BANDON RECORDER.

Wind and Temper.

There is a closer connection between wind and temper than at first sight appears. A coldish wind has a bracing effect and on the whole is beneficial. In countries where hot winds occur periodically, on the other hand, these are regarded as a nuisance, if not a curse. Every one almost gets cross, weary and done up and has a headache daily.

In Egypt the season when crimes are commonest is when the hot khamseen blows. Nearly always during a severe sirocco the Arabs in Algeria were restless, if they did not attempt an actual rising. The solano, which now and then rushes across the Mediterranean in fiery blasts from Africa, upsets every one in Spain and is the worst wind in that country.

And even in the "Pearl of the Antilles" the fierce hot wind is such a pest that it is recorded of a family living in Havana that they made it a rule in the household to preserve absolute silence until the wind disappeared. It was the only plan they could think of to avoid family quarrels.

Webster's Income.

The legal profession of the present day will be surprised to learn that Mr. Webster, the greatest American lawyer of his time, made but $15,000 a year by his practice. But the fees of counsel between 1840 and 1850 were not what they have been since.

In 1848 I accompanied a client to Mr. Webster's office in Boston and asked him to name a retaining fee in an important patent case. He said he thought a couple of hundred dollars would do. When the case was tried, his fee was only $1,000. On another occasion I paid him a retaining fee of $2,000 for the proprietors of the Goodyear india rubber patent.

His fee for arguing the great equity cause of Goodyear versus Day in the circuit court of the United States for the district of New Jersey, by which he established the validity of the Goodyear patent, was $5,000. This was in the spring of 1852, and was the last case he ever argued.

Foolhardy.

The question was once put to General Wheeler:

"General, what was the most foolhardy thing you ever saw on the field of battle?"

"I didn't see it on the field of battle," replied General Wheeler. "I saw it one day when a young woman tried to enter a revolving door leading a dog by a very long string. She passed through in safety, but not so the dog. The rushing public came along, and the dog was ground both ways and chopped up as though he were in a sausage machine. Each time he escaped his mistress tugged madly on the string and pulled him into it again. She got him through at last, being a very determined girl. The janitor of the building wrapped him up in a newspaper for her, so that she could carry him home. The way she clung to that string was the most foolhardy thing I ever saw."

The Baby's Name.

"Name this child," said the clergyman.

"Superfluous," replied young Mrs. Verdigris, the mother of the cherub.

"What?"

"Superfluous."

"My dear madam," said the preacher in a whisper, "that will never do. I can't give the baby such a name as that. What suggested it to you?"

"My husband's brother."

"Is he a married man?"

"No, sir. He's an old bachelor."

"As I suspected. Madam, we will call this baby 'Blessing.'"

"I've no objection, sir, but I like the sound of the other better."—Chicago Tribune.

Caste In India.

The barbers of India rank with the washerwomen. The son of a barber must be a barber all his life, and his wife must be a barber's daughter. The Hindoo shaver travels about in search of customers, and the barbering is done in the street. There are no stools, both barber and customer squatting on their heels while the operation is performed. The Hindoo barber is a manicure and a chiropodist as well, and his pay is wretchedly small. They often act as surgeons, and they make a specialty of piercing the ears of young girls for earrings, while barbers' wives are almost always hairdressers.

Like Shooting Ghosts.

The impression when hunting paddymelons, a species of kangaroo found in Australia, is of shooting at ghosts, what with the dim, mysterious light of the "bush" and the strange appearance and swift movement of the game. Paddymelons, like all the kangaroo tribe, are useless for food, except so far as their tails are concerned, which, being largely of glutinous texture, furnish material for capital soup, very like oxtail, but with a peculiar and agreeable gamy flavor.

Diet and Voice.

A musical writer states that fine vocalists are rare in countries where fish and meat diets prevail and that the voice depreciates as families grow rich and increase the amount of meat consumed. Naples and Genoa, where much fish is eaten, give few of Italy's singers, and the sweet voices of Ireland are found in the country, but not in the towns. In Norway too much fish is eaten for the production of singers, but Sweden is a land of grain and song. The carnivorous birds croak; grain eating birds sing.

The Maid Blushed.

When Mr. David Dear, winner of the queen's prize at Bisley, was a law student, he once attended an "at home." On the servant asking his name, he replied, "David Dear."

The girl blushed and said, "Yes, yes; but what is your other name, sir?"

He assured her he had no other name, but it was of no use. The servant knew better and announced him as "Mr. David."

Elevating.

Northern Colored Man—But you ought to be a lawyer or doctor or something high. Isn't there some way in which you can rise above the cornfield?

Southern Colored Man—Yas, sah dah's many ways. Dah might be a hurricane, or dis mule might lif' me wid his heels.—Philadelphia Record.

Polly Larkin

Do you ever realize that fretting and worrying brings more wrinkles and care lines than age? The troubled heart leaves its impression on the face as sure as the autumn paints the leaves, touching them in warm glowing colers. The difference is that autumn represents the cheerful heart, for there is nothing disfiguring in its touch; on the contrary, its is rather a glorification of nature. We may expect as the autumn of life approaches that Father Time will leave lines to mark his pathway, and it depends on ourselves as to whether they are to leave the countenance peaceful and happy or be disfigured with the ugly little marks that show to the world discontent, restlessness and unhappiness, possibly enviousness Life is too short for that manner of living. What if fortune has not smiled upon us. If we take the trouble to look back we may find that there is much to be thankful for. Sickness has not visited our household, all are well, the children are active happy little lads and lassies, rosy with health. Possibly across the way, where the fortune in money was counted in many figures, the Death Angel has crossed the portals of that home, and when you saw the little white hearse rolling by and followed by the grief stricken family and friends, didn't your heart reproach you to think that you had ever envied your neighbor? Didn't you feel as you tucked the wee folks into their little white beds that night and there was none missing that you had a great deal to be thankful for? Grief and sorrow leave their traces on the face, too, but they are different from the lines left by an envious and embittered spirit. The former many times have a softening effect, the latter leave wretchedly hard and unsympathetic lines.

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I like the fad of to-day, for many reasons, where people, mostly in society circles, but should be cultivated by old and young in every station of life, endeavor never to let their faces betray their inmost thoughts. I heartily concur in it when it comes to keeping family skeletons buried from the ever ready "Paul Pry" who is anxious to invade the sacredness of the home circle in season and out of season. If everything is not moving along as serenely and happily as they should do in all "well regulated families," it does not help matters to let some outsider, who cannot possibly be interested in your home affairs except to make the chasm of dissension wider, tread your unenviable secret. These Paul Prys are ever ready, like the palmist, to read the lines, but they are the tell-tale lines of the face and not the network of lines in your rosy palm.

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A society woman said to me the other day, "Polly, I think it is positively common and vulgar to worry and let the lines of your face show your unrest. People of to-day who pretend to be anything don't allow their inmost thoughts to be read by a curious and inquisitive throng of people. Their faces are not mirrors of the soul, unless it be apparently a peaceful, happy and contented expression—in other words, a composed manner and placid face. People have got to school themselves into hiding their real feelings, and there is where our beauty doctor's work comes in as a great assistance in educating ourselves up to the point of keeping little vexatious things to ourselves that come into everyone's life at times no matter, how flowery their pathway through life may be. You know how hard it is yourself to look as serene and smiling as a May morning when everything is going wrong in the kitchen—when you hear the crashing of glass and chinaware, and you know by the unearthly silence following it in the kitchen that it is some of your best and most treasured articles in that line. Oh, there are a thousand and one things, Polly, to make you go nearly distracted, and if I did not bring all my will power to bear and say 'I wont' in great big letters of emphasis, I would be a nervous wreck and my face would soon be a map of Asia. I commenced going to a beauty doctor to smooth out the little, fine, unsightly wrinkles that were coming, not in troops, but in regiments. The first thing she said was, 'You have a nervous face, and unless you do your part no beauty doctor in the land could help you. In the first place, you must learn to contain yourself; don't let little things worry you. Wait until something really worth fretting about comes to feed on your energy that you are throwing away on trifles. Somebody talks loud and you proceed to get nervous over it; somebody drops a pair of scissors and you nearly jump out of your chair, and you frown and wrinkle up your face. Unfortunately it is not the exception but the rule; you frown so many times a day that you would be astonished beyond measure if they should be marked down and shown you in the evening. Every time you frown deepens the lines just that much; every time you allow that nervous twitching that is so ready to come at all times, you are helping to lay the foundation for a new set of wrinkles. Now, unless you can promise to help me by bearing in mind that you must cultivate a composed, restful and happy countenance, it would be useless for me to try and help you, All the cold creams and face tonics, all the massaging I could bring to bear would only afford temporary relief; you would undo all the work aud the good I was trying to accomplish for you by the moment you were out of my sight, indulging in the old and disagreeable habit.'

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"I am sure I am ten years older than you are, to say the least, and yet my glass tells me that I look ten years younger. Why? Simply because I do not allow myself to fret or worry. Don't tell me you cannot help it, for you can. I used to be a nervous wreck and I made up my mind one day that there was no use in going through the world worrying and fretting because things could not be exactly as I wanted them. I knew I was getting old and ugly before my time and I called a halt, bringing myself up with a round turn, and you can see for yourself that I practiced what I preached. It was a good change all around for the children and people thrown in my company finally found a much sunnier and happier disposition and my boys, who used to want to leave home immediately after supper and go to the neighbors or play on the streets, said, 'it was much jollier to stay at home, because mamma was always so smiling and happy and made a fellow feel like having a good time.' That was the last straw that broke my rebellious spirit and made me long to conquer my irritable, fault-finding and nervous habit. You see how well I have succeeded, for if it had not been for the exerting all of my will power and determining to conquer I would not be here to-day giving you my life history, which I do not make a common practice of doing by any manner of means, but I can see in you a second self, and I will take your case and I am sure we will come out victorious. 'I owe everything to this beauty doctor who educated me up to the knowledge that it was commonplace to fret and worry. One of her favorite quotations was from Ella Wheeler Wilcox,

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.

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Not long since an attractive little woman, but all nerves, stood before her looking-glass, rubbing cold cream well into the face and gently massaging the little creases back and forth with many a sigh escaping her lips at the apparently hopeless task. Turning to her friend who was watching her she said impatiently, 'How is it, Marie, that you are much older than I am, yet you have no wrinkles and always look so sweet, happy and youthful as well. There are no tell-tale lines in your face. Tell me the secret. What is this elixir of life that gives perpetual youth that you are using? "Your query surprises me' but it is easily answered. I never allow myself to worry. I look on the bright side, my faith in a higher power never wanes, whereas you worry over trifles and allow yourself to become nervous and fretful. Keep on throwing a pebble into the clearest brook and you will disturb the placid little stream and make its waters muddy. You are worrying yourself sick over the wrinkles in your face. Forget them and remember that the loving faithful heart has no wrinkles. It all lays with the heart, my friend."

BRIEF REVIEW.

Flays the London Tailor.

Poultney Bigelow, writing in the Indepenpent, says: "Do you want some clothes made in London? You go to a first-rate tailor and are elaborately measured and cross measured. The cloth is excellent, the price noderate, as compared with New York. You are requested to call and try them on in three days. You come to be tried on and find that the clothes are basted together and that the fit is merely a preliminary one: the basting is all ripped open and you are pinned up again. The tailor expresses no surprise that his work is badly done; he does not know that it is a wretched job. You call after a long interval and try them on again. The sleeves are an inch too long, the collar fits as though made for a horse, the jacket is tight across the chest and obviously intended for fat man around the belt. You ask if he really did take any measurementa in the first instance. The tailor complacently rips up all his seams again and once more proceeds to make chalk marks all over you and insert a number of pins. You are inclined to use profane language, but curiosity masters your other feelings and you wonder how any establishment can succeed when so much time can be wasted over one suit of clothes.

Long Life and Smoking.

Habitual smokers, who are frequently told that they are slowly poisoning themselves by the habit, will be comforted by the knowledge that Abraham Elmer, who has died in the United States at the age of 119, smoked for upward of 100 years. This is by no means a solitary case of centenarian smokers. An instance is recorded in the Darlington and Stockton Times of December, 1856, which records the death of Jane Garbutt in her one hundred and tenth year, and to the last she enjoyed her pipe. When asked some time before her death how long she had been a smoker she replied: "Very nigh a hundred years." So that, like Elmer, she must have commenced smoking young.

Marconi cannot afford to lecture, even at the handsome rate of $1000 a night as his wireless telegraphy, if made practical, will yield him more money than any other inventor has made, with the single exception of Edison. Next to a successful flying machine, Marconi's invention promises the greatest advance in communication of any of the recent discoveries.

It is stated that during the last year 420 tons of cigarettes were exported from Algeria, and there promises to be a large increasing trade.

After a man reaches fifty a year seems to be about three weeks.

The price paid for a cradle is hush money.

BEN FRANKLIN'S PURCHASE

An Old Electrical Machine Dating Back to the Revolution.

Nearly every schoolboy of a generation ago was familiar with the frictional electricity machine, never of very much practical value, but of great interest to youthful minds on account of the spark that could be made to pass from condenser to youthful finger. Nowadays the size of the spark has increased as the size of the machine has diminished, but an example of the earlier type is still preserved at the Jefferson physical laboratory at Harvard, where an interesting collection of antiquated pieces of apparatus gives the visitor to Cambridge an opportunity to compare the earliest with the latest methods of studying physics and astronomy.

This special piece, moreover, is particularly interesting in that it was originally purchased for the college by Benjamin Franklin when acting as American commissioner to France during the Revolutionary war. It is a cumbersome affair that would require a horse and a small wagon or a whole automobile to move, but the principle on which it is based is the same as in its modern successors. Aside from size the most noticeable difference is in the use of a glass globe about a foot in diameter to produce the electricity by friction instead of the big circular glass plate seen in later machines.

Despite its size and the big globe, however—which is supported on posts resembling those of a colonial four poster bed—the old machine never exceeded a spark two inches long and was even proud of that modest performance. How modest it really was may be seen by comparison with a modern machine in the next case, so much smaller than Franklin's that it can be held in one hand, that produces a spark of electricity of nearly seven inches.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

If silence is golden, a discreet silence is away above rubies.—"Life on the Stage."

Most men are inventive enough in the matter of personal justification.—"Papa Bouchard."

The man in a man can only be recognized by the woman in a woman.—"By the Higher Law."

It is human nature to shrink from confessing oneself wrong in one's anticipations.—"Lassie."

A girl is never too young to form opinions of her own sex—or to express them.—"The Destiny of Doris."

The world may doom you to plain living, but only you can deny yourself plain thinking.—"Deafness and Cheerfulness."

Women love good men, but are interested in men whose goodness is more or less impaired.—"The Man From Glengarry."

The power that prepared the highways of life seems to have arranged that the fingerposts along the primrose paths shall rarely point to the promised land.—"Captain Bluitt."

Think not, as many say, there is but one springtide of life, that it is but a green and sappy youth which rushes to a brief summer and all else of life is but a winter, long and drear and gray and lonely. Through all our life our springtide is renewed.—"Mistress Brent."

Why He Hesitated.

The Brooklyn Citizen prints an experience of a man who traveled all over Europe and declares that he did not meet but one person who hesitated over the acceptance of a fee:

I was wandering through an old graveyard in an English town and had stopped before a stone which had not been long in place. A man who must have been following me stepped up and said:

"Ah, sir, but she who lies here will be missed for years to come! She was for half a lifetime the president of the charity board."

In an absentminded way I handed him a sixpence, said the traveler. He received it, turned it over in his hand in a hesitating way and finally stammered:

"As she was my own wife, sir, and as I was here to plant flowers on her grave, perhaps it would not be exactly proper to accept a fee."

I replied that but for him I might never have known about her being president of the board, and he swallowed his scruples and pocketed the sixpence with one motion and with evident satisfaction.

Office and Man.

Once upon a time a postmaster who lived in a Kansas town was seated in his office reading postal cards when a native cyclone suddenly came his way. The wind carried him through an east window and in the direction of a chestnut grove three miles distant.

In a few seconds he was safely seated in the top of a high tree busy picking chestnut burs out of his hair and clothing when he saw the building that he had so suddenly left coming directly toward him.

"I declare," he exclaimed, "there comes the old shanty looking for me!"

Moral.—Sometimes the office seeks the man.—New York Herald.

She Understood.

"Ignorance," remarked young Borem, "they say is bliss."

"Oh, that probably accounts for it," rejoined Miss Cutting.

"Accounts for what?" queried the youth.

"The contented and happy look you usually wear," she replied.—Chicago News.

An Offset.

A asks B to lend him 50 cents. B has but 25 cents and gives that to A. A accepts it, remarking that he will trust B for the balance. B later asks A to settle with him, whereupon A claims that as B owes him 25 cents one debt offsets the other. What is the answer?—Baltimore American.

The Best Lifter.

Hiram—That boy of yours what went to college could do some powerful lifting with the clubs and dumbbells.

Silas—Yes, but I always thought more of the other one's lifting powers.

Hiram—Did he lift dumbbells and the like?

Silas—No; he lifted the mortgage.—Philadelphia Record.

PECULIARITIES OF SOUND.

The Kind of Note Best Suited For Long Range Signals.

Signals made by sounds of explosion are not the most reliable. Their penetration is obviously often uncertain, while, their duration being brief, they may be missed by momentary inattention. The reed horn was the more efficient instrument as compared with guncotton cartridges over London. The siren would probably have been yet more efficient as also doubtless a horn capable of producing two notes differing, say, by the interval of a third or a fifth, a conclusion arrived at many years ago by experiments which have been unhappily too much lost sight of. Professor Piazzi Smith found by trial that a high note was generally more penetrating as a signal, but advised that such a note should not be used alone, assigning as one reason that individuals possess note deafness similar to color blindness, so that no one note could be trusted. Experiments went to prove that a sound varying between a high and a low note best arrested attention at long range.

And the same result has been arrived at in another way. The peculiar cry of the Alpine guide, which is, in fact, of that nature which Professor Smith advocates, has doubtless been taught by the exigencies of his situation, where his voice is required to carry across broad and deep ravines. Nature has taught the same lesson in the Australian wilds, where the characteristic "Cowi, cowi!" appears essential to penetrate the deep woods.

Nor indeed need we look farther for an example of the same kind than our own village lanes. The high pitched voices of children are very farreaching. Their shouting can be heard farther away in the sky than that of man, and in calling to their fellows they always employ a trick of the voice taught doubtless by experience. The child will summon her playmate from far away with a well practiced "Sally," the first syllable, high pitched and prolonged, giving place to the second syllable uttered abruptly in a yet higher note. And this mode of calling is universal.—Nineteenth Century.

THE TURQUOISE.

The turquoise, the birthstone for December, signifies prosperity.

The turquoise was a familiar and favorite gem among the ancient Mexicans and Indians of the west.

The turquoise fades when its owner is ill, and dies when the wearer is attacked by an incurable malady—so they say.

The Germans claim that by its varying shades the turquoise turns telltale on the caprices and moods of its wearer.

Shakespeare gives these words to Shylock: "He would not have lost his turquoise ring for a whole wilderness of monkeys."

The turquoise derives its name from a word meaning Turkish and is so called because the first turquoises were found in Turkey.

If your birthday comes in December and you wear a turquoise, you need never be afraid of falling off a high place. One of the powers of the azure hued gem is to preserve its wearer from this catastrophe.

It is also said that it has the power of protecting its wearer against contagion. A turquoise would certainly be an ornamental substitute for vaccination. Its efficiency would probably depend upon the "faith" of the wearer.

Rabbits at Play.

Rabbits play in this way: Two of them—I have not seen it played with more—run quickly toward each other, and when on the point of contact each leaps into the air, but one higher than the other, clearing him completely. They come down with their tails toward each other, but instantly, with an, as it were, "Excuse my tail!" both turn and run and leap again, and this they will do from two or three to half a dozen times, always leaping up at the exact moment when they would otherwise come into collision and one always taking the higher leap—sometimes an astonishingly high one—right over his companion. They never meet in the air, nor can I see how this can be avoided except by a plan or figure being mutually followed by them, as with ourselves in a game or dance. I believe that each clears the other alternately, but I have not yet convinced myself of this.—Saturday Review.

Belonged Elsewhere.

That it is possible to have too good an appetite seems to be one of the morals of a story told by a friend to the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I am very fond of roasted ears of corn," said he, "and I eat it whenever I can get it. Some time ago, while I was in a restaurant in Texas, the waiter put a plateful on the table, and I just helped myself.

"When I had cosumed the third, I noticed that a man across the table was eying me most curiously. I looked at him and told him that I considered roasted corn one of the most nutritious and palatable things a man could eat. Then I helped myself to a fourth ear and devoured it with relish.

"When I reached my hand into the dish for the fifth, the fellow across the table couldn't stand it any longer.

"'Say, pard,' said he, 'don't you think you could save about a dollar and a quarter a day if you was to board at a livery stable?'"

Fortifying a Lighthouse.

A lighthouse at the south cape of Cormosa was built in a part of the island inhabited solely by savages and had, in consequense, to be fortified. The lantern was protected by steel revolving screens, and on the gallery of the tower, which was of cast iron, a machine gun was mounted on racers.

Round the base of the tower was built a wrought iron refuge, or fort, communicating by bullet proof passages with all the rooms in the keepers' dwelling houses.

Both fort and tower were fitted with suitable accommodation for the staff in a case of siege, had water tanks in the basement and were supplied with a stock of provisions.

The station was further protected by a loophole wall and a dry ditch, flanked by two small towers, or caponnieres, armed with eighteen pounder cannon.—Engineering

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

The Perils of Living Near the Mexican Boundary Line.

"Some peculiar conditions prevail at the twin cities of Nogales, Mexico, and Nogales, Ariz.," said the Detroiter, who recently returned from a visit to Mexico. "The international boundary line is formed by a street that divides the two towns, and the boundary stakes are set out with a very nice regard for technicalities. There is a saloon there which has more than a local reputation, and the proprietor is certainly an enterprising individual. His saloon is located on the street dividing the two counties and at a point where the dividing line is not clearly defined. The patron of this saloon buys his drink in America, and, stepping across the hall, he buys his cigar in Mexico. In this way the proprietor avoids the duty on imported cigars and can provide his customers with the best make at lower prices than most of his competitors.

"They tell an amusing story about an American who imbibed too much fighting whisky at this saloon. When he arrived at a certain stage, he allowed his prejudices to get the better of him, and, standing near the boundary line of his own country, he heaped anathemas and hurled defiances at the people across the border. A couple of Mexican officers stood across the street almost within reach of the pugnacious American, hoping that he would stroll across into Mexico. He did get over there after awhile, although the trip was wholly unpremeditated. During a harangue against Mexican institutions in general and the police in particular he happened to lurch too far over to starboard and fell into Mexico. The alert cops promptly grabbed him, and, though he didn't get a chance to take in the sights, he paid quite an extended visit to the country he had so eloquently maligned."—Detroit Free Press.

LONG RANGE BAPTISM.

Christening in Scotland Was Conducted Under Difficulties.

In wide and sparsely populated highland districts of Scotland it not infrequently happens that a parent is obliged to walk a distance of five or six miles with an infant for baptism.

It is related of a minister of the north that he agreed to accommodate a parishioner thus situated by meeting him at a stream midway between the parents' house and the manse and there baptizing the child at the running water.

It so happened that by the time the parties came to opposite sides of the bourn heavy rains had swollen it into a rapid torrent, so that neither party could approach the other.

Unwilling to turn back with the "bairn" unbaptized, the farmer proposed that the minister should splash water across. Accordingly the minister stepped down to the stream and endeavored to throw handfuls of water on the farmer's baby.

"Ha'e ye got ony o' that?" he cried at each successive splash.

"De'il a spairge," was the reply.

At last a few of the splashes were communicated to the infant's face, and the ceremony was then concluded in the usual form.

Before retiring to their respective homes the farmer produced a bottle of whisky, crying across, "As I canna offer ye a glass owre the heid o' this, here's the bottle—kepp!" And he threw it across the stream.

The bottle was caught, it is related, with a precision that betokened on the part of his reverence, if not considerable practice, at least considerable dexterity.—Stray Stories.

Caught a Tartar.

Like so many of his learned brethren in the Church of England, the late Canon Carter was the terror of compositors. His was perhaps, after Dean Stanley's, the very worst handwriting of the last century.

About 1880 the then bishop of Lichfield, Dr. Maclagan, surprised one of his secretaries by saying: "I have hardly ever received an anonymous letter, but I got one this morning. It is very badly written, and I can hardly make it out, but from the signature it is sure to be abusive. The man has signed himself 'A Tartar.' See if you can make it out."

The secretary, who knew the handwriting, rather startled his lordship by rejoining: "It's nothing alarming. It's only a note from Canon Carter of Clewer!"—London Tit-Bits.

London Street Names.

Peerless street, in London, is a corruption of Perilous pool. Golden square was originally Gelding square, and the name was changed at the wish of the inhabitants. Fetter lane has nothing to do with fetters, but only with fewtors (idle fellows), who once loafed in the neighborhood. Gutter lane, in the city, is really Gutheron's lane. Duck's Foot lane, near Cannon street, should be Duke's Foot lane, being so named after the Dukes of Suffolk. Cannon street had nothing to do with guns, but everything with candles, which were made in it when it passed as Candlewick street.

The Caddie's Eyesight.

"Good eyesight is necessary for a caddie, isn't it?" asked the boy of no experience.

"Oh, I don't know," answered the experienced lad. "There's some couples in this club that'll pay you more for looking the other way an' not seein' anything than they will for findin' the balls. You've got to learn when to have the eyesight an' when not to have it."—Chicago Post.

A Model Child.

Dickie—Pa, were you a gooder boy'n me when you were as little as me?

Father—Yes indeed, Dickie. I was always a very good boy, but somehow or other I had a great many serious and painful misunderstandings with my parents.—Detroit Free Press.

The Boy Who Wins the Day.

When two boys start out in life, one with a copy of "Winning His Way" in his pocket and the other with a piece of natural elementary hustle in his head, the latter usually comes in first at the post.—Washington Times.

Persons who really wish to become angels should make a start in that direction while they are yet mortals

She Read the Signal.

There is a romantic story about Lord Kelvin's second marriage. In the early seventies he, then Sir William Thomson, was in West Indian waters, on board his schooner yacht, the Lalla Rookh. As a recreation he took up the question of simplifying the method of signals at sea. He had been talking of it at the dinner table of a friend in Madeira, and the only apprehension that seemed able to grasp it was that of his host's daughter, a lady he greatly but silently admired.

"I quite understand it, Sir William," she said.

"Are you sure?" he questioned, half doubtfully. "If I sent you a signal from my yacht, do you think you could read it and could answer me?"

"Well, I would try," she responded "I believe I should succeed in making it out."

The signal was sent, and she did succeed in making it out and in transmitting the reply. The question was "Will you marry me?" and the answer was, "Yes."

A Homely Greeting.

According to Ainslee's Magazine when the governor of Newfoundland Sir Henry McCallum, K. C. M. G., went ashore at a small harbor of the east coast he was met at the landing place by a grizzled old fisherman, who sought to make the stranger welcome whoever he might be.

"Be you comin' ashore, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," said the governor.

"Be you here about the ile (seal oil)?" the fisherman pursued.

"No," said the governor.

"Be you one o' 'Sam' Lewis' men from Red bay, sir, come about the timber?"

"I am the governor of Newfoundland," Sir Henry announced, with some show of dignity.

"Be you, now?" said the fisherman with a friendly offer of his hand "Well, 'tis a mighty good job—If you can hold it. An' I hopes you will Would you like a cup o' tea, sir?"

"A Lot of 'air."

The inhabitants of the little town of Somersby, in England, where Tennyson was born, are frank in giving their opinion of their distinguished fellow townsman. One old woman thus related her impressions of the poet to a visitor:

"'E was a very quoiet man. 'E seemed as if 'e was 'alf asleep, with 'is eyes 'alf shut an' peepin', an' 'e used to poke at ye, loike I' fun, wi' 'is stick 'E 'ad such a lot of 'air an' a long beard, an'," sinking her voice confidentially, "'e never looked very clean no, 'e didn't."

And this somewhat startling testimony was promptly confirmed by her husband, who added:

"If you'd met 'im goin' along this dusty rooad, you'd 'a' takken 'im for a tramp goin' to Brigg for a night's lodgin'."

It Reminded Him.

One sharp November day, says the Philadelphia Record, a boy entered a car, leaving the door open, much to the discomfort of an old gentleman who sat next. As the wind chilled his marrow his temper rose. Leaning across his seat and taking the kid by his ear he said: "Were you brought up in a barn? Why don't you shut the door?"

The boy said nothing, but closed the door, coming back to his seat in tears This sight moved the old man to relenting pity. "There, there," he said, "little man; I didn't really mean you were brought up in a barn."

"That's just it," retorted the kid. "I was brought up in a barn, and every time I see a jackass it makes me think of it."

An Interesting Coin.

An interesting coin has just been sold in Germany. It is one of the few coins in the history of the world which can be accused of having a humorous side to it. In 1679 the Danes descended on the port of Hamburg, but the [illegible] on the famous Hanse town proved successful. The inhabitants of the town struck a medal to commemorate the occasion. The legend on it was as follows: "The king of Denmark has been to Hamburg. If thou wouldst know what he achieved, look on the other side." It is needless to add that "the other side" is a blank.

His Man Was Appointed.

As an instance of the acuteness of Al Daggett, the former Republican leader of Kings county, N. Y., the story is told that when Seth Low was elected mayor of Brooklyn some years ago he wrote to Mr. Daggett, offering to appoint as commissioner of elections one of any three men he might name. Al wrote three lines to the mayor, as follows: "Charles Henry Cotton, C. H. Cotton C. Henry Cotton." Needless to say Mr Cotton was appointed.

Her Pet Fad.

Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Robinson is the greatest woman to stick to a fad I ever saw.

Mrs. Brown—Why, I never heard anybody mention that before.

Mrs. Jones—Can't help that. It's so all the same. Just see how she has gone on admiring that husband of hers these twenty years and more.—Boston Transcript.

Taken Seriously Now.

Bunker—I used to get considerable amusement out of golf.

Ascum—Ah, then you don't play any more?

Bunker—Yes, indeed. I was referring to the time before I began to play.—Philadelphia Press.

Lies of the White Kind.

The whole fabric of social intercourse is interwoven with what would be lies according to a strict code. Some are pleasant fictions that deceive nobody. Most of them have their genesis in a kindly, cheerful desire to avoid giving pain. These polite untruths are the lubricant of society. They wear away the rough edges, take away the sting out of uncomfortable facts. They are the flower of courtesy, "the pineapple perfume of politeness."—Washington Times.

His Ambition.

Young Jones—I mean to so live that when I die all the great cities of the earth shall quarrel over the question of my birthplace.

Young Brown—Yes; each one will lay the blame on some other.