

BANDON RECORDER.

Electric Light Carbons.

One of the new industries that have followed in the train of the electric light is that of carbon making. The first electric lamps used carbon points sawed out of the dense, almost metallic looking carbon deposit that slowly formed on the inside of the clay retorts used in making coal gas. This material was scarce and soon became expensive and, being both exceedingly hard and more brittle than glass, was very difficult to work. It was therefore found necessary to manufacture the carbon points, and making these has now become a considerable industry. New York city alone consumes several hundred thousand of them every week.

They are made of a mixture of petroleum, coke and tar, which is baked for a long time at a high temperature. The coke is ground as fine as possible in especially designed mills and is intimately mixed with the tar in mixing machines. A cake of the resulting carbon dough is placed in a strong steel cylinder, having a hole of the proper diameter at the bottom. A massive steel plunger, worked by hydraulic power, descends upon the mass and forces out the dough in the shape of a rod. This is cut into proper lengths, packed tightly in powdered coke in iron boxes and baked at a red heat for a week or more. The product, when cooled and smoothed on emery wheels, is the carbon rod of the arc lamp.—New York Sun.

How They Eat in the Val d'Aur.

In the morning many eat gauds, a porridge made of Indian corn flour mixed with milk, or a soup made with cream, then curds, or goat's cheese, of a peculiar kind, homemade, called fromage fort, a well deserved name, for I have never seen a woman partake of it.

It is made of dried curds and old goat's cheese, kept in wood ashes for a year, the two grated and mixed together, with salt, pepper, brandy and sometimes garlic. These ingredients being put into an earthen pot, the goat's cheese acts as leaven, and fermentation begins. When it has subsided, the whole presents the appearance of yellowish, strong, and somewhat curdled cream, far from appetizing. In my opinion, which is not, however, that of a great many Burgundians.

White wine is the general beverage at breakfast. For the midday dinner there is often salt pork, cured at home, boiled with different kinds of vegetables—cabbages, potatoes, turnips, beans, carrots or peas—the broth being utilized for soup in the evenings.

As a change, the wives prepare occasionally a ragout de mutton, sometimes a pot au feu for Sunday dinner, and the people thereabout being extremely sociable, they invite each other frequently and do not mind sacrificing ducks, fowls, geese, pigeons or rabbits in honor of their guests.—Blackwood.

His First Business Venture.

An American capitalist who has made a fortune running fat into the millions likes to tell a story of his first business venture and how he saddened the local grocer. At this time he was fond of frequenting a public saleroom near his home where all sorts of bargains were offered:

One day I noticed several boxes of soap of a certain brand which I had often been told to buy at the corner grocery. I thought to myself, "That will go cheap," so I ran to the grocery and received a promise from the man in charge to buy as much of the soap as I could at a certain figure as I could furnish. Of course he never suspected that I could furnish any of it.

I returned to the saleroom, and when the soap was put up I bid it in, and it was knocked down to me. My name was demanded, and when I gave it in a shrill voice everybody laughed, for I was then only eleven years of age.

Amused as they were at the sale, the bystanders were amazed when I bid in the whole lot of twenty-two boxes. I had them carried over to the grocery and received the price agreed upon. The grocer wore a weary look when he heard how I had obtained the soap. He said:

"Well, I guess I could have done that myself."

I replied that I guessed he could, too, but he hadn't.—Youth's Companion.

Man Who Named America.

Few Americans are aware of the fact that the name of their continent is due to a German scholar. In 1507 Martin Waldseemüller, also known as Hylacomylus, of St. Die, in the Vosges, edited a book called "Cosmographie Introductio," in which he gave a translation of Amerigo Vesputi's description of his voyages.

That was just the time when Amerigo's fame filled the world, while Columbus' disgrace overshadowed his merit, and evidently his name had never reached the quiet village in the Vosges when Amerigo trumpeted forth his own glory. So Hylacomylus proposed that, since the new continent was, after all, not a part of the Indies, no name would suit it better than that of his famous explorer, Amerigo.

The book was read far and wide, and so quickly was the proposition accepted that, when later on the true discoverer was known, the name was already rooted too deeply in general use to be abolished, and was even extended to the north part of the continent, while Hylacomylus had only meant it for the present South America.—National Geographic Magazine.

A Use For the Hyphen.

A teacher had just given a lesson on the hyphen, and thinking that his class understood it now, he wrote the word "birds-nest" on the blackboard. "Now, boys, why do we have a hyphen between birds and nest?" asked the teacher.

Several hands went up, and the teacher pointed to a small boy who seemed very anxious to answer. "For the birds to roost on," was the reply.—London Tit-Bits.

Under the mogul emperors extensive systems of roads were constructed in India connecting all leading points in the peninsula.

Polly Larkin

I heard a group of ladies talking on the cars the other day, and the honesty of one of the trio was refreshing. The subject was Graus's Grand Opera season. Two of the ladies were going into ecstasies over the opera from start to finish. They had seen tickets. They praised Gadski's charming voice, Mme. Reuss-Balce, Calve, Emma Eames, etc. They declared Andrea Dippel the grandest tenor they had ever heard. Each member of the Graus Opera Company came in for his or her share of praise, but they went into ecstasies when it came to Sybil Sanderson's beauty and charming voice. One of the ladies, who had an air of prosperity, listened attentively to all the other two had to say and finally, in response to the query, "Aren't you going to attend the opera this year, Mrs. R.—?" said, "Oh, I suppose I'll have to. My husband says Mrs. So-and-so and everybody else that knows anything are going, and he thinks it is my duty to go. If I do attend, however, it will only be to please him, and not because I shall enjoy it a minute. He wants me to get a new evening costume and an opera cape that I suppose I shall never have on again. I don't go any place to wear such fo-fo-fo. I tell him to leave that for the younger folks to enjoy, but he's so set. He says people never get old who keep their hearts young. He would like to see me—think of it, an old woman who will never see forty-eight again—dress and act as frisky as an eighteen-year-old girl. He says it is improving to go to the grand opera. Maybe it is, only I never stay awake long enough to be improved. I don't know what it is makes me so drowsy when I go to a grand opera, for I never always go to sleep while I am looking through my opera glasses, and I'm glad when it is over. But I can sit through a whole evening at the Orpheum and never lose a joke or a thing that is going on, and I'm sorry when the performance is over. But John always was queer.

"When there is no grand opera here John wants to go to the Tivoli, where he can hear the music. He's clean daft when it comes to music, and thinks everybody else ought to like music, too. If I can't go to the Orpheum once a week I feel like I have lost something. They give you something to laugh at, an laughing keeps you young, I tell John. I would much rather, if I can't go to the Orpheum, put on a pair of fleece-lined easy slippers and an old wrapper and sit down at the fire with some apples and one of Mrs. Holmes' novels. I've read 'Lena Rivers' at least five times. I've got it almost by heart, still I want to read it again. Guess I'll be dreaming about 'Lena Rivers' all the time I'm at the opera." She rattled on, and the other two, who had been going into ecstasies over the grand opera, looked shocked, and by the time she finished giving her views on the opera they appeared disgusted, but the old lady didn't seem to care a little bit what their opinion was, she had given her own honest convictions in regard to the opera. She didn't like it and she was not going to make it appear that she did.

The Ladies' Improvement Club of Petaluma, who organized several years ago to try and convert the plazas of that prosperous town into beautiful parks that had hitherto been sadly neglected, succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. The beauty of the parks or plazas are commented upon by every visitor. With the aid of the city trustees they have, by giving entertainments, etc., obtained the funds to make the Hill plaza and Walnut park, as they are termed, spots of living green, dotted with palms and other trees, shrubs and flowers. They took a new departure for Thanksgiving to increase their funds, the management of the Argus, one of the local papers, turning it over to them for that day, the ladies doing all the writing, the soliciting for advertisements and subscriptions for the Thanksgiving edition. The paper was well illustrated, containing cuts of the plazas and prominent citizens, etc. They met with encouragement on every side and they worked like Trojans to make it a success. With the funds netted by their newspaper venture they will erect a fountain on the Hill plaza, and to carry on the improvements Walnut park was presented with a very pretty fountain in the shape of a grotto by the president, Mrs. H. H. Atwater.

The next step of the Ladies' Improvement Club will be their effort to beautify the town by planting shade trees on every street in the city. This will be hailed with delight, for the many beautiful shade trees that once graced the streets of Petaluma have been cut down one by one until there are now but few remaining. They realize that nothing adds to a town more than plenty of shade trees. The ladies are untiring in their work and constantly springing some new scheme to get the money to carry on the improvements.

They set the pace and the story of their good work has gone out both at home and abroad and they are constantly receiving requests from towns in California as well as all over the United States for instructions and by-laws as to the manner of going about the work of beautifying the town. In their own county Headsburg followed first, then Sonoma. Napa, a neighboring city, was also heard from. All report good work, and have met with encouragement from the citizens.

The ladies of the Sonoma Improvement Club are to give a doll fete to raise funds to beautify their plaza, which has, like the public plazas of many towns, been sadly neglected. Of all others this plaza should be kept up, for it is on historical ground. Here the old Bear flag was raised in the early days. Sonoma is known to many as the valley of the moon, and it is the most historical of all the towns in the northern part of this State. Many of the old adobe buildings still remain in this quaint little town, set down like a gem in the surrounding hills. Sonoma lost its most interesting citizen, who was well versed in the historical reminiscences of auld lang syne, when the general Vallejo passed by his reward. He was an aristocratic and polished gentleman, and when his possessions came the whole country mourned.

Excellent Chilean Railways. For its railways Chile purchases only the best and most expensive rolling stock, says the Bulletin of the South American Republics. The locomotives have the best crucible steel boilers, with copper fittings, such as would be considered too expensive for general use in the United States. The car wheels are of cast iron, with steel tires. The passenger cars are the best that can be made and are handsomely finished in mahogany. The reason for this fact is explained by J. Sotomayer, representative of the Chilean Government in Europe, with the headquarters in Brussels, when he states that Chile is so far distant from manufacturing countries and freight charges are so excessive that only those equipments which will endure the greatest amount of wear and tear are the most economical for use in that country.

Native Japanese Copper Mines. The total number of persons employed in various services at the Ashio mines and furnaces is about 10,000, and these with their families make up a small city of 17,000. Of these, 75 per cent have been born on the spot, as were their fathers and grandfathers, and some of them have never seen beyond the red hills which close in the village and the mines. They are cared for by the proprietor, fed, and sent to school until 12 years of age. The village has a well-equipped hospital, at which the operatives and their families are tended without charge. Only men are employed below ground to dig the ore, working in shifts of eight hours each, while those employed at lighter labor work shifts of twelve hours. Women are employed at the light tasks, such as sorting and washing ore by hand, most of them being the wives of the miners. The average pay per day for those engaged in manual labor is 13 cents in silver money and a stated quantity of rice and fuel, while the miners are paid by the quantity of ore extracted. The furnace and shaft men receive from 11 to 30 cents per day, and the women are paid 7 cents.

Fur Animals Getting Scarce. The sales of Hudson's Bay Company's furs have realized at this year's sales in London only \$1,150,000, or nearly \$400,000 less than in 1900, on account of low prices and decreased quantity—silver fox having fallen 60 per cent, blue foxes 53, red foxes 40, cross and white foxes 35, and so on. The company's furs are all exported from Victoria, Vancouver, Hudson's bay, Winnipeg—the principal distributing and collecting center—and Montreal to London.

The production of butter in Siberia has increased during the past few years to a very marked degree. In the vicinity of Bannal, for instance, there are at present 300 creameries, against two in 1896. The demand for milk vessels has consequently assumed large proportions. A factory for the production of these articles has lately been established at Kurgan, but, as it cannot even approximately supply the demand, the greater part has to be procured from Moscow.

What is probably the biggest tree in the world has been discovered to belong to the cypress family, and was found in Mexico. Its circumference six feet from the ground is 154 feet and two inches, and to see the top of it one must stand many yards away. It is near the famous ruins of Mitla, in the State of Oaxaca. It is called the "big tree of Yule," and its age is variously estimated at from 500 to 1000 years.

All modern writers on the art and science of war declare that no civilized nation should employ barbarian troops in warfare. This prohibition has, however, been frequently violated—by the English in India and in Africa; by the Russians in Asia Minor; by the French in Algeria; and by the Turkish Government when it turned loose the Bashibazouks, a ferocious soldiery, on the defenseless inhabitants of Bulgaria.

Japan's progress may be measured by the development of her mercantile marine. In 1872 she had ninety-six merchant ships, with an aggregate tonnage of 25,000. Last year the fleet was numbered at 346 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 528,000.

The very large yields of wine in recent years in French vineyards are attributed largely to the importation of vigorous American vines to replace those killed by phylloxera. The quality, however, is said to be inferior to that of the wine made from the old vines.

What scientists consider the safest cure for snake bites is a saturated solution of permanganate of potash soaked freely into the wound.

The one redeeming feature about air castles is that you don't have to pay rent on them.

The ladies of the Sonoma Improve-

DAUGHTER'S FISHES.

THEY ARE NOT ALL CONFINED TO THE SEAS THAT ARE SALTY.

The Alligator Gar is One Fresh Water Species That is Feared in the South—A Mysterious Monster That Inhabits a Michigan Lake.

So far as any danger from the game is concerned, fresh water fishing has always been looked upon as about as safe as any sport in the world, and the fresh water fish has gone on record as harmless and non-resistant. But there are instances now and then when the fish turns the tables. The inhabitants of Oscoda county, Mich., who live in the neighborhood of Lake George, an inland water about three miles long, are almost superstitiously afraid of a certain fish that inhabits that lake. No one knows what sort of fish it is, and opinion locally is divided as to whether it is a giant muskellunge or a sturgeon.

Speaking parties had low and then reported seeing a very large fish without being able to strike it, but no one gave credence to the tales until one night several years ago, when a party of sportsmen from Chicago went on the lake spearing in charge of an old resident named Armstrong.

Armstrong was the only one that returned to tell the story. He said the party was spearing in shallow water when they saw an enormous fish that resembled an overgrown pickerel. Two of the Chicago men were standing in the bow, and at first supposed the fish to be a log. Then one saw his mistake and struck with all his might. The fish gave a dart that made the boat jump as though a steam engine were pulling it. If the man had let go of the spear, all would have been well, but he hung on, and the fish gave a mighty flop to right angles with the boat. The man still held to the spear, with the result that the boat capsized, and the men found themselves standing in mud and water up to their waists.

The light went out when the boat upset, and the night being dark and cloudy, not one of the party had any idea of the direction to be pursued in reaching shore. The shallow water occupies a large part of the lake, and they could wander in any direction without being able to tell whether or not they were nearing shore. Armstrong said afterward that nothing could equal the awfulness of the experience that followed. They made their way in one direction after another and wandered round and round, going half way to their knees in mud at every step.

To make matters worse a cold, steady, drizzling rain began to fall. They were soon numb to the marrow. Then one of the sportsmen dropped without a word, and no one went to his help. Little by little the three that remained were separated. Armstrong says he himself became unconscious after a time and remembers nothing that happened until he was roused by feeling solid ground beneath his feet and finding that the water was more shallow than it had been. He kept on and fell upon the shore. Then on hands and knees he crawled to camp and gave the alarm. Search was at once made for his companions, and their bodies were recovered. Since that time the big fish with a scar on his back has twice or thrice been seen by spearing parties, but they have passed by.

There is one species of fish in the south that is feared only little less than its salt water contemporary the shark. This is the alligator gar. It grows to enormous size and has a bill hard and bony and much broader than the bill of the common gar of northern waters. One who goes out upon the lakes of Louisiana and Arkansas will see them jumping and splashing like enormous trout. Their usual food consists of fish, and they not only make endless trouble for those who go fishing with minnows, but have been known to round up and tear to pieces bass which the sportsman has hooked. Bathing in the lakes is considered dangerous.

A negro was sitting in the stern of a boat on a lake near Helena, Ark., letting his feet hang over the stern, when a gar grabbed him by one leg. The man hung to the boat until rescued, but his leg was horribly gashed. The fish have been known to attack in like manner negroes who went swimming in the Mississippi below New Orleans. One spring the writer was visiting a rice plantation on the "lower coast" of the Mississippi when an old negro came walking to the house and said he five-year-old boy was dead. He had been playing at the edge of a bayou and was lying on the bank extending his arms into the water when a gar came with a rush and, grabbing the youngster by the arm, pulled him into the water. A young negro with a shotgun was standing near watching for ricebirds. He ran to the bank. The fish found it had undertaken a bigger task than could well manage, and a wild struggle was in progress between the gar and the dying child. The negro shot the fish, but the child died before it could be taken from the water.—New York Times.

The Right of Defense. In the course of a trial an English judge is reported to have said: "The laws of God and man both give the party an opportunity to make his defense. If he has any. I remember to have heard it observed by a very learned man upon such an occasion that even God himself did not pass sentence upon Adam before he was called upon to make his defense. 'Adam,' says God, 'where art thou? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?' And the same question was put to Eve also."

Work For It. Nothing that is of real worth can be achieved without courageous working. Man owes his growth chiefly to that active striving of the will that encounter with difficulty, which we call effort; and it is astonishing to find how often results apparently impracticable are thus made possible.

A small iron pot holding about a quart, which is still preserved, was cast at the Lynn foundry in 1645. It was the first iron article made from native ore in America.

ONE MAN'S LUCK.

Steered into a Junior Partnership by a Chance Gust of Wind.

"Speaking of taking in partners," said a downtown business man, "our junior was, you might say, blown in on us, and I saw him started in our direction, though I had no idea of it at the time.

"Going down town one summer morning on a Ninth avenue elevated train I saw sitting opposite to me a young man who caught my fancy, a substantial, earnest, straightforward looking chap, whose looks I liked first rate. He was reading a paper, and presently he tore off from his paper an advertisement leaf that he didn't want and threw it out of a window or tried to, for as a matter of fact it didn't go out. A gust of wind with just the right twist to it came along at just that moment and blew the paper back, to fall on a vacant seat next to him.

"And as it fell something in it caught his eye, and he picked up that part which he had just been trying to throw away and began earnestly to read it and ended up by folding it carefully and putting it in his pocket.

"About four minutes after I'd got in here that morning this same young man walks in and applies for a place that we had been waiting for somebody to fill. Our advertisement for a man for it was in that paper which I had seen this young man try to throw away, and which a gust of wind, by one chance in a million or more, had blown back upon him and in such a manner as to fix his attention.

"As a matter of fact I hadn't liked the young man's act of throwing the paper out of an elevated car window, and I had been waiting for a man that would do no end of trouble and lots of damage, but no one man thinks about everything, and he'd learn better about this, I knew, and so as a matter of fact I took this young man on the spot on my first impressions of him. He far more than made good and in due course of time he came into his junior partnership, literally and truly blown into it.

"Sort of queer, eh?"—New York Sun.

A CORDIAL RECEPTION.

The Book Agent Got One That Wasn't Intended For Him. There is a farmer living just north of Evanston and a book agent somewhere in the cosmopolitan desert of Chicago each of whom feels that he is a victim of a cruel circumstance.

Last week the farmer had a note from a nephew to say that the boy would visit the farm on Thursday. Uncle and nephew had not met for fifteen years, and the old man drove to the station in his most uncomfortable coat that he might welcome his sister's child. But the young man failed to arrive. After waiting till the last passenger had disappeared the old man drove away, disappointed.

The book agent entered into the dramatic personae early the next morning. Looking over the top rail of the barnyard gate, he called, "Hello, uncle!"

The book agent never got such a reception before in all his life. The farmer flung the gate wide open, seized the agent's hand and pressed a whiskered kiss on the ironclad cheek.

"Say, this must be heaven," murmured the agent, following the farmer into the house and explaining that everybody at home was as well as could be expected. Not till the agent was full of a boiled dinner and attempted to sell a book did the farmer begin to see a dim light. Charged with impersonating the missing nephew, the agent explained that he greeted all elderly strangers as "uncle," that he even had a few moments' real ones in South Clark street in Chicago.

When last seen by the farmer, the agent was still running, and when the red nephew does come he may find an electric chair in the latcher.—Chicago Tribune.

The Best Man.

For the origin of "the best man at a wedding" we must go back many centuries, to days when it was the amiable practice of the budding bridegroom to dispose of the consent either of the lady or her father. He simply waited for a suitable opportunity to capture her and make a bolt with his bride. In this enterprise he found it helpful to have the services of a friend who would assist him in the capture and keep the pursuers at bay until he had got a sufficiently long start. This friend was the prototype of the "best man" of our own unromantic day, when his duties are limited to seeing that the bridegroom doesn't leave the ring behind him or leave the church without taking his hat with him. How times do change!

How the People of Sangre Keep Time.

The people of Sangre, an island of the Malay archipelago, keep time by the aid of an hourglass formed by arranging two bottles neck to neck. The sand runs out in half an hour, when the bottles are reversed. Close by the line is stretched, on which hang twelve storks marked with notches from one to twelve, with a hooked stick, which is placed between the hour last struck and the next one. One of these glasses keeps the time for each village, for which purpose the hours are sounded on a gong by a keeper.

Mostly Fortissimo.

Hunt—It seems strange to me to hear you criticize your wife's reflections as harangues, in view of the fact that in the earlier days of your married life you spoke of your wife's voice as the very soul of music.

Blunt—That's all right, too, but you see she's drifted from the Italian to the Wagnerian school.—Richmond Dispatch.

The Only One Eligible.

Papa—So, Bobby, you're the president of your bicycle club. That's very nice. How did they happen to choose you?

Bobby—Well, you see, papa, I'm the only boy that's got a bicycle.—Tit-Bits.

MEMORY'S PRANKS.

Why Do We Remember Certain Things and Forget Others?

The vagaries of memory are some of the most interesting of those connected with the human mind and body. Why do we forget certain things and remember others? Myriads of these irregularities are as yet unaccounted for. Perhaps not even the cleverest metaphysician will ever account for them.

Professor James reminds us how something which we have tried in vain to recall will afterward, when we have given up the attempt, "saunter into the mind," as Emerson says, as innocently as if it had never been summoned.

Again, bygone experiences will revive after years of oblivion, often as the result of some cerebral disease or accident.

Such a case is the one quoted by Coleridge of a young woman in Germany who could neither read nor write, but who was said to be possessed of a devil because, in a fever, she was heard raving in Latin, Greek and in an obscure rabbinical dialect of Hebrew. Whole pages of her talk were written down and were found to consist of sentences intelligible in themselves, but not having the slightest connection with one another. To say that she was possessed of a devil was the easiest way of accounting for the matter.

At last the mystery was cleared up by a physician, who traced back the girl's history until he learned that at the age of nine she was taken to a raving in Latin, Greek and in an obscure rabbinical dialect of Hebrew. He had been for years the old man's custom to walk up and down a passage near the kitchen and read to himself in a loud voice.

His books were examined, and among them many of the passages taken down at the young woman's bedside were identified. The theory of demoniacal possession was abandoned.—Youth's Companion.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Mix stove blacking with a little ammonia to prevent its burning off. A teakettle should never be allowed to stand on the side of the fire with a small quantity of water in it. A rose potpourri is made by packing fresh rose petals in salt, a layer of the petals, then a layer of salt, and keeping them covered for six months.

A convenient substitute for a cork-screw when the latter is not at hand may be found in the use of a common screw with an attached string to pull the cork.

For ink stains on furniture add six drops of nitric acid to a teaspoonful of water and apply it to the stain with a feather. If the stain does not yield to the first application, make it stronger and repeat the process.

Stains on silverware require prompt attention, otherwise it will take a long time to remove them. Sulphuric acid will remove the stain left by medicine. Dip the spoon in the acid, repeating the process until the stain has disappeared; then wash in very hot water.

Distilling Tea.

Few housekeepers remember, as they should, that when it is necessary to dilute strong tea it should be done with water at the boiling point. The poor flavor of tea, made strong at first and then reduced, such as is too often served at receptions and "at homes," is usually caused by the addition of hot, not boiling, water to the first infusion. A lesson in this matter may be had from the Russians, who serve the most delicious tea in the world, and who prepare it first very strong, making it almost an essence of tea. This is diluted to the strength wished, with water kept boiling in the samovar. This water is not allowed to boil and reboil, but is renewed as needed. Freshly boiled water is insisted upon by all connoisseurs in teakmaking.

Ceilings and Ventilation.

Rooms with low ceilings or with ceilings even with the window tops are susceptible of more perfect ventilation than those with high ceilings. In such rooms the leakage at the windows, which is constantly going on, keeps the air in motion throughout the room, whereas if the ceiling is higher only the lower part of the air is moved, and an inverted lake of foul and hot air is left floating in the space above the window tops. This lake, under the law of diffusion of gases, keeps actively at work, fouling the fresh currents circulating beneath it.

Longevity of Irish Peasants.

It is curious to notice the great number of centenarians whose deaths are recorded in the official returns of Irish rural districts. As an instance of the longevity of the Irish peasant it may be pointed out that the death of persons upward of sixty years of age registered in Connaught last year amounted to over 50 per cent of the entire deaths of the province.

He Knew Wall Street.

Upon Downes—There's a man over there who owes all his wealth to his deep knowledge of the ways of Wall Street.

Winnam Luce—Went in and won his pile, eh?

Upon Downes—No; stayed out and kept what he had.—New York Times.

Pineapples come into bearing in Hawaii when the plants are four months old and bear in abundance for years. Lettuce can be planted at any time, and it develops quickly. The same is true of celery.

The fellow who never has anything of importance to say always manages to say it.—Philadelphia Record.

Pacing a Natural Gait.

The pacing habit is common among animals, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine. Many animals pace—cattle, for instance; and, among dogs, setters. I believe pacing to be a rather more natural gait than trotting. Trotting, as it exists in our fast horses, is scarcely a natural gait, but is rather the result of breeding and education.

Coffee merchants figure out a world's supply of coffee this year of 24,000,000 bags, with a demand for only 15,000,000 bags, and they do not know what to do.

AN OVERWORKED PHRASE.

The Expression "He Took His Life in His Hands."

"The expression 'he took his life in his hands' always struck me as being very foolish," said a bright young gentleman, "and I have often wondered why so many persons persist in using it when they want to speak of extraordinary dangers. Now, extraordinary danger is one thing and the simple commonplace thing of taking one's own life in one's hands is an entirely different thing.

"I work in a big building. There are a steam engine and a mammoth boiler in the basement. Whenever I enter that building, if they are running the engine in the basement, I take my life in my hands. I get on the elevator on the fifth floor; I take my life in my hands. I go out of town; the car may tumble over a trestle somewhere. I walk along the street; a sign may fall on me. I make my way across the street; a street car or a vehicle of some sort may not run me down? I cross the river; may I not suddenly find myself in the swirling stream and sinking for the last time? If I walk along the street, may not a brick or a loosened cornice come crashing down upon me? There are a row and a shot or two on the corner; may not a stray bullet wing me? And so on.

"Pessimism? No. Logic. That's all. It just shows the difference between taking one's own life in one's hands and the matter of confronting extraordinary danger. These risks are ordinary, plain, old, everyday risks. The fireman who dashes into a burning building to rescue a child, the fellow who grabs the bridle of a runaway horse, the hero who will plunge into the river to save some person who is about to drown—these are the persons who confront what I would call extraordinary dangers, and the worn platitude of saying of one of these 'he took his life in his hands' would not fit the case because there would be in the act an element of heroism which would place it much above the commonplace."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HOYT'S JOKE ON M'KEE. How the Playwright Had a Bit of Fun With His Manager.

On one occasion Manager McKee was watching a performance from a box, where he was seated with some friends.

During the first act an usher came to him with the information that a gentleman was waiting at the door to see him on most important business.

"Tell him I can't come out—I'm very busy," was the answer.

The usher returned in a moment to say that the man insisted on seeing Mr. McKee, who again sent out word that it was impossible to see him.

The man outside then sent in the message that he was an author and had a play that he wished McKee to read immediately.

This pleased the manager, who said to the usher:

"Tell that fool out there that this is no time to bring a play to be read. Get him out of the place—I won't see him. I won't read his play."

A few minutes later the usher came back and informed McKee that the man utterly refused to go without seeing him, and that he must be granted an interview, also that he was quite sure that the manager would not only read his play, but he would also produce it, and added that he would be \$1,000 that Hoyt & McKee would be only too glad to get the play.

At that McKee became furiously angry, and, excusing himself to his party, left the box with the intention of personally inviting the persistent author to begone.

"Where's that idiot who insists on seeing me?" he asked of the treasurer at the box office. Then the treasurer pointed to a man standing in the shadow with a roll of manuscript under his arm.

It was Hoyt, with his newly finished play, which he handed to McKee, who said to the present:

"It's on me—what'll you have, boys?"—New York Clipper.

Odors That Permeate Foodstuffs.

A fish dealer in one of the most stylish parts of New York was deeply hurt and badly worried one day by the complaint of one of his big customers that a fine salmon which he had sent to the house for a big dinner had proved to be entirely uneatable when served owing to a most penetrating taste of creosote that pervaded it. The fish dealer realized, although the charge was not made directly,