

BANDON RECORDER.

An Ant For a Pet.

One of the queerest little pets ever seen is the tame ant belonging to a well known scientist. This man keeps tribes of ants in nests which he has made himself and feeds them with honey or sugar through a tube that connects with the nest. One day he saw that one of the ants kept coming into the tube to eat the honey in the glass bulb at the end. When he took out the cork that closed the bulb, the insect came to look for the food, and he offered it some honey on the point of a needle, says the New York Tribune.

The ant shrank back at first, then drew nearer, feeling about with its antennae, until it reached the needle. Soon it learned to take the honey off its keeper's finger, although ants are among the most timid of living things, and a new odor or the least movement outside their nests usually drives them little insects away.

This ant is now so tame that it quits the bulb as soon as the cork is removed and goes to find the honey on the scientist's finger. When its meal is over, it does not try to burry away, but waits till its master lifts it on a bristle and carries it back to its nest.

A Rattlesnake Story.

In "Life and Sport on the Pacific Coast," Charles A. Vachell relates one of his narrow escapes from a friend's bullet. "My friend and I had been camping and hunting for several days in a sort of paradise valley. One day, during a long ride on horseback, we had seen a great many rattlesnakes and killed a few, an exceptional experience. That night my cousin woke up and saw, by the light of the moon, a big rattler crawling across my chest. He lay for a moment fascinated, horror-struck, watching the sinuous curves of the reptile.

"Then he quickly reached for his six shooter, but he could not see the reptile's head, and he moved nearer, noiselessly, yet quickly, dreading some movement on my part that should precipitate the very thing he dreaded, and then he saw that it was not a snake at all—only the black and yellow stripe of my blanket, which gently rose and fell as I breathed. Had he fired—well, it might have been bad for me, for he confessed that his hand shook."

Negro Superstitions.

Many of the negro superstitions in Kentucky are quite interesting. An old philosopher told me with great gravity: "If you want peppars to grow, you must git mad. My old 'oman an me had a spot, an I went right out an planted my peppars, an they come right up." Still another saying is that peppars to prosper must be planted by a reddenhead or by a high tempered person.

The negro also says that one never sees a jaybird on Friday, for the bird visits his saintly majesty to "pack kindling" on that day. The three signs in which negroes place implicit trust are the well known ones of the ground hog's appearing above ground on the 24 of February, that a hoe must not be carried through a house or a death will follow, and that potatoes must be planted in the dark of the moon as well as all vegetables that ripen in the ground and that corn must be planted in the light of the moon.

Lord Southey's Guillotine.

The most eccentric action of an eccentric man was Lord Southey's cool arrangement for suicide by means of a guillotine. He had a magnificent one erected in the drawing room of his house in the Rue du Luxembourg at Paris. The machine was of ebony inlaid with gold and silver, the framework carved with artistic skill, the knife sharp as a razor, was of polished and ornamented steel. Preparing for death, his lordship had his hair cut close, and clothed in a robe of white silk, he knelt upon the platform under the knife before a mirror and pressed the spring which should release the knife. But the spring failed to work, and the would be suicide decided to give the guillotine to a museum instead of making a second attempt to end his life. It is said that he made an annual pilgrimage to see the guillotine until the end of his life.

Lauchler Saved the Ship.

Humor has been credited with the saving of many things, but perhaps never before has a ship been saved by its judicious application. In a great storm many years ago a ship's crew were all at prayers, when a boy burst into a fit of violent laughter. Being reproved for his ill timed mirth and asked the reason for it, he said, "Why, I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes in contact with the water." This ludicrous remark set the crew laughing, inspired them with new spirits, and by a great exertion they brought the vessel safely into port.—Liverpool Post.

Eggshells Flowerpots.

Eggshells may be used to advantage in starting delicate plants for transplanting. The half shells are filled with earth and set in a box also containing dampened earth. A hole is made in the point of the shell to allow drainage. A single seed is then planted in each shell, which is easily broken when transplanting is done without the slightest disturbance of roots. This use of eggshells is the discovery of a French gardener, who claims that they are vastly superior to the little pots generally used for the purpose by florists.

How the Fans Started.

"That hand me down suit you're wearing," remarked Rivers, "reminds me of an antique watermelon." "Why?" asked Brooks. "Because it's so different. One isn't cut to fit, and the other isn't fit to cut." It was then that Brooks blazed away at him.—Plex Me-Up.

Manuscripts of John Wycliff's translation of the Bible into English are of extreme rarity, and even imperfect specimens occur only at very long and irregular intervals. One came up for sale in London recently, though incomplete, wanting the greater portion of the Old Testament, it comprises the whole of the New Testament. The manuscript extends to 282 leaves and is the work of an English scribe of about 1410.

POLLY LARKIN

We have had all kinds of floral shows in San Francisco in days gone by, but it remained for the new century to bring out the beauties of the dahlia and make it worthy of a special exhibition. All flower lovers flocked to Central Hall on Sutter street the day the doors were thrown open for the dahlia show. It was given under the auspices of the California State Floral Society, of which Professor Emory E. Smith of Stanford University is president. A few years back there was a dahlia craze, and everybody who had a little patch of ground planted a few dahlias, both double and single varieties, and the dwarf and large showy flowers blossomed side by side. It only lasted for a season or so and then the craze died out and gave place to some other treasure of the flowery kingdom. Three years ago, however, a new interest sprang up and the cultivation and improving of the showy and hardy flower have been going steadily on. Three hundred varieties were shown at the dahlia show and proves what culture and hybridization can do in floriculture. The dahlia was exhibited in all its glory and was recognized as no mean rival of the popular chrysanthemum as an exhibition flower. Florists are well pleased at its return to favor on account of its decorative and displaying qualities as well as its gracefulness and richness of color. The principal exhibits at the dahlia show were from the Crocker estate, Dr. Harry Tevis' gardens, Golden Gate Park, and from Alameda and Santa Cruz. Next year it is safe to predict that many counties will be represented in the dahlia exhibition and new varieties added to the three hundred that were shown at the recent show.

Speaking of the plants reminds Polly that the deserving old hen has something else in her favor to cackle over, inasmuch as a French florist has discovered that egg shells may be used to advantage in starting delicate plants for transplanting. This is the way they do it: The half shells are filled with earth and set in a box also containing dampened earth. A hole is made in the point of the shell to allow drainage. A single seed is then planted in each shell, which is easily broken when the transplanting time comes, without the slightest disturbance to the roots. The French gardener, who has experimented very successfully with the shells, says they are much superior to the little pots generally used for the purpose by florists. Score another point for the industrious old hen.

"Lead me not into temptation," thought Polly, the other day, when I saw a little woman walk resolutely away from an inviting show-window. It was on Labor Day. The procession had just passed and the streets were crowded. This little woman with a baby in her arms and another little toddler clinging to her dress, was standing with a friend looking into the show-window. "Come along, let's go in and look around, even if we don't buy," said the friend. "No, I won't do it. If I go in I will be sure to buy something, and I can't afford it. Tim was one of those strikers in the procession that just passed by. He was another one who did not know how to let well enough alone. He got his three dollars a day regularly and was as steady as clock-work. Now he has been walking the streets for about five weeks with his hands in his pockets, and like a good many idlers he has been drinking more than was good for him several times lately. I tell him if he keeps on I doubt whether they will take him back when the strike is over. He is getting more discouraged every day, and says that's the reason he drinks. I just score him for it and tell him I'm discouraged, too, but I've got too much common sense to go to drinking. If I did, what would become of the children, I would like to know?" "What does he say to that?" asked the friend. "Oh, he says women can bear disappointment better than men." "Pshaw, that makes me tired. It's the same old excuse that's forever ding-donging in your ears to atone for their misdeeds." "Come on, there is too much to tempt one in this window." And they moved on down the street, still chattering like two magpies about Tim's folly in giving up his three dollars a day.

"What are the fall styles going to be, Polly?" asked a little friend the other day. That query is easily answered. All the costumes shown by our importers for the fall season thus far are cheery and bright and yet dainty and rich in effect. Of course, black is a standard favorite, for it is always in good taste and appropriate for nearly all occasions. Yet even in the dark costumes the desire to brighten up the somberness is shown by trimmings that have the glint of a gold thread embroidered or woven in the material, tiny gilt buttons and gold braid. I saw one of the handsomest and most striking Eton jackets of the season—I might say of the past season, although the same effect will be in vogue the coming season as well, judging from what some of our principal modistes have to say on the subject. This jacket of fine black cloth was lined with white satin. The reverses were also of white satin and had narrow black velvet stitched across it so as to leave an even stripe of white and black. The little straight collar with flaring ends was also lined with white satin and the velvet was sewed diagonally across the collar and caught with a tiny brass button. The chic little jacket gave tone to the lady's whole costume and caught the eye of

every member of the fair sex in the car. "There ain't so much to that jacket," said an over-dressed little woman to her friend, "but it's the style of it," and I heard a man remark quietly, "that lady knows how to dress," as she left the car, conscious that she was the cynosure of many pairs of eyes.

The dress fabrics that are shown in the windows of the up-to-date stores, as I have said before, are simply beautiful and are of the brightest reds, lovely shades of green, new blues, rich browns, etc. The trimmings will be gimps and laces galore. One of the prettiest costumes shown was of a light fawn Venetian cloth with trimming of golden-brown velvet. There was something so modest and dainty about it and in such striking contrast to the bright colors that it caught the eye of nearly every passer-by. The hat to go with the costume was of the same shades—fawn and golden brown velvet, and the gloves were of fawn-colored suede. That is the costume for my little friend of the modest Quaker tastes, thought Polly.

The ribbons shown are daintily colored, of all widths, and many of them with stripes and flowers. Ribbons have not had their day by any means, but will be worn just as much as they have for the past two seasons. This is something for the fair sex to be thankful for, for they do brighten up a costume wonderfully, and ribbons are so cheap that any girl can afford to have not one, but many in her wardrobe and freshen up her costume and make a change in coloring whenever she desires.

As far as the millinery goes, you will not make any mistake if you combine black and white, for just now it is all the rage and bids fair to continue during the season.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Danish Butter Superior.

The butter of Denmark is considered superior to that of all other countries. It brings the highest price in fancy markets, and can be found all over the world in shops where luxuries are sold. In South America, South Africa, in the East and West Indies, in India, Egypt and in tropical countries generally it is used by epicures, who pay \$1 a pound for it in this one, two and three pounds weight. No other country has been able to produce butter that will stand changes of climate so well. In Holland and Sweden attempts were made to compete with the Danish dairymen, but the butter from these countries is worth only half as much and does not keep half as well, while the efforts of dairymen in the United States have practically failed, with a few isolated exceptions.

Growth or Literature.

Norway was the last of the European countries except Turkey, to adopt the art of printing, notwithstanding its early famous literature, but to-day has 429 newspapers and periodicals, an average of one to every 500 of the population. Of these 196 are political newspapers, eighty-eight are literary papers and 145 are reviews, magazines, professional, religious and scientific publications. Norske Intelligens-Seddelin is one of the oldest papers in the world, having been founded in Christiania in 1763, and has been the organ of the Government from the beginning. For a century and a quarter its contents were limited to advertisements and official announcements.

Formation of Niagara Gorge.

In 1842 the Government issued a very carefully prepared map of the Niagara falls territory, writes a correspondent in the Baltimore Herald. In 1891 it issued a second or comparative map, by which it was shown that the falls had receded 204 feet. Though the river is comparatively young, scientists insist that I must have taken at least 7000 years for it to recede from the commencement of the precipice at Lake Ontario. Still others claim that that 700 years is too low an estimate, but a regular system of estimates of records is now kept by both the English and the American governments, so we shall be able to know more accurately the work of this turbulent waterway.

Weather and Morals.

Professor Dexter of the University of Illinois, who has studied the effect of weather on morals, finds that the desire to fight rises with the thermometer, but stops at 85; wits after that as the mercury rises. Assault cases are therefore commoner in summer than in the winter. Drunkenness, however, lessens with summer and increases with the coming of cold. Suicides are at a maximum on bright days with a high barometer, and increases as the wind rises.

Bowling is being revived in England as a game for women, and it is predicted that in another year it will have taken the place of tennis. It was a favorite game with fashionable women about 100 years ago.

The total number of copies of newspapers printed throughout the world in one year is estimated at 12,000,000,000. To print these requires 781,290 tons of paper.

Competition of electric tramways is alluded to in many of the half-yearly reports of English railways as affecting short-distance passenger movement.

In 1858 there were about 8,500 engineers in the British navy. There are now 22,500.

The bottled beer of England requires nearly 70,000 tons of corks annually.

The Paris theaters give away an average of 500 free tickets daily.

COUNTERFEIT GOLD.

GILDING POWDERS ARE MADE OF COPPER AND SVELTER.

How the Material That Gives the Shining, Metallic Finish to Mirror and Picture Frames is Produced. Gold Leaf Without Gold.

How many persons who see the shining gold in colored printing and on mirror and picture frames know that gold does not enter at all into the composition of the stuff that produces these golden effects?

The shining metallic effect is produced by a fine powder made from a mixture of bronze and spelter. This offers the cheapest and best means of giving the rich surface demanded in wall papers, printing, lithography, frescoing and in a vast range of manufactured articles of wood, paper and iron.

The material used is so called Dutch metal, an alloy of copper and spelter. The relative proportions are varied to produce different colors. The larger the percentage of spelter the lighter or more yellowish will be the tint of the alloy.

The copper and spelter are melted in graphite crucibles containing about 400 pounds of metal, which when completely fused, is run off into molds, forming half round ingots two feet long by half an inch in thickness. After cooling these are bound into bundles and sent to the rolling mill, where they are pressed cold nine times through a double set of steel rolls under enormous pressure. This flattens them and draws them out into thin ribbons from 50 to 60 feet long and something more than one inch wide. Cold rolling under such extreme pressure makes the metal brittle, so it passes to the annealing furnace, which is heated by wood fire, as the sulphur in coal or coke would be injurious to the ribbons.

Having been softened and rendered ductile by annealing, they are cleaned in an acid bath, cut into lengths of about three feet and collected in bundles of 40 or 50 strips each. They are laid between sheets of zinc and passed under hammers which beat the metal strips to the thickness of tissue paper. This requires six successive beatings, and great skill must be exercised to produce a uniform and unbroken foil. After the third beating the metal strips are taken from between the sheets of zinc, loosened from each other and cleaned by immersion in a bath of tetrastate of potassium. The cleaning is repeated after the last beating, and the sheets are hung on lines to dry. In the beginning the rolled strips are a dull gray metallic color, but at the fourth beating the yellowish color begins to show, and after the sixth they are clear and bright as reflective leaves are then thrown out and the perfect ones cut into small squares, which are laid together by hand in packets of several hundred each and inclosed within an envelope of sheet brass. The packets return to the annealing furnace, where they are softened by heating and slow cooling, and then go to the beaters, where they are reduced under flattening hammers to the thickness of real gold leaf, so thin that it can be blown away by the breath.

The manufacture of bronze powder consists in grinding, clipping and pulverizing the various bronze foils to an even, impalpable powder and is an industry of comparatively recent date. It began as a means of using up and utilizing the imperfect leaves which came as waste from the beaters of gold, silver and bronze. These were cut by hand into fine shavings and then ground to powder in hand mills of simple construction. With the lapse of time and the spread of artistic industry the uses of bronze powder increased until the demand far outran the supply of waste, and the leaf metal is now made on a large scale.

The beating process flattens out a pound of copper and spelter alloy to an area of about 500 square feet, and in this condition the square sheets as they come from the brass envelopes are sheared into small fragments and rubbed with olive oil through a steel sieve having ten meshes to the inch and then passed to the stamping and grinding machines, where they are pulverized by steam or water power to the bronze powder of commerce. The grinding occupies from one to four hours, according to the grade or quality of the powder to be produced, which is of four grades, from coarse to superfine. The superfluous oil is removed by heating under pressure, and the powder is then carried into centrifugal classifiers, or grading machines, which, turning at a high speed, expel the powder through fine orifices in the form of dust, which settles on inclosed shelves, according to weight and fineness, the finer particles to the top, the coarser below, and in this way the powder is divided into its various grades.—New York Press.

How Customs Vary.

Sue—in some parts of Australia when a man marries each of the bride's relatives strikes him with a stick by way of welcome into the family.

He—Yes, and in many parts of America when a man marries each of the bride's relatives strikes him with a loan by way of welcoming him into the family.—New York Times.

Traveling Experiences.

Mother—Sir, I hope my little boy doesn't worry you by his fretting and crying. He isn't well, or he wouldn't act so.

Mr. Man—Oh, no. All children act that way. I'm used to it—in fact, I haven't seen a well child for 20 years.—Chicago Herald.

A man should not be blamed for the mistakes he makes. He should be credited as he profits by them.—Acheson Globe.

Colonies as Kingdoms.

Queen Elizabeth was commonly spoken of as queen of Virginia. Virginia and Carolina were kingdoms under the Stuarts. Massachusetts was recognized as a "sister kingdom" by Cromwell's parliament.—London Express.

On the banks of the Purus, in South America, dwells a peculiar tribe of people who are spotted in a queer manner. All members of the tribe are similar in this respect, men, women and children being mottled black and white. They live almost entirely on fish.

HOW THE LEGS GROW.

The Shoeks of Exercise Lengthen Them and Keep Them Even.

As a fact, says the author, our lower limbs are not usually both of exactly the same length, though they are so for all practical purposes. The left is usually the longer, though the gait is not notably influenced by this fact. At birth the lower limbs are shorter than the upper, and their movements are rather of the prehensile type. "We are not born leggy like the foal or kangaroo, but we gradually achieve legliness." The bones increase in length, not so much by interstitial deposit as by addition to their ends—that is, by progressive ossification of the layer of cartilage which intervenes between the end of the shaft and the epiphysis. Ossification goes on till the component parts of the bone are all united by bony matter, and thus the stature of the individual is determined.

If from inflammation or injury an epiphysis be damaged, one limb may be shorter than the other, or inflammatory stimulation may even induce an increase in length in the bone affected. The increased length in the bone affected, the skeletons of tortoises, not being subjected to sudden jars, have no epiphyses at the ends of the long bones, whereas in the leaping frog the extremities of the humerus and femur long remain as separate epiphyses. The continuous connexions to which the ends of the bones of the lower limbs are exposed when a vigorous child is excited by its own natural spirit to run about are doubtless of great value in assisting the growth in length of the lower limbs, which soon lose their infantile character and become adapted for running and walking. By exposing the lower limbs to the same influences and resistances during their entire growth we manage to maintain them of the same length, and gentle jars upon the epiphyses at the joints may be considered favorable to growth.—New York Medical Record.

A BIG WEDDING FEE.

The Generous Uses to Which Henry Ward Beecher Put It.

In his "Eccentricities of Genius" Major Pond says that often while traveling Henry Ward Beecher improved his time by having what he called "a general housecleaning" of his pockets, which would get loaded up with letters and papers until they could hold no more, when he would clear them out and destroy such papers as were worthless.

On one occasion Beecher happened to put his hand in the watch pocket of his pantaloons and found there a little envelope which he opened. When he saw its contents, he called Major Pond to sit beside him and remarked: "You remember the evening I married C. P. Huntington. I was so much interested in the subject that I forgot he handed me a little envelope as he went out of the door. I put it in the watch pocket of my pantaloons and never thought of it again until just now, and here it is, four \$1,000 bills. Now," he said, "don't let any one about it, and we will have a good time and make some happiness with this money. We will just consider that we found it."

And so in a day or two Mr. Beecher went with Major Pond to look at a cargo of fine oriental rugs, many of which he purchased and sent to different friends, and afterward he spent what remained of the money for coin silver lamps, unmounted gems and various pieces of bric-a-brac, all of which he gave away until he had used up the entire \$4,000 in making happiness among those whom he loved.

After Mr. Beecher's death the major related to Mr. Huntington the incident of this discovery of the four \$1,000 bills, and the railway magnate observed: "I should never have given them to him. It was all wrong. I made a mistake. Money never did him any good."

The Questions of Clarence.

"Well, Clarence, what is it?" asked the boy's papa.

"I didn't say anything, papa," replied Clarence.

"I know you didn't, but it is fully five minutes since you asked a question, and I know from experience that another is due about this time."

"Well, papa, what are all those big United States flags made of?" asked the boy.

"Some of them are made of silk, Clarence, but by far the greater number are made of bunting."

"And, papa?"

"Are the little flags made of baby bunting?"—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

Give Everybody a Chance.

Emerson's dictum that we should treat every one as if he were all that is in an excellent life to practice in daily life. It is human nature to rise to the level that is expected of it. It is not necessary to waste time upon uncourteous people unless you are bound to them by strong family ties, but it is important that all with whom you come in contact be studied, with the desire on your part to give credit for all that is good in them and that nothing in their outward circumstances or appearance be allowed to prejudice you against them.—Ada C. Sweet in Woman's Home Companion.

Scotch Thrift.

The city council of Auckland placed a price on the head of every rat in the city, and a grocer's boy became a perfect Nimrod and slew about 30. At the risk of contracting the plague he carried his dead load, obtained the scalp money and came back jubilant to his master and told him how much he had made. The master cast upon him an eye of Aberdeen glare, and then remarked quietly, "Well, well, ye'll just pay the money to our cashier, for ye ken the rats is mine, not yours."—Sydney Bulletin.

A new bank has been chartered and will presently open for business in the arcade of the Empire building, at Broadway and Rector street, New York city, which will innovate by having its hours from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. continuously. This industry has another peculiarity—the banking will be for the tenants of that one building, who from top to bottom are big steel and iron companies of recent formation, with billions of capital and no permanent connection with banks.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Set a small box of lime in the pantry, and it will help to keep it dry and the air pure.

Soda should never be used for dandruff, and if they are kept in good condition they should be neither mangled nor ironed.

Mud stains can usually be removed from silk by rubbing with a piece of flannel. If the stains prove obdurate, rub with a piece of linen saturated with alcohol.

If your window glass is lacking in brilliancy, clean it with a liquid paste made of alcohol and whiting. A little of this mixture will remove specks and impart a high luster to the glass.

To render feathers white immerse them for a short time in naphtha or benzine. Rinse in a second dish of the same and dry in the open air. Then bleach by exposing in a box to the vapor of burning sulphur in a moist atmosphere.

Good clear starch is easily made. Wet the lump starch with cold water, stir till smooth, pour on boiling water and cook till clear. It takes a quart of boiling water to "clear" two table-spoonfuls of lump starch. If too thick, thin with blue water.

Including the Frame.

His indulgent friends had praised his attempts at painting and drawing to such an extent that the youth really imagined himself to be an artist. His wealthy friends even bought his pictures for considerable sums of money "to encourage him," as they said.

Recently in walking along the Strand in London he was much delighted at seeing one of his pictures, finely framed, in a dealer's window, especially as he was waiting with a pretty lady before whom he wished to appear in the best possible light.

Calling the attention of the lady to the picture, he said: "Pardon me, but I have some curiosity to know how my pictures stand commercially."

"My good man," said he to the keeper of it, "what is the price of that picture in the window here?"

"Three shillings."

"Great Scott!" cried the artist recoiling.

The shopman, thinking the exclamation to be one of surprise at the high price, added: "Well, it includes the frame"—Exchange.

The Landlubber Ducks of Sahara.

The proverbial fondness of ducks for water would lead one to presuppose that of all the world the most desolate of deserts would be the Sahara desert and that if a stray "springtail" happened to drift into that region he would either vanquish or turn up his heels with briefest delay. Well, not at all, said a Frenchman who was formerly a resident of Tunis.

"There are parts of the desert where ducks abound, flourish and multiply with every evidence of perfect satisfaction. The fowl is slightly different from any of the varieties we know in this country, but it has the same flat bill, extensive breast and web feet, showing that it was once a water bird, though now it scarcely finds enough to drink and has become too proud to waste any of the precious fluid in ablutions. Like the other good Mussulmans of the country, they take their prescribed bath in the sand, and their web feet come in very handy as snowshoes to walk upon the deep yielding dunes. It is claimed by an eminent French ornithologist that the Saharan ducks are the remains of a race of aquatic birds which frequented those seas when the present desert was a part of the Atlantic ocean."

Holes in Everything.

You are skeptical about the accuracy of this statement and ask why water does not leak from a bottle if there are holes in everything? The answer is simple enough—the drops or globules of water are bigger than the holes. Taking glass as an illustration, we find that air is about the only substance that can get through those holes.

A scientist proposes the following as an experiment: Place a bell in a bottle exhausted of air and hermetically sealed. The bell will not ring because the medium for conveying sound is not there.

Set the bottle aside for a few months, then try the bell again, and it will ring faintly, perhaps, but nevertheless there will be a sound. That means that the air has got in. It has made its way through the holes in the glass.

The incandescent lamp is a bulb of glass exhausted of air so that the slender filament may glow when the electricity runs along it. The air works its way in gradually and the light becomes less brilliant in proportion.

Nuts as Food.

Nuts contain a large amount of nourishment, and owing to their oily nature digest easily. Eaten with salt they are palatable. Either as a dessert course or salted and used as a relish their value is the same. They are not expensive, for from the peanut through the imported varieties they can be bought in bulk at small cost.

The peanut has many good qualities to recommend it and from its low estate is coming to the front as an important item in dietetics. It is supposed to cure insomnia if eaten just before retiring. Salted, they are much cheaper than almonds. The small hickory nut, at a few cents a quart, can be used on the most economical table. The English walnut makes a very good salad blanched and used with celery. Filberts, almonds and Brazil nuts are more expensive, but as only a few are needed at a time the cost is not great.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Successful Doctor.

The king of prurient sent his letters to earth to bring back some skillful Chinese physician. "You must look for one," said the king. "In whose doct there are no nagged spirits of diseased bodied patients." The doctor went off but at the house of every doctor there were crowds of walling ghosts hanging about. At last they found a doctor at whose door there was only a single shade and cried out, "This man is evidently the skillful one we are in search of." On inquiry, however, they discovered that he had only started practice the day before.—Giles' "History of Chinese Literature."

THE OLD FASHIONED BOY.

Oh, for a glimpse of a natural boy— A boy with freckled face, With forehead white, tangled hair And limbs devoid of grace!

Whose feet too, while his elbows flare; Whose knees are patched all over; Who turns as red as a lobster when You give him a word of praise!

A boy who's bare with an epiphysis Who seeks the pantry shelf To eat his "pieces" with astounding smack Who isn't gone on himself!

A "Robinson Crusoe" reading boy, Whose pockets bulge with trash, Who knows the use of rod and gun And where the brook trout splash.

It's true he'll sit in the easiest chair With his hat on his tumbled head; That his hands and feet are everywhere, For youth must have room to expand.

But he doesn't dub his father "old man," Nor deny his mother's call; Nor ridicule what his elders say, Or think that he knows it all.

A rough and wholesome natural boy Of a good old-fashioned type, God bless him, if he's still on earth, For he'll make a man some day! —Detroit Free Press.

GOT THE POSITION.

She Successfully Played on the Weakness of the Statesman.

The New York Herald tells how a diplomatic young lady who understood the weakness of politicians secured some years ago a place in the state service.

The day before the opening of the session a shy girl knocked at the door of the attorney general's office.

"Is the attorney general in?" she asked timidly.

"Yes," said the clerk. "He will see you when he gets through with this long line of job hunters. Just have a seat."

In the numerous chairs, on the office lounge and standing were 20 more waiting for a turn to press some claim for a position.

The attorney general was rather a gruff looking man, and he dismissed each with the remark: "I can't do anything for you. Sorry, you know, but there are hundreds of applicants, and each officer, every legislator, has a dozen begging for each position."

When the third girl's turn came, she handed the impatient looking officer a letter. She said nothing. She hardly looked into his face.

"I'm sorry, Miss C., that I can do nothing for you. It was foolish for you to come here expecting to get work. I'd be glad to help you if I could; but, you see, it's this way: I have no influence to get you a position. I am very—"

"We were speaking of that at home, but I thought it would do no harm to see you," she interrupted. "And we were saying what a pity it was that you had lost your infatuation. He looked as if something hurt him.

"Brown," he said, turning to his deputy with unnecessary abruptness, "this young lady is to have a position in the enrolling department. See that there is a place for her if you have to muzzle every legislator in the building."