

BANDON RECORDER.

Power of an Inch of Rain. "Fine shower we had last night," said a talkative man.

"Yes," answered the thoughtful man "How much rain fell?"

"The weather report says just an inch."

"Do you know what that means?" asked the other as he took a pencil from his pocket and began to figure.

"It means clearing the air, laying the dust and furnishing needed moisture for vegetation and for us, I suppose."

"But have you ever thought what it means in power?" continued the thoughtful man. "You said an inch of rain. Now, see these figures. New York city contains 308 square miles of surface, and one inch of water over that would measure 715,455,900 cubic feet, which at 62 pounds—which is the weight of a cubic foot of water—makes 44,370,372,800 pounds, or 22,539,680 tons."

"Can you realize it?"

"Now, what comes down has gone up, and this water fell about 5,000 feet. Old Sol had quite a pull to get that moisture up there, for a mechanical engineer will tell you that that represents the expenditure of nearly 2,500,000,000,000 foot pounds of energy. It's sad that we can't hitch machinery to that power without having to take it secondhand through coal."

—New York Herald.

He Wouldn't Interfere.

An old Scotchman went to stay for a short time, as he said, with friends of his, a young couple with no family. After living with them for some two or three weeks the young couple began to get tired of their visitor, but did not like to tell him the state of their feelings toward him, so they arranged a little plan between them as to how they would get rid of him.

"Tomorrow," said the husband, "when I come home for dinner, I shall quarrel about the soup and say it is not good. In the midst of our quarrel we will appeal to our friend, and if he takes your part I will give him notice to leave the house, and if he takes my part you do just the same."

Next day at dinner the "quarrel" arose about the soup, and in the heat of the argument "uncle" was appealed to, but he coolly replied:

"Ye see, ma freens, for a' the time I intend to be here—just a month or two—I have made up my mind no to interfere wi' yer' house affairs."

A Story of Wendell Phillips.

At the close of the civil war and before he was well known Wendell Phillips, the distinguished abolitionist, went to Charleston and put up at a hotel. He had breakfast served in his room and was waited upon by a slave. Mr. Phillips seized the opportunity to represent to the negro in a pathetic way that he regarded him as a man and a brother and, more than that, that he himself was an abolitionist.

The negro, however, seemed more anxious about his breakfast than he was about his position in the social scale or the condition of his soul, and finally Mr. Phillips became discouraged and told him to go away, saying that he was a slave.

"You must 'scuse me, massa," said the negro. "I is 'bliged to stay here 'cause I'm 'sponsible for de silver-ware."

Charity's Choice.

"Mummy," said a small girl—"mummy, dear, I do wish I might give some money for poor children's dinners."

"So you may, darling."

"But, mummy, I haven't any money."

"Well, darling, if you like to go without sugar I will give you the money instead, and then you will have some."

The small child considered solemnly for a moment, and then said, "Must it be sugar, mummy?"

"Why, no, darling. I don't mind much. What would you like to do without?"

"How would soap do, mummy, then?" exclaimed the small maiden in triumph.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Got His Money.

When King Edward VII. was an undergraduate at Oxford, he was a great huntsman, and few men could beat him across country. On one occasion his royal highness and some other riders galloped into a farmyard by way of a short cut.

The farmer, a sturdy yeoman, closed the gates and told the huntsmen they must pay it a piece for trespass.

One of the gentlemen smiled indolently at the rustic and said, "But, my good man, this is the Prince of Wales."

The good man was in no wise abashed and retorted, "Prince or no prince, I'll have my money." And he got it.

A Lost Chance.

"He that will not when he may" is likely to repent his indecision for many a long day afterward. A lady who had spent a weary hour in "beating down" the salesman at a Turkish shop in Paris returned the next day prepared to purchase. "I believe you said 20 francs," the began, taking out her purse.

"Ninety, madame," answered the smiling Turk.

"But you came down to twenty?"

"Ah, that was yesterday, madame! Everything goes up again in the night!"

An Interesting Relic.

In the matter of diminutive bank notes a correspondent sends an account of a curious note which he has in his possession. It is a card measuring 2 by 2 1/2 inches, on one side of which is twice printed the word "Twopence," while on the other the sum is printed in words and figures round the border. In the middle is the following: "I promise to pay the bearer, on demand, twopence. By order of the Corporation of the City of New York, Feb. 20, 1790. D. Phoenix, City Treasurer."

—London Graphic.

Not Durable.

"Marriages may be made in heaven," he said thoughtfully, "but if so, they're dealing in a cheaper grade of goods up there every year. They don't last anything like the way they used to."

—Chicago Post.

The checks which pass through the London clearing house in six weeks are more than equal in amount to all the coin of the world.

Polly Larkin

"Speaking of retribution, Polly," said a lady the other day, after a little chat on that subject, "I know of a case where retribution came swift and sure. A few years since I had a friend who was thrown on her own resources on the death of her husband, and having always led a kind of butterfly life she was at her wits end to find something she could do to keep the wolf from the door. Fortunately she had no children or anyone else depending upon her. Some influential friend got her a position as one of the ushers or attendants in an insane asylum in one of our big Eastern cities, and while her whole nature revolted at taking the position at first, she was compelled to put all scruples aside and accept the only thing open to her. She went in with fear and trembling but developed from a timid shrinking little woman into a strong and courageous one, and was so patient and conscientious in her work and by her determined will power, which she owned she had to cultivate, that she had perfect control over some of the most violent patients. She had many thrilling stories to relate, but probably the most interesting was the one I am about to tell you and I will give it to you in her own words.

"When I first went to the asylum as an attendant," she said, "I noticed a pale refined looking little woman who went silently about the work set her to do, which consisted in setting the long tables, and she did it so nicely and with an air as though she had been used to better things that caused remarks from strangers who were given opportunity to visit the dining rooms of the institution. Then she would go quietly back into her corner and sitting facing the wall would resume her low wiled cry which amounted to a mourn, 'retribution, retribution,' this is the only word you ever heard her speak. It was so pathetic that it was really heartrending. I said to the head attendant one day, 'I don't believe that woman is insane, but is possibly being kept here from some outside influence.' I have never thought so from the first," she replied, "but there seems to be no one interested in her welfare on the outside who will take steps to get her out. I remember well the day that she was entered as an insane patient. She came with a well dressed man and she was daintily dressed. He seemed to be showing her about the building and suddenly disappeared. She didn't notice it at first, then she appeared annoyed because he did not come, then finally began to make arrangements to leave. When she discovered she was in an insane asylum and entered as a patient she was the most heart-broken woman I ever saw. She begged and pleaded for her liberty and insisted that she was not insane. But they all do that, you know, so we tried to pacify her, stating that some mistake had been made and that her friends would doubtless call for her. She silently watched from a window after day and inquired if any mail had come for her. She wanted to send letters out but never succeeded in getting one outside of the walls of the asylum. Finally she gave up and the pathetic despair which is so clearly stamped on her features, came. She ceased to ask questions or to talk to anyone and all you hear from her is, 'retribution—retribution.' This is her cry from morning until night, and I suppose it will go on until death seals her lips, poor little woman. If she is unjustly placed in this institution I trust her cry, which almost amounts to a prayer, will be answered. 'This went on,' said my friend, 'for several months, or you might say a couple of years after I went in as an attendant, when one day some visitors called, a lady and two young girls. They entered the apartment where this poor little soul sat facing the corner and uttering her plaintive cry of 'retribution—retribution,' when something caused her to turn round. Instantly a cry waked the echoes of the room, 'Mother, mother,' and the next instant the little woman was crying in her daughter's arms. In fact, all three were crying bitterly. 'Mother, we thought you dead, we didn't know you were in such a place,' finally explained one of the young girls.

Then the whole miserable truth leaked out. The father and husband had fallen in love with a relative of his wife who was stopping with them. Knowing that his case was hopeless while his wife was in the land of the living he planned a delightful trip for himself and wife to a distant city. They were gone several weeks. Then came a black-bordered letter and a marked newspaper clipping telling of his wife's death. On his return in his 'widower's weeds,' he stated that she had died of a contagious disease and the authorities would not allow him to bring the body home but insisted on immediate interment. In due season he courted the niece and married her.

With never a word to the father the daughters took steps towards having their mother released and then attended to having a dainty wardrobe prepared for her. The old, dingy, faded dress which she had entered the asylum with was forever laid away and once more she was attired in a way that was in keeping with any lady in the land. Then they started on their homeward journey with no word to the father that they were coming, and on their arrival were driven home. Without a word they silently entered the house, passing through to the sitting-room where their father was reading the paper. When he glanced up at their entrance and be-

WINE AND WATER.

A Simple Little Trick at Once Effective and Mysterious.

Here is a trick that is always effective, and while it is very simple indeed, still it is bound to appear just a wee bit mysterious, and many, especially your little brothers and sisters, will be unable to explain it.

Take two ordinary claret glasses and fill one to the brim with claret and the other equally full with clear water. Cover the top of the glass containing water with an ordinary visiting card so that there are no places around the edge uncovered by the card. Turn the glass upside down and place it on the top of the glass containing claret and adjust the glasses so that their edges meet exactly all the way around.

Now move the card slightly to one side so that there will be a little space at one side of the glasses inside uncovered by a card. At once a thin stream of claret will begin to rise through this space, not mixing with the water at all, but its edges clear and sharply defined. The water, too, will begin to descend into the glass containing the claret, a pure, glistening white stream against the ruddy red.

The stream of claret, too, rising through the sparkling white of the water presents a beautiful effect, and in a moment the claret will begin to spread about the top of the upper glass like the unfolding of a red rose and the water will spread in the bottom of the lower glass. The two fluids will not mix, but will present a delightful contrast of red and white with sharply defined edges.

In a very short time the claret and water will have changed places, the claret being in the upper glass and the water in the lower. This is due to the difference in weight of the liquids; water, being the heavier, forces itself into the lower glass, and a portion of the claret is moved up to take the place of the descending water.—New York Herald.

CURE FOR CATARRH.

A Remedy Which an Old Virginian Says Is Infallible.

An old Virginia horse breeder who is visiting in New York claims to have an infallible cure for catarrh. "It seems to me," he said, "that 90 per cent of the people of New York city suffer more or less from catarrh. If they will do as I suggest, they can cure themselves in short order."

"A friend of mine who used to live in Yonkers had such a severe case of catarrh that he was compelled to give up his business and go to Colorado. The doctors told him that the high altitude of that state would benefit him. He remained in Colorado nearly a year and then found himself as badly off as when he left Yonkers. After he had made up his mind that nothing could cure him and that he might as well die at home as among strangers he met an old tinker, who gave him the remedy, which cured him in three months."

"Dissolve a little powdered alum in a pint of elder vinegar. Use the solution once a day for three or four times a day. It won't do any harm if you swallow some of it. Two or three times a day, but particularly just before going to bed, dip a chicken feather in vaseline and stick the feather up the nostrils. I suppose any contrivance bought at a drug store for the purpose will do just as well as a chicken feather, but the old tinker insisted that there was some medicinal virtue in the feather."

"The gargle clears the throat and the lower portions of the air passages from the nostrils. The vaseline heals the diseased condition of the affected parts. In a week the sufferer will feel better, and if he will keep up the treatment he can be assured that he will be cured."

—New York Mail and Express.

Sixkiller's Arm a Deadly Weapon.

The woman has been killed by a blow of the fist, which suggests the thought that at times the naked fist of a man, given proper impetus by a well developed biceps, is an exceedingly dangerous and destructive instrument," said a man who for many years lived at Vinita, in the Cherokee Nation.

"It recalls a bit of history local to the Indian Territory," he continued. "Not far from the Arkansas line there lived a half breed who went by the name of John Sixkiller. He was a bad man, but not bad in the ordinary southwestern way—that is to say, he was not a 'gun fighter,' although he enjoyed a general mixup immensely, and until the Cherokee council intervened he indulged in many such affairs."

"After three men whom he had 'laid out' had died of their injuries the council (tribal legislature) met and passed an act declaring that John Sixkiller's right arm is a deadly weapon and that he is forbidden to use it against an adversary except to protect himself from death or great bodily injury."

A New English Author.

The traveler who happens to be weather bound at Perugia may find some amusement in the library of one of the leading hotels. Among the contents of the shelves there is a considerable sprinkling of English books; but to the visitor's surprise, a large proportion of these are by a mysterious author, "Bart," of whose name he is probably ignorant. But when he finds that Bart has written "Ivanhoe" and "The Last Days of Pompeii" the key to the mystery is discovered. The local binder has taken the author's title for his name, and Sir Walter Scott and Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton are credited with but one personality between them.

Conscience Money.

"Conscience money" in Great Britain now amounts to thousands of pounds annually. The first sum noticed was on March 20, 1789, when £300 was carried to the public account in consequence of a note received by the chancellor. The writer with troubled soul implored him, "as an honest man, to consider the money the property of the nation and to be so just as to apply it to the use of the state in such a manner that the nation may not suffer by its having been detained and thus to ease the conscience of an honest man."

Literary people pay but little attention to the volume of business.—Detroit Tribune.

The first straw paper made in this country was manufactured in 1828.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

Cups, Brushes and Sponges That Are Left in Barber Shops.

"What becomes of all the old shaving mugs?" was the question asked the barber.

"What becomes of the owners?" was the response.

Neither side seemed disposed to answer the query, and there was an awkward silence. The barber slapped his razor on the victim's mouth so he wouldn't be inclined to interrupt and said in a stage whisper:

"Now, I'll tell you, but I don't want it shouted from the housetops. We use the mugs again."

He paused and sighed as he tossed the questioner the other way.

"Yes," he continued, "we use them again. We don't like to lose customers; but, if we must lose them, why, we don't mind if they leave their cups, etc., behind. It's surprising how many do; but, then, barbers do mostly a walking trade. It's no secret that we urge customers to have their own cup. Most of them are satisfied if they have a private cup, brush and sponge. We supply them with the man's name on the cup for \$1.50, and our profit on the transaction is 50 cents. When a man has a razor and comb and brush besides the other tools, he generally takes the whole lot away when he's leaving, but countless cups, brushes and sponges are left behind in every barber shop."

"The cups are always good. Many of them contain such common names as John Smith, William Jones, etc., and when some other John Smith or William Jones orders a cup we simply supply him with the cast off one. Sometimes they need a little touching up with gilding; but, on the whole, it's very profitable."

"The brushes and sponges? Oh, we use them on the transients."—New York Telegram.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Ducks and geese need no grain when they have plenty of grass.

Chicken fatten faster on cooked food than on raw because it is more easily digested.

When soft feed is given to either young or old fowls, it should never be thrown on the ground.

When closely confined, the loose grain fed to fowls should be scattered among litter of some kind, so that they can scratch it out.

There is nothing so bad for the health and well being of poultry as confining them in close quarters and preventing them from taking needed exercise.

One of the most important items to insure success in the hatching of chickens in winter is to get the eggs from a flock of healthy and vigorous fowls.

It is better health among roving fowls because they get the food that is best for digestion and get the necessary grit to help the gizzard do its work.

When necessary to administer medicine by placing it in the drinking water, keep the birds from drink for several hours. They are then thirsty and more apt to get a good swallow.

The last execution on a permanent gallows in London took place at Tyburn on Nov. 7, 1783, the malefactor being one John Austin, condemned for highway robbery with violence. For centuries Tyburn had been the scene of executions for criminals condemned in Middlesex, and before the erection of the permanent gallows occasional hangings had taken place, record existing of the hanging of Judge Tressilian and Nicholas Brembré at that place as far back as 1388.

The gallows consisted of three posts, and around it were open galleries, resembling race stands, in which seats were let. On account of the disgraceful scenes on the road, executions were transferred in 1783 to the area in front of Newgate, despite the objections of residents, and on Dec. 3 of that year the first hanging took place there, when no less than ten were executed.—London Chronicle.

The Bear Was at Home.

A woman traveling abroad narrates the following experience: She had occasion to go to the British embassy at a certain spot, which shall be nameless, to see the ambassador, who, however, proved to be away with his wife at a neighboring health resort. The visitor asked for the first secretary, who, unfortunately, was on leave in England. The woman said that the second secretary would do as well, but he happened to be in attendance upon his wife, who was in a hospital.

Was the third secretary there? No. He was on leave too. The bottle washer might be in, perchance? No. He was shooting in England. The second bottle washer? He, unfortunately, was an invalid and rarely came to the embassy. The military attaché? He was on leave. The archivist? He was fishing in Scotland.

The visitor had heard of two junior secretaries, whose custom it was to transact their duties in company with a pet bear. Did they happen to be in? Unfortunately, they were away playing polo. And the bear? Yes, the bear was at home. The visitor, however, did not feel equal to interviewing the bear single handed and left.—London Truth.

Make No Pretenses.

Be natural. If you are not what you would like to seem, endeavor to come as nearly to your ideals as you can, but do not affect a manner or character that is not your own, that is not sincere. Affectation betrays weakness of character. It deceives no one. One may imagine he is making a great impression. People are too polite to let him know their thoughts, but they see through him. He makes himself less in their estimation. It is of no use to assume to know that of which one is ignorant.

There is a certain strength in honesty that carries weight and influence. Integrity will make itself felt. By making no pretenses one is on the right road to advance. There is no fool like the one who thinks he knows it all, or, worse, thinks he can make others think so. Pretenses are despised by all sensible persons. Be true, be genuine, and you retain your self respect and gain that of others.—Milwaukee Journal.

FOLLIES OF FASHION.

SARTORIAL VAGARIES OF THE CENTURIES THAT ARE GONE.

Grotesque Styles That Reigned in the Time of Chaucer—Raiment That Rivalled the Rainbow and Men Who Starched Their Beards.

It is a little gratifying to reflect that, however the man of today may compare with his ancestors of bygone centuries in physique and morals, his dress is much more moderate and inexpensive, even if it is less picturesque, than theirs.

It is true that here and there one may find some foolish young man whose taste in dress is as extravagant as that of any "back" of the days of the Georges. There is, for instance, a son of a well known peer who has the reputation of never wearing a suit twice. He has a wardrobe of waistcoats of all the colors of the rainbow, ranging from a light blue spangled with silver stars to a deep green satin with buttons of eighteen carat gold, each of which is adorned with the painted face of a beautiful woman.

Another wealthy aristocrat is credited with having as many suits and uniforms as there are days in the year and with spending on his tailor's bill a sum which would pay the yearly salary of a minor cabinet minister.

But such men are modestly arrayed compared with the dandies of many a past century. The earl of Northumbland who lived in the latter part of the fourteenth century boasted no fewer than sixty suits of cloth of gold alone, and the bishop of Ely of that time had a change of raiment for every day of the year.

Much later, in Queen Mary's time, the wardrobe of a bishop might have been the envy of Solomon for the variety and costliness of its contents, and even a simple village priest, according to Fuller, wore "a vestment of crimson satin, a vestment of crimson velvet, a stone and fawn suit with pearl gowns faced with taffetas, etc."

In the days of Chaucer fashionable men wore clothes as many colored as Joseph's coat, so that "while one leg would be a blaze of crimson the other would be tricked-out in green or blue or yellow, without any regard to harmony or contrast."

Even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century a dandy would deck himself in "a vivid green coat, a waistcoat of scarlet, yellow breeches and blue stockings," and the gentleman of the sartorial vagaries, "a coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff breeches, without money in their pockets; clouded silk stockings, a club of hair behind larger than the head that carries it, a hat of the size of a six pence on a block not worth a farthing."

At one fashionable epoch our ancestors, to quote the words of a quaint chronicler, "would wear clothes so tight to ye skin that it might well be conceived they wore no clothes at all," and at another they would wear them "so voluminous that a single suite might well have afforded raiment for a whole family, and so stuffed out with feathers that, of a verity, their wearers resembled nothing so much as walking sacks."

At another period it was the grotesque fashion to combine on one person the dress of all the countries of Europe—the hat would be Spanish, the coat French, the trousers Turkish, and so on—so that the wearer was a "walking epitome of the dress of a continent."

In Henry II's time shoes with points two feet long were worn by the fashionables, and in the reign of Henry IV. these points had grown to such an inordinate length that in order to be able to walk at all it was necessary to attach the tips to the knees by chains, which were of gold or silver, while the tops of the shoes were carved with all kinds of fantastic designs.

In the early part of the eighteenth century it was a common thing for a man of fashion to spend several hours a day with his valet, among the many quaint operations being "the starching of the beard and the proper perfuming of garments, the painting of the face and anointing with oils, tinctures, quin tessences and pomatums." It is even said that some of the dandies of the time lathed in wine and milk "for the preservation of their complexions and the rejuvenation of their energies."—London Tit-Bits.

Monumental Brasers.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century it occurred to some one to preserve the likeness of his departed friend, as well as the symbols of his rank and station. So effigies were introduced upon the surface of the slabs and were carved flat, but ere fifty years had passed away the art of the sculptor produced magnificent monumental effigies. Knights and nobles died in armor with their ladies by their sides, bishops and abbots bless the spectators with their uplifted right hands, judges lie in their official garb and merchants with the emblems of their trade. At their feet lie animals, usually having some heraldic connection with the deceased or symbolical of his work—e. g., a dragon is trodden down beneath the feet of a bishop, signifying the defeat of sin as the result of his ministry. The heads of effigies usually rest on cushions, which are sometimes supported by two angels.—Gentleman's Magazine.

According to Seale.

Mrs. Wunder—it seems to me that that music teacher is always asking for money.

Mr. Wunder—That's perfectly natural. His scale, you know, begins and ends with "dough."—Baltimore American.

Two Views.

"It is hard to lose one's relations," said the seely individual with a mourning band on his hat.

"Hard?" echoed the man whose check is good for a million. "Why, sir, it's simply impossible."—Chicago News.

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Ages of Noted Dogs.

A subscriber asks of American Field, "When is a dog considered old?" It all depends, says The Field. Some dogs show their age at five years, but these are generally petted house dogs, which are fed on all kinds ofainties and get no exercise. When dogs, however, are properly fed and cared for and get a fair amount of exercise, their lives and usefulness may be prolonged for several years beyond what they would attain when overpetted and overworked and subjected to much exposure. Champion Gladstone lived to the ripe age of fourteen years and four months; at the time of his death Count Noble was eleven years and five months; Rodrigo, eleven years and seven months; John S. Wise's Diomed, thirteen years and three months; Cham-Prince Lucifer, thirteen years; Champion Elcho, Jr., ten years and five months; Lord Graphic, nine years and six months; Dan's Lady, nine years and seven months, and Jingo, eight years and one month.

Negro Population Doubled.

There are twice as many negroes in the United States today as there were when Lincoln set them free, and the last census returns show a white population of 67,000,000 and a negro population of 8,500,000, with about 500,000 Indians, Chinese and Japanese. The death rate among the negroes in the cities where they live in the congested districts and "where every law of nature and sanitation is defied" is nearly double that of the whites and is far in excess of the birth rate, and this high mortality has led some to think that the negro is dying out. The census figures show that this belief is erroneous.

The increase of negro population in the rural districts more than makes up for the loss in the cities, and the rural surplus flock cityward in sufficient numbers to fill up the ranks. The negro population is increasing rapidly, not as rapidly as in slavery days, but as rapidly as the whites.—San Francisco News.

Animal Tamers Blonds.

As tamers and keepers of animals dark men never succeed. Visits to zoos and to menageries show them to be invariably fair fellows, with yellow or brown hair and with blue eyes. Thus at the zoological gardens in this city there is not a keeper who is dark. John McMullen of the lion house has light hair, a yellow mustache and violet orbs. Lover of the wolves and foxes is still more markedly blond, and in the antelope house, the snake house and the small mammal house light colors still prevail. One of the most pronounced blonds at the zoo was John Thompson, who is now in Honolulu making casts of fishes for a museum there. Thompson was one of the most successful keepers the zoo has ever had. Not only snakes and turtles, his specialty, but lions, foxes, wolves, deer and many other animals took to him naturally, and he was never scratched or bitten.—Philadelphia Record.

Guarding the French President.

President Loubet is well protected. His secret guard consists of twelve men under the orders of a police commissioner. These men watch constantly over his person. When he receives they mingle with the guests close by him, and when he goes out they follow him and have orders never to lose him an instant from view. When he drives they accompany him on bicycles, and it is only then that they can be recognized. This guard of thirteen men alone costs the state the nice little sum of 75,000 francs a year.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sheep and Cattle on Range.

Wyoming has 25,000,000 acres of good grazing lands. There are about 1,000,000 cattle and 3,000,000 sheep in the state. Between the cattlemen and sheepmen exists a feud that not infrequently leads to murder. Sheep, as you may or may not know, feed in so close order that when a flock has fed over a range not a spear of grass remains. Cattle browse at random and leave behind more than they eat, so that the range may provide sustenance for two or three herds, one following the other.

Vereschagin's Next Picture.

"Roosevelt at San Juan Hill" is to be the subject of a painting by Vassili Vereschagin, the painter of battle scenes. The famous Russian artist arrived in New York from Europe recently to conduct an exhibition of his painting at the Art institution. He announced his intention to devote two years or more to the work of portraying on canvas the battle which, he thinks, because of Roosevelt's elevation to the presidency, is the most interesting war scene of recent times to Americans.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

A test of a cannon that throws a shell designed to scatter oil on boiler-room waves was recently made. The shell is of wood and conical in shape. It contains two gallons of oil. At one end of the projectile is a vent. This is covered with paper, which is blown off as the shell leaves the piece, allowing the oil to escape. In this way it is the purpose of the inventor to calm a rough sea for the distance of a mile, making a smooth path for a lifeboat to follow on her way to disabled vessels.

The Lamb and the Bunko Victim.

It is a common saying that the person who buys a "good brick" or invests in "green goods" gets just what he deserves in view of the wide publicity constantly given in the press about such transactions. But the examples of lamb shearing in finance are quite as common, and the loser of a fleece is deserving of about the same measure of sympathy that the bunko victim usually receives.—Los Angeles Herald.

Met More Than Half Way.

Dashaway—Well, old man, did you make up with your best girl?

Cleverton—Yes, but I thought I never would succeed in convincing her that I was wrong.—Brooklyn Life.

A bachelor says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart and an inflammation of the brain.—Chicago News.

Houses in London are sold with or without their "furnishings and fittings."