

BANDON RECORDER.

HUNDRED MILE COAST.

The Oroya Railway in Peru Disturbed itself in Many Ways.

Lord Ernest Hamilton describes his experience of a thrilling but perilous pastime, the descent in a small hand car of a wonderful mountain railway in Peru.

"As a matter of fact," he writes, referring to the title of the article, "it is 100; but, for the sake of a title, the extra six may go—100 are enough at any rate for purposes of illustration. These hundred odd miles are to be found on the Ferro-Carril Central of Peru, commonly called the Oroya railway, and they are to be found nowhere else.

"This Oroya railway is a very wonderful line indeed. It not only climbs higher than any other railway in the world, but also distinguished itself in a variety of other ways incidentally referred to hereafter. But the accomplishment with which I am chiefly concerned is this—that it provides the only road in the world which a man on wheels can travel over 100 miles by his own momentum and practically at any pace to which the fiend of recklessness may urge him.

"The object of what is here written is to trace the sensations born of a run down from the summit of the Oroya railway, 15,696 feet above sea level, to the verge of the Pacific. You start under the eye of the eternal snows, and you finish among humming birds and palms. You start sick with the unspeakable sickness of altitude, and you finish in the ecstasy of an exultation too great for words.

"The gods of Olympus were worshipping the man who has during the last three hours controlled his car from the Paso de Galera to Callao, for it is in the control that lies the joy, as in other things apart from car running. To sit beside the brakeman is good, but to drop the brakeman on a friendly siding and grasp the lever in your own firm but not too exacting hand is to sip a liberal foretaste of the joys of heaven.—Pearson's Magazine.

Give Him a Chance to Vote. The chronicles of our vice presidents are notoriously barren of incident. This probably was the reason for the way Adlai Stevenson secured the exercise of a constitutional prerogative. It was one sleepy day toward the end of his term as vice president. The United States senate was plowing through the calendar and passing many bills. Bills are considered agreed to in the senate if no oral objection is raised after they have passed through the preliminary stages, but the usual form of asking for the yeas and nays is followed by the presiding officer. The vice president had said: "Senators in favor of the bill will say 'Aye.'" Pause. "Contrary, 'No.'" "Not a single response.

"The vote is a tie," announced Mr. Stevenson. The senator in charge of the bill paused on his way to the cloakroom and looked surprised. "In case of a tie the vice president may cast the deciding vote. In the exercise of his constitutional privilege the vice president votes 'Aye.'"—New York Times.

The Hand in Health. Let us shake hands with a man and we will tell you something about his health, says the London Doctor. The firm, hearty handshake of a sincere man may be rather rough, so that one is taught to be a grip, but it indicates stamina. While denoting absence of tact and refinement, it points to physical strength. The flabby hand that retains no pressure belongs to the person who has no great strength of body or mind. The quick, nervous handshake of an excitable, nervous temperament and its opposite, the nerveless, passive one, belong to persons in ill health. The hand that threatens to collapse or give means fear. The feel of the hand called magnetic indicates health and kindness and a desire to help others. In many ways we may decide character by the hand as well as the brain.

A Wonder in Fenmanship. Among the curiosities preserved by the Minnesota Historical society is a lithographic copy of an engrossment of the emancipation proclamation. The engrosser, one W. H. Pratt of Dayton, port, Ia., was so very skillful in his manipulations of the pen that he succeeded, by careful and exact shading of the letters, in producing a very excellent portrait of Abraham Lincoln, the author of the famous document, in the center of the copy. In other words, the lettering itself is made to form a portrait of Mr. Lincoln. There were probably a large number of them originally struck off, but copies of it are now very rare. As a specimen of pen work it is certainly very unique.

Wood in Egyptian Stonework. Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man is that found in the ancient temples of Egypt in connection with the stonework, which is known to be at least 4,000 years old. This, the only wood used in the construction of the temples, is in the form of ties holding the end of one stone to another. When two blocks were laid in place, an excavation about an inch deep was made in each block, in which a tie-shaped like an hourglass is driven. It is therefore very difficult to force any stone from its position.

The Curious Bezoar Stone. There is now no sale for bezoar stones. The time was when this concretion was deemed very valuable, and many living men will remember having seen perfectly formed specimens sell for \$5 or \$10 to be carried in the pocket as lucky stones. The bezoar stone is formed in the stomachs of cattle. It is calcareous and as hard as a bit of limestone, but the core is generally a mass of hair locked from the hide of the animal and carried into the stomach with the saliva. These concretions are as plentiful now as they ever were.

A Reminder. "Yes," Mrs. Starvem was saying at the breakfast table, "it's a splendid book. It certainly is strong and—"

"Ah, that reminds me," remarked the absentminded boarder. "Please pass the butt."—Philadelphia Press.

POLLY LARKIN

and there are some things that cannot be properly explained in a few words.

You say you do not want to discard your mourning entirely; you don't like gray for a traveling suit for it is too bright, and that, being a widow, you consider white inappropriate to be married in. You say you would like to wear a tailor-made suit of black, but friends are so superstitious as to black being used at a wedding that they have almost talked you out of it.

In one of the above articles I have written on that very subject, the dying out of superstition. One of our society ladies, a widow, was married not long since. It was a church wedding and the edifice was filled with friends and admirers of the happy couple. As is usual on such an occasion, the fair sex were filled with curiosity as to what the bride would wear, but she had kept her own counsel. Finally the wedding march announced the approach of the bride. The rustling of silk was heard and the audience craned their necks for a sight of the bride. There was no soft, subdued gray or lavender tints, but black and white. The bride, a tall, stately looking blonde, had cast all prejudices aside and wore an exquisitely fitting tailor-made costume of black ladies' cloth and it was lined throughout with white satin. Her hat was a black velvet picture hat, trimmed in bows of the same, and black and white ostrich feathers. The gloves were white with black stitching, and she carried a white ivory prayer-book. The only ornament was a diamond corsage, a gift of the groom, and a cresset bouquet of dainty lilies of the valley. It was striking and elegant, and while it did not meet with the approval of all her friends, the majority decided that she had chosen well. There is a new fad in mourning, but Polly does not like it. It is worn by men and women alike and consists of a simple band of crepe around the arm held in place with tiny black lusterless beads or else simply sewed on. The wearer may wear any bright color she may desire, but the band of crepe must be in place. It looks to Polly as if they were trying to display their grief. Now if you can "weather the storm," Muriel, and will not wear gray or slate-color, choose the black and white. Grays, lavenders, fawns, etc., are pretty for home and street wear.

"Betsy McB—." What a good, old-fashioned name "Betsy" is. You say you like the colors of gold and black for a table decoration, but have no daffodils and wonder if acacia blossoms would not do? The acacia is lovely, but the fragrance is so overwhelming to some people that it might be a serious drawback to the success of your dinner. The perfume of flowers produces a headache with some people, and others faint when they have to remain in contact with the intense fragrance for any length of time. If you cannot use the acacia, wild buttercups, which must now cover your velvety hillsides, will answer.

Another friend thinks, or rather, believes, that the beautiful feathers of the peacock can only bring death and disaster into the house, and so great is her horror and dread of them that she will not tolerate the birds. Not knowing of her superstition in regard to the peacocks, a friend sent her a beautiful pair and she went into hysterics on receiving them. They were carried out of the house immediately, and she insisted they be taken out the same way they were brought in. What to do with them was a query. She would not give them to a friend and thus bring ill-luck into her home. She flattered herself that she did not have an enemy that she could bestow the beautiful birds upon, and so finally she gave them to a bird-fancier, who had no scruples in accepting and disposing of them at a fancy figure.

The superstition in regard to peacock feathers has gradually died out among even the most pronounced believers in the black art. For several seasons past you would find peacock feathers in winter millinery. One of our prominent milliners on being asked if she wasn't afraid to have peacock feathers in her millinery store, laughed merrily. "Afraid, no; why should I be, when they have brought me the best luck ever had? One day my husband came into the house bringing a handful of peacock feathers, and we planned that night how we could make the beautiful feathers, jeweled in iridescent colors that would set the heart of an artist wild, and thus add to our income, which was none of the best. Our luck seemed to turn from that moment. We made money off the peacock feathers from the beginning and everything else seemed to fall into line. My husband dates our prosperity from the time he brought the lucky peacock feathers home. In every room in our house you will find peacock feathers in dusters or bunches pinned on the wall.

"I must tell you about my little daughter's bedroom. A dainty cream paper covers the wall, with olive or bronze trimmings, and just above the gilt picture molding is a solid row of peacock feathers with their bright eyes, making a graceful finish. On the wall are two or three of the feathers tied with bright ribbon, and the graceful feathers are spread out to get the right effect and then pinned. The big rug covering the center of the floor is a cascade of bronze-green with a single shell-pink rose thrown carelessly down here and there over it, and the floor is painted a rich red. The lace curtains have an occasional peacock feather pinned here and there. There is a little white enamel and brass bedstead, with lace spread and pillow-sham. A dainty little dressing bureau is canopied over with dotted muslin edged with a lace-trimmed ruffle and caught on the sides with olive and delicate pink satin ribbons, while a bunch of three or four handsome peacock feathers holds the canopy in place at the top. Her little writing-desk is of mahogany, and the chairs in her room are of mahogany with olive leather seats pressed into some quaint design, and willow rockers. It was a birthday surprise to her, and she takes all her friends to her room to show her 'den,' as she calls it. We have no use for that old superstition condemning peacock feathers as being part of the work of the evil one. They are lucky for us, at any rate. The world is getting broader every day and the superstitious are fast passing away. Men and women are growing to be sensible and too enlightened to live in the ignorance and superstition that thrived through the dark ages."

"I find several letters in the query box, and if I do not have space to answer them all this week, they will be answered later on. "Muriel" writes that she is yet in mourning for a near relative, and as the time set for her wedding is approaching, she is in doubt as to what she should be married in. Muriel apologizes for the length of her letter.

There is no apology needed. Polly does not object to answering questions,

HOW THE CHINESE GET RAIN

Some Peculiar Practices in Vogue in the Celestial Kingdom.

It is one of the peculiarities of the Chinese that, while they have developed elaborate philosophies, none of them has led to any confidence in the uniformity of nature. Neither the people nor their rulers have any fixed opinion as to the cause of rainfall. The plan in some provinces when the need of rain is felt is to borrow a god from a neighboring district and petition him for the desired result. If his answer is satisfactory, he is returned to his home with every mark of honor; otherwise he may be put out in the sun as a hint to wake up and do his duty. A bunch of willow is usually thrust into his hand, as willow is sensitive to moisture.

Another plan in extensive use is the building of special temples in which are wells containing several iron tables. When there is a scarcity of rain, a messenger starts out with a tablet marked with the date of the journey and the name of the district making the petition. Arriving at another city, he pays a sum of money and is allowed to draw another tablet from the well, throwing in his own by way of exchange. On the return journey he is supposed to eat only bran and travel at top speed day and night. Sometimes he passes through districts as gentry in need of rain as his own. Then the people in these towns waylay him and temporarily borrowing his tablet, get the rain intended for another place.

Prayers are usually made in the fifth and sixth months, when the rainfall is always due, and a limit of ten days is set for their effective operation. Under such conditions rain usually falls during the prescribed time. When the prayers are in progress, the umbrellas, among other objects, comes under the ban. In some provinces foreigners have been mobbed for carrying this harmless article at that time.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A THIEF AMONG THE ANGELS Spurgeon Corrected His Opinion of What He Might Do.

One day the mayor of Cambridge, who had tried to curb Mr. Spurgeon's tendencies to sensationalism, inquired of him if he had really told his congregation that if a thief got into heaven he would begin picking the angels' pockets.

"Yes, sir," the young preacher replied, "I just told them that if it were possible for an ungodly man to go to heaven without having his nature changed he would be none the better for being there, and then, by way of illustration, I said that were a thief to get in among the glorified he would remain a thief still, and he would go around the place picking the angels' pockets."

"But, my dear young friend," asked the mayor seriously, "don't you know that the angels haven't any pockets?"

"No, sir," replied young Spurgeon, "with equal gravity, 'I did not know that, but I am glad to be assured of the fact from a gentleman who does know. I will take care to put it all right the first opportunity I get.'"

The next Monday morning Spurgeon walked into the mayor's place of business and said to him cheerfully, "I set that matter right yesterday, sir."

"Why, about the angels' pockets?"

"What did you say?"

"Oh, sir, I just told the people I was sorry to find that I had made a mistake the last time I preached to them, but that I had met a gentleman, the mayor of Cambridge, who had assured me that the angels had no pockets, so I did not correct what I had said, as I did not want anybody to go away with a false notion about heaven. I would therefore say that if a thief got among the angels without having his nature changed he would try to steal the feathers out of their wings!"—Homiletic Review.

Black Mirrors. Crystal gazing is still popular, but the very latest thing in use is a black mirror, in which the sibyls say they can see many things. These little black mirrors come from India, where a spot of ink has always been a favorite vehicle for divination. The native boy who has "the second sight" is told to look fixedly at a spot of ink, which is poured into his hand. The black mirror is said to be every bit as good as the ink, and it is certainly more cleanly. It is made of a piece of black glass set in a wooden frame and is small enough to be held inside the hand.—London Chronicle.

A Suspicious Case. Greene—Do you suppose Ketchum is honest, or has he designs on me, do you think? Brown—Why, what has he been doing now? Greene—He borrowed an umbrella at my house last night, and he returned it the first thing this morning. It looks suspicious, don't you think?—Boston Transcript.

An Obliging Husband. "Why do you offer such a large reward for the return of that ugly dog?" "To please my wife." "But such a reward is sure to bring him back." "No, it won't. He's dead."—San Francisco Chronicle.

More Interesting. "Were you interested in that account of the Washington man who suddenly disappeared?" "Well, I'd have been more interested in an account of a man who gradually disappeared."—New York World.

In 1894 the capital of the Bank of England was £1,200,000. It is now £14,500,000.

The Labor of Her Life. The two men were talking about their domestic affairs. "Do you keep a cook at your house?" inquired one. "Um—er, ah," hesitated the other. "We try to."—Detroit Free Press.

Dr. Warren, head master of Eton, proposes to build a classic ship, probably on the model of a Roman or Grecian trireme, and to moor it in the Thames opposite the houses of parliament during coronation week.

THE MEXICAN EDITOR.

It is Very Easy For Him to Get into Serious Trouble.

The newspaper laws of Mexico are very stringent. If any person is mentioned in a newspaper article and feels offended about it, he can easily send the editor of the paper and the writer of the article to prison. The statements may have been far within the limits of truth and justice, but that makes no difference. The editor incommunicado has a chance to think about the law, and the aggrieved person smiles pleasantly. After awhile the law gets in its work, the case is investigated, and the editor is punished, for even the truth is libelous, and libel is one of the offenses most severely condemned.

According to the theory of the Mexican law, every person has a right to go about entirely free from annoyance by other persons. If the person violates the law, the newspaper has no right to say so. It can lay information before the courts if it wants to, but it must not say in its columns that it has done so. Then the law will step in and take charge of the offender, but the representatives of the paper will not be allowed to attend the trial, and only the bare result, after weeks of waiting, can be told to the public.

If the offense charged against the editor is regarded by the first magistrate to whom the complaint is made as being especially grave, the paper is generally suppressed. The complaint is received and passed upon. Then a squad of police descends upon the printing office. Sometimes all the employees are arrested, sometimes only the editor. Then the doors of the building are closed, official seals are placed upon them, and a guard is stationed to see that no one tries to enter. For three days the editor can do nothing. The laws under which he is arrested are modeled after those of the code Napoleon, and for three days he is held incommunicado, while the authorities hunt up evidence. Then he is given a hearing. In the meantime his paper has been suppressed, and in many cases it never comes to life again, even though the editor may eventually clear himself of all blame.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Insomnia and Nervousness. There can be no doubt that many persons suffer from insomnia which has its origin, or at least its principal strength, in their own nervous apprehension that they are or are about to be afflicted with it. Any one of a dozen causes may induce wakefulness, and yet the person lying in bed with the faculties alert at the moment when they would naturally be expected to be wrapped in slumber has nine times out of ten or ninety-nine times in a hundred nothing serious to apprehend. The stomach may not be in quite its normal condition, and there is no more potent cause of wakefulness.

Now, an hour—ten minutes even—seems a long time in the middle of the night when a person wishes to be sleeping and cannot. If a sensation of dread, of apprehension, is allowed to enter the mind, such a period simply becomes interminable. The nervous apprehension increases the difficulty, and, feeding upon itself, the derangement may quite possibly increase till it becomes a dangerous malady.

The Sutor. Once upon a time a young man fell desperately in love with a girl who consumed many sweets as she munched after theater suppers at his expense. He gave her numerous presents and spent a large proportion of his salary for her pleasure.

Finally they were married, and trouble began, for the man could not spend as much on his wife as he had on his fiancée. Then she treated him cruelly and he brought suit for a divorce from her. The court granted his petition, but decreed that he should pay costs and alimony.

Moral—He who goes to court must pay the costs.—New York Herald.

His Passion. A negro man went into Mr. E.'s office for the purpose of instituting a divorce against his wife. Mr. E. proceeded to question him as to his grounds for complaint. Noticing that the man's voice failed him, Mr. E. looked up from his papers and saw that big tears were running down over the cheeks of the applicant for divorce.

"Why," said the lawyer, "you seem to care a great deal for your wife? Did you love her?"

"Love her, sir? I jest analyzed her!"

This was more than professional dignity could withstand, and Mr. E. laughed until the negro, offended, carried his case elsewhere.—Short Stories.

A Lincoln Reason. Speaking of gray hair puts me in mind of Bates—Attorney General Bates, you know—and of one of Lincoln's remarks. We were all going one day out from Washington to Tennallytown—the president, Secretary Chase, Mr. Bates and myself—to see General McClellan review the Pennsylvania reserves. Bates' hair, I noticed, had retained its original dark color in perfect freshness, while his beard was almost as white as mine is now. It was an exception to the usual law, and I asked Mr. Bates after he had spoken of the peculiarity if he knew any especial reason for it. He said he didn't, but the president exclaimed laughingly: "Why, don't you know? It's because he uses his chin more than he does his head."—Era.

Misinterpreted. A Presbyterian minister said at a meeting of the Chicago presbytery that the book of discipline of the church is "the worst book ever published," referring apparently to errors and ambiguities.

"That's right," responded a voice from the rear of the room, but when a gray haired brother arose to protest a wave of laughter swept through the assembly and ended the incident.

Prima Facie Evidence. The late Lord Morris on one occasion gave a characteristic illustration of the meaning of "prima facie evidence."

"If," he said to the jury, "you saw a man coming out of a public house wiping his mouth, that would be prima facie evidence that he had been having a drink."

MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

Gozold's mother was fond of painting and music.

Chopin's mother, like himself, was very delicate. Schumann's mother was gifted with musical ability. Spohr's mother was an excellent judge of music, but no musician. Milton's letters often allude to his mother in the most affectionate terms. Raleigh said that he owed all his politeness of deportment to his mother. Goethe pays several tributes in his writings to the character of his mother. Wordsworth's mother had a character as peculiar as that of her gifted son.

Sydney Smith's mother was a clever conversationalist and very quick at repartee. Haydn dedicated one of his most important instrumental compositions to his mother. Gibbon's mother was passionately fond of reading and encouraged her son to follow her example.

Charles Darwin's mother had a decided taste for all branches of natural history.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Great Britain's Capital. Manchester is the true geographical and social center of England. It is central, which London is not. It is likewise free from fear of invasion, while a sudden dash across the ninety miles from France would strike the empire at its heart. The position of Woolwich, too, is terribly exposed. Manchester, on the other hand, is nicely inland, yet within half of Liverpool, while it has now its ship canal. It is the converging point of the arterial railways, and for a sovereign you can go to any part of the kingdom. Emphatically London should be at Manchester.

A map of the world shows the awkward position of London as the center of the British empire. For our world domain Alexandria or Cairo is the ideal capital. Situated between east and west, north and south, holding the key to the lock of Asia in the Suez canal, a glorious climate, the magnificent Mediterranean before and all Africa behind down to the Cape, which is the back door to Asia, Alexandria is the natural capital of the world.

If ever the gulf stream should chill or be diverted, converting Britain into an arctic land, or our coal supply should give out, we Britons might accept the invitation that Disraeli put into the mouth of an Arab sheik and, taking ship and our treasures, transport the whole nation bodily to establish the capital of Anglo-Saxondom at Alexandria.—Pearson's Weekly.

Curious Old Custom. In one of the suburbs of Paris a wealthy merchant died the other day, and on the evening of the funeral his neighbors witnessed a curious ceremony.

An hour before the body was to be taken to the cemetery the relatives of the dead man, five or six in number, went out into the garden adjoining the house and walked solemnly and silently around it. Each carried a lantern and kept his eyes fixed on the ground, as though he were looking for something. Finally they all halted in front of a large pile of stones and, laying aside their lanterns, proceeded to throw down the pile. After every stone had been removed they examined minutely the spot on which the pile had rested and then slowly and with bowed heads returned to the house.

This is an old Norman custom, and it is observed in this instance because the dead man was a native of Gison. There is a tradition in Normandy that before burying a body all the ground around his dwelling should be searched in order to make sure that the soul has not hidden itself somewhere. At one time every family in Normandy faithfully observed this tradition, but now only a few pay heed to it.

The Year 1881. The year 1881 was a chronological oddity of the oddest kind, besides being a mathematical curiosity seldom equalled. From right to left and left to right it reads the same. Eighteen divided by 2 gives 9 as a quotient; 81 divided by 9 gives 9; if divided by 9, the product contains a 9; if multiplied by 9, the product contains two 9s; 1 and 8 under the 81 and added, the sum is 29. If the figures be added thus—1, 8, 8, 1—it will give 18 as the result. Read it from left to right it is 18, and 18 is two-ninths of 81. By adding, dividing and multiplying ten 9s are produced, being one 9 for each year to the beginning of the last decade of the nineteenth century.

No wonder the fortune tellers, the astrologers and the mathematicians weave so many strange fancies around that curious combination of figures. It may have been what induced Mother Shipton to end her prophetic jingle with "And at last the world to an end shall come in eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

Skull Borer. A remarkable application of Biblical precept is still to be found among the Serbs, who do not all live in Serbia, but are also scattered over Turkey, Montenegro, Bosnia and southern Hungary. They are very quarrelsome, and the vendetta flourishes among them. It follows that bullet holes in the skull are by no means uncommon.

Now, according to the unwritten law a man who has made a hole in another's head must submit to having his own head perforated in like manner, unless he prefers to pay about \$100 damages, which is seldom the case. So there has arisen among the Serbs a peculiar profession, that of the "skull-borer" or "trepanner," who for a moderate fee will bore a hole in your skull and guarantee the wound to heal in two weeks.

His Rank in the Hierarchy. "Ah," exclaimed the cannibal, smacking his lips, "what kind of a minister was that we had for dinner?" "Your excellency," replied his cook. "I should say it was a prime minister."—Household Words.

The lazy man consoles himself with the shop worn adage about the race not always being to the swift.—Chicago News.

His Debut as an Actor.

Frank J. McIntyre was a newspaper man in Ann Arbor, Mich., before he became an actor.

He began as a "club" reporter while still a student in Michigan university and finally advanced until the editor left him in charge of the paper on one occasion when he took a trip to Detroit.

Two important local items were to be printed, one relating the sad demise of a young man of prominent family, the other telling how a traveling salesman had jumped his board bill at a local hotel. "Mac" had to write the headlines for these stories, and, after scratching his head, he evolved "Passed Away Quietly" for the obituary story and "Jumped His Board Bill" for the hotel item. "Mac" was proud of his achievement and, lighting a big cigar, leaned back in his chair and began to realize how it feels to be an editor.

The man who "made up" the paper scanned the headings, transposed them, and the friends and relatives of the deceased read that he had "Jumped His Board Bill," and the bereaved landlord learned that his late guest had "Passed Away Quietly."—New York World.

Autumn Haze. "Autumn haze," says a meteorological expert, "is dust composed of the finest particles of soil, dead leaves, smoke or ashes from wood fires, salt from ocean spray, the shells or scales from microscopic siliceous diatoms, germs of fungi, spores of ferns, pollen of flowers, etc. In the still air of damp nights these dust particles settle slowly down, and the morning air is comparatively clear. During the daylight the sun warms the soil, which heats the adjacent air, and the rising air currents carry up the dust as high as they go. Under certain conditions this layer of dust reaches higher and higher each day. During long, dry summers in India it reaches to a height of 7,000 feet, with a well defined upper surface that is higher in the daytime than at night. The reason why we have more of haze weather in autumn is because there is then less horizontal wind and more rising air."

A Home Beyond the Grave. Dan, a colored man, was employed as porter in a mercantile establishment in a town in Florida, and his duties required him to have the store swept by 7 o'clock in the morning. He had been late for many mornings, and on the sixteenth consecutive time his employer remonstrated with him thus: "Dan, why can't you get here on time?"

"Well, Mr. L.," said Dan, "yer see, I live the other side of Mount Hermon cemetery and can't always get yere on time."

"Why in the world do you live so far from your work?" said his employer. Without a moment's hesitation Dan responded: "Yer see, it's dis yere way, Mr. L.—I'll be hones' wid yer—I wants a home beyond the grave."

Carlyle's View of Aprons. Carlyle in his "Sartor Resartus" was able to find a deep philosophy in aprons. "Aprons are defenses against injury to cleanliness, to safety, to modesty, sometimes to roguery. From the thin slip of notched silk (as it were, the emblem and befitting ghost of an apron) which some highest bred housewife has gracefully fastened on to the thick tanned hide grip around him and at evening sticks his towel, or to those jingling sheet iron aprons wherein your otherwise half naked Vulcan hammer and smelt in their smelt furnace, is there not raised enough in the fashion and uses of this vestment?"

Ancient Sacrifices to the Sea. The navigators of antiquity, to whose imaginative ignorance the ocean seemed peopled and beset with chimeras dire and supernatural agencies of all sorts, used often to sacrifice human lives to the mysterious water gods. It is regarded by tradition that Idomeneus, king of Crete, vowed to sacrifice to Neptune the first living thing he met after escaping from a storm, and this happening to be his son he fulfilled his vow religiously. Medea nearly became a sacrifice during the return voyage of the Argonauts.

Mourning. Toward the end of the nineteenth century Willie put down his spoon and pushed away his unfinished trifle. "Why, Willie," said his father, "what's the matter? You look quite mournful?"

"Yes," replied Willie, "that's just it. I'm more'n full." And the innocent child wondered why everybody laughed.—London Globe.

Poor, Tired Papa. "Johnnie," said his mother threateningly to the incorrigible, "I am going to have your father whip his spoon when he comes home tonight."

"Please don't, mamma," replied Johnnie penitently. "Paw is allus so tired when he comes home."—Boston Post.

Useless Expense. A prince received from the house steward his monthly statement of accounts, in which occurred the item of 1,500 lire for the keep of a cat in the palace. The prince immediately wrote in the margin, "If there are no rats in the house, it is no good keeping a cat; if there are any rats, the charge for the keep of the cat is superfluous." And he struck out the item.

A Success. "Mrs. Blkins learned to play poker so she could keep her husband in at night."

"And does he stay in now?" "I should say so. She wins so much of his spending allowance that he hasn't the price of a drink."—Philadelphia Record.

Followed Directions. "We shall have to try again," said the photographer, inspecting the result of the first sitting. "You seem to have had one eye shut."

"You told me to wink naturally," said the sitter, "and that's what I was trying to do."

Quals are becoming so scarce in Europe that France and Germany have joined in prohibiting the killing of the birds and even the transport of dead qualis across their respective territories.