

BANDON RECORDER.

The Girl Who Grew Prettier.

Mr. Charles Whyman, the well known engraver and animal painter, told the following anecdote some years ago: "I dined at Mr. So-and-so's of Highgate last night, and as a mark of honor his eldest daughter was assigned to me to take down to dinner. She's a bright girl, and I got along very nicely with her and Lady Blitherington on the other side until the ladies were on the eve of retiring to the drawing room. I was talking about the beautiful scenery near the house, the views from the windows, the fine air, when Miss — suddenly said, 'I think I get prettier every day, don't you?'"

"What could she mean? I did not dare to answer her, so I said: 'I beg your pardon. What did you say?'" "I said I think I get prettier every day." "There was no mistaking her words, so I answered, 'Yes, indeed, you get prettier, and no wonder in such fresh air and—' Just then she caught her mother's eye, and, with the other ladies, she left the room. As she went out she looked over her shoulder with such a withering scorn in her eyes that I knew I had put my foot in it somehow. Then it flashed upon me that I had misunderstood her. She had dropped an 'h.' What she had said was not a silly compliment to herself. The sentence really was, 'I think Highgate prettier every day.'"—Chambers' Journal.

Knew His Man. A story about the late James G. Batterson, president of the Travelers' Insurance company of Hartford, Ex-Governor Waller of Connecticut wanted to obtain a charter for a new corporation which he represented, and the opposition called Mr. Batterson as their star witness. He was asked by his own side only two questions. "You have lived in Hartford a great many years, Mr. Batterson?" "Yes, sir."

"Are you in favor of granting this charter?" "No, sir."

Here his lawyers rested, leaving the rest to chance, knowing that Mr. Batterson could keep his end up in any verbal battle with ex-Governor Waller. The latter began by asking: "Mr. Batterson, you have lived here many years?" "I have."

"Well, sir," added Governor Waller, "it is my wish that you may live in Hartford many more years. That is all, sir."

Thus was Mr. Batterson's opportunity to talk shelved. Governor Waller knew his man.—New York Times.

The Pulpit Versus the Bar. An eminent American lawyer, now deceased, was sadly given to intoxication. On one occasion he entered a church while a minister was holding forth on the future punishment of the wicked. Fixing his eye upon the lawyer, who was reclining near the door, the preacher exclaimed, "There stands a sinner against whom I shall bear witness in the day of judgment."

At this the lawyer folded his arms, planted himself as firmly as he could and, addressing the man in the pulpit, electrified the whole congregation after this fashion: "Sir, I have been practicing in the criminal courts for twenty years, and I have always found that the greatest rascal is the first to give state's evidence."—Scotsman.

The Spanish Language. The Spanish alphabet is perfect save for a single silent letter, h. Each letter has only one sound and pronounced as spelled. The written language therefore is, with a single exception, free from redundant letters. The chief difficulty in the language to English speaking people is the inflection of its verbs. These move from one mood and tense to another by terminal changes, while English verbs move by auxiliaries. In inflection Spanish follows Latin, of which it is a beautiful and richly endowed daughter, so much so that it adopts no word or phrase from other languages.

The Time For Planting Bulbs. There is no definite rule to be laid down as to the length of time in which bulbs should be left in cold storage. As a general thing, top growth will not begin until root growth is completed. This nearly always takes from six weeks to two months. It is therefore generally safe to begin bringing October planted bulbs to the living room in December. Those desired for later flowering can be left in cold storage, where they will remain dormant as to top growth. By bringing bulbs to light and warmth at intervals of a week or ten days we secure a succession of bloom which makes it possible for us to brighten our windows with their beautiful flowers during the greater part of winter.—New Lippincott.

Easy. Theodore—It's all right, darling. I have met your father, and we took to one another at once. He even went so far as to borrow \$10 from me. Surely he can't refuse me your hand after that. Edith—Dory, I'm afraid you've made a mess of it. Pa told me about the \$10 and said I'd better let you slide; that you were too easy.—Boston Transcript.

Prejudiced. "So you won't take my medicine?" said the doctor, who had been called in against the patient's wishes. "I will not," replied the patient. "I suppose you're one of those poor, deluded beings who believe in throwing physic to the dogs."

"Not indiscriminately. Some dogs are valuable."—Philadelphia Press.

Hit Both Ways. First Artist—Congratulations, old man. I've just sold my masterpiece to Banker Parvov for five thousand dollars. Second Artist—Glad to hear it. The miserable skinflint deserves to be swindled.

There is no surer beginning for a love than simple furnishing. In simplicity lie safety, reason and art. There is nothing finer nor higher. It is supreme.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Polly Larkin

I think that every girl, be they rich or poor, should be taught to know how to be of use in the sick-room. The gentle ministrations of those who know how to move about in the sick-room and what is required of them is very different from the impetuous and irritating way of those who are novices in the art of caring for the sick. How the latter do make the patients writhe, although they know that they are doing their best for their comfort it irritates them beyond measure. Instead of soothing the sick to peaceful slumber by gentle and quiet ways that are restful and at the same time encouraging to the invalid, they make them feel that they are much worse off than they really are. They whisper and look as solemn as owls and as doleful as if they were preparing to go to their funeral. They admit strangers to the sick room when the doctor's orders strictly forbid any outsider entering to excite the patient. Their tender-heartedness gets the better of them, and rather than offend some would-be sympathizer, they ignore the physician's orders and let this particular friend and that one in. They explain the case to them in audible whispers and that they believe the patient is really much worse off than the doctor dreams of and he will find it all out when it is too late. The patient tosses restlessly and imagines all sort of uncanny things. If the doctor should come in at that moment he would find that the patient's temperature had taken a sudden jump, and there were symptoms for the worse that he could not account for.

The visitor who has just run in to see if she could do anything for the invalid or to help the family, if she is as unprepared to enter the sick room as the nurse, will have many incidents to relate of how she knew of just such a case and he died, and the doctors never did know what was the matter with him and treated him from the first for something else. It was downright murder, and this case looked like it was going to be a repetition of that most doleful affair. The patient's fever is rising at a tremendous rate after this startling bit of whispered news. "Dear me," whispers the nurse, "now just look at that fever. It is rising again and I'll have to give her a good strong dose of fever medicine, poor thing." She pours out the dose and almost strangles her charge in giving it to her. "You see, she can hardly swallow," she says with a sigh, as she settles back in her chair and begins to rock to and fro. "I've been wondering whether the family will go into deep mourning when the end comes," she whispers. "I think nothing looks richer or more mournful like than heavy crepe, but those little nuns-vailing veils, or love-veils, as some people call them, are much more stylish. It costs lots of money for a family to go into deep mourning, but I guess they won't have the younger children wear black only for a little while. One black dress would do for them." The patient moans at this. "Poor dear," continues the nurse to the visitor, "she seems to know that the end isn't far off. Wonder whether she's expressed any opinion as to what she wants to be laid out in? I heard her say once that she had a whole suit of fine linen under-ware—pure linen, every thread of it and every stitch in it by hand, that she had packed away in lavender—that she wished to be buried in. Seems to me I heard her say it was her wedding suit. Never been worn but the one time, and then it was packed in lavender and laid away for this event. I'm sure she never thought it would come so soon, however, but believed she might live her three score years and ten, our allotted time according to the Scriptures." "Oh, well," murmurs the interested visitor, "the Lord moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. We're here to-day and there to-morrow; we're cut down and withereth like the grass and the flowers of the field." "Yes, and some people pass out in the twinkling of an eye, others have a slow and lingering death as if the good Lord was giving them time for reflection and to atone for all their misdeeds of the past. Do you know, sometimes when I see people suffering greatly (here she gives a significant look at the bed) I feel that it is God's judgment cast upon them and they are just getting a little bit of the punishment here on earth that is meted out to them when they get on the other side."

"Well, I must be going," whispers the visitor, "and if you need me at any time you've only to send for me. If the worst comes I suppose you'll need watchers to sit up with them. If you do, put me down for the first night. I'm a fine hand when it comes to sitting up all night. I'll bake them a cake, too. They'll need something in the house, poor things, and at a time like that you won't want to have to stop and think what you're going to fix for the watchers to eat. Do you like fig, caramel, chocolate or cocoanut cake best? It's just as easy to bake something that everybody likes. I would stop to speak to her, poor thing, but she seems so restless and it would make her worse. Be sure and send for me if anything happens," and she tip-toed out, making more noise in her efforts to be quiet than if she had walked boldly out of the room. The patient gives a sigh of relief. The nurse steps up, gives another dose of fever medicine and whispers, "What a beautiful disposition the visitor has who has just left. How thoughtful and how anxious she is to help the sick and afflicted. She never fails to be in evidence at the house of mourning, and is never too busy to attend a funeral, for she never knows

whose turn it will be next. It might be her for all she knows, and she is practicing the golden rule and doing for others what she would like others to do for her. She deserves to have her grave smothered under wreaths and garlands of flowers. You are very restless," continued the nurse. "Try and compose yourself and go to sleep, that's a dear."

I don't believe the above is much overdrawn, for Polly has seen cases just about as bad. It seemed in bad taste and wretched tact on the part of nurse and visitor, and one could not help feeling that they had much to learn before they should ever be admitted to the sick room. The girl who has been brought up to know something of the needs of the sick room moves around quietly, has a cheering and encouraging word, doesn't relate ghastly stories that can be construed by the patient to be identical with her case. They know when to be quiet, and they give the patient every opportunity to rest; they administer the medicine according to the doctor's orders, and if he objects to visitors she has the courage to say so and stand firm. The doctor's word is law and must be obeyed. She keeps everything picked up in the room as well. She doesn't have a half dozen glasses standing round, or old flowers that have been brought in and left to wither in the vases with the foul water to send out disagreeable odors that are unbearable even to a well person. She doesn't weary the patient by pressing him to tell her of something he would like to eat. She uses her own judgment, and knowing what an invalid is usually allowed she prepares dainty dishes and serves them so tastefully that it tempts them to partake of the dainties. There is no spotted table linen, but the tray is covered with the whitest of napkins, the glassware and silverware are sparkling and bright. The prettiest dishes in the house are used, and if it is possible when serving it, a dainty rosebud or two or three violets are laid on the tray just before it is taken into the sick room. It gives them, if not a taste of out of door life, a breath of fresh air and the fragrance of the garden they are for the time being deprived of enjoying. They know as well how to shake up the pillows without jarring the poor pain-racked body. Such a girl carries sunshine into the sick room and dispels the gloom.

BRIEF REVIEW. Russians' Table Manners. The Russian has no fixed meal time. He eats when he is hungry, which is often. He has about six square meals a day. He has at least a dozen lunches—a little bit of salt fish or some caviare, or a piece of bread and cheese, washed down with a nip of fiery vodka. He never passes a station without a glass of tea—marvelous tea—with a thin slice of lemon floating in it. You get a fondness for Russian tea and forswear bemildewed decoctions forever. The table manners of the Russian—such as you see in hotels and buffets—are not pleasing. He sprawls with outstretched elbow on the table and gets his mouth down to his food rather than raise the food to his mouth. He makes objectionable noises in his throat. He has a finger bowl and rinses his mouth as the rest of us do when cleaning our teeth in our bathroom. Then he squirts the water back into the bowl. In time one may get used to this.

Poverty of English Clergy. While the Bishop of London has said a good deal about the poverty of the English clergy—pointing out among other things, that 4500 livings averaged £150 a year, and no fewer than 1341 benefices were worth only £65 per annum—he did not touch on an aspect of clerical poverty, which is well illustrated by the reasons just given by the rector of Seale for resigning his livings. The benefice is not worth more than £129 per annum, yet the rector has spent during his tenure as much as £150 on the rectory house out of his own private means. Much the same story might be told of many a country clergyman who has brought himself near poverty by self-sacrificing expenditure on his "cure."

Canada Advertised in Schools. In more than 3000 schools in Great Britain the boys are studying text books on Canada which set forth her history, explain her system of government and lay stress upon her natural resources. These books are supplied free by the Dominion, and Lord Strathcona, Canada's High Commissioner to the mother country, will give valuable medals next spring to the scholars who pass the best examination on them. The aim of Strathcona and his countrymen is to impress British youth with the advantages of the Dominion as a field for emigration.

This season the Maine woods have yielded an albino moose, three or four albino deer and two pure albino squirrels. In connection with golf and its expense it is interesting to note that Chicago has invested in grounds close to \$1,000,000.

Silk is the strongest of all vegetable or animal threads. It is three times as strong as a flaxen thread of the same size. It is said that \$9,000,000 will be needed for the repair of our warships during the next fiscal year.

The Lord Mayor of London's fund for the national memorial to Queen Victoria amounts to £126,200. The Missouri apple is arriving in St. Louis at the rate of 40,000 barrels a day.

A FISHING FICTION.

THE "MAGIC EYE" OF THE SAULT STE. MARIE INDIANS.

An Old Guide's Explanation of the Indian Whitefish Hunter's Method of Getting His Glistening Catch From Under the Rapids.

"The first time I fished in the Sault Ste. Marie rapids," said a well known Lake Keuka sportsman, "I landed in an hour twenty-five brook trout that weighed forty-five pounds; so I was ready and willing to believe anything I heard or read about the possibilities of those waters or the astounding things that men who fished in them were able to do. Consequently I believed what they told me about the marvelous feats the Indian fishermen of the Sault Ste. Marie could perform in the way of netting whitefish. Few who have toured the great lakes have not heard of those same feats, witnessed them and, of course, could do nothing but go away believing that they were all they seemed to be. 'Particularly will they marvel, as I did, at the Indian whitefish fisherman's magic eye with which he seems to look down through ten feet or more of foaming, rushing water and see whitefish that to the white man's eye would be invisible five inches beneath the surface. It would have been strange if I had not marveled at it, having witnessed more than once manifestations of its alleged power. That was before I talked with old Guide Garron. 'The astounding feats of the Indian whitefish netters of the Sault Ste. Marie that the guidebooks and the hotel keepers and steamboatmen insist on telling tourists about are performed by two Indians in a canoe. One occupies the stern and manipulates the paddle to keep the canoe's head pointed up stream. The Indian in the bow, standing upright, uses a pole to aid in propelling the canoe or in keeping it steady. 'Lying ready to his hand is a dip net four feet in diameter, fastened to the end of a pole perhaps fifteen feet long. The fishing is done at the foot of the rapids, where the water boils and tumbles furiously. With his pole the Indian in the bow keeps the boat moving about in the rapids and gazes constantly into the water, which is often ten feet or more deep. 'Suddenly the Indian in the bow will seize the net handle with one hand, never ceasing to manipulate the canoe with his pole in the other nor for an instant removing his staring gaze from the water. The net is not more than in his hand before he has plunged it perhaps ten feet distant from the boat, thrusting it at the same instant to the bottom. Then he gives it a peculiar twist, draws it up and, surrendering the care of the canoe for the moment to the Indian with the paddle, he draws the net up, never without from three to half a dozen glistening whitefish in it, frequently weighing five pounds each. 'The wondering spectator, seeing nothing but the boiling water, the sudden start of the Indian and his quick and dexterous plunging and drawing up of the net with its invariable load of whitefish, can do nothing but acknowledge to himself the necromancy of the Indian's piscatorial art. I know that I did, and for two seasons gave myself away to the fascination of that mysterious fishing. 'Then one day I marveled at it greatly to Guide Garron, the shrewd and cunning old Frenchman who knows every rock and eddy and whirlpool of the rapids and all the wiles and tricks that any other guide knows and a whole lot that no other one does know, and Garron's little black eyes twinkled. 'Ah,' he chuckled. 'Zat mageeek he. He von gr-r-rand hombog.' 'Then he explained in his voluble and picturesque patois the apparent mystery of the Indian whitefish fisherman's magic eye. Whitefish are natural denizens of the still, silent waters of the great lakes. To get from Lake Huron to Lake Superior these fish must fight their way up the fierce and stubborn Sault Ste. Marie rapids. In doing this they travel by easy stages. They can brave the rapids but a short distance at a time, when, almost exhausted, they drop into the shelter of the friendly rocks that pile the bottom of the rapids. 'Huddled sometimes by the score behind these rocks, getting wind, as it were, to overcome another stage of their journey, the whitefish, if the water is not too deep, can be lifted out by the hand of the fisherman, they are so nearly exhausted. The Indians as well as the white fishermen know this and, knowing well the location of these sheltering rocks, have only to thrust their nets down behind them and draw them up filled with fish. 'The cunning of the Indian led him long ago to give visitors the impression that he could penetrate the troubled depths of the rapids with his gaze and discover the whitefish on the bottom. The wonder of it spread, and it has been one of the fondest and best paying fictions of 'Susan Mary,' as the natives give you the pronunciation of the Sault Ste. Marie."—New York Times.

An Anecdote of Genials. The following anecdote of Leigh Hunt was once related by "Orion" Horne. Horne on a bitterly cold day in winter went to see Hunt, and found him in a large room with a wide, old fashioned fireplace. He had dragged his piano on to the hearth, close to a large fire, leaving only room for himself and his chair, and was playing with the greatest enjoyment. "My dear fellow," cried Horne, "are you aware that you are ruining your piano forever and ever in that heat?" "I know—I know," murmured Hunt, "but it is delicious."

Cheated. Mistress (arranging for the dinner)—Didn't the grocer send the macaroni? Cook—Yes, mum, but O sent it back. Every way of them stims was empty.—London Fun.

A man's labors must pass like the sunrises and sunsets of the world. The next thing, not the last, must be his care. Why is it that gloves worn by pallbearers are always too long in the fingers?—Atehon Globe.

ON THE VERGE OF SUCCESS

The Easy Steward and the Audacious "Grater."

A man walked into one of the up-town college clubs one morning and sat down in the smoking room. His air of assurance was hardly in accord with his tattered clothes. It was early, and none of the members was about. He rang the bell, and the steward responded. "It seems good to get back into the club again," he remarked. "Yes, sir," said the steward. "I used to be a member here, but I've had hard luck and can't afford it any longer."

"Yes, sir; I'm sorry, sir," said the steward. "By the way, I'm a little short of car fare this morning," said the nervous stranger. "Could you let me have ten cents until I call here again?" The surprised steward reached into his pocket and handed out a dime. "Thank you," said the man. "Now, I'm a little hungry, having had no breakfast. Do you suppose you could gather me up a little luncheon?" The steward was stupefied by such a display of nerve. "And a little whisky with a dash of bitters would not go badly with the food."

The steward fled as one of the members entered. The stranger saw the new arrival and rose hastily. "I am too early for my friend," he said as he walked toward the door. "I will return later." Then he added in an undertone, which the doorman heard: "Too bad, too bad! That steward was easy. He'd give me the club if I'd asked for it. It's a wonder those members wouldn't stay away." The man of nerve walked down the street with his head bowed in deep thought. "How to get that luncheon without paying for it" was his theme.—New York Tribune.

CATHERINE II.'S RULES.

The rules, inscribed on a tablet now in the Hermitage, the famous St. Petersburg Museum of Art, are as follows: I. Leave your rank outside as well as your hat and sword. II. Leave your right of precedence, your pride and any similar feeling outside the door. III. Be gay, but do not spoil or gnaw anything. IV. Sit, stand, walk as you will, without reference to anybody. V. Talk moderately, not loud, so as not to make the heads or ears of others ache. VI. Argue without anger and without excitement. VII. Neither sigh nor yawn, nor make any one feel dull or heavy. VIII. In all innocent games, whatever one proposes, let all join. IX. Eat whatever is sweet and savory, but drink with moderation, so that each may find his legs on leaving the room. X. Tell no tales out of school. Whoever goes in at one ear must go out at the other before leaving the room. Whoever offends against rule X shall never again be admitted. Our grande dame will call these rules her Ten Commandments.

The Terrapin Disease. The terrapin is thought to have much influence in causing sickness, and the terrapin disease is either a rheumatic affliction about the chest and ribs or possibly some pulmonary trouble. The association of the terrapin with diseases in this portion of the body doubtless originates from the fact that the ribs of the terrapin are not free, as in the case of most of the higher animals, but are united into one piece. An Indian who was ill applied for relief to a shaman and was asked, "Did you not when a boy tie strings to the terrapin's tail and worry the creature?" The patient admitted that he did. "Well," said the medicine man, "that is what is the matter. It is the terrapin's turn now, and the terrapin is paying off old scores. You have the terrapin sickness, and all your ribs have grown together and to your breast-bone."

The shaman administered the proper remedy prescribed in such cases—I forget what it was—and the man thought he was cured. **Doing His Best.** In the early morning I went to the postoffice in an Alabama town to inquire for mail, but found I was half an hour too early. I was walking away when the colored janitor who was sweeping out called to me and asked: "Was yo' procrastinatin' around yere arter yo' mail, sah?" "Yes, but I see I'm too early." "Yes, sah, too airy. An' was yo' a stranger in dis town?" "Yes."

"An' hain't yo' no one to talk to?" "No." "Den, sah, if yo' don't keer to eliminate about de streef fur half an hour yo' can stop right yere, an' I'll do my best to considerate de reciprocity of de sitchuashun an' make yo' feel to home!"

"A Nine Days' Wonder." The memorable reign of Lady Jane Grey is said to have given rise to the phrase, "A nine days' wonder." Lady Jane was proclaimed queen of England July 10, 1553, four days after the death of Edward VI. After the lapse of a period of nine days, on July 19, she relinquished her title to the crown, thus terminating her reign in the short space of a week and a half. A noted English historian says, "Thus we come to the end of the diary of that short and troubled reign that from its length is said to have given rise to the now (1620) popular phrase, 'A nine days' wonder.'"

Humility. Humility is the means of progress. When we realize how little we know, we shall yearn and strive to know more; when we feel how imperfect is our character, and not till then, we shall make earnest efforts after our improvement. By the command of the shah the Persian government has arranged to send 150 young Persians, the sons of well born personages, to Europe at the expense of the state for educational purposes. The towns selected for their sojourn are London, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Vienna.

HIS NOSE WAS SAFE.

But His Nerves Were in a State of Cold Chills Colic.

"I was sitting on the veranda of a far western hotel one afternoon," said the Boston drummer, "and was lazily smoking one of the nicest meerschaum pipes you ever saw when out of the tail of my eye I saw that a native down at the other end of the veranda had his gun sighted at me. They were a wild lot around there, and I couldn't tell whether he meant to shoot me or the pipe. The chances were in favor of the pipe, however, and it seemed a good chance to test my nerve. I made up my mind to let him shoot and to pretend a careless air, but I'm telling you the sweat came out at every pore and my heart pounded my ribs sore. I felt a sort of tick at the bowl of the pipe, heard the crack of the gun and knew that the bullet had passed through the pipe. I got a brace with my hands and feet and waited for a second bullet, and it went through the bowl after the first. I sat there until his fourth bullet had hit the pipe and knocked the bowl off the stem, and then the shooter sauntered up to me and laughingly said: 'Excuse me, stranger, but I thought it was imitation.' 'Same as you are,' I replied. 'My gibe hurt him, but he was man enough to tell everybody about my nerve, and the boys chipped in sufficient nuggets to buy me this fifty dollar snaker. Say, do you know what happened to me when I made an excuse to go up stairs after my old corn-cob? I had no sooner got into my room than my knees gave out, chills galloped up my spine, and I'll be hanged if I didn't faint away and lie there for ten minutes. It had suddenly occurred to me that the bowl of that pipe was only six inches from my nose while the fellow was doing his shooting, and I have not yet got over touching my nasal organ now and then to see if it is safe."

INDIAN PRAIRIE DOG HUNTS. The Little Animals Are Deemed a Dainty Dish by the Navajos. The Navajo Indian, while he cannot be prevailed upon to eat a rabbit, is greedily fond of fat prairie dogs. Large communities of these small animals abound on the western plains, and the Navajo has resorted to many ingenious methods for trapping his coveted dainty. One of them is by the aid of a bit of mirror placed at the entrance to a burrow. When the animal ventures from his bedroom, deep under ground, he sees a familiar image mocking him at the front door, and he hurries out to confront the impudent intruder, when he is pinned to the ground with an arrow. But the most effective method is what the Indians call the rain hunt. As soon as the steady downpour of summer rains begins every Navajo who can walk repairs to the prairie dog village with his sharp sticks or any digging implement. With these they hollow out trenches that will lead the storm water into as many burrows as possible. Soon a little stream is pouring down each small home, and the inmate, much disturbed, pops out to see what the matter can be. Many of the animals remain under ground until they are drowned, and their bodies float to the surface. After such a hunt, in which many pounds of prairie dogs are generally secured, there is a feast for many days in the Navajo huts.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

When Children Smoked. Jorevina de Rochefort, who published in Paris in 1671 an account of his travels in England, tells the following: "While we were walking about the town (Worcester) he asked me if it was the custom in France as in England that when the children went to school they carried in their satchel with their books a pipe of tobacco, which their mothers took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them instead of breakfast, and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in the tobacco." In England at the time of the great plague it was reported that no one living in a tobaccoist's house fell sick of the disease. This caused a great demand for tobacco. Hearne says in his diary, "I remember that I heard formerly Tom Rogers, who was yeoman beadle, say that when he was a school-boy at Eton that year when the plague raged all the boys of that school were obliged to smoke every morning and that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smoking."

The Satisfaction in Traveling Alone. "Oh, the pleasure of eating alone!" wrote Charles Lamb in one of his most expansive letters. We are not quite sure how serious he was in the exclamation. But change "eating" into "traveling," and there may be found thousands who will echo the cry. Thackeray thought there was nothing to equal it. Louis Stevenson, in the Cevennes, made the same discovery, for his donkey cannot be said to count. Jean Paul Richter, though he did not live in touring times, was too accomplished an individualist (of the sentimental kind) not to harp on this musical string. "I hold the constant regard that we pay in all our actions to the judgment of others as the poison of our peace, our reason and our virtue." Translated into plainer speech, Richter's words may read thus, "Unless you can have your own way life is but a poisoned puddle."

Curzon, Stanley, De Windt, Miss Kingsley, Lander and a host of smaller men and women have acted on the same assumption. And as in larger travel, better known as exploration, so also in the less stately yet more pleasurable "trips" of common life. After a full purse there is nothing so good for the vagrant as a free hand.—C. Edwards in Speaker.

Straightforward. He—You mustn't believe every beggar who comes to your door. She—But this was no common beggar. He—You mustn't believe every beggar who comes to your door. She—But this was no common beggar. He—You mustn't believe every beggar who comes to your door.

At a French Table d'Hôte. She—Oh, horrors! Here is a snail in this salad! He—Sh! If the head waiter heard you, he'd charge you for a portion of snails.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Alligators Becoming Scarce. "In five or six years it will be hard to get alligator skins," said William Raquet, "for the reason that they are all being killed off. Ten years ago it was no uncommon thing to get a skin from ten to twelve feet long, but now it is a rarity when we get one eight feet long. 'This comes from the use of alligator leather in the making of valises. Formerly about the only demand for the skins was for shoes, but now there are few shoemakers who use them. It was a fad, and the fad has gone out of date. But when valises of the skins came in the demand increased by leaps and bounds. There are hundreds of alligator hunters along the coast, and their work is showing plainly. For a long time there were plenty of gators along the bayous and the marshes close to town, but now we have to go to west Louisiana and Mississippi and elsewhere for them."

Mr. Raquet then spoke of the discovery that the back of the alligator, long supposed to be useless for leather purposes, is now used in the heavier valises. Formerly only the skin from the under side was considered of any account, but now all parts of it are of service.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Name Sounded Well. There is a man with a cottage in Casco Terrace, in Maine. He isn't the only man there nor the only man with a cottage there, but he is sui generis, all the same, for he has inflicted on himself a really brand new and beautiful joke. And he is the only man in that part of the state who is unaware of it. The permanence of the joke depends on its being kept from him, and the secret is being preserved until this writing with perfect unanimity. The man looks with complacency on his neighbors as they bring visitors daily to view his cottage, and he is happy in the thought that its beauty has incited them to admiration and envy. But when he reads this, he will discover that what has brought the hosts of strangers to gaze on his cottage is not the cottage. It is the beautiful golden name that blazes over his porch. The man does not know Spanish, but he knows when a word sounds nice, and the Spanish word "vacuna" struck him as sounding just nice enough for a nice cottage like his. Unhappily "vacuna" is not so nice a word in meaning as in sound. In plain, rude English it means "cowpox."—Lewiston Journal.

Savage Diplomacy. During the recent convention of college presidents and scientists who make up the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations Dr. G. W. Atherton told the story of Captain Pratt, the distinguished educator of Indian youth, which convulsed the other delegates. Some one had referred to a resolution "in due and proper form reduced to writing." Dr. Atherton replied briefly in the quiet, contained manner befitting the president of Pennsylvania State college: "The gentleman's reference to a resolution 'reduced to writing' suggests to me the story of an Indian boy and Captain Pratt. In the course of some cogitation over the boy's disregard of the precepts of civilization Captain Pratt asked if the boy of what he was thinking 'if you please' answered the Indian, 'I was thinking of a dream I had last night. I dreamt I went to heaven, and when I got there I saw a great big blackboard, and, Captain Pratt, your name was there in big letters. Yes, sir, your name was there, written in your own hand.'"—Washington Star.

The Lord Mayor's Coach. The coach in which the lord mayor of London rides from the Guildhall to the law courts was built in 1757 by a subscription from each of the junior aldermen or such as had not passed the civic chair. The cost was much as \$3,000. The design of the coach is magnificent, but can hardly be considered graceful. It consists of a pair of grotesque marine figures which support the seat of the driver, with a large shell as a footboard. Behind are two children bearing the city arms. The perch is double and terminates in dolphins' heads. Outside the coach is gorgeous with gilding, and inside are painted panels, historical and symbolic, relating of course to the city of London. Up to the year 1712 the lord mayor rode in state on horseback, after which there was a carriage drawn by four horses. The present cumbersome coach, weighing nearly four tons, requires six stout horses to drag it along.

Two Signs. One who is on the lookout for curious signs and advertisements can easily find them without going far from home. A dweller in a New England village quotes two which appear on carts that often pass her door. "The first comes in sight accompanied by a jingling of sleigh bells which, summer and winter alike, decorate the trappings of an old white horse. It reads: 'Home Made Bakery. Mixed Pickles and Brooms a Specialty.'"

The second is in gold letters on the sides of a gray red wagon drawn by a pair of black steeds. This is it: "B. Ware, Tin Ware, Confectionery & Crackers."

His Tender Spot. "An amusing libel action," says the London Globe, "has been started by a German violinist. A paper ventured to state that when he mounted the platform he carried all before him. As, however, the violinist has a marked tendency to obesity, a subject on which he is very sensitive, he did not take it an unmixed compliment. Hence the action."

Ancestor of the Ostrich. The ostrich is a descendant of a genus of bird which in prehistoric times attained an enormous size. In the alluvial deposits of Madagascar evidence has been found to show that ostriches fourteen and fifteen feet in height once lived on the island.

At a French Table d'Hôte. She—Oh, horrors! Here is a snail in this salad! He—Sh! If the head waiter heard you, he'd charge you for a portion of snails.—New York Commercial Advertiser.