BANDON RECORDER.

LURED BY SCENT.

Rats Caught in Numbers by an Ingenious Means.

Rats are very susceptible to the odor of certain drugs, and any ordinary trap set in their haunts is likely to be successful if dressed with these scents, the attraction of which, rat catchers affirm, they cannot resist. An example is: Powdered assafetida, eight grains; oil of rhodium, two drams; oil of aniseed, one dram; oil of lavender, one-half dram. Shake together in a bottle and use a very small quantity to dress the bait.

To catch rats, cover a common barrel with stiff, stout paper, tying the edge round the barrel. Place a board so that the rats may have easy access to the top. Sprinkle cheese parings or other food for the rats on the paper for several days until they begin to think that they have a right to their daily rations from this source. Then place in the bottom of the barrel a piece of rock about six or seven inches high, filling with water until only enough of it projects above the water for one rat to lodge upon.

Now replace the paper, first cutting a cross in the middle, and the first rat that comes on the barrel top goes through into the water and climbs on the rock. The paper comes back to its original position, and the second rat follows the first. Then begins a fight for the possession of the dry place on the stone, the noise of which attracts the others, who share the same fate.—Baltimore American.

An Embarrassing Query.

In a city where children above the age of five years have to pay full fare on the tramcars while those who are younger go free the passengers in a car saw one day a rather large boy, looking seven years old at least, held in his mother's lap as though he were a baby. The big child seemed restless about something.

Presently he cried: "Mamma! Mamma!"

The mother, as if with a premonition of something wrong, tried to hush him, but he still kept saying: "Mamma! Mamma!"

"Well, what is it?" she asked at last.

"Mamma, when do I have to say I'm only five?"

Then the passengers—some of them—laughed and the mother turned very red.—London Answers.

A Unique Book.

A publishing firm which makes a specialty of expensive editions of standard authors has recently published an edition of the works of Dickens. The set is in thirty volumes and liberally illustrated and illumined. An eccentric buyer decided he would like to have a set composed of the proof sheets of the edition. These were, of course, much marked, corrected, noted and otherwise marred, but they were collected and bound in an exquisite binding and sent to the collector of original books. He paid $1,400 for the privilege of owning probably the most unique reprint of a set of Dickens' works in existence.—New York Times.

Climbing Animals.

Dogs often have to be trained to climb stairs, instinctively distrusting the upper stories. It has been conjectured that this is because the dog's forelegs break easily below the shoulder, and the beast seems to realize this. The fox has no such fear and has been known to climb a tree with plenty of small limbs to the height of seventeen feet. Swimming comes easier than climbing to most animals as well as to many races of men. Rats and guinea pigs can swim well and do not climb at all.

Bears can climb well if little, but the grizzly and other large species stay mainly on the ground. A bear always climbs down a tree backward, as does the domestic cat until she has nearly reached the ground, when she turns and jumps, but most wild cats run down a trunk head first, even the heavy leopard being a more skillful climber than the light house cat. The tiger and lion, however, do not climb, for no discoverable reason unless it be that they fear falling on account of their weight.

Modifications of Iron.

Add carbon to pure iron, and it becomes steel. Add a hydrocarbon to iron, and steel itself becomes so extensively modified that its properties are not recognizable. Thus steel may be soft as pure iron. Add hydrogen in varying quantity, and it has the quality of resilience, as in the watch spring, or the quality of tenacity, as in the knife or razor, or may be given nearly all the hardness of a diamond, as in a file. With steel at a low temperature, from 400 to 450 degrees F., edge tools are produced and color in the yellow shades; from 500 to 525 degrees various sorts of springs are produced, color blue, while by heating iron to whiteness and plunging it into water, which is mainly composed of hydrogen, files are produced or forms even harder.

Dirt In Dainty Carpets.

For housewives who pride themselves upon the spotless floor coverings The Druggists' Circular gives the following recipe for removing spots of dirt from carpets:

Make a suds with a good white soap and hot water and add fuller's earth to this until the consistency of thin cream. Have plenty of clean drying cloths, a small scrubbing brush, a large sponge and a pail of fresh water. Put some of the cleaning mixture in a bowl and dip the brush in it. Brush a small piece of the carpet with this; then wash with the sponge and cold water. Dry as much as possible with the sponge and finally rub with dry cloths. Continue this till you are sure that all the carpet is clean; then let it dry.

Work.

Work in every hour, paid or unpaid. See only that thou workest, and thou canst not escape the reward. Whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting corn or writing epics, so only it be honest work, done in thine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to thy senses as well as to the thought. No matter how often defeated, you are born to victory. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.—Emerson.

Polly Larkin

Recently I told you about a window garden that was a constant source of joy to Polly. Since then I have discovered that somebody else has had the delight of a window garden as well. A gentleman, who is a true lover of nature and of all its treasures, informed me that I had described his window garden perfectly, from the sweet peas, little winged beauties that they are, down even to the star-moss or wandering jew. He spent hours in enjoying this bit of nature perched in his window, and who knows what an inspiration they were to him in his work? Nobody can appreciate the incentive they are to happier and nobler thoughts and how they help to lift you out of the vexations and trials of every day life, unless they have just such a treasure-trove. You watch them grow inch by inch, bud by bud and leaf by leaf. Presently you discover that they are going to crown your efforts in caring for them with dainty fragrant flowers. There is a new joy in watching the tender green plants. If you happen to have a fit of the blues that will trespass on your good resolutions to refrain "forever and a day" from such disagreeable memories or unpleasant forebodings, the plants of your window garden seem to nod sympathizingly and yet encouragingly, and if you remain in their company long enough away goes dull care and gloomy and unhappy thoughts. They are great little sermonizers, these flowers in our window gardens. The gentleman, who seemed as proud of his window garden as Polly, could no doubt give you some excellent suggestions in regard to the care of the flowers, as he has long been interested in these lovely little nooks that go so far towards beautifying the home or a dull and dusty office, that if like many other offices, is musty with old papers, etc.

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One little lady, Mrs. "J. W. K.," writing from Fyffe, Cal., evidently has a window garden, too, and in speaking of the star-moss or wandering jew, states that there are two varieties, one a dark green, and the other variegated or striped, green and white. She is quite right; there are two varieties, the green one is quite common, but the variegated is more rare. It grows quite as readily as the green and is in striking contrast, particularly if the two plants are growing in the same vicinity. Now I remember that there is a third variety. The latter is also variegated in a kind of silvery green and a reddish color that is almost a purple. All that I have seen of this third variety are very thrifty plants and they grow luxuriantly. It is not nearly so common as the green and white striped. This star-moss or wandering jew, either you wish to term it, grows in water as well as in earth. The prettiest and cosiest little room I ever saw had this star-moss growing in bottles filled with water behind the pictures and throwing out their delicate little tendrils in great profusion, climbing up the picture cords and falling gracefully in all directions. Bottles containing the plants were deftly hidden in the draperies of the curtains over the tops of the windows, and as they sought the sunlight they made a delicate green fringe over the dainty white Swiss curtains. This same vine crept over the folding doors, and the mantels had its share of the graceful plant that wandered over the edges down the sides and reflected its own beauty in the polished mirror. That was not the only plant in this veritable little green-room. There was a circular shelf extending around the bay-window which contained the handsomest begonias I have ever seen, maidenhair and the feathery asparagus, as lacy as the ferns. On little tables were fine umbrella plants placed in handsome jardinieres, all in keeping with the tone of the room. A pretty graceful palm stood on the green and white tiled hearth, and beside it was a lacy brake that sent out its graceful foliage almost to the top of the lower shelf. On the floor was a big mossy green rug that covered nearly the entire room, and over this velvety green ground was strewn dainty pink half-blown roses. The border matched the center perfectly. The floor around the rug was painted a rich wine color. The furniture—none of your fine parlor effects, but all comfortable, easy chairs in keeping with the cosy appearance of the room and a couple of low divans in moss green plush and bows of delicate pink satin ribbon. It was one of the loveliest, daintiest rooms I have ever seen, in perfect taste and no attempt to make it anything but a dear little "living-room," where one could lounge and enjoy themselves with music, for a small upright piano stood in a niche in the room and a mandolin and a guitar stood beside it. A few new books and magazines were in convenient reach on the polished mahogany table. The above arrangement of this green-room is a hint to brides-to-be who are counting on having the dearest little home in the world, if not at present, then "some sweet day."

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Going back to the star-moss, or wandering jew, as my new friend terms it (there is always a congenial spirit among those who love flowers), I want to say to "J. M. K." that she will hear something more satisfactory to the question asked in her letter later on. The description of the little green room was given in answer to a question from "Lydia B——." From now on Polly will endeavor to answer any questions of the readers of this paper. By sending your questions in a sealed envelope stamped and directed to "Polly Larkin," to the editor of your paper, h will see that it is forwarded, and it will be answered in due season.

Going back to the flowers. I might as well make a floral letter out of the column this week. I want to tell you what a pretty white-capped young girl, dressed in the becoming costume of a nurse, did to keep a beautiful bunch of pinks, maidenhair, ferns and asparagus plants the other day in one of our hospitals. The moment they were handed in she removed the card and ribbon and burned the ends of the stems. It worked like a charm, for they remained fresh and fragrant for over a week. I have seen the ends of the flowers dipped in sealing wax when they wanted to send them any distance, but burning the ends was a new departure and a very successful one.

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Who does not love the golden-rod, that throws its little spires of pure gold broadcast through the fall to light autumn as she trails her robes through meadows and forests. The wild grapevine blushes at her approach, and wherever she passes the autumnal tints of scarlet, gold and russet hues are left to tell the story of her coming and her flight at the approach of winter, the heralder of the hollyberries. You who pass the golden-rod by in its native heath, hardly turning a second glance to the lovely flowers, would be surprised if you could see the eagerness that the clusters of golden-rod that are sold by the florists of this city every year are bought and cherished by those who are carried back to the "days of auld lang syne" by a sight of the lovely blossoms. The following little gem entitled "Golden Rod," appeals to Polly, and I believe Charles H. Towne was the author of it:

"It is the twilight of the year,
And through her wonderous wide abode
The Autumn goes all silently
To light her lamps along the road."

BRIEF REVIEW.

Chinese Emigration.

An English writer says about Chinese immigrating to Calcutta from the Canton districts, and then finding wives among the lower classer of the Eurasian community, "that the children of these marriages are generally educated on western lines, that is to say, they are taught to speak, read and write English, and are given a grounding in arithmetic and accounts. They are then apprenticed to their fathers' trades. This fact may partly account for the rapidity with which Chinese are ousting natives of India in the business of shoemaking and carpentry, which they have made their own in Calcutta." Burmah opens out a good field for Chinese immigration, and the only wonder is that the Government does not sufficiently encourage Chinese immigration hither. Down at Australasia Chinese have flocked in shoals, some contracting marriages with European women, and from past experience have been found to be good factors and formidable rivals, not only in commerce, but in the several handicrafts of trade, so much so that their immigration into the colonies has been made prohibitive by taxes and other heavy obligations.

Business Chances in Alaska.

The chances for young men to engage in trade in Alaska are still abundant. The dairyman at Juneau is getting rich. The gardener made $4000 last season from a little two-acre patch of ground, despite the fact that there are a great number of vegetables that will not thrive in that locality. Tomatoes will mature. The vines thrive well, but will not produce fruit. Cabbages grow until they become immense in size, but the heads will not get hard. Potatoes grow out of the ground and are not palatable, Corn, squash, beans and cucumbers, will not grow on account of the excessive moisture and cool nights. Nearly everything else in the way of vegetables can be produced in large quantities.

Origin of our Secret Service.

The United States Secret Service had its origin in the early sixties, under the auspices of the War Department. It actually grew out of the fact that Captain Lafayette F. Baker of the Union Army offering his services to Secretary Seward as a police scout to gather information cocerning the Confederate army. During the war the United States began the issuance of greenbacks. Then came the first appearance of the "green goods" men. By an act of Congress in 1861 or 1862, $10,000 was appropriated for the maintenance of Baker's service to suppress counterfeiting. The supervision of the service was then under the solicitor of the Treasury.

The Chilean Times reports that the Government has accepted a tender from a New York firm for printing 39,000,000 postage stamps. The amount to be paid for the same is $23,189.

In Java there is an orchid, the grammatophyllum, all the flowers of which open st once, as if by the stroke of a fairy wand, and they also wither together.

The German Government, recognizing the possibility of a quick diagnosis of the plague, has arranged for plague courses at certain of the bacteriological institutes.

In Holland no landlord has the power of raising the rent or of evicting a tenant.

Some peach growers in California skin their peaches by rapid handling in lye baths.

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

Tomorrow is not elastic enough in which to press the neglected duties of today.

Fights are sometimes thrown, but battles are pitched.

THE MOON'S CHANGES

THEY HAVE NO INFLUENCE WHATEVER UPON THE WEATHER.

Some Superstitions That Still Exist Upon the Subject—Moon Theories That Are Mere Survivals From a Past Credulity.

A belief prevails that the moon's phases and changes have a controlling influence over the weather, but so great an authority as Professor C. A. Young of Princeton has assured us that the moon has absolutely nothing to do with the weather.

Such a belief is in the strict sense of the word a superstition—"mere survival from a past credulity. It is quite certain that if there is any influence at all of the sort it is extremely slight, so slight that it cannot be demonstrated with certainty, although numerous investigations have been made expressly for the purpose of detecting it. We have never been able to ascertain, for instance, with certainty whether it is warmer or not or less cloudy or not at the time of the full moon. Different investigations have led to contradictory results.

"As to the supposed connection between 'changes of the moon' and changes of the weather, it should be enough to note that even within the United States the weather changes are not simultaneous (in Kansas and Maine, for instance), as they should be if they were due to the changing phases of the moon. Since, however, a change of the moon occurs every week, every weather change must necessarily occur within about three days and a half of lunar change, and half of them ought to fall within about forty-five hours, even if perfectly independent.

"Now, it requires only a very slight prepossession in favor of a belief in the effectiveness of the moon's changes to make one forget a few of the weather changes that occur too far from the proper time. Coincidences enough can easily be found to justify a pre-existing belief."

From a very remote antiquity, in the twilight of natural astrology, a belief arose that changes in the weather were occasioned by the moon. That the belief still exists is clear to any one who is acquainted with current literature and common folklore. In fact, it must be admitted that even intelligent and well informed people have been known to accept the theory.

The idea that the weather is affected by the changes in the moon is still held with great vigor in England, and one of our proverbs is, "So many days old the moon is on Michaelmas day, so many floods after." If it rains on St. Swithin's day, we are told to expect rain for forty days after. An equally wise prediction is that if Christmas comes during a waxing moon we shall have a very good year, and the nearer to the moon the better, but if during a waning moon a hard year, and the nearer the end of the moon so much the worse.

Another belief is that the condition of the weather depends upon the day of the week on which the new moon chances to fall. New moon on Monday, or moon day, is everywhere held as a sign of good weather. Friday's new moon is much disliked, while Saturday is unlucky for the new and Sunday for the full moon.

In Scotland the farmers believe that a misty moon is a misfortune, and an agricultural maxim among them teaches that

If the moon shows like a silver shield,
You need not be afraid to reap your field,
But if she rises haloed round
Soon we'll tread on deluged ground.

Another weather guide connected with the moon is that to see "the old moon in the arms of the new moon" is reckoned a sign of fair weather, and so is the turning up of the horns of the new moon. In this position it is supposed to retain the water which is imagined to be in it and which would run out if the horns were turned down.

The country people in Scotland foretell the changes of the weather from the changes in the appearance of the new moon. If she "lies sair on her back," it is a sure sign of bad weather, or when her horns are pointed toward the zenith.

At Whitby when the moon is surrounded by a halo with watery clouds the seamen say that there will be a change in the weather, for the "moon dogs" are about. There is also a belief prevalent among sailors and seafaring men that when a large star or planet is seen near the moon or, as they express it, "a big star is dogging the moon," this is a certain sign of stormy weather.—Exchange.

Darkness of Ocean Depths.

How far does sunlight penetrate beneath the surface of the seas? has been asked many times, and now the camera has answered the question. By exposing the most sensitive photographic plates at various depths it has been ascertained with definiteness how much sunlight there is in the water each descending foot.

There is a point at which no action of light is found, and that point is 600 feet under the surface. Below that is absolute darkness, and the only way in which the most delicate plate can be effected in that black abyss is to send down an electric light with it.

A Display of Avarice.

On the occasion of giving a concert Mme. Sala engaged Paganini at a fee of 50 guineas, says the Golden Penny. The next day she repaired to the violinist's house and handed him the sum in gold, the sight of which filled the great player with such violent emotion that he plunged his fingers among the bright pieces, which he poured over his arms and hands as though they were water. Despite this display of avarice, however, he returned the fee to Mme. Sala.

Startled the Natives.

Herrara, the Spanish historian, says that Pizarro, when he landed in South America, owed his life and those of his companions to the fact that one of the party fell off his horse by accident. The natives had succeeded in cutting off the retreat of the Spaniards to their ships, when one of the riders was thrown. The Indians were so astonished at the dissolution of partnership that they took flight at once. They had supposed horse and man to be one animal.

A TIRED MUSICIAN.

How Strauss Once Snubbed a Russian Court Dignitary.

When Johann Strauss took his orchestra to Russia, he had some unusual experiences not generally vouchsafed to those who live outside an autocratic government.

One day he received the czarina's commands to play before her at her summer resort and was told, on arriving there, that he would have to rehearse his programme three times before the performance. He begged to know the reason for that, but no explanation was given him. These were her majesty's orders, and he could only comply. Still, his astonishment grew when he saw during the three rehearsals an empty court carriage drawn by a pair of horses slowly going back and forth in front of his orchestra.

Throughout the final performance the mysterious act was explained. The empress, having a sharp attack of gout, was obliged to recline in the carriage, her foot on a cushion, while the concert took place, and the object of rehearsal had been to accustom the horses to a full string band lest they should take fright and bolt with her.

At the end of the performance an exalted dignitary of the court bade Strauss follow him to a splendid grand piano, saying:

"Now be good enough to play me all the newest Vienna music."

Although he was pretty fatigued by his three rehearsals and state performance, Strauss thought it expedient to comply, but after he had played continuously for over an hour he stopped, saying, "I presume that will be sufficient?"

"I am not at all tired," coolly rejoined his excellency.

"But I am!" said Strauss and rose from the instrument.—Youth's Companion.

TO TALK OR NOT TO TALK?

Is Silence Golden or Is It Foolish and Unsocial?

Is the old figure of a "golden silence" being washed away in the flood of twentieth century volubility? And is it right that it should be so washed away? We do not know the answers to these questions. Perhaps you, gentle reader, know and will tell. We do know that there is a good deal more talk in the world than would have been considered strictly necessary by our forbears. If you don't believe this, go to the nearest library and ask to see the bound volumes of The Congressional Record. You might also take along a certificate of sanity in case the librarian became alarmed at the request.

The old timers used to tell the youth of the land to consider if what they were about to say were not only "true and tried," but also "necessary." The idea held for quite a time that it was as reprehensible to waste words as to dissipate wealth.

Our old friend Montaigne, however, had a tender place in his heart for the talker. He declared, "The most natural and fruitful exercise of the mind is conversation, and I find the use of it more sweet than any other action in life."

In some quarters members of the feminine sex are credited with an indorsement of Mr. Montaigne's sentiment.

Is it wise to talk much? Or is it foolish? Is silence golden? Or is it unsocial and therefore against civilization? What do you think?—New York Telegram.

A Wide Open Library.

Dr. Parker was asked how he managed to draw thousands to his City temple in London. He said, "You would understand if you read my library."

"Is it such a good one?" asked a listener.

"Oh, it's good, bad, indifferent, grand and squalid," answered the mighty talker. "It's everything. It's in underground trains and on buses, in aerated teashops, smart restaurants, at churches, stations, parties, receptions, meetings, jubilees and sickbeds; you find it in prisons and boudoirs. The fact is you can never get away from it. We call it 'human nature' for want of a better name. I study it. That's why I call it my library. Most men don't, you see. But that's why I'm listened to."

How She Helped a Young Man.

A druggist in Memphis was holding forth recently on the difficulties which beset a young man in his first struggle with the world. "I had a hard time when I first started in business for myself," he said, apropos of a remark made by one of his hearers. "The public has good intentions toward you, but it sometimes has strange ways of expressing them. An old lady used to come in to buy postage stamps. I observed to her one day that she was evidently a great letter writer. 'Oh,' she said sweetly, 'I don't really need all the stamps I buy here. It's only because I wish to help a young man like yourself, just beginning to build up a business, that I purchase them.'"—Kansas City Star.

"Mere Man."

When you meet a man who describes himself as a "mere man," you would always do well to ask what he wants, for since man first swung himself from the bough in the forest primeval and stood upon his two legs he has never assumed that position for nothing. My own private opinion, which I confide to you, knowing it will go no further, is that he assumes that tone, as a rule, to overawe sovereign woman.—Sarah Grand.

A Great Secret.

Old Bachelor Uncle—Well, Charlie, what do you want now?

Charlie—Oh, I want to be rich.

"Rich! Why so?"

"Because I want to be petted. Ma says you are an old fool, but must be petted because you are rich. But it's a great secret, and I mustn't tell it."

It Spread.

Patience—Did Peggy advertise an announcement of her engagement in the newspapers?

Patrice—No; she didn't have to. She told all her girl friends that it was a secret.—Yonkers Statesman.

The jarrow wood, which grows in Australia, is almost the only kind known to the lumbermen which effectively resists the depredations of insects. Not an insect will touch it.

A HEARTY LAUGH.

The Wonderful Effects It Has Upon the Human System.

"Laugh and grow fat" is a saying as old as the hills. It has long been an accepted fact that humor is a promoter of digestion and merry words the deadliest foes of disease. Dr. J. E. Kennedy, editor of the Iowa Health Bulletin, writes an interesting article on the value of laughter, in which he shows it is not only a remedial agent, but is also a valuable preventive against a host of diseases. The physical effects of laughter are thus put down by Dr. Kennedy:

Laughter increases the blood circulation.

It enlarges the heart.

It expands the lungs.

It jiggers the diaphragm.

It promotes the dioculation of the spleen.

In other words, laughter stirs up the vital regions of the body, gives them healthful exercise and produces a mental exhilaration which acts upon the system much as a brisk walk in a crisp atmosphere does upon the appetite. As strong allies to laughter Dr. Kennedy gives the following directions for mental peace of mind:

Beware of theologians who have no sense of mirth. They are not altogether human.

Keep your chin up.

Don't take your troubles to bed with you. Hang them on a chair with your trousers or drop them in a glass of water with your teeth.

Dr. Kennedy has surely hit the nail on the head. If his prescription and advice are followed, his own bills will be decidedly cut down.—Burlington Hawkeye.

The Advice Came Home to Roost.

The president of one of the prominent railway corporations in America was making a stirring address to an audience of young men and dwelt with particular emphasis on the necessity of making a good appearance.

"When you are looking for work," he said, "be careful that you are presentable. If you have only $24 in the world, spend $20 for a suit of clothes, $3.50 for a pair of shoes, 50 cents for a hair cut and shave. Then walk up to the job wherever it is and ask for it like a man."

This advice was greeted with great applause, and the railway president sat down amid a storm of cheers.

The very next morning a dapper looking young fellow walked into the outer office of the orator and, handing a note to the clerk, said, "Please give this to the president." The note read as follows:

"I have paid $20 for this suit of clothes, $3.50 for a pair of shoes and 50 cents for a hair cut and a shave. I have walked from Harlem, and I would like a job as conductor on your road."

He got the job.

Waste of Postage.

The lawyers were discussing the merits and demerits of a well known member of the New Orleans bar who had been gathered to his fathers, and one of the party, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, recalled the time when he studied in the old man's office.

We had a copying clerk whose inefficiency continually worked the judge up to the point of explosion. One day a wire basket fell off the top of his desk and scratched his cheek. Not having any courtplaster, he slapped on three postage stamps and went on with his work.

A little later he had some papers to take to the United States court, and, forgetting all about the stamps, he put on his hat and went out.

As he entered the office the judge raised his head and fixed him with an astonished stare. The clerk stopped and looked frightened and finally asked:

"Anything—er—wrong, sir?"

"Yes, sir!" thundered the old gentleman. "You are carrying too much postage for second class matter."

Dangers of the Apothecary.

The distilled essential oil of almonds, which when diluted supplies the popular flavoring for sweets and confectionery known as "ratafia," contains in its strongest form a sufficient percentage of hydrocyanic acid to make it highly dangerous. A young man who was executing an order by pouring it from a large bottle to a smaller one noticed that he had not put the label quite straight on the smaller bottle and took it off again. Before replacing the label he licked it to make sure of its sticking properly. But while pouring he had inadvertently let a drop or two trickle on the outside of the bottle where he had affixed the label. Then when he touched the label with his tongue he felt as if something shot along that member and also a jump of his heart. So he rushed to a tap, which was fortunately close at hand, and put his tongue under the running water. Never as long as he lived, he said, would he forget that poisoning sensation.—Chambers' Journal.

The Cat and the Tail.

Once upon a time a cat who prided herself on her wit and wisdom was prowling about the barn in search of food and saw a tail protruding from a hole.

"There is the conclusion of a rat," she said.

Then she crept stealthily toward it until within striking distance, when she made a jump and reached it with her claws. Alas, it was not the appendage of a rat, but the tail of a snake, who immediately turned and gave her a mortal bite.

Moral.—It is dangerous to jump at conclusions.

Old Mexican Beliefs.

Some old Mexican tribes believe that the spirit is carried to the moon by a coal black, monkey faced owl; that upon arriving there it is met by its thousands of ancestors, who come with a long train of white donkeys; that the spirit is then escorted to a large cavern in the center of the moon, where joy reigns supreme.

Her Objection.

"You are not singing that beautiful song, 'I Want to Be an Angel,' with the rest of us," said the teacher.

The little one shook her head.

"What's the use of telling a story about it?" she demanded. "I'm having enough trouble learning to play the piano without bothering with a harp."—Chicago Post.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

The Peachblow Vase.

The rarest and most expensive of all Chinese porcelain is the famous "peachblow," which was made for a very short time only in 1661-1722, in the reign of Kuang III. The secret was the exclusive possession of a single family, and it died out with them. A singular thing is that the ware occurs only in five different forms, almost identical in shade and dimensions. Of the fifth form only a single example is known to exist, and this is the famous "peachblow vase," whose history is as follows:

About twenty years ago an American bought it in China for $20. Not long afterward it was sold by a New York dealer to Mrs. Mary J. Morgan, who is said to have paid $15,000 for it. A few years later, in 1886, at the sale of the deceased Mrs. Morgan's art collection, it was repurchased by the same dealer for $18,000. The story was current at the time that the dealer, expecting to get the vase at a low figure, had already sold it "short" for $[illegible]. He lost $10,000 by [illegible] is now in the c[illegible] Walters of B[illegible] Chinese po[illegible] fect a wo[illegible] Venus of [illegible]

King[illegible] mand [illegible] seat in [illegible] onation [illegible] him is [illegible] to "rich[illegible] a tride[illegible] people [illegible] seems [illegible] the ot[illegible] leveler[illegible] Briton[illegible]

To th[illegible] tion is n[illegible] cus of mo[illegible] & Sells' bec[illegible] ty of the pert[illegible] ticket to get i[illegible] one, and the shame, i[illegible] taches to those nobles ign[illegible] to sell their ancestral rights [illegible] able dollars.

The condition of affairs must [illegible] been pretty bad to compel the king [illegible] come out with a public proclamation, thereby betraying to the world at large the rotten state of the English nobility.—Kansas City Independent.

Cancer and X Rays.

Recently it was suggested that the X rays or the Finsen light cure might be found effective as a remedy for cancer. The experiment has lately been made. Andrew Clark records a case of chronic cancer of the breast which was so treated. The patient was a woman sixty years of age, and the mischief had been extending for a long period "until the whole breast was replaced by a large ulcer." The patient, having declined operative treatment, was subjected to an application of the X rays five days a week for fifteen minutes each day, and at the end of two months the general condition had improved, the pain had lessened, and the ulcer had cleaned and become smaller.—London Telegraph.

Journalism In France.

Every Frenchman is said to be or to have been a journalist, and a recent census of the French press would seem to bear out this. Paris can boast just now of nearly 3,000 journals, of which 42 were started in 1900. The dailies number 140, the weeklies 781 and the monthlies 933. In the provinces there are 3,849, or 123 fewer than at the census of the preceding year. The patriarch of all is the Gazette de France, which was founded in 1631. As regards the number of Paris dailies, it should be mentioned that some of the 140 exist only in title, for in several instances the same matter is utilized under different names.—Athenæum.

Civilization of the Crows.

The Crow Indians, once the terror of the plains, are now scheduled as among the most industrious and prosperous Indians in the country. There are about 2,000 of them on the Crow reservation in Montana, and they have been reported at Washington as "self supporting." There are gradations of worthlessness even among savages, and the Crows were more energetic in their wild life than were many of the other tribes, and especially those of the coast. It is not surprising therefore that they are more energetic in semicivilized life than the others and are ready sooner to dispense with government rations.—Portland Oregonian.

Lowering Glasgow's Death Rate.

Twenty-five years ago there was in central Glasgow a great accumulation of narrow streets, dismal lanes and filthy closes, "where disease and death held high carnival and vice and crime lifted their heads unabashed." But special acts of parliament have been obtained, and the larger portion of this district has been reconstructed, and the remainder is being dealt with. As a result the death rate, which in 1876 was 27.4 per 1,000 is now 21.1 per 1,000 for the whole town. The death rate of the central district was 40 per 1,000, [illegible] 30 per 1,000.

System of Building.

[illegible] savings bank building in Holland, is being con[illegible] the Monier system, a new [illegible] construction. A steel framework, like a birdcage in appearance, is enveloped in Portland cement, which prevents the steel from rusting, while the cement itself is rendered elastic. The steel acts entirely in tension and the concrete in pressure. This construction is said to be strong, fireproof and waterproof and to be growing in favor in Europe for government buildings and factories.—Youth's Companion.

Which He Did.

"I'll make somebody smart for this!" exclaimed the man who had thoughtlessly kicked an innocent looking hat that lay on the sidewalk.

And he limped homeward and scolded his wife for not having dinner ready.

The Manchester Guardian says that the collections in the printroom of the British museum have recently been enriched by the gift from a Spanish collector of a number of original etchings for illustrations to Wagner's operas and other musical compositions.