BANDON RECORDER.

Calling the Hours.

There is one place in London, and only one, where the ancient custom of keeping a watchman to call out the hours is still maintained. This is at New inn, which in spite of its name is one of the oldest inns of court. The servants there are quite proud of the age of the place, and it was one of them who said one day:

"Why, sir, this inn was here in the time of Charles I."

After a long pause, to allow this stunning fact to percolate through the brain of the hearer, he extended his arm and added with emphasis:

"And it was here in the time of Charles II."

Some vague notion of the disturbances which intervened between the two reigns had probably been floating through the man's mind, but how an existing institution could possibly have dated from the reign of Charles I. without coming down through the reign of Charles II. he failed to explain.

Beginning at the stroke of 10 o'clock every night, the watchman in the yard of New inn "calls the hour" in a stentorian but musical voice:

"Ten o'clock, and all's well!"

The words are heard in the adjoining chambers and offices. Tenants in Clement's inn, whose rooms look into the pretty yard and garden of New inn, may hear these words every hour through the night if awake.—New York Times.

The Indian Duck Trick.

A little tin or earthen pan or sometimes half a cocoanut shell supported on three stones is filled with water on which is sprinkled a red powder, rendering it practically opaque. A little duck of wood or porcelain is placed upon the surface, where it at first floats, but at the command of the performer suddenly dives, remaining submerged until again ordered to rise.

This very ingenious trick depends upon the fact that in the bottom of the vessel there is a minute hole through which passes a hair. One end of this is attached to the duck; the other remains at the disposal of the performer and is attached, by means of a pellet of wax, to his tomtom or to one of the hands with which he beats it. When he wishes the duck to dive, he pulls the hair. When he desires it to rise, he relaxes the pull.

There is naturally some amount of leakage through the pinhole, and to cover this the performer takes care, when filling the pan, to accidentally (?) spill a little water. The ground being thus already wetted, the fact that it gets a little more is not noticed.—Chambers' Journal.

Moon and Mirror.

Some night when the moon is at its full and the air is free from haze go outdoors with a hand mirror and hold it so that the moon's image will fall on it. Make the experiment, preferably, when the moon is well up in the heavens.

Instead of seeing one image, as you will expect, you will see four.

One of these images will be very bright, but the other three will be dull, like unburnished silver.

They will be in a straight line, one of the dull images on one side of the bright image and two on the other side of it. Turn the mirror slowly around, and the images will appear to revolve around on a common center.

The explanation of this queer little phenomenon may be found in the fact that there are two surfaces in a mirror, one in front and the other in the back, where the quicksilver is.

The brightest of the images is from the moon itself. The others are what are known as secondary images, reflected from the front to the back of the mirror and thence to the eye.

A similar experiment may be made with the planets Venus, Jupiter and Mars or with any of the first magnitude stars, such as Sirius, Capella, Arcturus, Vega and Antares.

The planets and the stars, however, make only three images, the number of images depending on the breadth of the object. A perfectly clear night is essential.—New York Herald.

The Dear Old Frauds.

Those old, pleasant, innocent frauds of the circus are not practiced now—the imposing, five barred gates that, as the horse approached them, were sloped into insignificant wattles and the rings through which the signorina purported to leap, but which in reality were insinuated over her by compliant attendants. And then there was that venerable jockey performance, the culmination of which was a leap from the ring to a standing position, albeit at an angle of 30 degrees, on the horse's back. In the old circuses it was the custom of the horseman to miss the crowning jump two or three times in order that a fiercer flame of interest might be kindled in the audience. After two failures the band would stop (always the presage of a moment of strain supreme), the horse's head would be loosed, he would be urged to a greater pace, and the feat would gloriously succeed. Then what a crash of brass and outburst of delight in the building, involving even the staff and ringmaster in the expression of ecstasy. Those old, simple days!—Cornhill.

Grow Handsome.

Would you like to be truly beautiful? Thoreau says: "We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features and any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them." So there, now, you sour visaged, plain faced people, go along about your business and grow handsome.—National Magazine.

His Mission.

A lawyer was passing along the street carrying under his arm a law book when he was accosted by a self righteous individual: "Ha, Mr. Blank! And where are you going to preach today?"

"I don't preach, I practice," replied the lawyer.

The Other Way.

Teacher—I would like some one in the class to define the meaning of vice versa.

Bright Boy—It's sleeping with your feet toward the head of the bed.

Polly Larkin

Isn't it a good thing to know that the hearts of nearly everybody are open to the troubles and sorrows of others when the Christmas festivities roll around? People who are apparently cold and indifferent to everything and everybody who are not in touch with their own family or immediate circle of friends seem to be possessed with a new spirit and nature that is foreign to them during the balance of the year, but the selfish side of their life begins to thaw out with the coming of the hollyberries. People who never give to charity and never think of anyone but their own find themselves dropping a coin in the boxes of the Salvation Army lads and lassies. They read in the daily papers that some little waif or afflicted child or some destitute person has made a request for some particular article, usually it is wearing apparel, then they begin to scheme. Their hearts once opened there is no telling where they will stop. Attending to the wants or requests of this particular individual has opened their eyes to the fact that there are others depending on outsiders for assistance; they are experiencing a joy and happiness that they have long been strangers to. Heretofore they have given their Christmas gifts to those they knew would remember them in return; now they were giving with the assurance that only gratitude and appreciation would be their compensation, and it was far sweeter and more satisfying, this manner of giving gifts, than anything they had ever experienced before. They may go back to their old narrow selfish way of living again, but the chances are that with the coming of the ruddy hollyberries their hearts will thaw out again and they will search the daily papers for the forsaken and destitute, the sick and the afflicted. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Nearly everyone knows this quotation by heart, but they never realize its full value until they have been called upon to practice it under the above circumstances.

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Before Christmas one of the most afflicted children in this big city wrote a letter—afflicted because there is no cure for him, but he must, through no fault of his own, be confined in a small enclosure for the rest of his life, never to see the outside world, never to mingle with boys of his own age, and yet he may live many years, He is the boy afflicted with leprosy in the leper colony of San Francisco. There is only one mitigating thought in connection with this boy's living sorrow and that is that he does not suffer any pain. Slowly the dread disease is sapping his life away, and yet, though he is separated from kindred and friends he is cheerful and happy, as are most of the other inmates of this dread place of abode. This poor little leper boy found himself growing rather scant of shirts, so he wrote a note to one of the daily papers asking the gift of some shirts for a Christmas present. Was his request answered? you ask. Why, he was literally buried in shirts, white shirts, blue and pink shirts, striped shirts and polka dot shirts; more than this, suits of warm underclothing through and through, more than one nice suit of clothes, socks and shoes, toys and books galore, and better than all to the boy who was deprived of home and friends, a beautiful dog, all his very own to shower his love upon He went into ecstacies of delight over his new pet and fondled, loved and romped with him by turns. The dog seemed quite as delighted at being adopted by the boy and recognized his new master somewhat like Bob Burdette's dog that would greet him on his return home with "forty thousand laughs to the minute in his vibrant tail." The leper boy has something to love that will respond to his caresses, and Polly believes that there was no happier boy in San Francisco than this afflicted child.

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A little girl who, in spite of trying to be very good, had some very strange misgivings as to whether Santa Claus would remember that she lived in —— alley or not, wrote a letter to him stating that she was a cripple and couldn't go out, and how hard she had tried to be patient and not complain when the other children jostled and hurt her and went out and left her all alone, and that if he had any dollies to spare she would like so much to have one for her very own; she would like one that could open and shut its eyes so it could go to sleep when she did. She made all sorts of promises for the future if she could only have that doll. The letter fell into the hands of one of Santa Claus' messengers, and when Christmas rolled round there was a doll almost as big as herself beautifully dressed with natural curly hair and its eyes opened and shut. It was just like a little girl of her own age to play with. There was a baby doll, too, dressed in long white clothes and dainty white cap and a little trunk containing two or three changes in baby dresses, skirts, and little night dresses, all with buttonholes and buttons so she could dress and undress it as often as she liked. There was another rosy-cheeked doll with brown eyes and golden curly hair. Didn't look like she had ever been sick a minute. She had a whole trunk full of elegant clothes including party dresses of tarletan and silks, opera capes, traveling suits and home dresses fine enough for the most aristocratic doll in the land, and there was a bevy of little dolls, including one rag baby with a painted face dressed in common every-day gingham with a sun-bonnet. There were toy books of all descriptions, toys of various kinds as well as baskets full of gifts for the other children. This did not end it all for there was a big turkey with a package of cranberries, a bag of sugar, sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes, nuts, candies and oranges, and dear me, Polly doesn't know what else was in that heavily laden basket. This little crippled girl got something else besides toys, a warm red eider down wrapper, red crocheted shoes and little red shawl which made her look like a veritable "Red Riding Hood." All this only goes to prove that the world is full of good people with kindly hearts and gives force in answer to the argument that "this world is not growing worse but better."

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Now I have a query to answer this week that may be of interest to many of our girls who have happy homes in some of our country towns, where they are loved and respected, but who must acknowledge to themselves that they have a faint longing that is growing all the time to leave this cosy and comfortable home retreat and find employment in San Francisco. They are tired of their small town and want to see something of the world. They have ideas wrought in high colors of finding work to do in some of our big department stores where they will be so attentive to business and to the interests of their employer that they will climb to the top of the ladder, or in other words be promoted to the highest position the store has to give. There is where they are mistaken. Many girls go into the stores with these ideas but few climb to the heights their imagination carries them. "Annette J——," says she has a happy home, lives in a prosperous town and has scores of friends. She states as well that it is not necessary for her to work, both her father and mother being bitterly opposed to the idea; that they contend that girls who do not have to seek employment should not be given the places that should be reserved for girls who actually need the work. She closes by asking what wages they pay in the big department houses in San Francisco, as she is determined to be independent and see something of the world besides the boundaries of her own peaceful little village.

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Polly has only this advice to give "Annette." Listen to your parents. It is almost a crime for girls who have comfortable homes and abundant means to apply and take the places of girls who must work for the very necessaries of life. There are a dozen girls for every place who actually need this work to keep poverty from the door. You ask what wages they pay in these big stores. The salary wouldn't keep you in pin money, Annette, much less pay your board and clothe you. Until you thoroughly understood the business you would be paid from $2.50 to $3.00 per week. The best and most experienced of the sales girls do not get over $30 or $40 per month. Give up the idea of coming to the city to find employment. Read good books and improve your mind while you have the opportunity. Make yourself helpful to others. See the world in books of travel until you can see your way clear to travel with your parents' consent with friends. You are all together, an unbroken family circle. Enjoy it while you can, for there will come a time when Death, the reaper, will break the ranks, or you will go out one by one until only the "old folks" are left to dream of the happy past before the birds of the home nest had taken their flight. Rest assured, Annette, the separation will come all too soon without hastening it.

BRIEF REVIEW.

How We Acquire European Soil.

The United States is steadily acquiring land from the European powers. The territory annexed is not gained by conquest or purchase. It comes to the United States of America in the form of ballast and for the most part in American ships. One thousand tons off the Scotch ships a short time ago. It came off the Allan State line steamer Laurentian. Scarcely a week passes without a similar importation by the boats of this or some other line. It is estimated that millions of tons of European soil has been imported and dumped about New York. Much of this is used for "making land" about the harbor. The soil as well as the people of New York may be said to be growing more cosmopolitan every year.

There is a popular notion to the effect that rough diamonds are not bright but this is a mistake. Even in that condition they are very bright, with a peculiar "adamantine luster," as it is called, which no other substance possesses. However, the crude diamond crystal is not transparent; one cannot see through it.

Morphine is used extensively in the town of Juan Diaz, Puerto Rico. It is estimated by the Insular Board of Health that out of the 2500 inhabitants 1000 are victims of this terrible habit.

Kansas farmers are feeding wheat to their cattle. It is said that in the absence of profitable fields for investment for grain-sale money they are holding their grain for better prices.

The Trans-Siberian Railway gives the cheapest rates in the world. It is possible to buy an emigrant's ticket, covering 6000 miles, nearly three weeks' journey, for about $3.

Just as you are pleased at finding faults you are displeased at finding perfection.

The bows of the North American Indians were usually made from a species of osage orange

A hypocrite is like the letter p—the first in pity and the last in help.

HE SAVED THE SCOW

A CLEVER BIT OF STRATEGY IN AN ENGINEERING JOB

How a Young American Engineer Brought His Spirit of Invention to Aid In Solving a Wreck Problem In South America.

"It is easy enough for an engineer to show ability in New York or in other big towns where he can get about all the tools and conveniences ever devised. It is when an engineer finds himself in the wilds of a jungle or up in the mountains, hundreds of miles from civilization, that his own natural ingenuity and invention count," said a veteran engineer to a youngster who had been admitted to the ranks of the Engineers' club.

"Down in Surinam, Dutch Guiana, where the arrival of a sailing schooner causes a sensation, where a mail steamer enters the muddy harbor once in two weeks to tarry two hours to get rid of its mail and to take on a few passengers, there was once a young American engineer who showed that he had the proper spirit of invention to advance him to the front ranks of the profession. Like all the best inventions, his was the simplest one, and it was one that was widely talked about among the profession to the credit of the inventor.

"To understand the story properly you need a trifling insight into Surinam and its habits. Here Indians may be seen on the streets wearing only a breechcloth. The white population is so scarce that all are thrown together as if in one large family, Englishmen, Americans, Germans, Dutchmen and Frenchmen all combining together and forming clubs and society to keep themselves from dying of sheer lonesomeness.

"In this primitive town there was a man who held the splendid monopoly of owning a large scow. That, up there, seems a remarkably small thing to be proud of, but the value of even a scow depends entirely upon where the scow is and what it will cost to replace it. This particular scow had been built by American ship carpenters sent especially from the United States at great expense. There was not another scow in the entire harbor, and about all of the heavy river work to be done for the city and plantations and mining companies was done by this one vessel. Its loss, therefore, would have been not only a severe one for the owner, who had a monopoly of the business in those days, but it would have been little short of a national calamity.

"One day, while the scow was anchored in midstream, one of those smashing black squalls for which the tropics are famous broke over the river, and for twenty minutes you could not see ten feet away or hear a man shouting at your elbow. When the storm finally abated, the scow was not to be seen, and it was found she had gone down, deck load and all. To most of us there seemed about as much chance of raising the vessel as there would be to raise an ocean steamer sunk in the middle of the Atlantic.

"It was about this time that the young engineer took a hand in the problem. He asked the dimensions of the scow and was told that it was 12 by 60 feet, and then he announced that if the owner would provide him with four men he would raise the scow for a certain sum of money. The bargain was made, though the contractor refused to say how he would go about the job.

"Now, you must know that aside from the ebb and flood tide, which alternate every six hours, there is also what is known as a spring tide. This comes with the full of the moon, and it has the effect of making a higher flood tide than any during the month. The opposite to the spring tide is the neap tide, and that happens at the dark of the moon, with the effect that at no other tide during the month is the ebb tide so low as it is at that time. The difference in the height of water between the ebb at neap tide and the flood at spring tide is considerable.

"The engineer waited until neap tide. On that day he towed a number of logs down the river. These he anchored over the scow and sent men below to fasten chains to one side of the scow, and these he fastened to the logs on the surface. Then he waited patiently. As the spring tide approached he towed other logs down the river until he had enough to make quite a raft, and on the day of the highest tide all the logs were tied together and fastened. The tide rose steadily, and the more it rose the more the raft went down under the strain of the pull on the chains. At last, just as it seemed that the raft was unequal to the occasion, it was seen to bob up violently, and a moment later there was a commotion in the water, and the scow appeared. What had happened, of course, was this: The chains pulling upward on one side of the scow tilted it more and more until the deck load began to slide off, and finally, when all the stones had slid into the river, the scow came up under its own buoyancy. The remainder was simple. The vessel was towed to the shore, where it was hauled up on the sand, and when the water receded holes bored into the hull caused the scow to empty. Later the holes were plugged up again, and the old ship was as fine as silk."—New York Times.

Praying and Prinking.

Sam Jones, the revivalist, was once taking women to task for spending more time in prinking than in praying. "If there's a woman here," he screamed finally, "who prays more than she prinks, let her stand up."

One poor old faded specimen of femininity in the sorriest, shabbiest of clothes arose.

"You spend more time praying than prinking?" asked the preacher, taking her all in.

The poor old creature said she did—prayed all the time, prinked none at all.

"You go straight home," admonished Jones, "and put a little time on your prinking."

How It Resembled Mother's.

"No," said Mr. Meddergrass to the restaurant man: "no, I'll not say that your pie is jest like mother used to make, but I'll say this—it's purt' nigh as crusty as she used to git."—Baltimore American.

HAIR OF THE SLOTH.

It Is Green In Color and For a Peculiar Reason.

It is a very curious fact that certain plants grow and thrive on the hair of sloths. Apart from its extremely coarse and brittle nature, the most striking peculiarity of the outer hair of the sloth is its more or less decidedly green tinge. Now, green is a very rare color among mammals, and there ought, therefore, to be some special reason for its development in the sloth, and, as a matter of fact, the means by which this coloration is produced is one of the most marvelous phenomena in the whole animal kingdom, so marvelous, indeed, that it is at first almost impossible to believe that it is true.

The object of this peculiar type of coloration is, of course, to assimilate the animal to its leafy surroundings and thus to render it as inconspicuous as possible, and when hanging in its usual position from the underside of a bough its long, coarse and green tinged hair is stated to render the sloth almost indistinguishable from the bunches of gray green lichens among which it dwells. In the outer sheath of the hairs of the animal there are a number of transverse cracks, and in these cracks grows a primitive type of plant—namely, a one celled alga.

And for the benefit of nonbotanical readers it may be well to mention here that algæ, among which seaweeds are included, form a group of flowerless plants related on the one hand to the fungi and on the other to the lichens. In the moist tropical forests forming the home of the sloths the algæ in the cracks of their hairs grow readily and thus communicate to the entire coat that general green tint which, as already said, is reported to render them almost indistinguishable from the clusters of lichen among which they hang suspended.—Knowledge.

One Boy's Loyalty.

A New York boy was at school in Canada, and it was his first day in class. The geography lesson was called, and it was his turn to answer.

"Which is the largest city in the world?" asked the teacher.

"New York," unhesitatingly came the answer.

"I mean the largest city in the world," said the teacher.

As promptly came the reply, "New York."

"But," expostulated the teacher, "I did not say the largest city in the United States, but the largest city in the world. You surely know which is the largest city in the world."

"New York," persisted the boy.

"London has a larger population than New York," said the teacher. "If I do not have the correct answer this time, I shall have to punish you. Come now," coaxingly, "tell me the name of the largest city in the world."

"New York."

"Stay in during recess and write me fifty lines."

He wrote the fifty lines, and every line read: "The biggest city in the world is New York."—New York Tribune.

The Thing to Rin Awa' Wi' Sillar.

Wealth is a relative term. One man may be passing rich on £40 a year, and another may be miserably poor on £400. This was beautifully illustrated to me the other day, when, driving past a popular Ayrshire "place of drinks," I was hailed from the roadside by a man who claimed friendship on the strength of "living next door when we were boys." He was getting married, he said, and on that, I suppose, was feeling unusually happy.

"Man, come on in and let me staun you something," he said. "Don't think I've nae money. There's a pound note. Would you believe it, no' a week sin' I had hale £3; but, what wi' buying furniture and things, I've spent the ither twa. Aye, and afore the wadden's ower I believe that pound'll be melted tae. By gore, gettin' married's the thing to rin awa' wi' sillar. But come on in and hae a drink."—Glasgow Times.

His Three Good Deeds.

A certain business man noted for his grasping methods came into his office one day and told his partner that he was very happy because he had done three good deeds that morning. "In the first place," he said, "I met a poor woman who was weeping bitterly because she had lost the $4 with which she had intended to pay for the baptism of her baby. I gave her a ten dollar bill, telling her to have the child baptized and give me the change as I came from my club. Charity was one good deed. Saving the child's soul was the second."

"And what was the third?" asked the partner.

"Oh, the third was that I got six good dollars for my green goods ten."

Turner's Toast.

Turner, the painter, was a ready wit. Once at a dinner of artists and literary men a minor poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast "the health of the painters and glaziers of Great Britain."

The toast was drunk, and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed "the health of the British paper stainers."

The laugh was turned against the poet.

Ungallant.

A Marysville schoolma'am was teaching her class the mysteries of grammar.

"Now, Johnny," said she, "in what tense do I speak when I say, 'I am beautiful?'"

The little fellow answered quick as a wink, "The past."—Kansas City Journal.

His Gift.

Mrs. Wyles—Did your husband give you anything for a birthday present?

Mrs. Styles—Indeed he did.

"Did it have your name on it?"

"Yes, and my husband's name too."

"That's just like selfish men. He must share the gift with you."

"But he didn't."

"What was his name doing on it then?"

"It wouldn't have been any good without it. It was a check."

A large number of cuttlefish have recently been caught off the north coast of Germany. As they have never before been met with in these waters it is difficult to account for their presence.

THE FATE OF CORONETS.

Lord Brougham's Became G. W. Childs' Fruit Dish.

Peers and their coronets are soon parted when the ceremonial use has been served. The fate of one coronet is told by a correspondent of M. A. P. He writes: "When I was staying some years ago in Philadelphia with G. W. Childs, the well known proprietor of The Ledger newspaper there, I noticed at dinner one evening a peculiarly shaped gilt stand used as a support for a china dish containing grapes. My host, observing that I was scanning it rather closely, said: 'Oh, that is the coronet Lord Brougham wore at the queen's coronation. I have taken out the velvet cap and turned it upside down. The golden balls form excellent feet, and it makes a most elegant dish stand.' Which it certainly did."

But what is the fate of coronets compared with the fate of coronation robes? A large portion of George IV.'s wardrobe, including the coronation robes, was put at public auction in the summer of 1831. There were 120 lots disposed of, and some of the items are interesting. A pair of fine kid trousers, of ample dimensions and lined with white satin, was sold for 12 shillings. The sumptuous crimson velvet coronation mantle, with silver star, embroidered with gold, which cost originally, according to the auctioneer, £500, was knocked down for 47 guineas; a richly embroidered silver tissue coronation waistcoat and trunk hose, £13. The purple velvet coronation robe, embroidered with gold, of which it was said to contain 200 ounces, brought only £55, although it cost his late majesty £300. An elegant and costly green velvet mantle, lined with ermine of the finest quality, presented by the Emperor Alexander to George IV., which cost 1,000 guineas, was sold for £125.

"For Ways That Are Dark," Etc.

"Some years ago," says the advertising agent of a tobacco firm quoted by the Philadelphia Record, "I wished to introduce among the Chinese a two for five cigar that my people were heavily interested in, and I decided to draw up a little card extolling this cigar in Chinese characters.

"I sought out Lo Hen Wong in San Francisco, a very intelligent fellow, and got him to write me a few sentences in praise of my article. I had what he wrote lithographed and distributed the cards by thousands in all the Chinatowns of the United States. They were inscribed with a picture of the cigar, and below were the words: 'Smoke this cigar. It is the best on the market, and two for five is its price.'

"That, at least, is what I thought was the meaning of the Chinese characters. I found out, some six months later, my mistake. The words Lo Hen Wong had written and which I had had lithographed were: 'Don't smoke this cigar. It is not good. But the Gong company's cigarettes, for sale in every Chinatown at 3 cents a package, are excellent.'

"Lo Hen Wong had got $10 from me for his work, and I don't know how much he got from the Gong company. We distributed many thousands of the cards before we got on to the trick that had been played on us."

Old Names In London.

If London street names are not always what they seem, the names of the great parishes usually are. Take Lambeth, for instance. That vast district has retained its name practically unaltered since the days of Edward the Confessor, who granted a charter in which it is styled Lambehith. Some illiterate scribe, who helped in the making of "Domesday," did, indeed, make an effort to obliterate its real name by calling it Lanchei, but his efforts were, fortunately, in vain. William Rufus in another charter named it Lambeth, since when it has kept its title unsullied.

In the old days Lambehith (from hithe, a haven) was the great river port whence agricultural produce was ferried across the Thames to the more populous country opposite. There are still many "hithes" left us, such as Queenhithe and Rotherhithe, and, although their original functions have gone, there still remains a shadow to remind us of their departed glory.—London Chronicle.

A City of Padlocks.

Irkutsk, Siberia, is a city of padlocks. There are more padlocks on the shutters and doors of an Irkutsk shop than can be found in an English city of 200,000. There are as many as three padlocks on some shop doors, and every lower story shutter bears from one to five. The padlocks weigh from one to fifteen pounds. The popular size is five pounds and two and one-half inches thick.

Impressive Condemnation.

Speaking with a farmer about one of his neighbors, I said, "So-and-so is a good man." He looked at me steadily without making any reply.

"So-and-so is a good man," I repeated in a louder tone, fancying he must be deaf.

Then the farmer answered, "I heard what you said."—New York Herald.

Terrible Effect of Eloquence.

An unfortunate man has obtained access to rich Baron Rapineau. He depicts his misfortunes, his misery, in so moving a manner that the baron, with tears in his eyes and his voice choked with sobs, calls to his servant:

"Jean, put this poor fellow out in the street! He is breaking my heart!"—Exchange.

Yourself.

Depend on yourself. A knowledge of how to swim is better than to expect somebody will be at hand to throw you a life preserver in case of accident.—National Magazine.

No Squealing.

Some English travelers were recently in a restaurant in a German town when a woman who was serving imparted the interesting information that a pig was being killed round the corner. One of them remarked that it was curious that the pig did not squeal. The woman looked at them in surprise. "Aber," said she, "es ist polizeilich verboten"—it's forbidden by the police.

The faults of the superior man are like the eclipses of the sun and moon He has his faults, and all men see them; he changes again, and all men look up to him.—Confucius.

NAPOLEON'S ORDER.

THE LEGION OF HONOR AND HOW IT WAS FOUNDED.

Despite the Ridicule the Project at First Invited Its Inauguration Proved That Napoleon Knew French Human Nature.

France owes the Legion of Honor to Napoleon. All orders of chivalry had been abolished by the revolution and had left a gap which it was not easy to fill. "They are mere geegaws," said Monge, the chemist, who had taught the revolutionists how to make gunpowder out of plaster of paris. "Geegaws, if you will," the first consul answered, "but people like them. Let us approach the question frankly. All men are enamored of decorations—the French more than any. They positively hunger for them, and they have always done so."

This was at Malmaison in 1802. In May the conseil d'etat was invited to consider the project of the institution of the Legion of Honor. It was ridiculed by many, notably by Moreau, who as victor of Hohenlinden was bitterly jealous of the victor of Marengo. At a dinner party he sent for his cook and said to him in the presence of his guests: "Michel, I am pleased with your dinner. You have indeed distinguished yourself. I will award you a saucepan of honor." Mme. de Stael was also satirical upon the subject. "Ah, one of the decorated?" she used to ask each guest who was shown into her salon.

But Napoleon had gauged human nature correctly. His Legion of Honor did meet a felt want, and it was definitely inaugurated on July 14, 1804. Among the eminent men of science and men of letters on whom it was then bestowed were included Laplace, the mathematician; Lalande, the astronomer; Cuvier, the naturalist, and Legouve, the poet. The most notable name omitted was that of Bernardin de St. Pierre, just then in disgrace for championing Mme. de Stael, whom Napoleon had banished, but he got the decoration later on the entreaty of Queen Hortense.

After Jena Goethe was decorated. A little later high promotion in the order was given to General Lamarque, to whom Sir Hudson Lowe had surrendered at Capri. "What did you do with him?" asked Napoleon. "The king of Naples had him exchanged for a Neapolitan general who was a prisoner in Sicily." "Very well; there is no harm in letting this English colonel go. He is not dangerous." It seems not unlikely that Sir Hudson Lowe remembered this sarcasm when he was Napoleon's jailer a few years afterward.

After Napoleon's downfall the question of suppressing the Legion of Honor arose. Chateaubriand, whom Napoleon had not decorated, strongly urged its abolition. So did Puzzo di Borgo. Marshals Victor, Marmont and Macdonald opposed. After debate it was decided to recognize and retain the order, not on any high moral or patriotic grounds, but because Louis XVIII. could not afford to make himself more unpopular than he was already by stripping people of their decorations. Chateaubriand and Lamartine consented to accept the red ribbon, but it was also conferred upon a great number of worthless personages and so brought into contempt.

There have been many Legion of Honor scandals since those days, but one of them surpasses all the others in magnitude. This is, of course, the Wilson scandal, the history of which, though intricate, is worth recalling.

The trouble may be said to have begun on the day on which Mlle. Allee Grevy fell in love with an opera singer who need not be mentioned here. He wanted to marry her, and she wanted to marry him, and the papers were beginning to couple the two names in a manner most embarrassing to the president of the republic. The president, however, sent the opera singer about his business and found his daughter another husband, not a very good husband, but the best husband he could procure on the spur of the moment. His choice fell upon M. Daniel Wilson, who had long been one of M. Grevy's political supporters and was a financier of some mark.

No sooner was M. Wilson established at the Elysee than he proceeded to enrich himself by various means. Among other things, he founded a paper called Le Moniteur de l'Exposition Universelle, which really covered a traffic in decorations. The whole story came out in a state trial toward the end of 1887. It was proved that Wilson had made a regular practice of selling the Legion of Honor, or, rather, of inviting people who wanted it to bribe him to use his influence to obtain it for them. His overtures were presented through his jackals, Generals d'Andlau and Cafferel and Mmes. Limousin and Ratazzi, and the whole party had to stand in the dock together.

Wilson was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, a fine of 3,000 francs and five years' deprivation of civil rights. He appealed, and the court of cassation annulled the judgment. The accused, said the judges, was obviously guilty of everything that he was charged with, but as his offenses were not anticipated by any punitive law he could not be punished. So he retired to the country and tried to live down his bad name. As he ultimately got himself elected conseiller general, one must suppose that he succeeded in this object.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Black Maria.

The following is given as the origin of the term "Black Maria:" When New England was filled with emigrants from the mother country, a negress named Maria Lee kept a sailors' boarding house in Boston. She was a woman of great strength and helped the authorities to keep the peace. Frequently the police invoked her aid, and the saying, "Send for Black Maria," came to mean, "Take him to jail." British seamen were often taken to the lockup by this amazon, and the stories they spread of her achievements led to the name of Black Maria being given to the English prison van.

A Neighbor's Grief.

Mr. Stutson—They tell me Neighbor Harris' cat is dead.

Mrs. Stutson—Oh, I'm so sorry! It used to take up Fido's time so pleasantly barking at her.—Boston Transcript.