

BANDON RECORDER.

The Act of Dying. The popular idea that the act of dying is a painful process often causes a fear of death.

The common phrase "death agony" is not warranted by what occurs in natural death, which is a complete relief from all pain.

Death by poisoning varies in painfulness according to the poison employed. Opium and other narcotics probably give a painless, perhaps a pleasant, dreamful death.

A Fish That Gives Pain. The well known brown pigment called sepia is obtained from a ten armed octopus found principally in the Mediterranean and more especially at the head of the Adriatic sea.

The sepia is contained in a bag and is really the black fluid of which we have all read as being discharged by the creature to cover its escape.

The pigment is really a powder which dissolves in water; its strength may be estimated by the fact that it will color 1,000 times its own bulk.

The Power of Superstition. "I wish I wasn't superstitious," said a well known young man.

"What are you afraid of about it—bleeding to death?" "No, no; it's just bad luck to have a mole taken off. It's worse than having a black cat across your path or even to have a hooting owl light on the roof."

"I don't know why it is bad luck, but my black mammy used to say, 'Chile, don't yo' nubber let 'em try to take that mole off a your nose.'"

"What'll happen, Aunt Sarah, if I do?" "I used to ask her." "I dunno, chile. Some folks say as the place won't nubber get well, and some say as two mo'll come back. Don't nubber pester what the Lord has gin yo', or he might make it worse."

"The old negro woman's doctrine was too deeply embedded in my early education for me to outgrow it, even after 20 years."—Memphis Scimitar.

Schoolboy Definitions. Q. "Who discovered the law of gravity from the fall of an apple?" A. "Paris."

Q. "What is a sarcasm?" A. "A sore on your body."

An "antiquarian" is "a place for animals," "charlequinade" is "a kind of drink," "a dilemma" is "a medicine," "citadel" is "a sort of chief policeman," "neutral" is "a kind of reptile," and "eulogy" is "a chap who feels bumps on our head."

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Polly Larkin

This is what Polly heard a mother—who was a true mother in every sense of the word—say to a rather wayward daughter who had inherited her mother's beauty but not much of her sterling character and good common sense.

"My dear, you are cultivating the very worst traits of your character and they will surely bring you many sighs and lose you the love and respect of friends that you value as being among the richest gifts we are heir to.

You have many lovely traits that will make you sweet and refined and a charming companion to be sought after, besides giving you that elegance and true refinement that places or gives you your standing in the very best of society.

You are fast forgetting them and assuming an air of the girls who have naturally unrefined and hoodlum instincts that will ruin the most beautiful features.

You may be applauded by persons of that caste and by people moving in the best society who may smile at your antics and your very apparent indifference to what society demands of you, but they will nevertheless soon lose all respect for you.

"That's all right, mother, I'm the 'biggest duck in the puddle' wherever I go now. They know I'm not of their stamp and they all look up to me. Whatever I say goes. It's not the case when I go with the people I've been brought up with.

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quotation myself. "Grand!" was the reply. "I get off here. Come and see me to-morrow. I have had a grand time."

"So have I," said the friend, "as she waved her hand in adieu from the car window and settled back in the corner to think over the "grand" time she had had.

Don't you think "grand" is a much-abused word? The hills and mountains that tower majestically above you, rugged and covered with verdure; the snow-clad mountains rising like a spark, ling gem from the verdant valleys; the entrancing beauty of our own Yosemite valley; the never-ceasing roar and beauty of Niagara Falls, etc., all these appeal to you, and from your heart comes the murmur—"grand, sublime." But Polly draws the line when a certain kind of chewing-gum is grand, the bang of a skirt is grand, the antics of a clown, or an actor who was never meant to be a star, is also grand, then I think the word is sadly abused, and if used less frequently and then in its proper place, it might be construed in a better light in the eyes of sensible people.

Mme. Calve, the great singer, did a generous act that came from a kind heart the other day. While trying on dresses in the parlor of Armand's, in Paris, the fitter said, "Madame has become known to our workshoppers here, and the girls are crazy to see you. If you knew how they worshipped you, you would feel flattered."

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AN INDIAN CEREMONY

THE "MEDICINE SWEAT" THAT MAKES THE RED MAN CLEAN.

It is His Turkish Bath, So to Speak, and it is to Him a Rite, Both Physical and Spiritual—Making Medicine to the Great Spirit.

Few, if any, of the writers on the habits, folklore and history of the American Indian have devoted any space to the red man's Turkish bath, an institution homed, to be sure, but a recognized necessity in every camp and a feature of the daily life of the Indian.

By the avidity and frequency with which the Indian indulges in his home-made Turkish bath he proves the fallacy of this belief and shows that he, as well as his white brother, can live up to the precept "Cleanliness is next to godliness," only in the practice the Indian puts cleanliness first.

The term Turkish bath is unknown to the Indian. He calls that method of ablution a "medicine sweat." It is to him a rite both physical and spiritual, for he cleanses his person and then "takes medicine" to his Great Spirit. That the rite is religiously observed was shown by a band of Brule Sioux Indians, who made a journey across the continent to the east and went into encampment in, to them, a strange land.

On their arrival, even before they raised their tepee poles, they erected a "medicine sweat" tent. The framework of this tent is of hoop poles so framed that it is about five feet in diameter and four feet high, flat topped and almost circular in form.

Just within the framework there is a bedding of straw about two feet wide, and in the center of the tent there is a whole in the ground about three feet in diameter and three feet deep. There are no steam vents or pipes, no marble slabs, no rubbers and no sheets.

The Indian is ready for his "medicine sweat" a number of stones or rocks are heated to almost white heat and thrust into the hole in the ground. Then the red men, 20 or 25 of them, in a costume even scantier than Adam's after the fall, range themselves upon the straw. They sit mummy fashion, their chins on their knees and their arms around their shins, packed so close together that even if they would they could not move.

When they are all ready, blankets, skins and canvas are thrown over the framework until the tent is almost airtight. Two or three buckets of water are passed in and thrown upon the hot stones and the "medicine sweat" begins. The moment the steam begins to rise the Indians begin a chant, which is kept up without interruption until the sweat is over. Packed together, enveloped in steam so thick that none can see his neighbor, the Indians sit, singing and perspiring for an hour or more. Not an Indian moves. He neither can nor wants to.

A signal from the chief or the medicine man a section of the tent is torn away, and with a heave and a whoop all the bucks make pellmell for the water. A run and a jump, and in they go. It is just as much sport for the oldest warrior as for the boy who has not yet won his war bonnet. Once more on land, the Indian, having performed a duty he owes to himself and his neighbor, is ready to "make medicine." This is always after the "medicine sweat" in fact it is part and parcel of the ceremony, for it is regarded as a ceremony.

The Indian, clean in person and at this moment, before his communion with the God of his fathers, supposed to be equally clean of mind and guileless of soul, now proceeds to the highest point of land in the vicinity of the camp, thus getting as near to the Great Spirit as it is possible to do while on earth. On the way he gathers up a little soil, a stray leaf, some old tobacco, a dead fly or bug or two—in fact anything which may be deemed refuse, for he is about to convey to the Great Spirit that he has cleansed his person and that all things unclean have gone from him.

These things that he has gathered he places in a piece of white cloth, which in turn is fastened to the end of a long stick. The other end of the stick is thrust into the ground at the top of the hill or knoll, and the good Indian has made medicine. Two days seldom pass without the repetition of this ceremony. It never varies. The scene may change, the Indian may wander to new lands or be driven to them, but where he is there also is his "medicine sweat" tent and there he "makes medicine."—New York Times.

The Human Ear. The human ear is an organ, the inwardness of which the physicians have never been able to get at. They can examine the interior of the eye with ease by throwing into its dark chamber a ray of light reflected from a little mirror, and they found it possible even to see the gray matter of the brain by looking through the little canal by which the optic nerve enters. The cavity behind the nose they inspect with the aid of a light placed far back in the mouth.

They have no difficulty in seeing into the stomach by an electric apparatus; the intestines likewise are readily enough investigated, and the bladder also. But the ear as to its internal arrangements is unapproachable. It is impossible to dissect it satisfactorily after death, for the reason that the parts collapse at once when the vital spark leaves the body.

Wonderful Centers. Gravity may be the soul or wit," but the laughable effect is sometimes the very thing the speaker doesn't mean. In the following case a word or two more would have made a clearer description, but it would not have been half so funny.

The head master of an English girl's high school is describing to the class the beauty of the Alps, which he has visited during his vacation, and ends his lecture in these words: "And there, with one foot I stood on the lee of the glacier, while with the other I was plucking the most beautiful flowers."

HOTTEST PLACE ON EARTH

It is Bahrein, on the Southwestern Coast of Persia.

The hottest region on the earth's surface is on the southwestern coast of Persia, on the border of the Persian gulf. For 40 consecutive days in the months of July and August the mercury has been known to stand above 100 degrees in the shade night and day and to run up as high as 130 degrees in the middle of the afternoon.

At Bahrein, in the center of the most torrid belt, as though it were nature's intention to make the place as unbearable as possible, water from wells is something unknown. Great shafts have been sunk to a depth of 100, 200, 300 and even 500 feet, but always with the same result—no water. This serious drawback notwithstanding, a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the gulf more than a mile from the shore.

The water from these springs is obtained in a most curious and novel manner. "Machadores" (divers), whose sole occupation is that of furnishing the people of Bahrein with the life-giving fluid, repair to that portion of the gulf where the springs are situated and bring away with them hundreds of bags full of the water each day. The water of the gulf where the springs burst forth is nearly 200 feet deep, but these machadores manage to fill their goatskin sacks by diving to the bottom and holding the mouths of the bags over the fountain jets—this, too, without allowing the salt water of the gulf to mix with it.

The soil of these submarine fountains is thought to be in the hills of Osmond 400 and 500 miles away. Being situated at the bottom of the gulf, it is a mystery how they were ever discovered, but the fact remains that they have been known since the dawn of history.

ANIMAL LIFE. The army worm is essentially a grass eating insect, though it often feeds upon other plants, and is said to prefer oats to corn.

The malapetucurus, a fish only eight inches long, can develop a shock of 200 volts of electricity in the two-tenthousandth part of a second. Several pairs of pigeons which a scientist has observed in Paris have raised their young in nests made entirely of hairpins collected on the paths of the Luxembourg.

The largest nest in the world is built by the mound bird, a sort of Australian fowl. It makes a mound sometimes 150 feet in circumference, in which it buries its eggs five feet deep. The heaviest bird that flies is the great bustard. In size it exceeds the Norwegian blackcock. The old males weigh about 35 pounds, but when food is plentiful the young males may weigh 40 pounds. Great bustards were formerly as plentiful in western Europe as partridges. Now they are rarely found.

St. Christopher. The belief was that any one who looked at a representation of St. Christopher was safe for that day from an evil death. The saint was always portrayed of colossal size and is so painted at the entrance of most Spanish cathedrals that all may see him. None of the many carved figures of this saint approaches in size one which was removed from Notre Dame at Paris in 1783.

It was said that St. Christopher's original occupation was to carry people across a stream, and the legend is that once a child presented himself to be conveyed over. At first his weight was what might be expected from his infant years, but presently it began to increase and so went on till the ferryman was like to sink under his burden. The child then said: "Wonder not my friend, I am Jesus, and you have the weight of the sins of the whole world on your back." Hence St. Christopher is represented carrying the infant Saviour across a river with the globe in his hand.

St. Christopher has an interesting place in the history of typography in consequence of a wood engraving of his figure, supposed to be of date about 1423, being the earliest known example of that art.

Unknown Canada. One-third of the area of Canada is practically unknown. There are more than 1,250,000 square miles of unexplored lands in Canada. The entire area of the Dominion is computed at 3,450,257 square miles; consequently one-third of this country has yet been untraveled by the explorer. Exclusive of the inhospitable detached arctic portions, 954,000 square miles are for all practical purposes entirely unknown.

Most of this unknown area is distributed in the western half of the Dominion in impenetrated blocks of from 25,000 to 100,000 square miles—that is, areas as large as the states of Ohio, Kansas or New England are yet a secret to white man.—National Geographic Magazine.

Landman Drinking. It is surprising what one's constitution can be made to stand in the way of narcotics. From small beginnings it is possible to go on increasing the doses until a quantity can be taken which would kill two or three persons unaccustomed to anything of the sort. In the course of a corner's investigation at Sheffield, England, it was shown that a man had been a constant landman drinker for ten years. Commencing with a pennyworth at a time, he had gone on until he had taken fully an ounce a day.

Pure Sugar. A San Francisco chemist says there is only one refinery in the world that makes absolutely pure sugar. The refinery is in Germany, and it supplies chemists and druggists with sugar for solutions which must be unclouded. This chemically pure article would not find much sale for table use, as it is a dirty grayish white in appearance. When dissolved, it gives a clear solution, there being no artificial coloring matter in suspension.

Soft Dressing. "I feel now quite satisfied that there is no life so happy as a married one." "And how long have you been married?" "Since last Wednesday."

SHOWERS OF MANNA.

JUST WHY AND HOW SUCH PHENOMENA ARE POSSIBLE.

This Food of the People of Israel in the Wilderness is an Edible Lichen That is Still Found in Parts of Asia and Africa.

"It is manna!" exclaimed the people of Israel as they gathered the food which seemed so miraculously to appear at their very feet in answer to their cry for sustenance, but though they ate and were satisfied, we are told they "wist not what it was."

And during the ages that have passed since its first appearance on that memorable dewy morning in the wilderness of sin men have declared again and again that they "wist not what it was" that thus fed the Israelites in their need, though numerous conjectures have been made and discussions held on the matter.

The chief opinion which had sway for a long time was that manna was the sap of the tamarisk, but now authorities, seeing in the light of widening scientific knowledge, declare that manna was without doubt a certain lichen (Lecanora esculenta).

This is borne out by the fact that well authenticated rains of manna, absolutely believed by the inhabitants to be showers from heaven, have been reported at least six times during the past century by reliable travelers in the east, and the descriptions of the deposit given in precise present day language leave no doubt upon the point.

If a piece of manna be examined under the microscope, its peculiar compound structure can be clearly seen. There is a delicate network of interlacing fungal threads glowing in the light, while included in their meshes are a number of round, bright green cells, each a tiny algal plant. Thus fungus and alga live together in most intimate connection.

It may be asked how fresh manna lichens arise, seeing that it is difficult to imagine a frequent coincident meeting of a particular fungus and a particular green plant. But granted the meeting has once taken place, the rapid reproduction is easy to understand. At certain times in the year a yellowish dust appears in little green cups growing on the surface of the plant, and each of the grains of dust is a minute bundle containing a few of the white filaments and a few of the green cells wrapped up together, so that wherever this dust may fall each grain can become a new manna lichen.

There is, moreover, a second method of reproduction in which the fungus alone takes part and sends out tiny offspring to take their chance in the wide world of finding a suitable host, as their parent has done, but the details are complicated and at present involved in some obscurity.

Thus, then, Lecanora esculenta—manna—is in its very nature one of the most remarkable phenomena in the vegetable world. It is found over great tracts of southwest Asia, near Constantinople, in the Crimea, the deserts of Arabia, in the Sahara and the deserts of Algeria.

It is easy to pass by unnoticed, for it is grayish yellow in color and grows on gray limestone rocks and fragments of rock in the form of a wrinkled crust which seems to the casual observer care to distinguish it.

Cut through, it is white like corn within, dry and powdery. It is, moreover, extremely light in weight. It is obvious that there is not much nourishment to be obtained from the bare face of the limestone rock, hence all the sustenance of the two plants must be obtained from the atmosphere and the rain by the little green plant, which must thus work doubly hard to be able to pass on sufficient food for its partner's living in addition to providing its own.

By degrees, as it grows older, it becomes loosened or even detached from the rocks, and then, when the sudden whirlwinds and violent storms which affect many of these regions blow, the featherweight pieces of lichen crust are torn up and blown into the air at the mercy of the wind and carried, it may be, for immense distances.

The rains, too, that descend with such sudden vehemence sweep it away into water channels, where it is borne along on the stream and deposited in hollows and left there in heaps when the water subsides.

At times, too, a waterspout will gather it up, carry it along and ultimately deposit it in a place where hitherto it had been practically unknown.—Sunday Magazine.

Impertinent. It is said that Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, one day remarked to her grandson, Jack Spencer: "Jack, you must marry, and I will give you a list of the ladies you may propose to."

"Very well, grannie," he said, and he proposed to the first on the list. When he came back with his wife from their wedding tour, they went to pay their respects to the old lady.

"Well, now," she said, "I am the roof, and you are only the branches, and therefore you must always pay me a great deal of deference."

"That is all very well," said Jack impertinently, "but I think the branches would flourish a great deal better if the root was under ground."

The Primary Planets. The primary planets are those which are the centers of secondary systems, consisting of suns and globes revolving round them in the same manner as they revolve round the sun. These are called secondary planets, satellites or moons. The primary planets which are thus attended carry the satellites or secondary planets with them in their orbits round the sun.

How Pearls Are Sorted. The average diver thinks it a fair day's work to secure 100 pearl oysters in 50 feet of water. After being taken ashore the mollusks are allowed to die, when their shells open of their own accord. The pearls are classified by passing them through a series of sieves, which assort them into different sizes. Those which are very small or defective are sold to make a preparation for sore eyes and nervous complaints that is very popular in the east.—Pearson's.

HER WAY.

Don't Well, no, her eyes ain't much. Queen you see a lot of such—Sort of small an' bluey gray. 'Tain't her eyes; it's jest her way.

Hair ain't black, nor even brown; Got no gold upon her crown; Bert o' ahy; I should say, 'Tain't her hair; it's jest her way.

'Tain't her mouth—her mouth is wide, Bert o' ahy; I should say, 'Tain't her mouth; it's jest her way.

No! I reckon's nothin' great; Couldn't even swear it's straight; Fact, I feel I'm free to say, 'Tain't her nose; it's jest her way.

Love her? Well, I guess I do! Love her mighty fond and true; Love her better every day. Dunno why; it's jest her way. —Elizabeth Sylvester in Century.

Count the Times a Horse Rolls. To see a horse when out at pasture rolling on the ground and endeavoring to turn over on his back is a common sight, but how many people have noticed that in doing this horses observe an invariable rule?

The rule is that he always rolls over either at the first or third attempt—never at the second—and more than three attempts are never made. In other words, if the horse succeeds in rolling over at the first try, well and good—that satisfies him; but if the first attempt is a failure, the second one always is. Then he either rolls quite over at the third or gives it up. He never makes a fourth.

If horses are rolling on sloping ground, they usually roll up hill. This is more easy of explanation than the strange custom regulating the number of attempts to do this no side. In other words, if the horse succeeds in rolling over at the first try, well and good—that satisfies him; but if the first attempt is a failure, the second one always is. Then he either rolls quite over at the third or gives it up. He never makes a fourth.

Hand to Mouth Livers. One of the paradoxes of waste is that the persons most addicted to it are not men and women of independent means who can support themselves in spite of their extravagant expenditure, but the poorer classes. There is hardly an able-bodied laborer who might not become financially independent if he would but carefully husband his receipts and guard against the little leaks of needless expense. But unfortunately this is the one thing which the workman finds it the hardest to do. There are a hundred laborers who are willing to work hard to every half dozen who are willing properly to husband their earnings. Instead of hoarding a small percentage of their receipts so as to provide against sickness or want of employment they eat and drink up their earnings as they go, and thus in the first financial crash, when mills and factories "shut down" and capitalists lock up their cash instead of using it in great enterprises, they are ruined. Men who thus live "from hand to mouth" never keeping more than a day's march ahead of actual want, are little better off than slaves.—Success.

Why the Boy Was Sure. A certain officious head nurse in the accident ward of a local hospital received an unexpected "call down" recently. An unfortunate young man of the age of 10 had been practicing with a cartridge pistol several sizes too large for him, and the result was unpleasant. The doctors and nurses had cleansed and dressed the wound, and he was resting easily.

Then the nurse, who had not been present and who hated to miss a trick, walked over to the little boy's bed, around which the attendants were still standing, and asked him solicitously: "Are you sure that the bullet isn't sticking there still?" "Sure."

"What makes you think so?" "It was a blank cartridge." "There was a sharp decline in that nurse's stock of pride, and the laughter failed of unanimity by one dissenting voice.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Willing to Oblige. The young man was from town and was spending a Sunday in the suburbs. He knew far more about horses and carriages than the local livery salesman, and so his interview with the latter when he sought to hire a "rig" for the afternoon was tinged with a gentle air of patronage on his part. "Oh, have you a trap you can let me have?" "Yes, certainly."

"One that will hold two?" "Yes, or 20," from the obliging countryman. "Oh, really! Have you a stylish road wagon?" "Yes."

"Perhaps you have a spider or a Brewster buggy, or on second thought I might prefer a rubber tired lansom. You can accommodate me?" "Yes; all kinds cheerfully furnished." "Can you give me a lash whip?" "Yes; with a fancy tassel."

"Oh, well, what kind of a horse can you turn out—a short tailed one?" "I think so," came gently from the wearied proprietor; then in stentorian tones to his man: "Jake, can you give this gentleman a short tailed horse? If not, cut one at once."—Short Stories.

More Laughter, Less Salsicles. The physiological benefits of laughter cannot be overestimated. It