

BANDON RECORDER.

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES

One of the Ancient Seven Wonders of the World.

The ancients succeeded in making that alloy of copper which is known as bronze. Among the seven wonders of the world was the famous statue, wholly made of bronze, historically known as the Colossus of Rhodes.

Pliny said that few men could clasp their thumbs. It was cast on metal plates, afterward joined together, and this process occupied twelve years.

After it had stood for sixty-four years this colossus was overthrown by an earthquake, and its remains lay on the shore for 923 years—that is, until A. D. 672—when they were sold by the Saracens to a Hebrew dealer.

Skipped the Hard Words. "While I was in practice," said Judge Gates of Kansas City, "I was before the supreme court on one occasion.

"The judges did not smile, although there was a decided twinkle in their eyes as they glanced at each other. The man read a few lines and then said: 'There is reference here, your honors, to a footnote by Lord Granville. I would have your honors pay particular attention to this note because it is by Lord Granville.'

"The judges waited expectantly. The lawyer held the book in front of him, glanced at it two or three times and then coughed as many times in rather an embarrassed manner. 'Everybody waited for several seconds. Finally he said: 'Your honors, I see on closer inspection that this footnote is in Latin, so I reckon I'd better skip that.'"

Her Chef From Paris. "An American woman," says the Boston Journal, "who lived in Paris was famous for her cook. Her dinners were popular and celebrated, and the conversation was largely a tribute to the chef. The day came when she should return to the United States. Could the cook be persuaded to go with her? 'What? Leave Paris? Never!' But she offered him a salary that was incredibly, preposterously high, and he went with her.

"She had hardly settled her house when she gave a dinner party that she hoped would be sensational. Not one dish was fit to be eaten. The hostess, almost hysterical, after the gloomy meal was over, rushed to the kitchen to find out whether the cook's art was a matter of Parisian atmosphere, and then, and only then, she discovered that her famous chef had never cooked a dinner for her in Paris; that he had got it all from a world famous boulevard restaurant."

A Circular Rainbow. A member of a party who made an ascent of Finsterhorn some years ago thus described a novel sight which delighted the tired climbers: The day we mounted the Finsterhorn we were treated to the rare sight of a circular rainbow, the phenomenon lasting nearly half an hour and forming a complete circle. There were heavy clouds lying some 4,000 feet below on the Aar glacier, and it was on these that the beautiful, brilliantly colored ring lay. A second circle was also visible. We were near the summit of the peak when the first of the party observed it, and from that point the face of the mountain on the Grimsel side is almost perpendicular, giving us a splendid view.

III. Glad Statues. We sympathize with the tailors of Berlin. They may well be indignant at the way sculptors liberally tailor. If they have a Bismarck clothed in bad fitting garments, we, too, have a John Bright and a W. E. Forster portrayed in garments that would bring the blush to any tailor's cheek. Sculptors delight in folds and looseness, and what care they for the coat buttons on the left side or the pocket flaps on one side are half as large again as on the other. Buttons and seams are often beneath their notice, and so they perpetuate monstrosities such as no man would or could wear, let alone any tailor make.—London Tailor and Cutter.

For Their Own Calves. A couple of young men were out fishing one day and on returning were going past a farmhouse and felt hungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughters, "Girls, have you any butter milk?" The reply was gently wafted back to their ears, "Yes, but we keep it for our own calves."

The boys calculated that they had business away, and they went.—Country Gentleman.

An Informal Introduction. When Mark Twain lived in Buffalo, he made the acquaintance of some neighbors under peculiar circumstances. Emerging from his house one morning, he saw something which made him run across the street and remark to the people who were gathered on the veranda: "My name is Clemens. My wife and I have been intending to call on you and make your acquaintance. We owe you an apology for not doing it before now. I beg your pardon for intruding on you in this informal manner and at this time of day, but your house is on fire!"

Polly Larkin

"I've got to do something, Polly, so what would you advise me to do?"

This question was asked by a little lady who had had all the luxuries and comforts that fond parents who were able to gratify her slightest whim had lavishly surrounded her young life from her babyhood up to her seventeenth year, and then they woke to the fact that their fortune had taken wings.

Unsuccessful speculations followed by a destructive fire had left them penniless. The blow was too much for her father and he died shortly after with brain fever and the mother soon followed him. The daughter was left alone to battle with the world. She had had every advantage, but she had not availed herself of the opportunities to become thorough in any one thing. She was musical and had studied under the best teachers, but instead of becoming proficient in the art, she had been satisfied to let her music drop. It was of no use to her, for she could only dash off a few ditties of the day or accompany a friend in some of the catchy airs of the times.

Bitterly she regretted the opportunities she had thrown away in that direction. She wondered why she had not made the most of her opportunities when she could have had them for the asking, and had not studied literature, for which she had a taste. But no; she had led a butterfly existence, and she had crowded much joy and happiness into her short life. Her parents had never dreamed that she would ever know what want was. They had plenty and to spare and she was an only child. They did not dream that they were doing her an injustice by showering all the joy and happiness on her young life and making her dependent on them. She was not taught one thing that would aid a poor girl to make a living. She was surrounded with luxuries. What else could she ask to make her happy?"

"What would I advise?" That was a question hard to answer. "I can't teach music, you know. I can't sew, for I never did even my own mending; I hardly know how to hold the needle. I couldn't cook. If I tried that everything who partook of the things I prepared would die a sudden death from dyspepsia," she said, with a suspicion of a sob in her voice. "Help me out, Polly, for I am desperate. The friends I used to entertain in our more prosperous days do not seem to be very anxious to keep up the acquaintance now." Here she broke down and cried. She could stand poverty and everything else but the giving up of her friends. Poor little girl, she did not stop to think that such friends as she had shown themselves to be were not worth a single tear. "Do tell me something to do, Polly. I don't care how hard it is, for then I won't have time to think and can forget the past."

I was turning over and over in my mind what this little lady, who had been reared in the lap of luxury could do. It was a puzzle, and yet she was so willing. After selling all the household effects except a few articles which she reserved for herself, she had two or three hundred dollars. She must not make a mistake in investing this, and it required careful consideration before determining on anything. It must not be done hastily. After thinking over the matter and conferring with a few friends whom she had known in her palmy days and who had remained true to her when adversity frowned upon her, it was decided that she should rent a ready-furnished house in some favored location and keep boarders. The house was beautifully furnished, and she managed to secure the old Chinese cook who had been employed by her father for years, and who seemed delighted that he had been chosen to preside over the culinary department of the young lady. It seemed in a measure like coming home. Some of the old-time friends came to room and board with her and they influenced others to come. Before many months rolled round she had to move into larger quarters, and now she is laying a snug little sum by every month. The girl who had been brought up to lead a butterfly existence has, to the surprise of her friends, developed into a shrewd and prosperous business woman. She is a strong advocate of the subject of teaching girls something that is practical, so that if they are ever thrown on their own resources they won't be left in the agony of suspense and anxiety she was.

Another little lady who was left to battle with the world alone after having been led to believe that she would always be blessed with an abundance of this world's goods and would never meet with the disagreeable side of life, when misfortune did come faced the music bravely. She had always been a born entertainer and understood the art perfectly; furthermore, she was very original in her ideas and had charmed her friends often in the past by her unique and novel ways of entertaining them. She had the art of taking the plainest room and converting it into a poem of beauty by the magic of her fingers and the exquisite combination of colors and floral effects. She went among her old-time friends, told them she must rely on her own efforts in the future, and would like to take orders for decorating their homes for any little social function they might give. She provided and painted the menu cards herself, attended to buying the flowers, and took the entire management of the rooms. People who had envied her in days gone by were overjoyed to think that at last they could give a social

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Wood Eating Mules. Mr. S. A. Harris, a grocer of Charlotte, lost a mule and the better part of a delivery wagon recently. The wagon body was made of poplar. The mule was made of just simply ordinary everyday mule. Tuesday night the mule got out of the stable and set about a task of cutting up the delivery wagon. He ate the framework down to the floor and might have finished the floor if he hadn't stopped long enough to die.

Mr. Cam King, one of the original Two Orphans, was at the old court-house when he overheard Squire Maxwell telling a reporter about the death of Sam Harris' mule. "I believe every word of it," spoke up King, "and I will tell you why. Mules will eat wood when they are wanting forage and can't get it (meaning no reflection on Sam). At Staunton, Va., during the war I was in charge of the commissary wagons. We had plenty of corn for our mules, but for days they had had no forage whatever. Well, one night my mules ate out five spokes from a wagon wheel to which they had been tied. That morning I got a load of chestnut rails to feed my mules on, and they ate every one of them. Not a mule died. What caused the death of Mr. Harris' mule I can't say, but I do know that my army mules were great wood eaters."—Charlotte Observer.

Teeth and Naval Service. One of the most recent modifications of British naval rules governs the medical examinations of candidates for enlistment. The restrictions are made less severe, especially as regards the condition of their teeth. The reason for this is easily explained, since in these days of steam and comparatively short cruises in sea work the crews are not so often compelled to subsist upon (to give it its proper name) "salt junk" and "hard tack" as in the days of the ships of a couple of generations ago. Therefore the question of absolutely sound teeth and all of the teeth is not of so much importance now that soft bread, fresh meat or canned meat and vegetables form the major portion of the food at sea. Provided that a man has a sufficient number of teeth and of fair quality in his head for the proper mastication of ordinary food, if he is suitable in other respects, he will not be rejected.

Montana Sapphires. In four places in Montana sapphires of high grade are found. These are at Rock creek, in Missoula county, where stones of many tints, some of them exceptionally beautiful, are found in quantity; on the Missouri river between Canyon Ferry and American Bar, where sapphires of bluish green, blue and white are taken out in large quantities; on Cottonwood creek, in Deer Lodge county, where the stones are similar in variety to those on Rock creek, and at Yogo, in Fergus county, seventy-five miles northeast of Helena, near Utica, where the stones are exceptionally beautiful, being of the bright blue, and, while not as dark as the Ceylon stones, they have a richness and brilliancy not equaled by the oriental stones. The Yogo sapphires are found in a well defined cutting near the limestone for several miles.—Popular Science News.

Tokyo Factory Workers. In Tokyo the mill owners have begun to provide some education for the workers, and after work they are taught reading, writing and sewing. A physician is attached to each factory, but the sick rate is extremely low. In one mill, for instance, where 1,700 girls are employed there is a daily average of not more than four cases of sickness. The operatives are usually engaged through agents who guarantee the girls' trustworthiness and capability. For this service each girl pays the agent a sum of about 15 cents on going to work and 2 cents a month during her three years' term of employment. There are in Tokyo mills a number of employees who have been in the same mills over twenty years.

The Song of the Orange. This bit of old time southern rhetoric about the orange is found in the Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union: "The oranges are moving, and the good times must come again. Let others take their lead from the gloomy depths of the earth. Florida gaiters here under God's own heaven and finds it colored by the royal sun himself, flavored by the dew and blessed by the stars. Watch the stands at the fair and see if oranges were ever fairer or sweeter. Lift your faces as the freight cars pass and then wonder whether ambrosia ever gave such promise of the gladness of heaven as those long trains leave on the perfume laden air."

Silk From Spiders. The silkworm is in a bad way. Some years ago it had the monopoly of supplying us with silk. Then the wily inventor found a way of extracting silk from wood, though of course the silkworm does this, only in an indirect way. Now it is threatened by a species of spider which has been found in Madagascar. The spiders spin away merrily and have no objection to their produce being stolen from them. In fact, the process is said to give them an appetite. If these insects are not mere freaks of nature, the silkworm may soon have to shut up shop.

Teaching and Insanity. Professor Zimmer of Berlin said in a report of investigations he made in Austria, Switzerland, Russia and Germany that in every eighty-five woman insane patients one was a schoolteacher. According to a report recently made at the insane asylum in Elgin, Ill., one patient in every sixty was a teacher.

Not a Roving Dromedary. "What would you do if you had a billion dollars?" "Oh," answered the languid man, "I don't see why I should expect to prove any exception to the rule. I would probably go to one of the usual extremes and either buy yachts or else walk to save car fare."—Washington Star.

Couldn't Use Him. Cholly—So you think I am too slow for any use? She—Yes. You don't even make the other young men jealous.—Smart Set.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Miscellaneous and Imitations Incident Upon His Start in Life. Anthony Trollope's start in life was unpromising. As he knew no languages, ancient or modern, he became classical usher at a school in Brussels, with the promise of a commission in the Austrian army. Then he was suddenly transferred to a clerkship in the London postoffice. He was disqualified for the new position by general ignorance and special incapacity for the simplest arithmetic. A vague threat that he must pass an examination was forgotten before it was put into execution, and Trollope characteristically takes occasion to denounce the system of competitive examination by which he would have been excluded. Meanwhile he was turned loose in London and attempted to live like a gentleman on £30 a year. The results are indicated by a couple of anecdotes.

A money lender once advanced him £1, for which, first and last, he paid £20. This person, he says, became so much attached to him as to pay a daily visit to his office and exhort him to be punctual. "These visits were very terrible and can hardly have been of service to me in the office." This mild remark applies also to the visits from the mother of a young woman in the country who had fallen in love with him and to whom he "lacked the pluck to give a decided negative." The mother used to appear with a basket on her arm and an immense bonnet upon her head and inquire in a loud voice before all his companions, "Anthony Trollope, when are you going to marry my daughter?"

No wonder that he was miserable. He was hopelessly in debt and often unable to pay for a dinner. He hated his work, he says, and he hated his idleness; he quarreled with his superiors, who thought him hopelessly incapable and felt that he was sinking "to the lowest pits." At last he heard of a place in the Irish postoffice which would be applied and was successful on applying for it, because his masters were glad to get rid of him. At the same time they informed his new superiors that he would probably have been dismissed on the first opportunity.—National Review.

THE HOME DOCTOR. Ice cream is said to be an infallible remedy for hiccoughs. Skin cleanliness, or, in other words, frequent ablution of the whole person, is a powerful preservative against all infectious and contagious diseases. To cure a sprain bruise a handful of sage leaves and boil them in a gill of vinegar for five minutes. Apply this in a folded napkin as hot as it can be borne to the part affected. For inflamed eyes use the white of an egg beaten to a froth and add to it a tablespoonful of rosewater. Apply with a piece of cotton wool, which must be changed as often as it dries. A soothing drink for sore throat that is recommended is made of a pint of barley water brought to a boil over a hot fire, to which is added while stirring until dissolved an ounce of the best gum arabic. Sweeten to taste. Light being an element of cheerfulness, as much of it as the patient can bear without discomfort should always be admitted to the sickroom, care being taken to keep reflecting objects, such as crystals and looking glasses, out of the invalid's view.

Infusorial Earth. "Chemicals, minerals and rare elements," the prices of which are quoted every week by trade journals, perhaps no name is more puzzling to the uninitiated than "infusorial earth." Still, if one knows much about dynamite he is aware that this is the stuff employed as an absorbent to hold the nitroglycerin of that famous explosive. It was Nobel, the great Swedish engineer, who founded a number of attractive prizes to encourage scientific progress, who first discovered the trick by which nitroglycerin could be safely handled. Infusorial earth is composed of the silicious shells of minute vegetable organisms, diatoms which reveal wonderfully complicated and beautiful structures under the microscope.—New York Tribune.

It Reached Him. A letter was received at the postoffice in Washington directed to the biggest fool in that city. The postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the younger clerks informed him of the receipt of the letter. "And what became of it?" inquired the postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "I didn't know who the biggest fool in Washington was, so I opened it myself."

"And what did you find in it?" inquired the postmaster. "Find?" replied the clerk. "Why, nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man.'"—New York Herald.

An Abducted Brother. Brother Dickey was under the weather the other day. In describing his symptoms he said: "Yes, sah, hie's true dat I ain't feelin' half well. In de first place, I 'flected wid rattlin' or de bones; den I troubled wid battin' or de eyelids, liftin' or de lef leg, wobblin' or de right foot on crackin' or de top skull. All I needs now ter finish me complete is six months or er snajnted rheumatism!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Substitute For Soap. There are a few people to whose skins soap seems an irritant. They should use bran. The sons of one of the old kings of Holland were forbidden the use of soap. They were to use bran and a slice of lemon, the latter to remove inkstains. Napoleon never used soap, but kept his hands beautifully white by the use of bran.

Stopping the Nurse. "Yes," said young Mrs. Torkins, "Charley used to come and serenade me for hours every night. So at last I married him." "Dear me!" rejoined Miss Cayenne. "Did he sing as badly as all that?"

Thinking It Over. "Do you think you will marry that titled gentleman from abroad?" "I haven't quite decided," answered the American heiress. "I am not sure I can support him in the style to which his ancestors were accustomed."

IN THE CAR KITCHEN

SNUG MANNER IN WHICH EATABLES ARE STOWED AWAY. Methods by Which Stores Are Replenished Which Give Out En Route—The Room For the Waiters. The Cooks and Their Work.

The actual standing room in the car kitchen consists of an aisle only wide enough for two men to pass each other and about fifteen feet long. On one side is an unbroken row of ranges, the very best sort invented, for when men do women's work they are not content with makeshift tools. On the other side is a steam table for keeping things hot, other tables and some of the refrigerators, for there are many. Hot water and cold is held in cylinders which lie along the ceiling and look like the projectiles used on torpedo boats.

Another refrigerator is devoted exclusively to fish, which lie shining on blocks of clear ice as tempting as in any fish market. Until I had actually seen this refrigerator it had been my practice to refuse fish in traveling, feeling there was some mystery about its preservation, but now—indeed, no such thing. I had fancied the whole menu cooked at once in enormous quantities, like a soldiers' mess at camp, and my fastidious car appetite had revolted and staid away during the first course, but now I eat with relish, knowing the condition of the source of supply.

Another refrigerator is entirely for meats and game, another for fruit, and even bread and cake are kept in a refrigerator that they retain their moisture. Outside the kitchen there is a sacred icebox under lock and key, and no man may put his hand therein except the steward or housekeeper of the dining car. There twenty-five kinds of wine are kept, and there will be shown to you, with a manner as proud but proud, the royal family of champagne with cool, gold crowned heads sitting on an icy throne.

But, to go back to the kitchen, that apartment is occupied by three men all in white, with perhaps a blue collar for tradition's sake, who serve deftly and capably the hivelike waiters that swarm at the open square at the inner end of the room. It is a wise provision that prevents close contact for cooks are apt to be "redhot" at the crucial hour of dinner serving, and, besides, the car kitchen can contain no more men than the three cooks, who broil, roast, stew and fry the numberless fancies of the patrons' palates. These men work hard. The head cook, whose salary is about \$70 per month, stands farthest from the window where the waiters clamor and is a bit more serious. The middle cook, on \$45 salary, is lively or subservive according to the man he addresses, and the end cook finds time to chaff the owners of the dark faces who call orders, and sometimes he slings as happily as a concealed boy who fancies his future on the operative stage.

These three men make up the white capped trio we see peering out of the windows of the dining car as it slips into the station. All the other employees of the train come into contact with passengers and have interesting experiences, but these are confined in the galley and are eager for scant glimpses at the station. Sometimes the car has a little balcony at the end, where they can escape the heat of their quarters, a needed relief in summer time.

The waiters have a pantry adjoining the kitchen and opening into it only by the little square window with a counter on either side. When your order is given and the waiter disappears, this is where he has gone. Here are kept supplies of dishes and silver, and here it is the waiter makes up the dishes of cakes, fruit and cheese you call for with which to tie up the ends of your appetite.

Before the dining car is drawn away from the caryards the special housekeeper who has it in charge must see that every sort of supply is on hand and in sufficient, but not too lavish, quantity. Sometimes there are shortages, but these are sometimes heurth that number, but the probable number on the various runs is known. In long journeys there are commissary stations along the way where the car may be restocked, but this is seldom necessary except with such perishables as cream and milk. Have you ever heard a porter agitating that subject with station employees at Buffalo or elsewhere? That means the emergency has arisen in the dining car. Such things might easily happen in a larger where demands are irregular and markets scores of miles away. It is a wonder they do not happen oftener when we reflect that economy in perishable things is exacted from the steward housekeeper.

Just before he sends his black commissary to announce dinner to the hungering passengers every man slips on jacket and apron of whitening linen and by this little act of costumery is converted at once from the nondescript man of the streets into the most spruce of servants. Then, with everything ready in the kitchen and with his flock of assistants about him, the housekeeper of the dining car awaits the coming of his guests. And in they come, thoughtless blessing takers, with never a reflection on the hours of preparation by the army of men that it has taken to give them the degree of comfort which is purchasable for a dollar bill.—Ainslee's Magazine.

The river flows quietly along toward the sea, yet it always gets there. It might be well to remember this when you are trying to rush things.—Chicago News.

Not Painful. "Here," cried Oldham to his fellow lodger, who was starting for his holiday, "that's my brush and comb you're putting in your portmanteau." "Well, let me have 'em. You won't need 'em; you've grown so bald lately." "That's just it. I can't part with them."—London Answers.

His Usefulness. "Cholly doesn't seem to be of much use in the world." "Oh, I don't know; he makes a nice cigarette holder."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

EXPENSIVE DINNERS.

Two That Were Served in Delmonico's Old Place in New York. Probably the most expensive dinner ever given at Delmonico's old restaurant, on Fourteenth street, New York, was that given by Mr. Morton Peto to the tea and coffee merchants of New York, 200 in number. It cost \$25,000. The rarest wines and the most elaborate decorations were mere incidents. The menu cards were of gold, and the guests sat on silk cushions on which their names were embroidered. In the center of the table was a miniature lake in which swam swans taken from Central Park. Clara Louise Kellogg received \$1,000 for singing two songs at this feast and a present besides of a diamond bracelet. The salon was smothered in flowers.

Another dinner given at one of the Delmonico establishments for ten people cost \$400 a plate. It was luxurious enough to be classical. The waiters, five of them, were dressed as sailors. The host was a yachtman, and he bought the waiters' clothes. The guests drank, or, rather, tasted, every vinted liquor that ever has been brought to America. They finished with a possete cafe made of eleven liquors. Before each plate sat a cut glass basin about twenty inches in diameter and four inches deep. Each was nearly filled with water perfumed with attar of roses, on the surface of which floated half open pond lilies. In the basin a perfect model of the yacht owned by the host was placed. It was cut in red cedar wood, with cabin, rail, wheel for steering, framework, such as belaying pins and binnacles, manroves worked and trimmed with sailor knots, scraped pine masts and booms, rigging of silken cords colored as it would be in the original, and sails of satin. There were a gold ear and many other gewgaws.—New York Sun.

FLOWER AND TREE. A good tree well planted will usually grow whether the work is done in the spring or fall. A white pine will measure twenty-five feet at twenty years and gain twenty-five feet more in the next ten years.

The smallest tree in the world is the Greenland birch. Its height is less than three inches, yet it covers a radius of two or three feet. In dealing with your plants be prompt. If one needs attention, see that it gets it at once. This is the only way to have success in plant growing.

Experts assert upon investigation that the fir trees of western Washington grow from 150 to 300 feet high and are from five to thirty-five feet in diameter and are stronger than oak of the Atlantic coast.

If you want your palms to thrive in an ordinary sitting room, sponge the leaves once a week with lukewarm water to which a little milk has been added. Then stand the plant for two hours in lukewarm water deep enough to completely cover the pot. This is the proper way to water palms.

A Toothsome Revenge. During the reign of Charles II, the age of gallantry, it was the custom among gentlemen when they drank a lady's health, in order that they might do her still more honor, to destroy at the same time some part of their clothing.

Upon one occasion Sir Charles Sedley was dining in a tavern and had a particularly fine necktie on, whereupon one of his friends, to play him a trick, drank to the health of a certain lady, at the same time throwing his necktie in the fire. Of course Sir Charles had to do likewise, but he got even for not long after that, dining with the same company, he drank the health of a fair one, at the same time ordering a dentist whom he had engaged to be present, to pull out a refractory tooth which had been troubling him. Every-one else was obliged in this manner to mourn a molar.

Sitting Room Drama. "Who comes there?" called little Willie, the sentry, in threatening tones as he brought his leaden wooden gun into shooting position. "A friend!" answered little Tommie from behind the rocking chair. "Advance and give the countersign," hissed the sentry, "or I'll shoot your head off."

An ominous silence followed this terrible threat. Then Tommie said plaintively: "I've forgot it." "You can't remember nothing," exclaimed Willie in disgust, throwing down his gun. "Can you ever here an I'll whisper it to you ag'in."—Ohio State Journal.

One of Sandow's Tricks. One day in a London tobacconist's shop Sandow, the strong man, was handed some change, and in the middle of it he saw something that looked like a bad shilling. He pushed it back across the counter. "I think that one is bad," he said. "Nonsense," said the shopkeeper, with an incredulous air. He took up the shilling and tried it in the little brass coin tester that was screwed to the side of the counter. Then he tendered it again. "It's quite good," he said. "I can't bend it."

Sandow smiled and took it between his finger and thumb. "You can't bend it. May I try?" he asked. "Certainly," said the man, with a grin. The strong man pressed the tip of his forefinger toward the tip of his thumb and the spurious coin bent like tissue paper.

"Well," said the tobacconist dumfounded, "it looks like a wrong 'un after all! Perhaps you will accept another?" And Sandow did.

Food Receipts. All receptacles for food should, as far as possible, be kept germ and insect free. Glass, pottery and metallic wares are therefore preferable to wood. They should have no joints or grooves, as these harbor minute particles of food. Before placing food in them they should be thoroughly washed, scalded with boiling water, wiped dry and then be allowed to cool. Placing them in the sun when practicable for a couple of hours will also add to their purity.

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"And what did you find in it?" inquired the postmaster. "Find?" replied the clerk. "Why, nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man.'"—New York Herald.

An Abducted Brother. Brother Dickey was under the weather the other day. In describing his symptoms he said: "Yes, sah, hie's true dat I ain't feelin' half well. In de first place, I 'flected wid rattlin' or de bones; den I troubled wid battin' or de eyelids, liftin' or de lef leg, wobblin' or de right foot on crackin' or de top skull. All I needs now ter finish me complete is six months or er snajnted rheumatism!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Substitute For Soap. There are a few people to whose skins soap seems an irritant. They should use bran. The sons of one of the old kings of Holland were forbidden the use of soap. They were to use bran and a slice of lemon, the latter to remove inkstains. Napoleon never used soap, but kept his hands beautifully white by the use of bran.

Stopping the Nurse. "Yes," said young Mrs. Torkins, "Charley used to come and serenade me for hours every night. So at last I married him." "Dear me!" rejoined Miss Cayenne. "Did he sing as badly as all that?"

Thinking It Over. "Do you think you will marry that titled gentleman from abroad?" "I haven't quite decided," answered the American heiress. "I am not sure I can support him in the style to which his ancestors were accustomed."

IN THE CAR KITCHEN. SNUG MANNER IN WHICH EATABLES ARE STOWED AWAY. Methods by Which Stores Are Replenished Which Give Out En Route—The Room For the Waiters. The Cooks and Their Work.

The actual standing room in the car kitchen consists of an aisle only wide enough for two men to pass each other and about fifteen feet long. On one side is an unbroken row of ranges, the very best sort invented, for when men do women's work they are not content with makeshift tools. On the other side is a steam table for keeping things hot, other tables and some of the refrigerators, for there are many. Hot water and cold is held in cylinders which lie along the ceiling and look like the projectiles used on torpedo boats.

Another refrigerator is devoted exclusively to fish, which lie shining on blocks of clear ice as tempting as in any fish market. Until I had actually seen this refrigerator it had been my practice to refuse fish in traveling, feeling there was some mystery about its preservation, but now—indeed, no such thing. I had fancied the whole menu cooked at once in enormous quantities, like a soldiers' mess at camp, and my fastidious car appetite had revolted and staid away during the first course, but now I eat with relish, knowing the condition of the source of supply.

Another refrigerator is entirely for meats and game, another for fruit, and even bread and cake are kept in a refrigerator that they retain their moisture. Outside the kitchen there is a sacred icebox under lock and key, and no man may put his hand therein except the steward or housekeeper of the dining car. There twenty-five kinds of wine are kept, and there will be shown to you, with a manner as proud but proud, the royal family of champagne with cool, gold crowned heads sitting on an icy throne.

But, to go back to the kitchen, that apartment is occupied by three men all in white, with perhaps a blue collar for tradition's sake, who serve deftly and capably the hivelike waiters that swarm at the open square at the inner end of the room. It is a wise provision that prevents close contact for cooks are apt to be "redhot" at the crucial hour of dinner serving, and, besides, the car kitchen can contain no more men than the three cooks, who broil, roast, stew and fry the numberless fancies of the patrons' palates. These men work hard. The head cook, whose salary is about \$70 per month, stands farthest from the window where the waiters clamor and is a bit more serious. The middle cook, on \$45 salary, is lively or subservive according to the man he addresses, and the end cook finds time to chaff the owners of the dark faces who call orders, and sometimes he slings as happily as a concealed boy who fancies his future on the operative stage.

These three men make up the white capped trio we see peering out of the windows of the dining car as it slips into the station. All the other employees of the train come into contact with passengers and have interesting experiences, but these are confined in the galley and are eager for scant glimpses at the station. Sometimes the car has a little balcony at the end, where they can escape the heat of their quarters, a needed relief in summer time.

The waiters have a pantry adjoining the kitchen and opening into it only by the little square window with a counter on either side. When your order is given and the waiter disappears, this is where he has gone. Here are kept supplies of dishes and silver, and here it is the waiter makes up the dishes of cakes, fruit and cheese you call for with which to tie up the ends of your appetite.

Before the dining car is drawn away from the caryards the special housekeeper who has it in charge must see that every sort of supply is on hand and in sufficient, but not too lavish, quantity. Sometimes there are shortages, but these are sometimes heurth that number, but the probable number on the various runs is known. In long journeys there are commissary stations along the way where the car may be restocked, but this is seldom necessary except with such perishables as cream and milk. Have you ever heard a porter agitating that subject with station employees at Buffalo or elsewhere? That means the emergency has arisen in the dining car. Such things might easily happen in a larger where demands are irregular and markets scores of miles away. It is a wonder they do not happen oftener when we reflect that economy in perishable things is exacted from the steward housekeeper.

Just before he sends his black commissary to announce dinner to the hungering passengers every man slips on jacket and apron of whitening linen and by this little act of costumery is converted at once from the nondescript man of the streets into the most spruce of servants. Then, with everything ready in the kitchen and with his flock of assistants about him, the housekeeper of the dining car awaits the coming of his guests. And in they come, thoughtless blessing takers, with never a reflection on the hours of preparation by the army of men that it has taken to give them the degree of comfort which is purchasable for a dollar bill.—Ainslee's Magazine.

The river flows quietly along toward the sea, yet it always gets there. It might be well to remember this when you are trying to rush things.—Chicago News.

Not Painful. "Here," cried Oldham to his fellow lodger, who was starting for his holiday, "that's my brush and comb you're putting in your portmanteau." "Well, let me have 'em. You won't need 'em; you've grown so bald lately." "That's just it. I can't part with them."—London Answers.