

BANDON RECORDER.

The Water Beetle. The great voracious water beetle, the dytiscus, after catching and eating other creatures all day, with two minute intervals to come up, poke the tips of its wings out of the water and jam some air against its spiracles...

When people are sitting in a greenhouse at night with no lamp lighted, talking or smoking, they sometimes hear a smush as if a pebble had been dropped on the glass from above...

She Showed Him Her Work. The woman had her arms in the tub and was feverishly scrubbing one dirty garment after another. Book agents don't often penetrate to that part of Chicago, but this one did...

How to Learn to Like Pictures. The following suggestions, if you please, are not from an artist nor even from a connoisseur, the writer being nothing more than an ordinary picture lover...

A Youthful Promoter. A horseman had an amusing experience near the speedway a few days ago. He called to an idle newsboy to hold his horse while he made a call on a client...

Close to a Fool. A farmer was working in his field when a sewing machine man came along. "Good morning," said the sewing machine man...

A Pound of Swallows. How many live swallows go to a pound? This question lately formed the subject of a bet in the little town of N---, in Baden. A swallow was caught and its legs and wings tied up with a piece of silk thread and placed on the scales...

Inappreciative. "You find spring water is very great advantage in dairying, I presume?" "Oh, I don't know," said the milk man. "The average person buying milk doesn't know the difference between spring water and any other kind..."

7. Good Gains. Minister (reading wedding service)—And you, Hans, take this woman for better, for worse? Hans Frankfurter (conscientiously)—For better, sir! She has \$40; I got nothing!—Brooklyn Eagle.

POLLY LARKIN

"She stayed by him through everything." This is what a young man who had started out with the brightest prospects, but who had invited failure to his hitherto enviable career until ruin stared him in the face, heard as two neighbors who had been waiting on his invalid wife, conversed in low tones on the vine-clad porch of his home...

Great is the hue and cry that is going up against "yellow journalism," and it makes Polly smile. "Fosensational," cries one crabbed old fellow. "Not fit to go into a decent man's household." I pick up one after the other of our daily papers, hastily scan the contents and would feign remark, "the pot called the kettle black..."

Neither the business nor the completeness of a big hotel is appreciated by the patron who finds his interest satisfied with the accommodations it furnishes. He knows in a general way that it might be a dozen stories high and several cellars deep, and that the thousand or more guests are attended by servants of every hand, and when he pays his bill he believes that the charges are exorbitant...

The latest American "invasion" of Europe is the carrying of fresh California fruits to London and Paris in the face of the competition of the Spanish and Italian fruit-growers. A Valencia, Spain, paper says: "California oranges, peaches, apples and pears reach Paris, after traveling 6000 miles..."

Then his weary vigil commenced. He sat by her side reviewing the past and holding her wasted hand. "Would she live?" The spark of life seemed almost spent. There was no answering pressure as he caressed the wasted hand. What a change since he placed the engagement ring upon it only a few short years ago...

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BRIEF REVIEW.

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Huge Sailing Vessels Being Built. Steam does not run all the world—not quite. Sailing vessels of huge dimensions are being built by Americans. They are good for large cargoes and long voyages. They do not require so many men, they do not cost so much in operation, and so they are being improved, developed and run at a profit...

New English words are constantly being made to fill the needs of modern invention. To give some idea of this tremendous growth of the language, the words and phrases under the letter A, have increased in fifty years from 7000 to nearly 60,000.

The entire edition of the Callao, Mo., Herald recently was rejected by the postal authorities because the pressman had smallpox. The common measure of road distance in France is the kilometer, or 1000 meters, a little over three-quarters of a mile. Residents in England have £110,000,000 invested in mortgages in foreign countries. India does not produce any horses fit for military service.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Major McKinley in Defeat. One day when the late president, Major McKinley, had just been defeated for congress, Major Pearce met him at the counter of a downtown cigar store. Mr. McKinley was decidedly downcast over his defeat and did not conceal the fact...

Major Pearce's reply was prophetic: "Never mind, major, just take another good start, and ten years from now you won't change places with me if I offer you a bonus. It's in you." It was about this same period that an incident happened which Congressman Joe Cannon used to tell Mr. McKinley. The two met at a Chicago hotel, both having been defeated for re-election. They were surrounded by a dozen or more friends who were commiserating them on their defeat...

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Had Heard Them All. Mrs. Hennepeck (in the midst of her readings)—Here is an item which says that there are more than 250,000 words in the English language. Mr. Hennepeck—Yes, my dear; so I've heard.—Puck. The children of different countries have different tastes, but tin snovs are wanted all over the world. The Tartars owe their alphabet to the Christian missionaries known as the Nestorians.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

American Ideas in England. A writer in the London Daily Mail thus pictures the domestic life of the average Englishman: "He rises in the morning from his New England folding bed, shaves with American soap and a Yankee safety razor, pulls on his Boston boots over his socks from North Carolina, fastens his Connecticut watch in his pocket and sits down to breakfast. There he congratulates his wife on the way her Illinois straight front corset sets off her Massachusetts blouse, and he tackles his breakfast, where he eats bread made from prairie flour, tinned oysters from the Pacific coast and a slice of Kansas City bacon, while his wife plays with a slice of Chicago ox tongue..."

Pat Shot With the Camera in Battle. Few photographers in the States realize to what an extent photography has been useful in the work of the United States in pacifying the Philippines. A very complete photographic department has been organized, and its members have performed some really heroic feats. Captain O'Keefe performed before Malabon one of the most brilliant pieces of photography ever attempted. He was engaged in taking a picture of the enemy's intrenchments some hundred yards within our lines when a band of Filipinos, led by a deserter, attempted to cut him off. He calmly focused his camera on the proper spot, waited until the band broke from cover, not fifty yards from him, and then photographed them. During his subsequent retreat his assistant was twice wounded, he himself once, his spare plates were shattered, but the camera was unharmed, and the plate he took was subsequently the means of convicting the deserter of treason, for which he is now serving a life sentence.

Great Wealth in Isle of Pines. Speaking of Cuba's resources, Governor General Wood says: "Even the little Isle of Pines holds millions of dollars of undeveloped wealth in the way of marble and iron. Its timber has been pretty well cut, merely because its small size and the fact that vessels could easily reach it made transportation comparatively easy. Between the Isle of Pines and the mainland are famous sponge fisheries, and on the island in many places are fine mineral springs, which, when investigated, will doubtless prove to be of great medicinal value. This makes it possible that the island will some day become an important health resort, although that, of course, is still a long way off."

Will Not Go to Mexico. "Standing Yellow, a war chief of the Cheyenne Indians, has recently returned from a trip to old Mexico," says the Los Angeles Times, "where he was sent as a delegate for a number of tribes in Oklahoma, aggregating about 10,000 Indians. The purpose of the old chief's trip was to select a new home for the reservation Indians, who had always considered Mexico nothing short of another happy hunting ground, where they could all live a life of prosperity and ease, but the report of the old chief has upset the fancy notion these Indians held about Mexico and will be the means of retaining the 10,000 redskins in this country until they die."

The Spirit of Micawber. Can it be possible, as a wild rumor from Constantinople hints, that Turkey has ordered 300 pieces of artillery in Germany? Who would be rash enough in these days to sell the Sick Man guns on credit? What possible chance would there be of collecting the debt? And where can the sublime portie get money to pay cash for cannon? The spirit of Micawber broods over the Yildiz kiosk, and the Ottoman government seems to be continually waiting for something to turn up.—New York Tribune.

Bonus to Workmen. A bonus system has been established by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company at its plant in East Pittsburgh. The bonus is based on the net earnings of the company, and its distribution is among the assistant workmen. It is paid quarterly in addition to their salaries. If the system is a success, it will be extended by the company to take in all skilled workmen of the plant.

Well Bred. Mrs. Hatterson—Are those people who have moved next door to you well bred? Mrs. Callerson—Oh, yes. They answered all my questions and never asked me one about myself.—Life. A Little Learning. Ernestine had learned the word "rat" at school. The teacher pointed to the word "rat" and asked her what it was. She said, "It is some part of a rat, but I don't know which part it is."—Youth's Companion. The Handicap of a Name. Poppers—No, we haven't christened the baby yet. My wife wants to give him a fancy name out of a book, but I won't have it. Ascum—Why not? Poppers—Because then he'd grow up to be homely as blue mud and tough as nails. I never knew it to fail.—Phila delphia Press. Doctor—Well, my good woman, what do you want? Beggar—A quarter, doctor; give me a quarter, and I'll tell everybody that you helped me. New York Times.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Fowl Play. Many amusing stories are told of our colored fellow citizens of the south by the raconteurs of that section. A venerable dandy was hailed before a justice of the peace and charged with gratifying his appetite for feathered denizens of a barnyard in which he had no ownership. There were no witnesses to the act, but the birds were missing, and feathers had been found around Uncle George's cabin. He was sharply interrogated by the magistrate in the hope that he would get entangled in the questioning and the truth come out. Finally he was asked: "So you say, Uncle George, that you have not stolen any chickens?" "Have you stolen any geese?" "No, sah."

After a brief pause the suspected culprit was discharged with a sharp admonition. As he passed out he stopped before the justice, hat in hand, his lips disclosed by a broad grin, and said: "Fo' de Lawd, squire, if you'd said 'ducks,' you'd 'a' had me!"—Lippincott's. Dupletty. "I don't understand how Ethel Mowhing ever got engaged to such a steady, matter of fact young man," said one girl. "It was easily managed," answered the other. "She got a cookbook, took the covers off and inserted the paper back novel she happened to be reading. The silly fellow thought she was going to make a wonderful housewife."—Washington Star. Why They Don't Marry. Miss Leftover—You are a woman hater, I hear. Mr. Slimpurse—That is a mistake. I merely cannot afford to marry. Miss Leftover—Cannot you support a wife? Mr. Slimpurse—Oh, yes, I could support a wife easy enough, but I haven't income enough to support the two or three other women she would need to wait on her!—New York Weekly.

How It Seemed to Tommy. This is the size Tommy's catapult seemed to Tommy when he was endeavoring to hide it from the eagle eye of the old gentleman whom he had hit with a stone from it on the head. Have you ever had that feeling when you were a boy? In the Future. "Do yez keep an assistant to the cook?" "Yes." "And do be the assistant have a helper?" "She has." "And have yez a kitchen maid to clean up after the assistant's helper?" "We have." "Well, I'll give yez a week's trial."—Brooklyn Life. Learning the Business. Strong—I was sorry to hear that you had lost your job. What are you doing now? Weeks—Taking lessons in wood carving. Strong—Have you a position in view after learning the art? Weeks—Yes. My wife is going to open a boarding house.—Chicago News. Saw Nothing Supernatural in It. Sunday School Teacher—You say Delilah cut Samson's hair and took away his strength. Can you think of any reason why it should have had that effect? Tommy Tucker—Maybe he saw himself in the glass after she'd done it, ma'am.—Chicago Tribune. Short of Alibi. "So you lent Harbinger the money, did you?" "Yes." "What did he say?" "He promised to pay with alibi." "He did, eh? Well, let me tell you this: if there's one thing that's scarcer with him than money, it's alibi." Boston Flats. Haney—Miss Stetson says she doesn't like her surroundings where she is living now. There are too many flats there, she says. Ripley—H'm! Does she refer to the inhabitants or only to the apartment houses?—Boston Transcript. Bobby's Logic. Schoolteacher—Now, Bobby, spell needle. Bobby—N-e-l-d-l-e, needle. Teacher—Wrong. There's no "n" in needle. Bobby—Well, 'tain't a good needle then. Naturally Slow. "You're not looking well," said the hardware clerk to his friend, the plumber. "No; I've been very sick," replied the pipe fitter, "but I'm mending slowly."—Chicago News. Willie's Idea. "Isn't it awful how thin Mr. Hennepeck is now?" remarked Mrs. Gable to her husband. "And he used to be so stout." "Perhaps," chimed in little Willie, remembering his trouble with his bicycle tires—"perhaps his wife forgets to blow him up regular, like you said she used." Philadelphia Press. His Sympathy Abused. She met him at the door, all breathless with excitement. "John," she cried, "baby's cut a tooth." "Poor little fellow!" he returned miserably. "Is it a bad cut?"

THE PROLIFIC FLY.

To Lessen the Pest All Organic Refuse Should Be Buried. Flies multiply at a prodigious rate. Given a temperature sufficiently high to hatch eggs, their numbers are only limited by the amount of food available for them. Linnaeus is credited with saying that three meat flies, by reason of their rapid multiplication, would consume a dead horse quicker than would a lion, and the fact that certain diptera having some outward semblance to the honeybee lay their eggs in the dead carcasses of animals probably led Samson and Virgil to make erroneous statements with regard to the genesis of honey and the manufacture of bees. The breeding of "gentles" for ground bait is an industry the practices of which could probably give much information as to the alchemy of choice exercised by flies in selecting material for feeding and egg laying. According to Packard, the house fly makes selection of horse dung by preference for ovipositing, and as each female lays about 120 eggs and the cycle of changes from egg to fly is completed in less than three weeks it seems probable that a female fly might have some 25,000,000 descendants in the course of a hot summer. Other varieties of flies multiply, I believe, still more rapidly.

As flies multiply upon and in organic refuse of every kind, it is obvious that the sooner such refuse is placed where it cannot serve for the breeding and hatching of flies the more likely is the plague of flies to be lessened. The most commonly available method for the bestowal of organic refuse is burial. The egg laying of flies in dead carcasses commences at the very instant of death or even before death in the case of enfeebled animals.—Lancet.

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