

BANDON RECORDER.

A Singing Earthworm. We have heard of a good many creatures which sing...

Jackson and the Tailor's Bill. A gentleman in Pennsylvania has a queer document which came into his family's possession many years ago...

An Anecdote of General Jackson. General Jackson, while on one of his journeys to Tennessee about the time of the nullification excitement...

What We Most Remember. Memory is for the most part a trivial fond record of the affairs of everyday life...

All on \$90 a Year. A clergyman by the name of Mathson was minister of Patterdale, in Westmoreland, England, 60 years and died at the age of 90...

Cries of Animals. The roar of a lion can be heard farther than the sound of any other living creature...

A strange sight was witnessed at Bologna recently. A bellringer at a church was struck by a great bell and thrown violently through the window...

POLLY LARKIN

Encouragement goes a long way toward helping people to make a success of this life instead of a failure. The people who most roundly and heartlessly score you when you have failed in your efforts...

I am just coming to the point of this article when I say that the lack of encouragement from those who should be the ones to aid us with good words, if nothing else...

Polly believes heart and soul in speaking all the good words when your friends and loved ones are here to appreciate them, and not wait until they are hid under a coffin lid or lying with folded hands before you, deaf to all the terms of endearment and praise that would have made the pathway so bright for them on this earth...

My, what ugly, slimy things they are, said Polly, peering curiously into a bottle where some leeches were squirming about. "The day has gone by with

the old school of doctors when leeches were used so frequently. "Don't have much call for them now?" I asked the druggist. "But that's where you are mistaken," he replied pleasantly...

"I was on a farm once," he continued, "where they raised leeches. There was a whole bog filled with the blood-thirsty little monsters in all stages, from the baby leech up to the great-grandfather. I had always been curious to know how they fed them, and this is the way they did it...

BRIEF REVIEW.

To Catch Fish by Blinding Them. W. B. Mead, the New York millionaire, proposes to catch fish by temporarily blinding them. He has fitted out four boats, each seventy-five feet in length, and will send them to the Pacific Slope. In this connection he has consulted leading Yale zoological professors and other leading scientists...

Shallow Lakes for Fish. Professor Marsh of Wisconsin, speaking recently of the peculiarities of Lake Winnebago, said that it is remarkable for its shallowness. Although it is about twenty-eight miles in length and ten or twelve miles in width, it has a depth of only twenty-five feet. This is due to the fact that a lake's outlet is constantly deepening, and that its inlet is gradually filling its bottom with a sandy or earthy deposit...

Siberia's Wonderful Growth. Siberia is growing with wonderful rapidity. The Russian Government is very kind to its emigrants. This summer I met a train in Siberia. It was taking fourth-class passengers a distance of 2400 miles for \$2.25, giving to each person a sleeping berth, and feeding some of the poorer ones at the many feeding stations along the Siberian Railroad. Over 600,000 emigrants have crossed the Urals into Siberia in five years...

Gibraltar is strengthened by a breakwater on the east, where the battleships can coal under complete shelter by means of a light railway through a rock tunnel. Last year Uncle Sam turned out new coins worth \$136,000,000, of which \$99,000,000 were gold.

WORDS WE SWALLOW

This Hitch in the Working of the Brain Is Called Aphasia In the Medical Profession - A Trick The Chinaman Uses For the Emergency. Everybody knows what it is to have a word on the tip of the tongue and yet not to be able to speak it. The word is known perfectly well, and yet we cannot for the life of us give it utterance. More often than not it is a common word in everyday use. But it will not be spoken when wanted. What is the secret of this "word forgetfulness?"

Doctors call it aphasia. They cannot explain it, but say it is a little hitch in the working of the brain or intellect. The Chinese, who have done so many quaint and clever things, recognized the difficulty thousands of years ago and invented a very ingenious way of making the best of things. They manufactured a number of words and sentences that meant absolutely nothing, mere sound without sense. When a Chinaman in the course of conversation comes to a word that he has on the tip of his tongue, but cannot speak, he just makes use of the meaningless phrases invented for that purpose. He then recalls the word he wants and goes on with the conversation.

Actors sometimes forget a word or two in their parts but no effort of their own can give back to them at the moment. But the wings reached and the strain removed they are again immediately word perfect and at a loss to explain their forgetfulness. A whole act is sometimes forgotten. This usually happens after a very long run. During the run of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" Mrs. Patrick Campbell one night found herself on the stage as innocent of any knowledge of her part as any member of the audience. She made desperate efforts to "find herself," but it was no good. That performance she had read the part through from beginning to end.

Names of people are the words that slip our memories most frequently. We see a face we know, and yet we cannot fit a name to it. We are shaken by the hand or slapped on the back, and all the while we are hard at work trying to think of the name of the person who is doing it. Kings are credited with royal memories, and it is rare to find a sovereign who has not a wonderful memory for faces. But he usually has some one at his elbow who can jog his memory for names.

Aphasia is divided by those who have studied the subject into "word blindness" and "word deafness." A man who is "word blind" may be able to pronounce the name of letters, but cannot understand the meanings of the words they form. A man who is "word deaf" can understand ordinary sounds, and music, but cannot understand spoken words. His speech is often mere senseless jargon.

"Word forgetfulness" is, however, mainly the result of careless observation or of want of training. What we never knew well we very easily forget. An experienced police detective never forgets a face or name.-Pearson's.

Only one city in Sweden would be classed with our larger cities—Stockholm, which is somewhat smaller than Pittsburgh. It is called after a city as large as Columbus, O., but the other cities are little more than towns.

WORK IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

Daily Tasks Performed in Keeping the Lamps Bright. The duties of the lighthouse keeper are many and important. The top of the tower is usually a tiny room, all glass windows. The lantern is in the center of the room. It is a great prism of glass, in shape like a beehive. The lamp is set into this, and the lenses amplify the comparatively small light of the lamp and make it a great beacon beam far off over the waters. Should the luminant be a flashlight, there is machinery to be wound up every few hours to cause it to revolve. At sunset the keeper climbs the steep steps in the high tower, takes down the curtains that darken it throughout the day and sets the lamp inside the lantern. At midnight the lamp is changed. A freshly filled one is put in the place of the first lighted one.

When storms are raging or fogs prevailing, the keeper stays awake to wind the machinery that keeps the fog signal booming over the water. Many sleepless nights are thus spent by the light keepers in devoted vigil of the aids to navigation. At the gray of dawn the keeper is again climbing the steep iron ladder to the tower top. Before the red rim of the sun appears the lamp is extinguished, the lens prismatic lenses are covered, and the huge panes of glass that form the walls of the room are curtained. The large lamp is carried down the flights of an almost perpendicular ladder and when filled, trimmed and cleaned is ready for the sunset hour. The work of the keeper is not concluded with this feat. The most perplexing portion of the daily routine is now to be performed.

The Right Keeper must give an account of his stewardship. A record is kept of every gill, pint, quart and gallon of oil that is nightly consumed by the lamps, the fractional parts of inches of wick burned, the lamp chimneys broken and the general consumption of all supplies furnished yearly in large quantities by the government.—Woman's Home Companion.

Cheap Meals in London. "Speaking of cheap restaurants," said a gentleman who has just returned from a visit to London to a Washington Star writer, "reminds me of a dining saloon in the Whitechapel district of London where a relishing and fairly substantial meal may be had for a halfpenny, or 1 cent in our money. This cheap repast is not served up in the shape of a cut from a joint and two vegetables. It is a big brown pie, very juicy and very hot. The absence of beefsteak is evident when you cut the pie, but you find inside a liberal sprinkling of sheep's liver, onions and turnips and a plentiful supply of gravy. For a halfpenny extra two slices of bread and a cup of tea are supplied. Between the hours of 12 and 2 the poor and hungry from all parts of the east end of the city flock to the dining room. Most of the patrons are shoeblacks, penny top men, costermongers and now and then young clerks whose salaries will not permit them to indulge in a more costly dinner."

Five Tailors Make a Man. "Nine tailors make a man" grew out of the old custom of bell ringing. The ringing of bells was formerly practiced from a belief in their efficacy to drive away evil spirits. The "tailors" in the above phrase is a corruption of the word "tellers," or strokes tolled at the end of a knell. In some places the departure of an adult was announced by nine strokes in succession. Six were rung for a woman and three for a child. Hence it came to be said by those listening for the announcement, "Nine tellors make a man." As this custom became less general and the allusion less generally understood there was an easy transition from the word "tellers" to the more familiar one "tailors."

Self Possessed. It was late and getting later. However, that did not stop the sound of muted voices in the parlor. Meantime the gas meter worked steadily. The patient endured it as long as he could and then resolved on heroic measures. "Phyllis," he called from the head of the stairs, "has the morning paper come yet?" "No, sir," replied the funny man on the daily log. "We are holding the form for an important decision."

A Breakfast Table Decision. "I understand that Jenkins took the thirty-third degree." "Yes. His wife says it must not occur again." -Puck.

Artist. "An artist's girl," said the painting teacher, "is one who will pin blush roses upon a sky blue frock. An in-artist's girl is one who will wear blue ribbon with a pink frock. Some eyes might see any difference between the two combinations, but there's all the difference in the world. One girl has no warrant for what she does. The other has all nature for her authority."

SAGE ADVICE OF A FATHER.

Conceded That All Young Men Entering Business Should Heed. "My son," said the fond but wise parent, "you are leaving me to go out into the world. I have nothing to give you but advice. Never tell a lie. If you wish to put one in circulation, get it published. A lie cannot live, but it takes one a blamed long time to fade out of print."

"Always read your contract. A man might consider he was getting a sinecure if he were offered a position picking blossoms off a century plant; but, you see, he wouldn't have a remunerative occupation if he were paid on piecework."

"Remember that the young man, like the angle's worm, is rather better for being visibly alive. Be careful in the choice of your surroundings. Environment will do a great deal for a man. For example, flour and water in a china jug is cream sauce; in a pail on the sidewalk it is bilgewater."

BEWILDERED SHOPPERS. Japanese Peasants Who Are Kept Track of by Labels. When the Japanese peasants get themselves up for a pilgrimage to a city for the purpose of laying in a stock of finery, they present the quaintest appearance imaginable. The women generally tuck up their petticoats well above their knees, either leaving the legs bare or else swathing them in white bandages which form a kind of leggings. Their hair is done in the usual elaborate Japanese style, and is usually an artificial flower is stuck in at the top. It does look comical to see the wizened face of an old woman with a large red nose bobbing over it. And this floral decoration is not confined to the women. When you meet a party of pilgrims, you often see the old men also with a flower stuck coquettishly above the ear.

At Nagano it appears that many of the poor old dears from the country get so bewildered by the magnificence of the places they go to and the distractions of shopping that they quite lose their heads and consequently their way. So the ever thoughtful Japanese police have insisted that every party of pilgrims is to have a distinguishing badge. At Nagano it was the commonest thing possible to see some ancient dame rushing about wailing, "Where is my party? Where is the purple iris party? Where is the yellow towel round the neck party?" And then she would be told that "yellow towel round the neck party" was on its way to the station or that the "purple iris" were still saving their prayers in the temple.—Kansas City Star.

Even Rats Have Their Uses. Life's monotony is a blessing, and not in disguise, for they contribute directly to longevity, health and happiness. The long-lived man is not the adventurer, the explorer, the plunger, the man who has worries, but he who takes the world as he finds it and slips along through life with as little friction as possible, forms easy-going habits, sticks to them and cares not one straw for the opinions of men who say that he is in a rut. He is healthy because he has peace of mind and regularity of life; he is happy because he is healthy and in a good, smooth, comfortable rut, which he prefers to the madcap on the sides of the road. Goldsmith's pastor, who had spiritual charge of the deserted village, who never had changed nor wished to change his place, is an excellent example of the man who makes the most possible out of the monotony of life.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Lemon Juice. A little lemon juice in the water in which fish is boiled will make it delectably solid, the too frequent lack of a boiled fish. Swedish lemon juice for an hour before cooking in a bath of rather strong dilution of lemon juice are made white and firm. A few drops of lemon juice are declared to add a delicious flavor to scrambled eggs. But a quite new use is in the preparation of rolled beef. This requires a rib roast, with the bones cut out. The juice of a lemon is squeezed over the meat, and the skin of it rolled up in it. The result is a tender, juicy, aromatic meat, very grateful to the palate. The Brazilian beef is highly esteemed for its flavor, and this is because the cattle pasture where lemons are plentiful and eat the fallen fruit, which flavors their flesh.—What to Eat.

Wet Wedding Days Preferred. The adage "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on" is one that is unknown in many lands. A Breton bride takes it unhappily when the day of her wedding dawn bright and sunny. Rain on her marriage morn is held to signify that all her tears are shed and that she will therefore have a happy married life.

London Bridges. Here is the history of London's bridges in brief. Westminster Bridge was begun in 1758 and finished in 1760. Blackfriars bridge in 1769 and finished in 1770. Waterloo bridge in 1811 and opened on June 18, 1817. Southwark bridge from bridge in 1814 and finished in 1819 and the present London bridge in 1824, being opened on Aug. 1, 1831.

SHEBAIL

She drank the sea's salt breath, Shebail, Glory of day, glory of day, And hope was strong, and life was young. "My love will come ere set of sun," Over the dark sea furrow sports the cold spray.

"The sea is high, Shebail, Shebail! Breakers at play, breakers at play, And life is long when love is gone." He'er will come ere set of sun; "Over the dark sea furrow sports the cold spray." A. Foster in Longman's Magazine.

HE MEANT WELL.

An Obliging Man Who Made an Embarrassing Mistake. A young editor took an apartment on South Twelfth street. The landlady said frankly to him: "I will tell you, sir, that my husband is a worthless fellow. I have to support him, and he sometimes comes home very late, drunk. There is no other objection to my house." The editor said this was no matter and thought no more of it until a few nights later, when a great uproar in the street awoke him. He looked out of the window and saw a man lying on the doorstep shouting ribald things. "The husband," thought the editor. "I'll go down and let him in."

How "The Anticraft" Popped. It was on the Common that we were walking. The mall, or boulevard, of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs down from opposite Joy street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston street. We called it the long path and were fond of it. I felt very weak indeed, though of a tolerably robust habit, as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible.

Turning the Tables. "Turning the tables," in the sense of bringing a countercharge against an accuser, has a classic origin. In the days of Augustus Imperator a regular craze seized the men of Rome to compete with one another for the possession of the costliest specimens of a certain description of table made for the most part of Mauritania wood inlaid with ivory—"mensusura insania," or table mania, as Pliny called it. They were sold at most extravagant prices. When the men accused the ladies of sumptuary extravagance, the latter naturally retorted by reference to the money squandered by their lords on these tables and so "turned the tables on them" by throwing them metaphorically in their teeth.

Frigna. Frigna, from whom Friday is derived, was either a god or a goddess, according to time and country. As a man he was a great hunter and warrior, always represented with a drawn sword in one hand and a bow in the other. In the Scandinavian countries Frigna was called the "Venue of the North," and the sixth day of the week was consecrated to her worship.

Carried Weight. "What do you mean by saying the defendant's words carried weight with them?" "I mean, your worship, that he swore at me and then hit me with a brick."—Exchange.

It doesn't take a good resolution long to find its way to the bargain counter.—Chicago News. During the reign of Peter the Great leather money was in circulation in Russia. A Claim That Pearl Divers Fear. All sorts of superstitions prevail among the pearl fishers of Ceylon, and a large business is done by sorcerers who sell charms to restrain the appetite of the sharks and to drive away the diabolical stings. Another peril which the diver dreads more than either the shark or the sting is the giant clam, that weighs nearly half a ton when fully grown. It will snarl up a man's legs like a pipestem if the victim chances to thrust a limb between its open jaws, or at all events will hold him until he drowns miserably.