenerife. Robin obtained from this tree has been found in sepulchers, where it had been used for embalming the dead. Traces of this species are now standing which are estimated as being older than the Egyptian pyramids.

## HANDLING BIG SERPENTS.

### Poisonous Snakes in Demand by Doctors For Experimenting.

"In handling a big snake you must always touch him with a soft, smooth, gliding motion of the hand, making it feel to him as much as possible like the touch of another snake, and, besides, you must be careful to keep his tail out straight. Keep the tail straight, and he can't coil on you. His bite is nothing, for he has not poison, but his coil around your leg or arm or body will crush the bones.

"The poisonous snakes—the water moccasins, rattlesnakes and copperheads—are bought for zoos. Now and then a doctor buys them heavily for awhile. He wants to experiment with their poison. After he has been bitten two or three times he stops buying.

"There are a number of people who buy snakes for pets. These people always, without an exception, make pets also of rats, mice and turtles. Any one fond of snakes is sure to be fond of those other things too. They keep their snakes and turtles and rats as near as possible to them. Often they keep them in their bedrooms. There was a young man who used to come here last year after pine snakes—a university student. That young man would sit with his hand in among the coils of a cageful of snakes for hours. He would take one's head in his hands and lift its face close up to his own and gaze for a long time in its eyes. Then he would hold it off and stroke it and study its changing colors in a kind of trance. I don't know what pleasure or satisfaction he got out of the snakes. He bought over a dozen from me during the year and kept them in his bedroom in a boarding house. They all escaped one night through a rat hole and got among the neighbors and raised general ballyhoo."—Philadelphia Record.

## LOVE AMONG SAVAGES.

### Ability to Stand Torture a Test of Masculine Devotion.

Among the Arabs of upper Egypt the youth who proposes to a girl must submit to a whipping at the hands of all her male relatives, and, says a dry narrator, "if he wishes to be considered worthy having been must receive the chastisement, which is sometimes exceedingly severe, with an expression of scorn."

Not infrequently it is the maiden herself who imposes the test. The Sakalava girls of Madagascar make their lovers stand at a short distance from a clever spear thrower and catch between the arm and side every weapon flung at them. If the youth "displays fear or falls to catch the spear, he is ignominiously rejected, but if there be no flinching and the spears are caught he is at once proclaimed an accepted lover."

Worse than this is the trial enforced upon their suitors by the Dongolwee girls. When in doubt as to the respective merits of two rivals, the young lady fastens a sharply pointed knife to each elbow; then, seating herself between her lovers, she drives the blades slowly into their thighs, and the hero who takes the greatest length of steel without a moan wins the bride.

Major Mitchell in his "Expeditions into the Interior of Eastern Australia" says of the natives on the river Darling that all their ideas of fighting are associated with the possession of gins or wives and that after a battle the wives "do not always follow their fugitive husbands from the field, but frequently go over, as a matter of course, to the victors." "None but the brave deserve the fair" is a maxim well understood of most barbaric races.—Chambers' Journal.

Composition on Love. Love is a thing that makes people think each other pretty when nobody else does.

It causes two persons to be awful quiet when you're round and also quiet when you're not round—only in a different way.

It also causes people to sit together on one end of a bench when there's heaps of room on the other end.

Nurses has it and sometimes policemen. That's when they don't know where you are, and you have lots of fun playing on the grass.

Husbands and wives has it, but most generally only lovers.

Old people don't have much, 'cause it has to be about dimples and red cheeks and fluffy curls and lots of things which old people don't ever have.

When I grow up, I'll have to go and love some one, I suppose. Only she'll have to let me say what I do.

I've written all I know about it till I do grow up.—Eddy in New York Sun.

The Celebrated "Leaf Ant." One of the oddest little creatures in all animal nature is the "leaf ant" of Central America. Although different species of this oddity are known to inhabit the American continent from Brazil to Mexico, the real home of the true leaf ant is in Nicaragua. To all outward appearances this little insect is a common ant, but one of gigantic size. It must be admitted, when compared with the ants of our temperate regions, being on an average over an inch in length. The habit for which these ants are so celebrated, and one which we could hardly believe were it not for the testimony of reputable naturalists, is the carrying of a leaf for a sunshade, just as our women and men carry parasols and umbrellas for the same purpose.

When at work, the leaf carrying ants look like a little army in which each individual member is protected from the sun's rays by a little banner of green. Another remarkable fact in connection with the leaf carrier is that only those at work carry the little leaf protection. When a long file of burden bearers have deposited their burdens, they discard their parasols and return for a load without the leaf which made them such conspicuous objects when on the "up trip."

Cruel. Old Aunt (on her deathbed)—I am just making my will, my dear Heinrich. I know, alas, too well that you are not religiously disposed and have no desire to promote the cause of—

Nephew (hastily)—Beg your pardon, aunt; quite the contrary.

Aunt—Heaven be praised! Then you will be glad to hear that I have left all my property to the church.—Humoristische Blätter

## CHOICE MISCELLANY

### Russia Innocent For Once.

How suspicious all are of Russia! Some years ago one bright June morning three warships were sighted off the east coast of Korea. I watched them make the entrance into the outer harbor, all apparently with full steam ahead. Suddenly one stopped and the others passed. In a set position she hung, steaming merrily all day long, with no noticeable change. She did not even turn with the tide. There she stood planted as though not in water, but on land. The other vessels wheeled about, lowered their boats, and there was great commotion. We learned at night that the Victulius had a rock four feet through the bottom. The crew was landed on an island near by, and the far east said, "Ah, ha, a trick of Russia! To secure a footing in Korea!" English came by a steamer. "By Jove, these warships are up to something!" Japan love to "look-see." All summer long the Russian fleet struggled with the ill fated ship, and just when hope of success began to dawn a wild autumn storm struck her, and the ship "herself" went down by the island crags to be lost forever in the main." The Russians moved away, and the far east still sometimes asks, "What do you suppose they were after?"—Outlook.

Roses in London. There are roses which Londoners, however poor, may buy in November. They are technically described as "very single tea roses," and, as a matter of fact, they are made up of only about 20 petals. If you happen to buy them wired and keep them in a moderately cool room, they do not wither, but simply dry, and so you get a bunch of everlasting roses. They come from the south of France, where they grow on hedges and get practically no attention