

BANDON RECORDER.

Long and Short Hair.
Homer wrote of the long haired Greeks by way of honorable distinction. Subsequently the Athenian cavalry and all Lacedaemonian soldiery wore long hair. The Partians and ancient Persians wore long, flowing hair. The Franks and ancient Teutons considered long hair a mark of high birth. The Goths looked on long hair as a mark of honor and on short hair as a mark of thralldom. So did the Gauls, for which reason Julius Caesar, when he subdued them, obliged them to cut their hair short in token of submission. In England judges, the speaker of the house of commons and at one time the bishops wore long hair, while criminals and paupers wore short hair. On the other hand, Jewish priests during their time of service had their hair cut once a fortnight, and Roman slaves wore their hair and beard long, but shaved their heads when manumitted. Sailors who escaped from shipwreck shaved their heads as if manumitted from the sea. In Ezekiel vi, there is mention of a "barber's razor," with instructions to "thou, son of man, take thee a barber's razor and cause it to pass upon thine head and upon thy beard."

Poetry and Hogs.
This practical philosopher looks like a dream, but she is right up to the mark in business. One day just as the frost was on the pumpkin he came in. "Darling," he began, "I have just been thinking this is a most memorable day in our lives, both yours and mine. Do you know what it recalls?"
"No," she declared.
"What? Not remember this particular date?" he asked in horror and reproach.
"Oh, surely you must?"
She said again that she didn't, though to oblige him she would if she could, and he bowed his head and looked sorrowfully out of the window at the swaying trees loaded with red leaves.
"Don't say that," he exclaimed. "Don't tell me you have no recollection of the serious import of this day. Think! See how I am impressed by the recollection. Surely you recall it!"
A dawning light spread over her face. "I believe I do," she cried joyously. "Yes, it was just this time we killed hogs last fall."
He gave a hollow groan and left the room of his ton, too practical wife. It was their wedding anniversary.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Urban Stupidity.
"Henry," said Uncle Amos from Upcreek, who was visiting his city nephew, "who's that man in the house on the other side of the street? Every morning he stands in front of a window an' shaves himself. He's done it now for three days hard running."
"I suppose that he has done it every morning for the last ten years, uncle," replied Henry.
"Has he lived there all that time?"
"Yes, and longer than that, for all I know, I've been here only ten years myself."
"Who is he?"
"I don't know."
"What does he follow?"
"I haven't the slightest idea, uncle."
Uncle Amos put on his hat and went out.
In an hour or two he returned.
"Henry," he said, "that chap's name is Horton. He runs an insurance office down town. He's worth about \$27,000, owns that house an' lot belongs to the Presbyterian church, has three boys an' one girl, an' he's forty-six years old. I've found out more about him in an hour than you have in ten years. Blamed if I don't believe livin' in the city makes people stupid."—Chicago Tribune.

Providing For a Wayward Son.
Lord Chesterfield gave advice to his son in sundry letters, which might or might not be followed, but in his will he took good care that "my godson, Philip Stanhope," should have strong inducement to follow his advice on at least one point. All the bequests are subject to the condition that if Philip should keep race horses or hounds or stay one night at Newmarket, "that in famous seminary of iniquity and ill manners," during the course of the races there, or should lose on any one day by betting or gaming as much as £500, then in such case he shall forfeit £5,000 to the dean and chapter of Westminster for every such offense.—All the Year Round.

Know Your Own Capacity.
If the people about you are carrying on their business or their benevolence at a pace which draws the life out of you, resolutely take a slower pace; be called a laggard, make less money, accomplish less work than they, but be what you are meant to be and can be. You have your natural limit of power as much as an engine—ten horsepower or twenty or a hundred. You are fit to do certain kinds of work, and you need a certain kind and amount of fuel and a certain kind of handling.—George S. Merriam.

Russian Peasant Weddings.
A peasant wedding in Russia means a festival for the whole village and often for the young people from neighboring villages as well.
Weeks before the eventful day the young girls assemble at the home of the bride to help her sew. The bridegroom comes with his men friends to treat them to nuts and sweets. Appropriate songs are sung, and the bridegroom's generosity is put to the test. One of the girls holds out to him a plate, and if he puts down a silver coin she sings him a song full of compliments, but if he gives copper and is known to be able to afford more mockery follows. The whole village is invited to the marriage ceremony, which is performed with all the ancient superstitions rites and solemnities.—Youth's Companion.

Gates in Norway.
A curious feature to travelers in the highroads of Norway is the great number of gates—upward of 10,000 in the whole country—which have to be opened. These gates, which either mark the boundaries of the farms or separate the home fields from the waste lands, constitute a considerable inconvenience and delay to the traveler, who has to stop his vehicle and get down to open them.

Polly Larkin

The Xmas holidays bring a world of happiness to big and little folks all over the civilized world, and yet it brings sighs and tears and bitter disappointments as well to a larger majority than you would think, for when you see the streets and stores teeming with happy smiling faces, with their overcoat pockets bulging out full of gifts and their arms loaded down with parcels; women with satchels so crowded that it seems an utter impossibility to cram another article into them; their arms filled as well with suspicious looking parcels that only Santa Claus can possibly have had anything to do with, all look tired, but nevertheless happy and their faces are bright with the expectation of making someone very joyful on this memorable occasion. High and low, rich and poor are coming in an endless procession, all wearing the same happy smile, although there are many whose care-worn faces and faded and dilapidated garments cause you a pang of regret that anyone in this prosperous city should show the marks of poverty so plainly. It is safe to say, however, that no one in San Francisco went without a good Christmas dinner, with hot roast turkey, chickens, roast beef, sweet and Irish potatoes, etc., cranberries, pumpkin and mince pies, for the Salvation Army and other charitable institutions did a noble work for the poor and destitute.

For days before Christmas Salvation Army lads and lassies stood on the street corners holding their boxes, which were mounted on poles, and on each was the invitation to the passers-by to give their mite to the Salvation Army towards a dinner for the poor and destitute. How many do you think they fed on Christmas day at the six long tables covered with good things? Just 100 people partook of this feast of good things and that did not count the many baskets that were sent to poor families who could not come to the dinner for these worthy and destitute people but they sent out clothing and bedding to keep the shivering bodies warm, and toys for the children.

At the Infant Shelter one hundred little children hung up their stockings and kind Kris Kringle must have found them all very good children, for not one of them was forgotten, but were filled from the toe up with nice things. They had a Christmas tree, too, and merry old Kris Kringle gave them good advice and timely warnings of what might have happened if all had not been such very good little folks, as he handed off the gifts and bags of candy, nuts and oranges galore.

Every orphan asylum had its Christmas tree, and the fatherless and motherless little folks found that Santa Claus was kind to the friendless orphans, showering them with toys, candy, etc., and a fine turkey dinner. They found that this old world was not nearly so drear as it might have been to the little orphans. At the Children's Hospital there were festivities that the little invalids will never forget. Every little child who could be taken from its bed in each ward was wrapped up warmly and taken to enjoy the heavily laden Christmas tree that twinkled with hundreds of lights from the dainty little colored candles that decorated the tree. Then came the merry old Santa Claus, all furs and bells, who never questioned a single child as to whether it had been "real good" or not but passed the many presents suitable for good boys and girls to the happy little recipients. The little patients, who could not be taken from their beds, were not forgotten, however, the Xmas toys and good things literally covering their little white beds. Besides the Christmas tree every little child hung up its stocking and no one can blame the little tot who looked at her own tiny stocking with a sinking of the heart when she realized how little it would hold when she asked the nurse to loan her her long one to hang up, promising to give it back when Santa Claus got through filling it and she had had the pleasure of emptying it.

Nor did the old people in the King's Daughters' Home for Incurables and of the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home fare worse than the children. Their Christmas was made a happy one with gifts, a fine dinner, an evening entertainment consisting of music and literary exercises, and a reception of friends in the evening, and you can rest assured none of the friends came empty-handed. Both homes were beautifully decorated with hollyberries, etc.

At the Almshouse 1000 inmates sat down to a fine Christmas dinner as could be provided for them. The corridors and hallways were all one glow of holly berries shining like coral from the festoons of green. There were gifts galore, and a reception of friends in the evening. In the morning they listened to a Christmas sermon. All told the Christmas of 1901 was an enjoyable one to rich and poor alike. None shared very badly, for the hearts of those in better circumstances were opened to hear the cry for help from those who were laboring in the cause of humanity. It was a hard two weeks, though, for those acting as clerks in the big department stores, and to Polly's mind there was much injustice done. Some of the girls fainted and others grew hysterical when tired nature called a halt that could not be given to the many clerks. The strain was something dreadful to

these frail girls. Some of the customers scolded and blamed the girls because they were slow, when in truth there was so much red tape about every little parcel purchased that it was impossible to hurry matters. For every mistake made the clerks had to answer. One young girl to Polly's knowledge sent up a parcel with a five dollar gold piece in the box. Back came the word from the parcel or wrappers department that no change had been sent up. The girl stated emphatically that she had put a five dollar gold piece in the box which was vouched for by the purchaser who stated that she had seen her put it in the box. The proprietors would not listen to them and the poor girl lost her week's salary. Yet that money was sent up by the girl and was evidently purloined by someone in the wrapper's department. The girl turned as white as a piece of paper. She had stood from early morning until half-past ten and eleven o'clock at night only to lose her hard earned money through no fault of hers.

In this same store a rule was made requiring every clerk to walk up the stairs and not use the elevator. During one of the busiest hours the day before Christmas one slight pale looking girl was required to walk up three flights of stairs with her arms full of bundles, some of them glass and breakable goods. She had made the attempt to go up the crowded stairway but was jostled by the surging crowd until she went back in desperation for fear the articles would be knocked from her arms, in which event she would have to pay for the damaged articles. No floor walker was in sight and they were anxious for the articles on the third floor. The elevator was not crowded to the extent that she could not easily go up, so she stepped up. One of the floor walkers happened to see her and when she came back he stepped up to her and informed her that her money was waiting for her at the desk and they would not require her services any longer. The girl cried and pleaded that this was her first offense and tried to explain matters, but he would not listen to excuses and she had to leave. Polly does not wish that floor walker with nothing to do but walk around blandly and see that the customers are waited on and watch the clerks with a jealous eye any ill-luck, still I would like to see him as tired in body and soul as that poor frail girl was and doomed to walk up three flights of stairs with his arms full of perishable goods and jostled to the right and the left by impatient customers and sight-seers. I wonder if he wouldn't bestow a thought on the frail little girl he deprived of a position.

To the question of last week in regard to the umbrella plant, I would say that there seems to be no general rule, two of the handsomest umbrella plants I ever saw were treated so differently. One of the owners watered the plant from the top and kept it standing in the pot. The other never poured a drop of water on the plant but kept it standing in an earthen jar half filled with water all the time. Both used two or three drops of ammonia in the water, however. Both were successful and their umbrella plants were the talk of their friends.

The cook took that broad appendage of the beaver, mailed like an armadillo, took from it the underlying bone and meat, and from it made such a soup as never came from any other stock at the beck of the most expert and scientific chef that ever put a kettle on.

Chicago—Bustle and Slouch.
In general, we live beneath a sky within a sky, and our funeral pall, while it occasionally lightens, seldom lifts altogether. Whether the newcomer approaches along the bluffs and ravines of the north or through the swamps and marshes of the south or over the wide stretching prairies of the west show from afar. As he rattles along through perky suburban settlements or homes, truck farms or half dried valleys, and disheveled swamps the horror grows.

Across the wide fields—gay with this year's flowers or somber with last year's weeds—separating the raw huddles of workers' cottages, tangles of telegraph poles and of trolley wires, lead on the eye toward ugly, shapeless hulks looming above the dingy horizon—foundries, elevators, machine shops, breweries, factories, icehouses—detached notes that preclude the great tracks, shut in by the shameless backs of things and spanned by straggling viaducts; arrays of mean streets doggedly curtained against the sun and resolutely fighting off the sweet country air.

The heart sinks, the stomach revolts as, through dirt, dust, grime, soot, smoke and cinders the trembling neoplyte bumps and jars along toward the besmirched shrine of the two faced goddess of Bustle and Slouch.—Henry B. Fuller in Outlook.

Abundant Fashions.
Some of the fashions in France during the reign of Queen Marie were exceedingly absurd, particularly hair-dressing and hats, which were trimmed with such an extravagant wealth of feathers that the coaches had to have their seats lowered. According to Mme. Campan, "mothers and husbands murdered, and the general rumor was that the queen would ruin the French ladies."
One day Louis XVI. decided to forbid the court in a body to follow the royal hunt in coaches. In order to be free he wished only to permit real sportsmen to attend. The noble ladies immediately rebelled, and the Princess of Monaco criticized the decision by means of her headress, upon which arose a miniature royal coach, followed by two gentlemen on foot in gaiters. On the left of this was displayed a cypress garland with black tears, the large roots being formed of craps.
More absurd still was the hair-dressing of the mother of Louis Philippe, upon whose head every one could admire her son, the Duc de Beaujolais, in the arms of his nurse as well as a parrot pecking at a cherry.

Whereby the Berlin gas lamps in the streets will be lighted automatically and simultaneously by means of an electric attachment. The current will be switched on from the central station, and a spark will ignite the gas, which will be turned on by a special apparatus.

ISOLATION OF ACTORS.

Conditions Which Make the Profession a World by Itself.
This condition, which from some important points of view is fortunate, from others unfortunate and from nearly all inevitable, is unique indeed. Here we have the only large class of workers which keeps the world at arm's length. Clergymen, physicians, lawyers, architects, merchants, tradesmen and laborers of all sorts, by the very terms of their toll are brought into constant personal contact with parishioners, patients, clients or customers. Even painters and sculptors must needs be in touch with their patrons.

But that thin, impassable row of blazing lamps which rims the front of the stage, separates the actor from the world of China and of the confessions. Behind them is the sole professional. In front of them the barbarous laity. If the player desired to break down the partition, he would scarcely be able to do so.

From the more important social gatherings which take place in the evening both actress and actor are necessarily absent. The actor may vote if he can acquire a residence and contrive to be in his own city on election day, but it is impossible that he should take any active part in politics or participate in preliminary meetings, caucuses and rallies which are held at night, and as to attendance at church, the player encounters, in the first place, the difficulty, inseparable from his wandering life, of making a connection with a parish and, besides, in recent years, is almost constantly required to travel on Sunday, passing from a Saturday evening's performance in one town to a Monday morning's rehearsal in another.—Atlantic Monthly.

BEAVER TAIL SOUP.

A Michigan Lumber Camp Delicacy That Amused a Marylander.
"That Amused a Marylander and an Eastern Shore one at that," said an epicure from that state, "and consequently I know what good things to eat are. I want to tell you that I'll have to take off my hat to the lumber camp cook of the upper Michigan peninsula as the discoverer, fabricator and dispenser of a dish that knocks the Eastern Shore cuisine silly. And that rare lumber camp dish is beaver tail soup."
"I was with Colonel Park of Columbus, O., deer hunting in the Rainy lake region of Michigan one fall. We lived at a lumber camp boarding shanty.

"There were signs of beaver at the upper end of the lake, and a trapper succeeded in trapping one of the willy dam builders."
"When the beaver was brought into camp, the camp cook went nearly wild, and so did the lumbermen when they heard the news, all because they had been trying to trap a beaver for weeks, not for his fur, but for his tail, as they were plating, they said, for beaver tail soup."
"The cook took that broad appendage of the beaver, mailed like an armadillo, took from it the underlying bone and meat, and from it made such a soup as never came from any other stock at the beck of the most expert and scientific chef that ever put a kettle on.

"We could do the same thing and perhaps better on the Eastern Shore, but we lack one thing. We haven't got the beavers to yield us their tails."—New York Sun.

Horses and Cold.
Colonel Sir T. H. Holdich, writing in "The Indian Borderland" of the terrible storms and wind and snow which overtake the traveler on the high passes of the Herat mountains, remarks on the superior power of the horse to withstand cold. In one such storm "over twenty men perished and many mules. All the dogs with the caravan were dead, but, so far as I can remember, when within a few feet of it I felt as though to gather itself together for a final rush, when Lalache stepped forward and from the lowest depths of his immense chest sent forth such a thunderous roar that the terrified animal turned and fled."
"What will eventually be the limit of individual wealth? Half a century back 'ten thousand a year' was considered to be a vast fortune. Then fifty thousand a year' was the phrase commonly used to describe the income of fabulously rich men or women. Later we took to speaking of 'millionsaires.' In quite recent times the 'multimillionaire' with twenty millions had reached the limit of private wealth; then forty millions. Now the limit has risen to a hundred millions, and already the word 'billionaire' has come into use in the United States. Will the multimillionaire ever replace the multimillionaire?—London Standard.

Sable Sheep.
Sable sheep are not frequently seen in England, but ebony lambs are plentiful in the Australian commonwealth. A colonial stockmaster had quite a number of black lambs, and he folded them in a range by themselves. He found that black lambs might not recur in a flock in generations and then recur suddenly. For example, where a black ram was used in a flock of white ewes the product was white lambs, with few exceptions, and where sire and dam were ebony colored the lambs were mostly white. And so the Australians gave up the attempt to found a sable flock. Where wool is dyed a deep color sable wool absorbs less dye and makes a more durable color. Still black fleece absorbs more sun rays than white, and black sheep are more seriously affected by heat.—London Live Stock Journal.

So little confidence is there in Turkish postoffice employees that when some time ago opportunity was given to send packages and registered letters only one of each was received at Stamboul in ten days.

QUAINT COLLEGE LAWS.

Rules Prescribing the Dress of Harvard Students in Bygone Days.
The curious laws regarding students' dress which prevailed at Harvard up to the middle of the last century are illustrated by two eighteenth century waistcoats which are among the collections of the Boston Art museum. One was worn by a member of the class of 1740 and the other by his son in 1784.

The latter waistcoat is olive green in color, conforming to the college regulations, which required either blue gray, plain black, 'nankeen'—a kind of buff—or olive. The coat and breeches which originally went with it, as one may read in the old time Harvard "Laws," were blue gray. Freshmen of that date were allowed only plain buttonholes, and the buttons, leaped to the dignity of having buttons on their cuffs, juniors might have inexpensive frogs to their buttonholes except that they might not have them on their cuff buttonholes, and the senior enjoyed frogs, buttonholes and buttons complete. Seniors and juniors were permitted also to wear black Oxford gowns, such as are worn at graduation today, and a "night gown," or dressing gown, was permissible on certain unimportant occasions. It cost "not more than 10 shillings" for every appearance of gold or silver adornment.

The rules of costume were changed, of course, from time to time. In 1828, for example, the prescribed dress consisted of a black mixed coat, single breasted, "with a rolling cape square at the end and with pocket flaps, the waist reaching to the natural waist, with lapels of the same length." It is explained that "black mixed" called also Oxford mixed, was black with not more than one-twentieth nor less than one-twenty-fifth part of white. The senior was allowed to support his dignity with three "crow's feet" of black silk cord on the lower part of his coat sleeve. Two crow's feet were permitted to the junior, one to the sophomore and none at all to the freshman. The waistcoat was of black mixed or of black, or when of cotton or linen fabric, of white; single breasted, with a standing collar. The pantaloons were of black mixed.

APHORISMS.

Good counsels observed are chains of grace.—Fuller.
The beauty seen is partly in him who sees it.—Hovee.
Admiration is the daughter of ignorance.—Franklin.
In great attempts it is glorious even to fail.—Longinus.
The one prudence of life is concentration.—Emerson.

The golden age is before us, not behind us.—St. Simon.
Levity in behavior is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.—Seneca.
Better be driven out from among men than to be disliked by children.—Dana.
Loving kindness is greater than laws, and the charities of life are more than all ceremonies.—Talmud.
Have you so much leisure from your own business that you can take care of that of other people that does not belong to you?—Terence.

A Rattlesnake's Fangs.
You often hear of rendering a rattlesnake harmless by pulling out its fangs. Then, again, you read of cases where a serpent so treated has bitten persons fatally. The reason for this is that a poisonous snake is deprived only temporarily of its venomous powers by the extraction of the two incisors in the upper jaw, at the bases of which are the poison glands. Of course you know that the fangs are hollow, so that when the animal strikes the venom gushes through them into the flesh of the person struck. Now, by drawing the two teeth the snake may be rendered harmless for a few weeks, but after a short time the two teeth just behind the original fangs move up and take their places, making connection with the poison glands and thus becoming poison fangs as good and effective as the old ones.

He Watched Them.
The following is one of the stories told about Eugene Field:
There were visitors in prospect one afternoon in the Field household and a strike in the culinary department. Mischief was at foot tide, and Mrs. Field was vainly endeavoring to be everywhere at once, when the man of "sharp and flat" appeared in the kitchen doorway with a folio in his hand.
"Oh, won't you watch those pies for me while I run upstairs an instant?" his wife exclaimed. "Be sure not to let the meringue scorch—it would ruin them; you'd better give me that book or they'll be burned to a crisp." With mock meekness Mr. Field allowed her to carry off his treasure. On returning she was horrified to find the oven door wide open and the rich, fluffy meringue flat, tough and leatherlike.
"They're ruined!" she exclaimed in dismay. "Why didn't you keep the oven door shut?"
"Keep the door shut?" Mr. Field repeated in very genuine amazement. "Why, you told me to watch them every instant, and I'd like to know how I could do that with the oven door shut!"—New York Times.

Where Medical Knowledge Stopped.
"No use talking," said the invalid feebly. "I'm going to die, I know."
"Oh, come!" expostulated his friend.
"The doctor doesn't say that, and he surely knows more than you do."
"No, he doesn't know, as I do, that I allowed my insurance to lapse."—Catholic Standard and Times.

STORIES OF SINGERS

TIMES WHEN THEIR VOICES WERE OF MORE WORTH THAN MONEY.

Santley's Adventure With a Band of Mexican Bandits—Some Experiences of the Tenor Mario—How Lalache Put a Bear to Flight.
Many years since, when traveling with some friends in Mexico, Charles Santley was captured by halfbreed bandits and, being unable to pay the large ransom demanded, carried off to the mountains. Over supper the singer, by no means weighed down by his mishap, chanced to break into song, which so delighted the brigand chief that he demanded an encore.

Santley saw his chance and expressed his willingness to comply on condition that he and his companions were granted their release. The suggestion was accepted, and for over two hours was the singer's voice raised in such exquisite melody that the bandits, true to their word, allowed him and those with him to depart.

The late Joseph Maas had a somewhat similar experience. Years back, when with a companion buffalo hunting on the American prairies, he was captured by Indians and carried to their camp. When at his wits' end how to extricate himself from the dilemma, his friend suggested the power of song. Forthwith he commenced an operatic selection that so delighted his captors that they loosened his bonds and urged him, at the point of their spears, to continue.
Lucky his voice had a soporific effect upon the Indians, who one by one dropped asleep until, just as he was on the point of stopping from exhaustion, the last passed into the realm of dreams. Then he and his companion quietly stole away.

His wonderful voice on one occasion placed the great tenor Mario in a somewhat invidious position. When traveling with some companions in Spain, he fell into the hands of a party of marauding gypsies, who demanded the customary ransom. Mario, tickled at the situation, answered their request in impromptu song, which delivered such exquisite mock dignity that his captors with unanimous acclamation elected him captain of their band. The singer diplomatically acquiesced in their decision, but in the course of the following day contrived to make his escape with his friends.

On another occasion in Madrid the same singer, as he was returning late one night from the theater where he was engaged, was arrested by the police in mistake for a political discontent. In vain he asserted his identity. He was carried before their chief, who likewise smiled incredulously at the captive's asseverations.
Greatly angered, Mario vehemently demanded that his friends should be forthwith communicated with, but the official shook his head and remarked that if indeed he were the great tenor he possessed in his voice a sure means of proving the truth of his words. Ten minutes later Mario was bowed out with many regrets and profuse apologies.

When traveling to Paris with some other ladies, Mme. Gris had a thrilling adventure. At a small wayside station a man entered the carriage, and it soon became evident from his threatening gestures and eccentric behavior that he was a dangerous lunatic.
Though her companions were panic stricken, Mme. Gris retained complete presence of mind and with the utmost composure began to sing. At once the man was quiet; his whole attention was riveted on that magnificent voice, and he remained the most appreciative of listeners until the train reached the next station, where he was secured. It transpired subsequently that he was a maniac with homicidal tendencies who had escaped from an asylum.
An amusing story is told of Lalache the celebrated bass singer. One day as he was strolling leisurely through a French fair a cry was suddenly raised that a bear had escaped from the menagerie. The crowd fled in every direction—all save the singer, whose massive proportions precluded the idea of rapid motion. Amid the general commotion he among them all stood unmoved, calmly awaiting the advent of the ferocious beast, which sure enough came slouching rapidly toward him. When within a few feet, it halted as though to gather itself together for a final rush, when Lalache stepped forward and from the lowest depths of his immense chest sent forth such a thunderous roar that the terrified animal turned and fled.

When Will a Man Be Too Rich?
What will eventually be the limit of individual wealth? Half a century back "ten thousand a year" was considered to be a vast fortune. Then fifty thousand a year' was the phrase commonly used to describe the income of fabulously rich men or women. Later we took to speaking of "millionsaires." In quite recent times the "multimillionaire" with twenty millions had reached the limit of private wealth; then forty millions. Now the limit has risen to a hundred millions, and already the word "billionaire" has come into use in the United States. Will the multimillionaire ever replace the multimillionaire?—London Standard.

Cleaning Jewels.
With the exception of pearls jewels may be washed with warm water and pure soap. They should then be put in boxwood sawdust to dry. If this is done, polishing will be unnecessary. As boxwood sawdust is very fine, it will not scratch, and as it absorbs moisture rapidly it helps to give jewels a high polish. It can be procured from any dealer in Jeweler's supplies or ordered through a Jeweler.

Those Foolish Questions.
Benevolent Old Lady—How old are you, sir?
The Youngster—Thirty-five.
Benevolent Old Lady—Bachelor?
The Youngster—Aha, yes.
Benevolent Old Lady—Ah, too bad. How long?—New York Times.
Their Little Spat.
Boggs—I hear you have fallen out with your sweetheart.
Joggs—Yes. She got an idea into her head that I was angry at her, and it made me angry to have her think I was unreasonable enough to get angry at her.—Chicago News.
Attogether Too Honest.
"By Jove! I left my pocketbook under my pillow."
"Well, your servant girl is surely an honest person."
"That's just the trouble. She will give the pocketbook to my wife."—Flegende Blatter.
Hopless.
First Goffer—He doesn't play very well, but he says he's too busy to give any more time to practice.
Second Goffer—Oh, well, if a man neglects golf to attend to his business what can he expect?

THE MAJOR'S VENGEANCE.

McKinley and the Reporter Who Perseverently Assailed Him.
During one of his congressional campaigns Major McKinley was followed from place to place by a reporter for a paper of opposite political faith, who is described as being one of those "shrewd, persistent fellows who are always at work, quick to see an opportunity and skilled in making the most of it." While Mr. McKinley was annoyed by the misrepresentation to which he was almost daily subjected, he could not help admiring the skill and perseverance with which he was assailed. His admiration, too, was not unmixed with compassion, for the reporter was ill, poorly clad and had an annoying cough. One night Mr. McKinley took a closed carriage for a nearby town at which he was announced to speak. The weather was wretchedly raw and cold, and what followed is thus described:

He had not gone far when he heard that cough and knew that the reporter was riding with the driver on the exposed seat. The major called to the driver to stop and alighted. "Get down off that seat, young man," he said. The reporter obeyed, thinking the time for the major's vengeance had come. "Here," said Mr. McKinley, taking off his overcoat, "you put on this overcoat and get into that carriage."
"But, Major McKinley," said the reporter, "I guess you don't know who I am. I have been with you the whole campaign, giving it to you every time you spoke, and I am going over tonight to rip you to pieces if I can."
"I know," said Mr. McKinley, "but you put on this coat and get inside and get warm so that you can do a good job."—Chautauquan.

THE MAGIC NUMBER.

A Suggestion by the Cyclic That the Others Think.
"I often hear of the magic number," said some one. "What number is it?"
"Why, nine, of course," replied some one else. "There are nine muses, you know, and you talk of a nine days' wonder. Then you bowl at ninepins, and a cat has nine lives."
"Nonsense!" broke in another. "Seven is the magic number. Seventh heaven, don't you know, and all that; seven colors in the rainbow, seven days in the week, seventh son of a seventh son—great fellow—and—"
"Tush, tush!" remarked a third. "Five's the number you mean. A man has five fingers on his hand and five toes on his foot, and he has five senses, and—"

"Three is undoubtedly the magic number," interrupted another, "because people give three cheers, and Jonah was inside a whale three days and three nights, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again—three times, you see!"
This was received with some contempt by the company, and a soulful youth gushed out:
"Two, oh, two is the magic number—oneself and one other, the adored one—just two!"
A hard featured individual, who had been listening to the conversation hitherto unmoved, here remarked in a harsh voice:
"The magic number is number one in this world, and if you want to succeed never forget it!"

No Word For Love.
In comparison with the English tongue foreign tongues seem parsimonious in some ways of expression and wasteful in others.
For instance, it is impossible to "kick" a man in French. You must give him a "blow with the foot." The Portuguese do not "wink" at one; they "close and open the eyes."
In the languages of the American Indians there is no word with which to convey the idea of "stealing," perhaps because the idea of property is so vague. It is related of one of the early missionaries that, in attempting to translate the Bible into Algonquin he could find no word to express "love" and was compelled to invent it.

A Spelling Bee.
Some of you who think you are well up in spelling just try to spell the words in this little sentence:
"It is agreeable to witness the unparalleled ecstasy of two harassed peddlers endeavoring to gauge the symmetry of two peeled pears."
Read it over to your friends and see how many of them can spell every word correctly. The sentence contains many of the real puzzlers of the spelling book.—London Tit-Bits.

Cleaning Jewels.
With the exception of pearls jewels may be washed with warm water and pure soap. They should then be put in boxwood sawdust to dry. If this is done, polishing will be unnecessary. As boxwood sawdust is very fine, it will not scratch, and as it absorbs moisture rapidly it helps to give jewels a high polish. It can be procured from any dealer in Jeweler's supplies or ordered through a Jeweler.

Those Foolish Questions.
Benevolent Old Lady—How old are you, sir?
The Youngster—Thirty-five.
Benevolent Old Lady—Bachelor?
The Youngster—Aha, yes.
Benevolent Old Lady—Ah, too bad. How long?—New York Times.
Their Little Spat.
Boggs—I hear you have fallen out with your sweetheart.
Joggs—Yes. She got an idea into her head that I was angry at her, and it made me angry to have her think I was unreasonable enough to get angry at her.—Chicago News.
Attogether Too Honest.
"By Jove! I left my pocketbook under my pillow."
"Well, your servant girl is surely an honest person."
"That's just the trouble. She will give the pocketbook to my wife."—Flegende Blatter.
Hopless.
First Goffer—He doesn't play very well, but he says he's too busy to give any more time to practice.
Second Goffer—Oh, well, if a man neglects golf to attend to his business what can he expect?