

BANDON RECORDER.

Idea of News. Justice John M. Harlan of the United States supreme court, when a practicing lawyer in Louisville, once tried his hand at newspaper work, taking the place of a personal friend, then editor of the Louisville Commercial.

One of the reporters had written a clever account of a man who had fallen from the fourth story of a building and escaped without serious injury. It made a story of about a column in length. With a proof of the article to his hand the temporary editor came to the city editor and said:

"Mr. Smith, please have this story cut down. I can't see anything in it that makes it worth that space."

"But it's the star of the day, Mr. Harlan," gasped the astonished news man. "I think it's a remarkable story and well worth all the space given to it."

"I don't," said Justice Harlan. "If a man had jumped up four stories, it would certainly have been remarkable, but even a fool could fall down four stories, or half a dozen, for that matter."—New York Times.

The Driver's Point of View. The hotel coach was filled with a crowd of happy, jubilant visitors, and the horses toiled splendidly up the hills. As each eminence was reached and at every turn in the road the crowd would burst forth into cries of wonder and delight at the magnificent scenes which burst upon their view.

"You don't seem to take much interest in the scenery. No doubt it's an old story to you."

"The driver shook his head. "No, that's not it," he answered. "I just don't care." Then he leaned a little closer and whispered: "But I know just how you folks must feel. You all come from a long distance just to see things, and you're bound to enjoy it anyhow so as to get your money's worth and not feel as though you was cheated in your purchase. Oh," said this driver in a superior tone, "I don't mind it when I understand how 'tis."—Leslie's Weekly.

Change to Change a Quarter. "How much does it take to change a quarter?" asked the bartender. "Twenty-five cents, eh? Not on your life. It takes seventy cents to do the trick. How many ways do you suppose a quarter dollar can be changed? Just exactly eleven. A fellow of limited means may like the fling of coin in his clothes. In that event you can give him twenty-five pennies or twenty pennies and one nickel. He may like to have a little sprinkling of silver in his clothes, and you can accommodate him with fifteen pennies and a dime or ten pennies, a dime and a nickel.

"If he prefers to have change handy for a beer and a car fare, why, fifteen pennies and two nickels will fit him up, and if he wants a cigar in addition, besides having a little stock of cash in his jeans, give him ten pennies and three nickels. That makes six ways. Now, then, a fellow with a quarter can trade it off for five pennies and two dimes, five pennies and four nickels, two dimes and one nickel, one dime and three nickels or five nickels, just as he prefers. And to accommodate him in any way that he might select you have to possess twenty-five pennies, two dimes and five nickels—seventy cents in all."—Philadelphia Record.

Pound Foolishness. One of the commonest forms of pound foolishness is countenanced by many high authorities. This is the purchase of certain household provisions in large quantities. Few writers on domestic topics fail to lay stress upon the economy of buying groceries in bulk. That sugar and flour, potatoes and apples should be bought by the half or whole barrel, cereals by the case, butter by the tub and other things in like proportion is one of the early precepts in the "Young Mistress's Complete Guide to Domestic Economy."

The ignorant young things buy the provisions first and the experience afterward. The flour grows musty, the cereals develop weevils, the potatoes and apples rot long before they can be eaten, and the cook exercises a lavishness in the use of the butter and sugar she would never show were they bought in such limited amounts that the housekeeper could hold close watch over them. Even after these events the young mistress feels as if she were absolutely reckless and no manager at all when she so far departs from household law as to buy food in small quantities.—Independent.

Her Pet Name. "Ah!" he sighed after she had blushingly whispered "Yes" in his bosom. "My own Mchitabel! Oh, that name's so formal! Surely your friends use some shorter one, some pet name?"

"Well," she murmured, "the girls at boarding school used to call me Pickles."—Philadelphia Press.

An Expert. Professor—If a person in good health, but who imagined himself sick, should send for you, what would you do?

Medical Student—Give him something to make him sick and then administer an antidote.

Professor—Don't waste any more time here. Hang out your shingle.—New York Weekly.

In Temptation's Way. Jones—Has your wife got her new hat yet?

Brown—No; I've given her the money for it several times, but she has spent it on some great, glorious bargain she saw before she got to the milliner shop.—Detroit Free Press.

Some people expect fortune to break in the door and announce her arrival through a megaphone.—Nashville Banner.

About the only way to convert some people is to leave them alone.—Dallas News.

Polly Larkin

All lovers of carnations will be interested in the following item. At the coming annual flower show to be held in Convention Hall, Kansas City, Mo., a prize of one hundred dollars has been offered for the most perfect pink carnation. The late President McKinley usually wore a pink carnation in his button-hole, and the prize-winner in this class will be named the "McKinley."

The most elaborate plans have been made for the show, which expects exhibits from all parts of the country. A unique feature of the exhibition is the arrangement of the hall, which is to represent a Japanese garden, and four hundred square feet of space in the great arena will be devoted to natural flower beds. They ought to have a liberal display of California chrysanthemums to further carry out their idea.

They are now in their glory, and are easily sent by express or mail, and will arrive at their destination in good condition.

Speaking of pinks reminds me of a little lady who places the carnation above all other flowers. To her they are the gems of the floral world. She has been interested in their culture for years, but has been unfortunate in propagating them owing to the gophers, which are the deadly enemy of the carnation, helping themselves to them before trying anything else in the garden.

She determined to have pinks, however, so she had an immense box made of closely woven wire, and after giving her order for the same returned home to dream of the carnation bed she had in mind which would be the envy of all the neighborhood. The box finally came, also the bill, but I will let her give the balance of this or'er true incident in her own words.

"The bill for that pink box paralyzed me for the moment, Polly. I wondered what my husband would say, but I went out into the yard, got a boy to help me, and worked like a Trojan to get it buried and the pinks planted before he came home. We had the work nearly completed when he arrived, and he seemed to be delighted with the result of my labors. 'Well, that is a bright scheme' he remarked, as he took in the size of the box, and then came that dreaded question, 'How much did it cost?'

"The bill is on the porch," I replied. Then I dug industriously and never looked up. Not a sound came from his direction for several minutes, and then he gave a long, low whistle. That is the way he does. He doesn't swear and storm like some men when things go wrong, he merely gives that peculiar whistle of his and it's worse than strong words. You get over them quicker. About ten minutes after he said gravely, 'That was pretty steep, wasn't it, for that pink box? Ten dollars is a whole lot of money. Just now when taxes are to be met and new school-books to be purchased, besides our living expenses, John doesn't get the biggest salary in the world; indeed, it is very small.' He was right, and I felt guilty enough, but I never dreamed it was going to cost so much when I ordered it. I really expected three or four dollars to cover it. But then and there I made up my mind that I should make this pink box pay for itself.

"I worked harder than ever to make that carnation bed a success, planted only the most choice varieties and planted seed galore, finally succeeding in getting two pinks that were entirely new. I had a friend in the floral business in San Francisco and I confided to him my woes and he promised to take all the pinks I could send him, and as a result I have up to date cleared fifty dollars off my carnation box. Not only that, but I have sold them yards and yards of smilax besides many clusters of mignonette and bachelor buttons. Our unsightly backyard fence has been converted into a thing of beauty by choice sweet peas that run riot over the old board fence. For this I stretched wire netting the entire length. It was of the cheapest kind and had large meshes that gave plenty of room to twine the little green tendrils through and give the vines a chance to climb. I cannot begin to tell you of the baskets of sweet peas I have sent to the San Francisco florist. My husband is as proud of my success with the flowers as I am, and he often says that was the luckiest ten dollars he ever paid out, even if he did give that long, low whistle of his that always fairly freezes me and is every bit as doleful as a funeral dirge, or that old hymn, good in its place, 'Come Ye Disconsolate.' I have more spending money than I ever had before. I am healthier, for I spend a great deal of my time in the garden instead of being cooped up in the house with sewing and cooking. It pays me better to get some one else to attend to these less pleasant duties and devote my time to raising buds and blossoms."

Going back to pinks or carnations. I have another friend who is a worshiper of flowers, but pinks are her hobby as well, and like the little lady above, she has gophers to contend with. She had no wire box to plant them in, but she chose another novel plan that succeeded beyond her utmost expectations. She saved her yeast powder cans and cut the bottoms off. These she sank into the earth and planted her pinks in them. The gopher seemed to think a trap had been set for him and never went below the bottom of the can to attack the roots. She had about seventy-five varieties of pinks, both double and single, and the air was filled with their

A LIVING BAROMETER

The Creditable Spider That Poses as a Weatherman's Weather Sharp. In Yucatan, a land of many curiosities, there is a living barometer in the form of a small spider, called "am" on account of the effect produced by its poison. As far as its own conduct goes, the insect is inoffensive and can be handled with impunity, but if anybody has the misfortune to get one mysteriously mixed with his food he is certain to die after a few hours and meanwhile for some unexplained reason will frequently ejaculate "Am, am, am!" hence the name of the spider. Throughout the peninsula this is affirmed to be a fact, and if an am falls into fodder of horses or mules the animal that swallows it surely dies.

This spider is shaped like a crab, minus the claws, and is of a bright yellow color, with brown spots; the biggest could be accommodated upon a silver dime. Its favorite abode is among the leaves of the banana shrub, commonly, but erroneously, called tree. There it spins with extreme rapidity, its web, which is prodigiously large, considering the size of its architect, and proceeds to devour the flies that are unlucky enough to get entangled in the meshes of this astonishing little glutton, that is not satisfied with less than a dozen a day—that is to say, it consumes a good deal more than its own bulk. Its progeny is numerous and appears at first like more black specks, smaller than the smallest pin's head.

The sky may be blue and cloudless when suddenly the am commences taking in its sails, or, rather, gathering in its net, with neatness and dispatch, crumpling the whole of the material into its diminutive body entirely out of sight. A few minutes completes the job, and the spider takes up its position on the under surface of one of the great leaves to be killed by the gentle swaying and sheltered while the storm rages. It is for this that the am has prepared, and never is it mistaken. When the web is taken in, rain will certainly fall within an hour.

The moment the am is touched it feigns death and lets itself drop, showing no sign of life until again placed upon a leaf or on the ground. Many a one has lain in the palm of the writer's hand inert, all its legs drawn close to its body, while it was examined at leisure, even being picked up in the fingers without its manifesting any life.

BEAUTY SPOTS. Try lemon juice for whitening the neck. Apply it with a linen cloth. After the head has been shampooed, whenever possible, give the head a sun bath.

A writer states that oily hands may be made comfortable and touchable by wetting them once or twice a day while clean with cologne, alcohol or toilet vinegar.

A good circulation is essential to the growth of the hair as well as to its color and fineness. A frequent, vigorous brushing with a stiff brush is the best method of obtaining this.

A writer upon the complexion says the best way to treat freckles, a sure cure in all but very obstinate cases, is to touch them night and morning with a camel's hair brush after dipping it in lemon juice.

For a greasy skin nothing is better than the combination of an ounce of dried rose leaves, half a pint of white wine vinegar and half a pint of rose-water. Let the vinegar stand on the rose leaves for a week, then add the rosewater. Use a tablespoonful in a cup of distilled water.

A Geological Fallacy. Probably the most wild and unjustifiable of all the crude beliefs respecting geological resources is that which holds to the conviction that by going deep enough the drill is sure to find something of value, no matter at what point the work of boring is commenced.

There are numerous wise persons in every community, estimable, influential and in the highest degree public spirited who are convinced that the question, for example, of finding coal in their special locality is simply a matter of the depth to which the explorations are carried. Rock oil and natural gas are recognized as desirable products in every progressive community, and every such community contains persons in other respects intelligent who are ready to stake their own fortune and that of their nearest friends on the belief that oil and gas are everywhere underneath the surface and that their sources can be tapped with the drill provided only there is sufficient capital to keep up the process of drilling long enough.—Mines and Minerals.

Loneliness and Health. A medical journal has of late been discoursing on the indigestion of loneliness. By this title is meant to be indicated the disorders of digestion which are believed to follow the practice of taking one's meals in solitary state. The topic is by no means an uninteresting one. Thousands of men and women living alone are compelled to take their meals for the most part without company. Week in and week out they feed themselves without a soul to talk to, and the medical journal devotes its energies to showing that the practice is not one that is likely to be conducive to digestion, to proper bodily nourishment or to health. The solitary man soon tires of merely eating, and, if he is not of a literary turn of mind, his tendency is to hurry through his meals to escape from his loneliness into the society of his fellow men. Herein, it is held, lies a danger to health.

Discovery of Coal in Wales. During the reign of Henry VIII. many attempts were made to discover coal in north Wales, and a Shrewsbury man, named Richard Gardner, was the only person who succeeded. The old records read: "He attempted and put into proof to fynde out coles about the town (Shrewsbury) in sondry places, and in one place especially called Emattine Haye, hard by the sayd towne, he found by his great diligence and travail great store of see cole, the which is lyke to come much commoditie bothe to the riche and poore, that he is not only worthy of commendacion and maintyanence, but also to be had in remembrance for ever."—Cardiff Western Mail.

A QUESTION OF TEETH.

George Washington's false teeth, which were supposed to have been made of ivory, are giving a certain class of freak historians about as much trouble as they must have given the venerable patriot who wore them," said one of the professors of the Smithsonian institution to a reporter recently.

"Many times a year for several years this institution has been called upon to produce these mysterious teeth for the inspection of persons who insist that they are here."

"Our matter of fact answer to these inquiries that Washington had no false teeth, or at least if he did, that they are not in the possession of the museum, seems only to stimulate the inquiring mind to protest our statement. They proceed to give us authentic accounts of these teeth and always conclude with expressing the belief that they must be in the museum somewhere."

"Where or how the idea that Washington had false teeth originated is an unsolved mystery. That it is firmly believed by many is certainly a fact. There seems to be no authentic record of the Father of His Country possessing ivory teeth, and by a study of the bust we have of him, which was made but a few years before his death, there is no indication of an indentation along the line of the gums such as can be noticed in persons who have had their teeth drawn, even though they wear artificial ones. However, we will continue to answer the same question in the same way probably many times in the future."

According to some biographers Washington lost his teeth during his service as commander in chief of the Continental army and had a set of ivory ones made. These teeth, it is also stated, gave him much trouble because they did not fit.—Washington Star.

RAILWAY RUMBLES. Ireland claims the honor of the first electric railway in the United Kingdom.

It is said that the cheapest railway fares in the world are to be found in Hungary.

Denmark has a government railroad system of 1,167 miles and 525 miles of private railroads.

The Servian, Rumanian and Bulgarian railroads are owned exclusively by the respective governments.

Travelers on Prussian railways whose baggage, through no fault of their own, fails to arrive with them can now have it sent on request free to their homes.

The difficulty of railway construction in some parts of Africa is illustrated by the fact that on the Freetown-Matruh line, in Sierra Leone, eleven steel bridges had to be built in a distance of only thirty kilometers.

A representative of the Paris Temps has been examining railway stations in Germany, and he declares that those of Dresden, Cologne, Hanover, Frankfurt, Bremen, etc., are far superior to any of the French except the Parisian.

Paying a Creditor. Like many another famous man both before his time and since, Talleyrand exhibited, at least in early life, a great reluctance to settling with his creditors. When he was appointed bishop of Autun by Louis XVI, he considered a fine new coach to be necessary to the proper maintenance of the dignity of that office. Accordingly a coach was ordered and delivered, but not paid for. Some time after, as the newly appointed bishop was about to enter his coach, he noticed a strange man standing near who bowed continually until the coach was driven away. This occurred for several days until at length Talleyrand, addressing the stranger, said: "Well, my good man, who are you?"

"I am your coachmaker, my lord," replied the stranger.

"Ah," said Talleyrand, "you are my coachmaker! And what do you want, my coachmaker?"

"I want to be paid, my lord."

"Ah, you are my coachmaker, and you want to be paid? You shall be paid, my coachmaker."

"But when, my lord?"

"Hum," said Talleyrand, settling himself comfortably among the cushions of his new coach and eyeing his coachmaker severely, "you are very inquisitive!"

Said Eating Good Sense. Even men are progressing gastronomically. Scientific dietetics has at last revealed to us the fact that the woman who eats salad on a hot day in July, August or September is displaying sound gastronomic sense, says What to Eat. The long haired dreamer in the restaurant may have been nineteen different kinds of a fool upon every other proposition in life, but he knew what to eat on a hot day. The human animal needs grass or its equivalent in summer. With their oil the salads supply everything a man physically needs in hot weather. All the civilized races of the world are salad eaters, but Americans eat less than do any other people. It is not a sign of mental decay or moral degeneracy for a man to eat salad; it is gastronomic sense.

Harpers Ferry. Harpers Ferry was named after Robert Harper, an architect and mill builder, born in 1703 in the town of Oxford, England. He came to America in 1735 with his brother Joseph and located in Philadelphia, where for a time he prospered but, falling later, concluded to join the Friends of Loudoun county, Va. En route to his new home he came upon the gap in the Blue Ridge mountains, where he made his home.

Up His Sleeve. At the battle of Omdurman a soldier belonging to a Scotch regiment was nearly killed by a bullet which struck the ground just in front of him while he was firing in a reclining position. On rising to move a few feet forward, something came down his sleeve. It was the bullet. How it got up his sleeve without inflicting damage can only be accounted for by the fact that it must have been spent by the time it struck the ground in front of him and the course of its flight up his sleeve was its last billet.

A DOMESTIC COMEDY.

THE VARIOUS RESULTS OF REARRANGING THE FURNITURE. Mrs. Blank's Mania For Changing the Appearance of the Rooms Brought Trouble to the Male Contingent and Sorrow to Herself.

"Do you change the position of the furniture when you clean a room?" inquired housewife No. 1 of a friend in the course of a heart to heart talk.

"Do I? Why, yes, indeed! I don't feel as if the room is cleaned unless I change the furniture a little bit. Do you?"

"Well, I usually change the ornaments around and so forth, but in the spring and fall I like to change everything in a room—completely alter the whole appearance of it. Then I fancy the things are all new, and they seem to look prettier somehow. But, do you know, my husband doesn't like it at all!"

"Neither does mine! Isn't that singular? Men are so peculiar!"

"Yes, indeed they are!"

"So many housekeepers share the views of these two that a story with a moral will not be out of place."

It was the other night only that Mr. Blank went unsuspectingly up stairs to bed at an unusually early hour, leaving his wife reading in the sitting room. He had a headache and carried a goblet of water in his right hand. Fearlessly advancing into the dark bedroom Mr. Blank suddenly felt both legs violently cut from under him. He clutched wildly at the air and said several things of an exclamatory nature, but there was nothing to save him. He went down.

"Good gracious, Henry!" ejaculated Mrs. Blank, hurrying to the scene of disaster. "What is the matter? Where are you? Why don't you light the gas?"

"Sitting the action to the word," she beheld her husband sprawling across the bed; the glass he had carried had discharged its contents across the pillowshams and shivered on the floor.

Mr. Blank did the talking for the next ten minutes. He said that of all the blankly blank folly of which the mind could conceive this of changing furniture around was the worst. He said it was a pretty thing for a man to walk into his own room and have to fall over things in the dark. He said he wouldn't stand it; the furniture must be replaced where it formerly stood.

"I shan't do anything of the kind," replied Mrs. Blank. "It looks very much nicer where it is. Why don't you feel where you are going when you get into a dark room?"

"Suppose you'd like me to crawl in on all fours?" snarled Mr. Blank. "I couldn't feel where the bed was unless I happened to touch the footboard. I thought I could walk clear over to the bureau. I tell you it's a confounded crank you have on this subject. Some day you'll precipitate a serious accident."

"If any one precipitates, it'll be you, I should think," retorted Mrs. Blank. "And the furniture remained where it was."

It was the next evening that Master Blank undertook to carry a pile of schoolbooks from the dining room to the sitting room. He had a bottle of ink in his hand, and he thought he knew exactly where the center table was. In the course of his peregrinations in search of it, however, he came into violent collision with the glass door of the bookcase, which he broke. There were also ink traces discernible on the carpet when Mrs. Blank came in. This time there was some balm for her feelings. She could spank Master Blank and did it with the best will in the world.

Her own downfall was not long in coming, however, although for a few days only minor inconveniences were met with, such as the abrasion of ankles against chair rockers and slight bruises received by means of sudden contact with unforeseen obstacles. Last evening Mrs. Blank undertook to transfer the cage of her pet parrot from the window where it spends the day to the snug corner where it passes the night. She did not trouble to light the gas, and by some unaccountable mental lapse she had forgotten the precise point at which a tabouret, on which stood a jar of ink, was stationed. She charged into the tabouret with considerable force, was overbalanced by the weight of the cage in her arms and took a header with a resounding crash. The parrot shrieked, and, unable to distinguish friend from foe, inflicted a severe bite on her mistress's finger. Mr. Blank came in hurriedly, picked up his wife and assisted in making an inventory of sundry contusions. Then they lifted the parrot cage, badly bent, and the jardiniere with a piece clipped out of it and the tabouret somewhat scratched, and then Mr. Blank observed quietly:

"I have just one thing to ask you, Mrs. Blank. Was I right?"

"No, you were not!" retorted Mrs. Blank savagely. "Serious accident? What's serious about this, I should like to know? For goodness sake, Henry, don't stand there trying to look like a martyr! If you must have the furniture moved back, I'll move it!" And she did.—Philadelphia Record.

Preoccupation. "Why do you speak so slightly of that eminent scientist?"

"I didn't mean to speak slightly of him," answered the young man with the striped shirt front, "but it does seem peculiar to me that a man who knows just when the next comet will arrive and just how far it is to the moon should be so utterly ignorant when it comes to a question of what it's time for dinner or what train to take to get to the nearest town."—Boston Traveler.

The Change in the Tenderfoot. "This is a remarkably healthy climate, they say," said the easterner.

"You're right, that," said Arizona Al. "For instance, not long ago a tenderfoot with a weak chest and a pale face dropped into the Miners' Delight, called me a liar an' o' course I had to clean up. 'Bout two months after a big sunburnt cowboy stopped me on the street, wiped the earth up with me an' slammed me up in a tree to recuperate. Same fellow. Best climate in the world, pard."—Indianapolis Sun.

THE STIRRUP CUP.

My short and happy day is done; The long and lonely night comes on And at my door the pale horse stands To carry me to unknown lands.

His whimsy shrill, his pining roof, Sound dreadful as a gathering storm, And I must leave this sheltering room, And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life; Good friends, the faithful and the true; My rosy children and my wife, So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view; The night comes on, the lights burn blue, And at my door the pale horse stands To bear me forth to unknown lands.

A NOVEL HOTEL BILL. The Man to Whom It Was Presented Could Not Understand It.

"Talking about bookkeeping, there used to be a man in Yankton whose system of bookkeeping accounts was wonderfully efficient. He kept a hotel, and he could neither read nor write. He did not know how to spell his own name, but he did a thriving business and collected every dollar of his accounts. Once, years ago, when I first came to this country, I went to his hotel and stopped there two weeks," writes Milt Brublen.

"When I left, he presented me with a statement of what I owed him, and it was a curiosity. He had copied it from his ledger. At the top of the sheet there was a rude picture of a soldier on the march and after it three straight marks. Then there was a scene showing a man at table eating. Then appeared a bed with a man in it. Its amount column there was a picture of a doll and after it the two letters 'RS.' After the picture of a man eating there were forty-two marks; after the view of the man in the bed, fourteen marks. I looked at the account, then at the proprietor, and told him it would take me a week to answer that conundrum.

"I was completely stumped, and when that hotel man deciphered the amount for me it was this: The picture of the soldier walking meant march, and the three marks supplied the date, March 3, when I began boarding. The man at the table with forty-two marks after it indicated that I had eaten forty-two meals. The man in bed with fourteen marks showed that I had slept in the house fourteen nights. The doll with the 'RS' after it meant 'dollars,' and in the figure columns appeared the figures 14, which was the amount I owed him. And it was a true bill."—Yankton Press.

A Persian Barber. A Persian barber works in a style very different from that in vogue in this country. A typical shop is a square room, with one side open to the street. In the center is a tiny bed of flowers sunk in the floor, from the middle of which rises an octagonal stone column about three feet high.

The capital of the column forms a receptacle for the water in which the barber dips his hand as he shaves his customer's scalp. In Persia they do not lather. The shop is very clean. In two recesses stand four vases filled with flowers and the implements of the barber's art—scissors, razors, lancets, hand mirrors, large pinchers to extract teeth, branding irons to cauterize the arteries in amputating limbs, strong combs, but not a hairbrush, for that implement is never used by Persians.

From the barber's girdle hang a round copper water bottle, his strop, and a pouch to hold his instruments. In his bosom is a small mirror, the presentation of which to his customers is a sign that the job is finished and that the barber waits for his pay. The barber shaves the heads of his customers, dyes their beards, pulls their teeth, blesters and bleeds them when ailing, sets their broken bones and shampoos their bodies.—Exchange.

Strange Lapse of Memory. Cases of forgetfulness on matters of interest are on record. While Dr. Priestley was preparing his work entitled "Harmony of the Gospels" he had taken great pains to inform himself on a subject which had been under discussion relative to the Jewish Passover. He wrote out the result of his researches and laid the paper away. His attention and time being taken with something else, some little time elapsed before the subject occurred to his mind again. Then the same time and pains were given to the subject that had been given to it before, and the results were again put on paper and laid aside. So completely had he forgotten that he had copied the same paragraphs and reflections before that it was only when he had found the papers on which he had transcribed them that it was recalled to his recollection. This same author had frequently read his own published writings and did not recognize them.

Held by Etiquette. When Dom Pedro, then emperor of Brazil, was entertained at the White House, he had been told by a confused senator that it would be expected that he, the emperor, should be the last of the guests to depart.

The president's wife, however, informed her other guests that they would be expected to follow, not precede, the royal party in leaving the house.

The result was that no one dared to go for fear of a breach of etiquette. But at 3 o'clock in the morning a tired woman precluded illness, and the deadlock was broken.

Great is etiquette, but common sense is sometimes allowable.

A Curious Barometer. A curious barometer is said to be used by the remnant of the Arancian race which inhabits the southernmost province of Chile. It consists of the castoff shell of a crab. The dead shell is white in fair, dry weather, but the approach of a moist atmosphere is indicated by the appearance of small red spots. As the moisture in the air increases the shell becomes entirely red and remains so throughout the rainy season.

Dog and Wolf. There has been some dispute as to the descent of the dog—whether it is an improved progeny of the wolf or a distinct variety. That it is a distinct species is proved by the fact that the dog and the wolf will mate and produce offspring. Nevertheless it is probable that the dog is merely descended from the same original stock with the wolf.