

## BANDON RECORDER.

### Portuguese Hotel Clocks.

It is the fashion for Portuguese clocks to strike the hour twice over. Heaven only knows why, for certainly the people are not so keen about the profitable use of their time that they require to be reminded thus of its flight. The habit is apt to be irritating, especially in the night, when your bed, like enough a straw mattress and a bran pillow, chances to be near one of these monsters which clangs its four and twenty strokes at midnight, with a pause between the dozens which merely stimulates expectation. If there are five clocks in the establishment, all with sonorous works—and the supposition is reasonable—they will, of course, differ widely, so that twenty-four may be striking, with intervals, during a maddening half hour.

You may happen to want to know badly which one of the monsters is the best mendacious, and the bells at your head head communicate with two servants, one a Gallego and the other a Portuguese. In such a case ring for the despised stranger without hesitation. He will be with you in a minute, fresh and smiling, though half naked, and if he distrusts his own judgment about the clocks he will not mind saying so and hasten to awaken the landlord himself rather than that you should remain in doubt.

I regret to add that his more conceited fellow servant will more probably say whatever first comes to his tongue, more heedful of his own comfort than of your desires.—Chambers' Journal.

### The Last Gladiatorial Combat.

Gladiatorial games were prohibited by an edict of the Emperor Constantine in A. D. 325, but from some cause, probably the loudly expressed disapprobation of the people, the edict was allowed to fall into disuse, and its penalties were never visited on its violators. During the reign of Honorius the defeat of the Goths in Italy was celebrated by games, but in the midst of the fights in the amphitheater of Vespasian a monk named Telemachus found his way into the arena and parted the combatants with a large professional cross.

The populace swarmed over the barricades and tore the monk to pieces, but the moral effect of the heroic act was permanent, and in A. D. 404 an imperial edict abolished gladiatorial sports in the Coliseum and shortly after throughout the Roman empire. The fight stopped by Telemachus was the last in the Coliseum, and that structure is now consecrated to the honor of Telemachus and the Christian martyrs who perished in the persecutions by Nero and other emperors.

### Two Cruel Punishments.

The gantoppe, or gantlet, was military and naval punishment for theft. A man had to run the gantlet of a long file of his fellow soldiers, each provided with a switch, and to prevent the sinner going too rapidly and to see that no man, impelled by motives of friendship or kindness, failed to strike hard, a sergeant walked backward, facing the sinner, with a halberd pointed at the latter's breast.

After a lengthy experiment this was found to be inconvenient and degrading, so recourse was had to another method, a variety of the same species of torture. The offender was tied to four halberds, three in a triangle and a fourth across. The regiment or company then filed off, the cut-of-nine-tails was placed in the hands of the first man, who gave the culprit a lash and passed on, handing the cut to the second, who also gave a lash, and so the game went merrily on until the offense had been expiated.—London Graphic.

### There Was a Tale to Tell.

The girl at the music counter has some funny experiences. For instance, the other day a well-dressed woman bustled up to the music department of a great store and said in a loud voice: "Have you got a piece of music called 'The Crocodile's Tail?'"

"No, madam," answered the clerk. "We have one called—"

"But you had it here last week. I saw it," she interrupted. "It is from 'The Burgomaster,' and I want it today."

"Are you sure that is the name of it?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, that's the name. I remember it distinctly. Are you sure you haven't got it?"

### The Rival Gorillas.

Once upon a time a gorilla was in love, and while he delayed his proposal a rival appeared on the scene, gained the affections of the one he loved, proposed, was accepted and soon married her.

A year passed, and the disappointed lover called on his successful rival while he was swinging on a hickory limb, with a crying baby in his arms, and silently listened to his wife scolding him for some fancied breach of household regulations.

"That was a narrow escape," he said as he turned quickly in his tracks and hurried away.

Moral.—Delays are dangerous for the other fellow.—New York Herald.

### A Giant Tree.

Near Dakar, in lower Senegal, is an enormous baobab tree whose trunk measures fully seventy-five feet in circumference at the base. The fruit of the baobab, which grows abundantly in Senegal, is called "monkey bread."

It is used by the natives for curdling milk and as a specific for certain diseases. Decoctions of the dried leaves are also used as medicine. From the bark strong cords are made, and the gum that exudes from it is employed as a salve. The root of the young baobab is sometimes eaten by the natives.

A doctor has written to the London Times suggesting the running of motor cars at a speed fully up to the legal limit as a means of administering the open air treatment to consumptives.

The lighthouse at Cape Kalkra, on the European coast of the Black sea, was destroyed by the earthquake on March 31. Steps have been taken for the provision of a temporary light.

## Polly Larkin

I wonder if there will ever come a time when violets will not be brought forth by our milliners two or three times during each season? Whenever the milliners find the fair sex are beginning to tire of some new fad, for instance, the popular black and white that has had such a run since the fall opening of winter novelties, then they resort to violets. I have seen a number of the new velvet hats trimmed in great bunches of beautiful violets, and it is a welcome change from the somber black and white that has grown tiresome. Violets, it seems, like the natural blossoms, will always find a place in millinery through the spring, summer, autumn and winter seasons. Once in a while you will hear someone say, "I am positively sick and tired of violets, they have grown so common," but wait a little while and you will see that selfsame person with a bran hat trimmed up in violets and wearing a corsage bouquet of the natural flowers. There is no use trying to relegate them to the background, for they are bound to make their appearance with each season.

Speaking of violets reminds me of a neat little conceit in the way of advertising that a prominent manufacturer of fine perfumes adopted to popularize his perfumes, especially his violet extract, for which he asked the modest sum of one dollar an ounce, but a drop will go a long way, it being so powerful that more than a drop would make the odor unpleasant. It is so like the perfume of the natural violets that this one drop placed on the dress or the handkerchief gives one the impression that the party has a whole bunch of the fragrant flowers and you naturally look for them. But going back to the manufacturer of this lovely extract, he has sent out broadcast over the land to druggists and other dealers in perfumery, quantities of artificial violets—a single violet being wired, and perfumed with this violet extract—this is given to the different customers and it is immediately pinned on the dress. It simply advertises itself, and wins many a customer for the dainty and exquisite perfume.

Here is something else in regard to violets that will be of interest, not only to the medical world, but the people in general. An English woman suffering from cancer reports a wonderful cure by the simple infusion of violet leaves. She was so delighted with the success of the treatment that she had circulars printed for distribution all over London telling of the marvelous cure. The medical university hospital at Baltimore, Md., has become interested, and is to try the new discovery on a woman suffering with cancer. Many thousands of fragrant violets will be crushed for use in testing their efficacy as a cure for the cancer that is slowly sapping away the life of the sufferer. The violet leaves will be pressed into poultices, as was done in the London case. As fast as the preparation dries, or becomes cold, fresh poultices will be used. If it works as successfully in this case as it did with the English woman, it will create a new interest in the modest little violet that poets have inscribed some of their sweetest sentiments to. The fragrant violet blossoms have helped many an ardent wooer to win the choice of his heart; they have figured at the wedding, the feast, the last token to be laid on the tomb, the gift to the friend, speaking its own little message clearer than words sometimes could do. Within the past few years candied violets have been one of the most choice and dainty confections that has been placed on the market to tempt one blessed with the sweet tooth and a fondness for everything in the line of sweets, from candied rose leaves and violets down to the good old-fashioned molasses candy your grandmother used to make for you. Violets have been recognized for many a long day as a deodorizer or disinfectant. No matter how impure the air and how offensive the odor may be, by placing violets in vases around the room, you will soon find that all the unpleasantness has disappeared.

Now, if the cancer treatment proves a success in the Baltimore hospital, there will be no end to the culture of the sweet-scented little blossoms, which can be grown in quantities with so little trouble. The remedy, too, will be so simple that every person suffering with the terrible disease can be his own physician, saving tremendous doctor's bills, and with the assurance that a dread disease can be cured without the use of the knife.

Polly saw a freak of nature in the way of flowers here in San Francisco the other day. There was a lilac bush in full bloom. Not great tufted purple plumes that you see in the spring, still every branch had a little purple flower that nodded in the cold biting wind that had a suspicion of the frosty icy fingers in its touch. Another plant that decided to bloom out of its regular season was a syringa or mock orange, as some people term them. It was literally covered with the white blossoms, and as though it did not intend to be outdone by so small a shrub in the flower world, a big magnolia tree showed two creamy buds and one full-blown flower.

Now, for some questions that have been sent to Polly to answer, and by the way, they led up to the subject of this week's column—violets. "Cornine" wants to know how to cause butter to partake of the odor of violets, as she intends to give a violet party soon, and all of the flowers and decorations will be of the violets, and ribbons, etc., of that hue.

Take the best butter and cut it into very thin slices, place a wet cloth in a dish or some jar that can be covered. Lay your thin slices of butter in this, place a heavy layer of violets on top, then another layer of the butter, and so on, until you have as much as required. See that the last layer is of violets, however, and then place a weight on top, and then the cover, set in a cool place until wanted. Some prefer to serve the butter in the thin slices, cut into fancy shapes or squares, just as it comes out of the jar. Others will work it over, so that the violet flavor will be carried all the way through, then it will be put through a dainty mould, and in serving a single violet or possibly two or three of the blossoms will be laid on the plate.

"Myrtle D—" wants to know how to treat her umbrellas plants, but I will have to postpone the answer until next week.

**BRIEF REVIEW.**

**Railless Electric Line.**

The magnificent old Corniche road, from Nice to the Convent of Laghet, passing by La Turbie, is to be served by a novel and ingenious traction system. No rails will be laid. The cars are practically large electric motor cars minus accumulators. The motor receives its electrical power from overhead wires. Central electrical works will provide the current, which will pass through two parallel aerial wires supported by posts. One wire will be used by the ascending, the other by the descending vehicle. Great economy of energy is obtained, besides the gain of all the space and the avoidance of the weight of the accumulators. One feature of the system is the ease with which the motor cars will make way or pass around any carriage they encounter, the connecting wire being long enough to allow of such deviations.

**New Leguminous Plant.**

German papers speak of an annual belonging to the leguminous class growing in tropical Africa which is largely cultivated by the negroes as an article of food. It has also been introduced to some extent in Brazil. The Africans call it wanda, but its botanical name is *Glycine subterranea*. The fruit, like the peanut, matures under the ground. The eatable kernel has the shape of an egg, and is dark red, with black stripes and a white hilum like most beans. It furnishes a very white flour, the flavor of which, after cooking, very much resembles that of chestnuts. Two pounds of the product would supply the daily requirements of the human system. This is one of the very few fruits which, in a natural state, contains all the chemical properties of perfect nutriment.

**New Marine Propulsion.**

A new method of marine propulsion by pneumatic ejection was tried recently at the Carpenter Company's Baths at Stratford, says a London newspaper. The inventor has made two model boats, five feet in length, one a shallow-draught river boat and the other on the lines of an ocean-going steamer. The steam is generated in a boiler of special pattern, and by means of a patent steam jet induction apparatus atmospheric air is propelled along tubes running to the stern of the vessel. The force of the air against the water propels the boat. Reversing is effected by diverting the steam into tubes running to the bow, and steering by stopping the ejection of steam on one side.

**A Forgotten Craft.**

It was probably known to nearly every Roman citizen how the mortar which cemented the stones in their buildings was made—just as it is now known to the majority of people that the principal ingredient of English mortar is street scrapings, says a London newspaper. But, the knowledge being general, nobody wrote it down, and in time, as the Romans shifted their building upon slaves and foreigners, the recipe of their mortar was lost. So far it has not been discovered, though the secret of it would be immensely valuable, for the cement outlasts the very stones which it joins.

**Rust Preventive for Iron.**

Copper sulphide, in the opinion of Professor Hess, solves the problem of a permanent rust-preventing coating for iron. The well-cleaned iron is suspended for a few minutes in a copper sulphate solution, rinsed with water, then moved about a few minutes in a solution of sodium hypo-sulphite containing a very little hydro-chloric acid. The blue-black surface resulting, rinsed and dried, is adherent and durable.

## HE KILLED THE CASE

### FATAL EFFECT OF BROTHER SPEARS' MUSICAL TESTIMONY.

After the Jury Heard It They Acquitted the Naughty Children Who Laughed in Church and Disturbed the Religious Assemblies.

A well known lawyer of Lancaster, Mo., related the following legal incident: One of the most original lawyers I ever met in my life was Sam Dysart, who many years ago was a resident of our county. Sam was a born humorist and could have made his fortune in the lecture field. When he lived up our way, he was engaged on one occasion to defend a lot of boys and girls charged with disturbing a religious assembly held out in the country. "Laughing and giggling" is the way the information read. The case was tried before Squire A. C. Bailey, a good old man who has long since gone to his final reward. Like all cases of the sort, it attracted an immense crowd from the vicinity of the alleged outrage.

T. C. Tadlock prosecuted, and he was instructed by the church people to spare no pains to convict the disturbers, who were very much frightened by being dragged into court. All the defendants were children of good families, and it was their first offense. They candidly admitted they laughed out in church, and the state insisted that by their own mouths they were condemned.

Brother Tice Spears, a righteous man of Puritanic type, was the main prosecuting witness. He had conducted the service, and he testified that the peace was sadly disturbed by the unseemly behavior of the "rioters." After he told his story in chief he sat down with clasped hands, waiting for the defendants' attorney to begin on him. He didn't have long to wait. The examination began like this:

"Brother Spears, you led the meeting 'that night?'"

"I did, sir."

"You prayed?"

"I did, sir."

"And preached?"

"I tried to."

"And sang?"

"I sang."

"What did you sing?"

"There is a Fountain Filled With Blood," sir.

Here Mr. Dysart pulled a hymnbook from his pocket and handed it to the witness with the remark:

"Please turn to that song, Brother Spears."

The witness did so.

"That's what you sang that night?"

"It is, sir."

"Well, stand up and sing it now, if you please."

"What?"

"You heard what I said, Brother Spears."

"Here I can't sing before this sort of crowd."

"Brother Spears," with much apparent indignation, "do I understand that you refuse to furnish legitimate evidence to this jury?"

"No, no—but, you see—"

"Your honor," said Mr. Dysart, "I insist that the witness shall sing the song referred to just as he did on the night of alleged disturbance. It is a part of our evidence and very important. The reason for it will be disclosed later on."

There was a long jangle between the lawyers, and the court finally ordered the witness to get up and sing.

"And mind you, Brother Spears," said Dysart seriously, "you must sing it just as you did that night. If you change a note, you will have to go back and do it all over again."

The witness got up and opened the book. There is a vast difference between singing to a congregation in sympathy with you and a crowd of courtly habits. Brother Spears was painfully conscious of the fact. You know how these old time hymns are sung in the backwoods settlements? You begin in the basement and work up to the roof and then leap off from the dizzy height and finally finish the line in the basement.

That's the way the witness did. He had a good voice—that is, it was strong. If Gabriel's trumpet ever gets out of whack he could utilize that voice and wake the dead just as readily. It seemed to threaten the window lights. The crowd didn't smile, it just yelped with laughter. The jurymen bent double and almost rolled from their seats. The court bit his corncob pipe harder and looked solemn. It wasn't any use. There were only two straight faces in the house. One belonged to a deaf man and the other to Sam Dysart. The singer finished and sat down. He looked tired. Sam immediately excused him.

When the time for speaking came Sam remarked to the jury: "If you gentlemen think you could go to the 'Brother Spears' meetings and behave better than you have here, why you may be justified in convicting these boys and girls."

That was all he said, but it gave the jury lots to think about. They brought in a verdict of not guilty, with the request that Brother Spears sing another song. But that gentleman had gone home and court adjourned.—Macon Republican.

**Expenses of a Yacht Owner.**

There is no question that modern luxury has reached its most extravagant pinnacle in yachting, which, in the elaborate profession of its expense, brings us very close to the latter days of the Roman empire. Take a single case. A boat like Colonel Payne's 650-ton yacht *Aphrodite* carries a company of 50 men—captain, first and second mates, carpenter, chief steward, assistant steward, 2 bedroom stewards, pantryman, chief cook, 2 assistant cooks, chief engineer, 3 assistant engineers, 3 oilers, 15 firemen and 19 men before the mast.—Leslie's Monthly.

**The Artichoke.**

The artichoke has nothing to do with art or the choking of it. The artichoke is an innocent vegetable, known to the Arabians as the *ardischauki*, or earth thorn. The Jerusalem artichoke was never seen near Jerusalem. Its first name is a corruption of the Italian *girasole*, which means turning to the sun. It is a species of sunflower, bearing a tuber like that of a potato.

## RIDING IN CHINA.

### Using the Donkey, the Sheatun and the Wheelbarrow.

Here comes a gorgeously clad lady riding a donkey, her husband by her side. She rides straddle legs, but round her is drawn an embroidered petticoat, displaying all its beauties when riding. Her face is painted and powdered, her lower lip is one large dab of vermilion, and her wonderfully dressed hair is shining with grease and gum. She wears no hat, however hot the day, but she carries a fan or an oil paper parasol, and she looks very much like the barbarian passes, for he is not supposed to see her, though very probably she stoops and chatters to her lord and master once he is well out of the way.

Next there comes a sheatun, that is, a long chair with a hood hung between two mules walking tandem fashion. Sometimes there is another gayly dressed woman in it, sometimes a magistrate or other grandee, but oftentimes of all come the shrieking, creaking wheelbarrows, the universal vehicle of China.

The wheel is in the middle, and there is a seat on either side, and the way those tortured wheels cry out is exciting—the air is full of the sound. The Chinaman cannot be prevailed upon to grease them. In the first place, he is economical and would not waste the grease, and in the next he looks upon a silent wheel with suspicion. "Would you have him going like a thief?" he asks plaintively.

Nevertheless those wheelbarrows are the only wheeled vehicles, and a coolly will wheel two men and their baggage easily. The bishop of northern China declares he has traveled thousands of miles on a wheelbarrow.—Empire Review.

## THE FIRST CAMERA.

### It Was Invented by an Italian in the Sixteenth Century.

The camera was invented by an Italian named Baptista Porta, though it was not at first used for photographing. It was in reality merely a dark room, into which light was admitted through a little round hole in one side. The rays of light coming from objects outside of this room entered it through this aperture and made a picture on the other side of the room glowing itself, but rather indistinct and upside down.

This dark room was contrived by Porta about the middle of the sixteenth century. He improved it later by placing a glass lens in the aperture and outside a mirror which reflected the rays of light and reflected them through the lens so that that image upon the opposite wall within was made much brighter, more distinct and in a natural or erect position. This was really the first camera obscura, an invention which is enjoyed to the present day, being situated often upon a hilltop, where a picturesque country surrounding which is placed in the center of the conical roof.

Now our modern photographic camera is merely a small camera obscura in its simplest form, carrying a lens at one end and a ground glass screen at the other. It is, however, often much more complicated in its construction.

## Shopping in Athens.

In his volume on "Modern Athens," George Horton says that shopping in the Greek capital is a more elaborate, time-consuming and minute process even than with us. "The oriental method of doing business still prevails. The dealer sets a price, the buyer another, and often three or four hours of patient will contest pass before a compromise is reached. The patron asks, 'How much is this piece of silk?' 'One dollar a yard,' is the reply. 'Thirty cents' is offered. The merchant is thrown into something resembling an apoplectic fit. He swears by his father's soul that it cost 95 cents.

The lady takes a seat with a sigh and after twenty minutes inquires innocently, 'Finally, 30 cents?' 'Never! But to keep you and not lose your custom, you may have it for what I paid, 35 cents.' 'You poor thing!' sighs the lady sarcastically. 'There are a dozen or more women sitting about the store. When finally the proprietor comes down to a price that one is willing to pay, she rises, receives her bundle and departs, declaring good naturedly that she had never been swindled and that she will never come back again.'

## A Question of Ownership.

"Are you the man who advertises 'Own your own home?'" said the dejected looking caller.

"I am," answered the real estate dealer.

"Well, I'd like to get the recipe."

"The what?"

"The recipe, the modus operandi. I want to know what goes to own my own home. Our cook has a temper like a raging lion and muscles like Hercules. If you can, tell me how to dispose her. Money's no object."

"Washington Star."

Edith—I hear that you and Fred are quite interested in one another.

Bertie—Don't you tell a soul, Edith, but really I believe Fred and I were made for each other. We have played golf together three times, and we never quarreled, except two or three times when Fred was clearly in the wrong.—Boston Transcript.

**He Wasn't It.**

"My dear Miss Billmore," sadly wrote young Hankinson, "I return herewith your kind note, in which you accept my offer of marriage. You will observe that it begins 'Dear George.' I do not know who George is, but my name, as you know, is William."—Chicago Star.

**New Attraction.**

Towne—I see Gayman had to pay Miss Koy \$25,000 for breach of promise.

Brown—Yes, and now he's trying to marry her for her money.—Philadelphia Press.

There is a good deal of quiet satisfaction in seeing somebody else run against fresh paint.—Milwaukee Journal.

There is one admirable thing about a dog—he always acts natural.—Aitchison Globe.

## FLOWER AND TREE.

### Tobacco water will destroy bugs and worms on rosebushes.

Only well rotted manure should be allowed to come in contact with the roots of trees.

Don't try to transplant a cyclamen after the bulb has begun to throw up green leaves. If you do, you will lose your bulb.

Vines may be set in the spring and also in the fall. It is said the clematis does best if set in the latter season, while the wistaria, honeysuckle and Japanese ivy are by preference to be planted in the spring.

One reason why plants often do not succeed in window culture is the want of moisture in the air. Anything that tends to supply this lack is so much gained. On this account plants often do best in the kitchen window.

The petals of a single flower fall sooner than do those of a double one for the reason that the inner petals are transformed more slowly and retain the power of adherence they need when performing their original function.

## Romance of the Corinthian Column.

In the winter a young girl had died in Corinth. Some time afterward her maid gathered together various trinkets and playthings which the girl had loved and brought them to the city's grave. There she placed them in a basket near the monument and put a large square tile upon the basket to prevent the wind from overturning it. It happened that under the basket was a root of an acanthus plant. When spring came, the acanthus sprouted, but its shoots were not able to pierce the basket, and accordingly they grew around it, having the basket in their midst. Such of the long leaves as grew up against the four protruding corners of the tile on the top of the basket curled round under these corners and formed pretty volutes.

Kallimachos, the sculptor, walking that way one day, saw this and immediately conceived the notion that the form of the basket with the plants on top of it and surrounded by the leaves and stalks of acanthus would be a comely heading for columns in architecture. He from this idea formed the beautiful Corinthian style of capital. Such, at least, is the story as the architect Vitruvius told it 1,900 years ago.

## Too Much Apathy.

Coulock's company was once barnstorming through Virginia. It was at Petersburg, and the play was "The Chimney Corner." All through the audience sat in distressing silence, neither laughing nor shedding a tear, although "The Chimney Corner" abounds with humor and pathos and the company then producing it was of great merit for those times. Coulock appeared to pay no attention to the apathy of his audience until just at the close of the performance. The concluding lines of the play are somewhat to this effect: "You, John, are happy, and so are you, Ellen; so am I, and so are we all. Let us hope that our friends the public share our happiness."

But, to the surprise of everybody, Coulock fell into a towering passion when he reached these lines, and in thundering tones he said, "You, John, are happy, and so are you, Ellen; so am I, and so are we all except the fools that have been sitting like stouthearts in front of the footlights tonight!"

## A Golf Story.

A well known Scotch "meenster" took up golf and despite great practice could not succeed in passing the tyro stage. His simple exclamations of "Tut, tut!" "Oh, dear, now!" "Well, well!" and the like were plain evidences of a perturbed spirit.

One day, when the perspiration flowed freely from his lofty brow and his honest countenance shone with a luster and radiance which alas, were not due to calmness of soul, but rather the heat of the sun and his laborious efforts to move the obstinate gutta percha from its station on the tee, he was tempted to indulge in strong language. "Dear, dear, but I'll have to give it up! I'll have to give it up!" he said at last, with a despairing look at the ball.

"Give up the game, Mr. D.," exclaimed his friend, who had been a witness of his attempts.

"Na, na—the meenistry!" answered the other, with a sigh.

## The Sacred Bone.

The bone lutz, or the "resurrection bone," is at the lower extremity of the spinal column. The Jewish rabbis taught that it was incorruptible, and from it, as from a seed, the human body would spring at the resurrection. There is a Jewish tradition that the Emperor Hadrian questioned a rabbi as to the existence of this bone and was convinced by the production of one by the Jewish teacher. Various attempts were made to destroy it. It was cast into a furnace and came forth unscathed; it was steeped in boiling water, but remained unsoftened; it was smitten with a hammer, and the hammer was broken. Some trace of the former reverence for the bone is found in the modern name.

## Spiders' Webs.

The webs of those spiders which spin snares out of doors, as the geometrical garden spider, are formed of two sorts of silk, one of which is used for the main cables and the radiating threads, the latter for the concentric threads. The latter are thickly studded with minute globules of a viscous substance, which retains the fly, gnat or moth that may blunder against them, while the former are quite dry and harmless. A third kind of silk is produced by the busy little spinner when some such large insect as a wasp has become entangled in the web and threatens to break the delicate structure in its struggles. This takes the form of an enveloping mass, which is suddenly produced and which effectually prevents any further gyrations on the part of the captured insect.—Cornhill Magazine.

## A Guide.

Dr. A.—Why do you always make such particular inquiries as to what your patients eat? Does that assist you in your diagnosis?

Dr. B.—Not much, but it enables me to ascertain their social position and arrange my fees accordingly.—The Star.

## A THIEVES' MARKET.

### ONE OF THE PROMINENT PLACES IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Any Policeman Will Show You the Way to It and You May There Purchase Stolen Goods by the Single Piece or by the Cartload.

If you want to know the time it takes the City of Mexico; if you need household goods, objects of art or of personal adornment; in fact, if there is anything you desire from a pinhead to a relict stove—just ask a policeman.

He will point the way to the thieves' market without any more idea of laws that deal with those who receive stolen goods than if you had asked him the way to the best hotel in the city or to one of the theaters or to the National palace. The official of the law will not hesitate to tell you that it is directly across the street from the National palace, east of the Zoocal—the park of the peons—and that if you are timid about the size of the load you wish to take, there the gate is large enough to drive the biggest truck through without inconvenience. It is a very simple matter to find the thieves' market.

It is no small establishment, but a city institution, with a court as large as a city block, and it is crowded from morning to night with those who are looking for bargains without the slightest idea of moral wrong in buying stolen goods. Indeed it is stated that now and then persons find property once belonging to them exposed there for sale at prices so reasonable that it would be absurd to go to law about it and lay up against the delightful convenient "manana" the trouble of appearing in court.

The market is just what its name implies—a thieves' market, where moths do not corrupt, because there is always a stream of purchasers for goods at ridiculous prices. Nothing remains in stock over a few days. Spread out on tables or piled high on the ground can be found samples of almost anything, for the Mexican raters is not particularly what he steals. The thieves do not themselves act as the salesmen, for this would be dishonest even to the Mexican mind. They dispose of their plunder either for a lump sum or take a commission from the sellers.

There is no assortment of goods as to class or kind. It is a case of pick and choose. Crockery, cutlery, tinware and cooking utensils are the main staples, for the Mexican is careless, and the thieves of his kind find this sort of plunder easy to get and with a ready market. The proprietor of one of the well known local restaurants admits that nearly all his knives, forks and table linen come from the thieves' market. He makes it a point regularly to visit there to replenish what may have been stolen from his own place.

But it is perhaps in the line of curiosities, books and objects of art that the thieves' market is most interesting. The libraries of the monks, scattered in the war of reform, are represented now and then. The thieves, of course, know nothing of the value of the books.

Recently a folio of Shakespeare, bound in vellum, in splendid condition, notwithstanding the long age date of its publication, was picked up by a book lover for \$1.50 in Mexican silver. Several bibliophiles of the United States have regular agents in the thieves' market, and it pays them.

With Maximilian and his court many rare works of art came to Mexico. In the rush away from Mexico these were left behind. Within the last month a fan, beyond doubt by Watteau, was bought in the thieves' market for \$8. The painting is still bright, the lace exquisite and rare, and the ivory sticks, inlaid with gold, are still intact.

Mexico's many wars have made the country an arsenal of obsolete weapons. Swords, guns and firearms from the time of Cortes to the present decade can be picked up in the thieves' market for little or nothing. Some of them, outside of their value as curios, are of intrinsic worth, as an American discovered not long ago. He bought for a trifle an old sword, tarnished and dirty. The style of the hilt pointed him. When he had it fully found that scabbard, hilt and blade were inlaid with rich gold of marvelous artistic design.—City of Mexico Letter in New York Times.

**Value of Diamonds.**

As to the value of diamonds, perfectly white stones or decided tints of red, rose, green or blue are most highly prized. Fine cinnamon and salmon or brown, black or yellow stones also are esteemed. If flawless and without tint of any kind, they are termed first water. If they possess a steely blue color, at times almost opalescent, they are called blue white. Such are usually Brazilian stones. Exceptionally perfect stones are termed gems, and for such there is no second value, the price depending on the purity and the brilliancy of the stone. The term first water varies in meaning, according to the class of goods carried by the dealer using it.

It is impossible to estimate the value of a diamond by its weight. Color, brilliancy, cut and general perfection of the stone all are to be taken into account. Of two stones, both flawless and weighing ten carats, one may be worth \$600 and the other \$12,000. Exceptional stones often bring special prices. Off color or imperfect stones sell at an average price per carat regardless of size.

**Relieved.**

"That must be a pretty bad toothache to swell your face like that. Why don't you see a dentist?"

"I did call on your friend, Dr. Pullen, yesterday and experienced great relief."

"You must be mistaken. Pullen has been out of town for a week."

"I know. I felt relieved when I found that out."—Exchange.

## A Christmas Pie.

A customary feature of a Christmas dinner in old England was an immense pie of some kind. It was usually composed of fowls and fish and was so large that it was often carried in on a table. The pie was cut into slices, and the first slice was given to the poorest of the poor. The pie was usually eaten on Christmas Eve, and the custom is still observed in some parts of the country.

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