

## BANDON RECORDER.

**First American Mandolin.**  
The first mandolin made in America was turned out in Chicago and was built by Joseph Bohmann, an instrument maker who was well known at the time as a manufacturer of violins. The date was 1883 or 1884. The writer of this article was teaching and playing the mandolin in Chicago at the time, using a small model imported French instrument, and remembers the Bohmann instrument particularly on account of its unusual size, much larger than any he had ever seen, its peculiar shape and its very crude construction as compared with those of a later date. Nevertheless it was a beginning. Other manufacturers experimented, and it was but a short time until Bohmann and other makers were turning out instruments that were accepted by professionals as superior to the imported mandolins. From that time to the present progress and continual improvement has been the rule until now the American instruments have passed all competition.—Clarence L. Partee in Men's Magazine.

**A Chinese Legend.**  
The origin of wedding customs, such as the wearing of a veil, the throwing of old shoes for good luck, etc., seem to have a perennial interest for the public. But here is a new and charming legend to account for the throwing of rice at the fleeing bride and bridegroom.

The custom, it seems, is Chinese. A famous sorcerer named Chao became jealous of the power of another sorcerer, a woman, and, conceiving a plan to destroy her, he persuaded her parents to bestow her upon his supposed son. The crafty Chao chose the most unlucky day for the wedding, the day when the "Golden Pheasant" was in the ascendant, so that when the bride entered the red chair the spirit bird would destroy her with his powerful beak. But Peach Blossom gave directions to have rice thrown out at the door, and she passed out unharmed while the spirit bird was devouring it.

### Salt and Cancer.

An eminent London physician advances the theory that excess of salt is one of the four factors which cause cancer. It is essential, but is inoperative without one or two others. Excess of salt may arise from too much meat. He considers that other factors are over-nourishment, an impure condition of the body resulting, owing to the non-use and nonoxidation of food. Some local irritant or stimulant, such as friction from the stem of a pipe or irritant from some micro organism, must always be present. Cancer is seldom seen among Jews, possibly from the difference of diet. Savages, so far as is known, are exempt from cancer, and they get no salt. All the domestic animals, except the pig, are subject to cancer, and salt is given to sheep, cows and horses, but never to pigs.

**The Teeth.**  
If you are a dyspeptic with tender teeth, see a dentist, use a small, soft brush—twice a day, and just before stepping into bed rub your forefinger a little dry bicarbonate of soda about the root of the gums. Some folks use a solution of carbolic and soda as a mouth wash, which is very nearly as good, and I always advise, instead of the employment of dental silk, a narrow rubber band, such as you buy for desk use. The rubber run between the teeth will catch any deposit and won't cut the gums as thread often does.

### Siberian Camels.

The native camels of Siberia are a source of constant wonder to travelers. On the Mongolian plateau, for instance, the thermometer often registers a temperature of 40 degrees below zero, but the camels do not mind it at all, walking about as blithely as if the weather were as balmy as spring. On the other hand, the temperature on the Gold Desert in summer is sometimes 140 degrees above zero, and the beasts mind that heat just as little as they do the extreme cold.

### Mohammed and the Hill.

Mohammed made the people believe that he would call a hill to him and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled, Mohammed called the hill to come to him again and again, and when the hill stood still he was never a whit abashed, but said, "If the hill will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed will go to the hill."—Lord Bacon.

### The Conditions.

"Will this car take me to the plaza?" asked the excited old lady of the placid motorman.  
"Well, under certain conditions," replied the man guardedly.  
"What are the conditions?" asked the old lady, still further perturbed.  
"That you get on and pay your fare."—Los Angeles Herald.

### Grammar and Fact.

Professor—In the sentence "money talks," parse "money."  
Student—Money is a noun, nominative case, feminine gender.  
Professor—Feminine gender? How do you make that?  
Student—It talks, doesn't it?—Detroit Free Press.

### Such Forethought!

Hewitt—Is your life insured for the benefit of your wife?  
Jewett—No, I don't believe in doing business in a roundabout way, and so I had the policy made payable to her second husband.—New York Herald.

### Doves and Coronations.

At the ancient ceremonies of coronation of the French kings, after the anointing had been performed, some white doves were let loose in the church. This was supposed to symbolize the power of the Holy Ghost in directing the king's actions. A similar idea seems to have inspired all early kings, for among the English regalia is the rod of equity or the scepter with a dove. This is simply a golden rod with a mound at the top, which supports a cross. On this cross is a dove, fashioned of white enamel, with expanded wings. Some fine diamonds ornament the rod in various places.

## POLLY LARKIN

There is hardly a family, I suppose, who do not take some magazine. A few keep the numbers together and eventually send them to a hospital, orphan asylum or some other charitable institution. Others burn them to get them out of the way, not thinking for a moment what a pleasure they would be to people who feel that they cannot afford to take them. To Polly, the burning of books and magazines is almost a crime, and really it is a crime in the eyes of every lover of good literature. There are hosts of the cheap novels of the day and trashy literature that are only fit to make a bonfire of, but the magazines, with their wealth of knowledge, do not come under that head. Following is the way one little lady disposes of her magazines. She is wealthy and can afford to buy all the books she wants and with the best of bindings, but for her own amusement she takes the magazines after a serial story has been completed, carefully cuts the cord that holds them, separates the different chapters and completes the book. It is an easy enough matter to bind them. Taking a darning needle and using coarse white linen thread, she sews the book together, takes a brush dipped with bookbinder's glue and rubs it lightly over the back and lays it away to dry. She then takes tan-colored linen, cuts it the right size, and with her paint brush makes a tasty looking cover, giving the title, the author's name, and any little flourishes she desires to ornament the cover. This done, it is both glued and sewed on. You cannot imagine what a pretty little book she has when it is finished. She has all the late novels which have appeared in magazines for the last three years that she has arranged in this way and says she is almost as proud of them as though she had been the author. Besides the serial stories she has several volumes of short stories that she has taken from the magazines and covered in the same way.

Another little lady who had stacks and stacks of old magazines laid away in her garret, on seeing what her neighbor had accomplished in binding her books, went home and brought the magazines from their dusty hiding-places and put the whole family to work evenings putting the serial stories together, and the short stories seven or eight to a book, according to their length, were made ready for the covers. Instead of taking linen for the covers, however, she used the leather that is utilized so much in burnt work now and burned the title and the name of the author with fancy scroll work, making a very handsome binding. For the storyettes or short stories she had a quaint little design in pine cones and called them her "Pine Cone Series," and they were as dainty and attractive as anything she had in the book line. She became so enthused in her work that she went to a second-hand dealer and bought whole volumes of magazines and made them up in the same way for holiday gifts for her friends, and a more attractive gift she could not have given to a book-lover.

### BRIEF REVIEW.

#### Expensive Cigars.

One reads from time to time of the fabulous sums paid for cigars. A favorite story is that Mr. Chamberlain never touches anything cheaper than a \$500 cigar, and that every time Lord Rothschild smokes 10 shilling Vardish to the ambient air. According to Mr. Weingott, the well-known tobacco merchant of London, all such stories are the purest invention. As far as mere quality of tobacco goes, the best cigar in the world can be purchased for 1s. 6d., and any one who gives more than this sum is paying for size, peculiar shape or for some peculiar brand which is only valuable for its rarity and not for its excellence. Those torpedo-like cigars which one sees in tobaccoists' windows encased in glass sheaths are mainly traps to catch the unwary. The most remarkable thing about them is their size and their startling variation in price, according to the locality in which they are sold. At the West End they are priced at anything between 1s. 1s. and 15s., in the less privileged precincts of the city they are sold for 7s. 6d. apiece.

#### Cat With a Wooden Leg.

Probably the only cat in the world that has an artificial leg is owned in Cleveland. Just now she is learning how to use it. In a few weeks she will be able to walk and run almost as well as any puss with four real legs, but whether or not she will be able to climb a back fence to take part in a nocturnal concert is a question. A month or so ago puss tried to blockade a street car line in Cincinnati. She gave up the job, after her tail and left hind leg had been badly crushed. She crawled home and was taken to Stanforth's dog and cat hospital. Stanforth has amputated a number of dogs' legs and has artificial limbs made for them, so he suggested that a leg be made for puss. The woman was overjoyed. The leg is shaped exactly like the leg puss lost, and is covered with hair out from puss's side, so that it looks just like one of her good legs. The cat will walk and run all right in a few weeks.

#### X-Rays in a Feather.

Effects very closely resembling those produced by the X-rays may be obtained in a very simple manner. Secure a small feather and be careful that it is very fine, so that the filament can be seen through. Place the feather very close to the eye, and extend the other open hand about a half yard toward the open window, when the outlines of the bones in the fingers and the hands will be plainly discernible. The experiment can be made on many small things. Even the lead running through a pencil may be clearly seen. The results thus obtained are not only astonishing, but interesting and amusing, proving as they do the remarkable and searching properties of fragments of light. For these experiments daylight is the best.

#### To Prevent Collisions.

The Woodbridge (England) District Council have resorted to novel means of preventing accidents at dangerous street corners. Three roads in the authority's district meet at awkward angles, and collisions between vehicles have been rather common. Widening by demolition of house property being impossible, the surveyor recommended the erection of mirrors. By this means drivers can see through brick walls, so to speak, and the experiment has proved a success.

#### Egyptian Humor.

In a handbook for travelers in the Sudan issued by the Egyptian government, referring to the currency, it is quaintly observed that "in the more unquarried parts of the country" beads and bracelets are current. In the section on shooting there is a pleasant reference to the sporting tourist, who is warned that only crocodiles may be shot at from steamers, and even this practice is deprecated as being "more dangerous to the riverain population than the crocodile."

#### Not to His Advantage.

"Hub!" grumbled Mr. Skinnay, who was being uncomfortably crowded by the jolly looking fat man. "These cars should charge by weight."  
"Think so?" replied the fat man.  
"Why, they'd hardly think it worth while to stop for you."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## SPRINKLING SINGAPORE.

The Solema Procession that Accompanies the Watering Cart.

Poultney Bigelow in his description of the marvelous progress made by the city of Singapore under English rule gave a quaint picture of the manner in which the streets are watered:  
The watering cart was drawn by little white bullocks and driven by Malays with turbans. It seemed to take five Malays to do this driving. One roosted aloft on top of the barrel for the purpose of controlling the outgo of water. He seemed very proud of his appointment. Another native in a big turban roosted on the pole and controlled the little cattle.

Then there was a man in thin brown legs and much turban who walked solemnly behind enjoying a foothold. He was obviously a government functionary, although his exact sphere of usefulness could not be discovered. He appeared to be something in the nature of a rear guard.

Then there was a "foreloper," or advance guard, for the purpose of clearing the way. There appeared to be an idea that the little bullocks might suddenly go mad and rush ahead. At any rate, it gave congenial employment to one more native, and that was something.

There was yet another, who bent down now and then to pick up a piece of stone or brush away some irregularity unseen by ordinary eyes.

This outfit was a treat to me. It was solemn; it was full of self-consciousness; it was magnificently oriental.

I have seen men in sublime moments; I have seen the red capped station master of Germany strut up and down his platform when an imperial train was about to arrive, but even that impressed me less than the watering cart of Singapore with its magnificent hierarchy of Malay ministers, each earning perhaps 2 cents a day.

### Ivory Carving.

The ivory carvers of this country do little or nothing in the East Indian or Japanese manner, nor do they occupy themselves with figure work. Their chief employment is in producing decorative toilet and stationery articles. The carvers of ivory use much the same tools as the wood carvers, but of lighter and more delicate make.

The work is extremely tedious and laborious. The carving is usually done in low relief, and the subjects are such as are suitable to this treatment—Persian designs in delicate curves, the cactus, with some varieties of palms, and hints caught from those marvellously simple but artistic carvings of the Indian and Chinese. The ivory is stained slightly so as to bring out the design and is permitted to absorb moisture, which it readily does, in order to give it that fresh look common in newly manufactured articles of ivory. The art of staining ivory is a secret guarded well by the carvers.

Some idea of the cost of ivory carving may be had from the fact that, while a hand mirror framed in plain ivory may be had for \$10 or \$12, a mirror in carved ivory may cost \$100 or more. The small articles in carved ivory cost from \$5 to \$25, and a toilet set in that material may bring as much as \$500.—New York Herald.

### When Abroad, Speak English.

The English speaking tourist who wastes half an hour of time, temper and energy in trying to make some dweller in a foreign land understand his bad French or Spanish only to be shocked at length by some such question as "Can't you speak English?" is almost as common nowadays as the Frenchman in a foreign land. This is a little story of his experience in Spain, as told by "The Dominie" in The Ladies' Home Journal:  
"One day we all entered a little shop in Madrid, and the captain began to speak in Spanish to the girl who was behind the counter. She failed to understand, and so he tried again. Once and again he tried and tried and summoned up his whole vocabulary. At last in his attempt to make his meaning plain by illustration he drew from his pocket a card and with it stroked his chin. The girl fell into fits of laughter and in perfect English said, 'Oh, what you want is a fine tooth comb.'"

### Hot Water Pipes in Greenland.

There is a place called Kakortok in Greenland, which was colonized centuries ago by Norwegians, but which is now a deserted heap of ruins. Among the relics discovered there were the pipes lying in what was evidently a cathedral and attendant dwelling houses. From the position of these pipes it is certain that they were employed for conveying some fluid to the apartments of these several buildings, and on making a searching examination the discoverers found that the pipes were connected to a natural hot water spring of volcanic origin.

### The Limbs in Walking.

It is pointed out that in walking or running the arms and legs produce a "balancing" like that of the reciprocating and revolving parts of a locomotive. The movements of the legs react upon the trunk and tend to rotate it in alternate directions about a vertical axis, but the swinging of the arms, each in unison with the opposite leg, produces an opposing mechanical couple, the effect of which is to rotate the trunk in the other direction, thus balancing, in part at least, the rotating action of the legs.

### Egyptian Humor.

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## A QUEER BUSINESS.

Making Up Beavers So That They Will Excite Public Sympathy.

"How beavers are made" might be the subject of a singularly interesting article. And it would refer not to the animal but to a certain deft and none too scrupulous manufacturer of beaver hats and men who, for purposes of their own, wish to be considered lame, halt or blind. That it is easier to be crippled than to work is the maxim upon which this particular trade is established.

"I'm what is called a street 'sham fakir,'" said one of these dealers in disguises recently. "I fake up most of the sham disabled mill operatives, crippled sailors, etc., and charge 'em a small fee. If it's a woman with a tale that her husband beats her, I paint her a black eye and put her arm in a sling. Say it's a man on a 'blind lay.' Well, I paint some scars on his face to imitate the marks of a lead explosion and give him a green eye shade and a 'blind card.'"

"If a man's really maimed, it makes it easier. Suppose he's been run over and had his leg off. I paint a picture of a burning house and him jumping out of a top window with a child in his arms and a yarn under it. 'Kind friends, I lost my leg through rescuing my employer's child.' That's a sure take of a 'fiver' a day.

"I make all these rigs myself," he said, "and like 'em out. It pays, but I have to keep dark, for the police are very down on my sort. This hollow wooden cap with an iron hook fits over your head, and here's a clubfoot boot and yonder a pair for both feet.

"A queer business? You'd say so if you knew the jobs I'm asked to do sometimes. Only yesterday a woman wanted virtrol scars made on her face and actually wanted me to use real vitrol. Didn't know what she was asking? Oh, yes! Why, bless you, some beavers'll maim themselves horribly to excite sympathy. In fact, they'd do anything rather than work."—New York World.

### Character in the Eyes.

Steady eyes are always a sign of sincerity and honor, except when the head is slightly tilted back and the eyes look through half closed lids. Then the possessor does not trust, nor is he to be trusted. Shifting eyes betray a treacherous nature, one thoroughly dishonest. Clear eyes are a sign of good constitution. Frequently persons in ill health have comparatively clear eyes, but even in these cases they have either great recuperative powers or they have wasted health originally good.

Small eyes are indicative of an alert mind, of cleverness, wit and spontaneity. Large eyes show a quieter nature, one slow to rouse, but more intense when fully wrought upon. Long eyes belong to more poetic temperaments than round eyes. They proclaim more dreamy natures, more contented, less aspiring. Round eyes show ambition. They are sometimes found with unmisgiving signs of an artistic nature, which is an indication of a rare combination of a sense of business and a love for art. Deep set eyes show thoughtfulness and logic. Eyes that seem to stand out from the face show love of action.

### Bound to Use a "K."

There was once in eastern Tennessee a judge well versed in the law, but entirely self educated, who had this same obstacle of orthography to contend with all his days. In early life he had lived in Knoxville and for a long time insisted upon spelling the name Knoxville. His friends at last educated him up to the point of adding the K. So thoroughly, in fact, did he learn this lesson that when a few years afterward he removed to Nashville nothing could prevent him from spelling the name "Knoxville."

After a few years' residence there the judge moved again, this time to Murfreesboro. One day he sat down to write his first letter from this place. He scratched his head in perplexity a moment and finally exclaimed: "Well, I'll give it up! How in the world can I spell the name of this place with a 'K'?"

### When Finished.

Busy persons, forced to defend themselves from interminable talkers who have little to say, can appreciate a hint to which Henry IV. of France once resorted. A parliamentary deputy called upon him and made a long speech.

The king listened patiently for a time, then he decided that his visitor would do well to condense his remarks. He took him by the hand and led him to where they could see the gallery of the Louvre.

### He Was Only One.

A soldier who had just enlisted was placed on guard over a cannon. It was not long before he abandoned his post and went to a tavern not far off, where he indulged in the flowing bowl.

### A Ruined Book.

The man who has an old book rebound can never be too minute in his instructions to his binder. Once upon a time, it is said, a tattered "Shakespeare" was sent to the binders for the sole purpose of preserving a number of marginal notes in manuscript. What was the chagrin of the owner when his book came back with the edges neatly pared and gilt and the notes that he treasured half cut away.—New York Tribune.

## A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

Terrible Experience of a Hunter With an Indian Band.

One of the most remarkable instances of the escape of a white man from the Indians was that of John Colter, a famous hunter and trapper. On the day in question he and his companion were surrounded by 600 savage warriors. The companion was instantly killed, and Colter was captured. His foes had no intention of saving his life, however. They wanted the sport of putting him to the torture or at least of playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse. The chief asked him if he could run. He said, "Not much."

He was released and told to save his life if he could.

Colter darted away at high speed, and most of the 600 savages set off after him. There was a plain before him six miles wide, bounded on the far side by a river fringed with trees. Colter had always been famous as a runner, and his practice now stood him in good stead. He made straight across the plain for the stream, and the yells of his pursuers lent him wings. His foes had removed every shred of clothing from his body, and the plain was covered with prickly pears, so that his unprotected feet were lacerated at every stride.

Half way across the plain he glanced back and saw that only a few Indians were following him. Again he ran on, and soon realized that one of his pursuers was nearing him. He redoubled his efforts, and blood gushed from his nostrils and flowed down over his breast.

The fringe of trees was near, but a hasty backward look showed him the pursuing brave close upon him with spear raised. Moved by a sudden impulse, Colter stopped, turned and faced the savage with outstretched arms.

The Indian was so taken aback at this unexpected movement that he stumbled and fell. This was Colter's opportunity. He ran back, seized the spear and, pinning his antagonist to the ground, ran on.

Other savages came on, fiercer than before at the death of their comrade, but Colter reached the trees, plunged into their midst and then into the river and swam to a pile of driftwood that had lodged. He dived beneath it and stuck his head up between two logs covered with smaller timbers and brush.

The Indians came up and searched for several hours, but failed to find him. Again and again they walked over the driftwood. Luckily they did not fire it, as he feared they would. At last they went away. Then Colter swam out and fled through the forest.

Seven days he went on, living on roots and berries, with no clothing, until at last he reached a trading post on the Big Horn river. He never fully recovered from the effects of this terrible experience.—Youth's Companion.

### His Bank Signature.

A case for a handwriting expert was noticed at one of the downtown banks the other day. A treasurer of one of the many charitable organizations of this city had received a check to be devoted to that certain charity, and he was desirous of acknowledging it, but could not read the signature. He took the check to the bank on which it was drawn and questioned one of the clerks as to the signature and was told that it was genuine, but could not get the desired information. It was next taken to the paying teller, who also declared that it was genuine, but even he could not make out who it was and had to consult the card catalogue. There was not the slightest resemblance between the signature to the check and the real name.—New York Post.

### The "Bad" Boys.

The "bad" boys are often the best boys in the neighborhood. All they want is a chance to do something. Don't expect healthy, active boys to want to be tied up in books and so called improving occupations continually. If boys are not given good ideas to work upon, such as they always get in kindergartens, manual training and other up to date schools, they are sure to be in harmful mischief, because boys with vim and "get there" in them are bound to be busy. Give them tools and materials to work with; encourage them to make sleds, carts, boats and various kinds of playthings. Don't ever give a "bad" boy up. Give him something to do.

### No Excuse This Time.

"It was a new gun, your honor," protested the prisoner, "and I did not know it was loaded."  
"But," argued the judge, "the dealer has just told us that you did not pay for the weapon."  
"What has that to do with it?"  
"Well, if you didn't pay for it the dealer must have charged it for the arm and the judge tried to look as much like the pictures of Solomon as he could.—Baltimore American.

### Wrong Assumption.

Visitor—Am I right in presuming that it was your passion for strong drink that brought you here?  
Prisoner—Say, boss, I guess yer don't know dis joint. It's de last place in ear't I'd come ter if I wuz lookin' fer booze.—Judge.

### Still Looking.

Aunt Hannah—When I was here two years ago, Hilda was looking for a husband. She is married now.  
Uncle George—Yes, but she is still looking for him—that is to say, a good deal of the time.—Boston Transcript.

### Too Previous.

The Subject (after the sitting)—I hadn't sat for a picture before in ten years, don't you know, and I'd deuced glad the worst is over.  
The Photographer (innocently)—But you haven't seen the negative yet.—Puck.

### One Effect of It.

"She seems to be growing lopsided."  
"Yes, she's been a good deal in the company of a fellow who doesn't know any better than to grab her by the arm and try to help her along by hoisting one shoulder out of plumb."—Chicago Post.

## DIAMOND BACK TERRAPIN.

Formerly Despised, They Are Now Considered a Delicacy.

Half a century or so ago diamond back terrapin were fed to slaves and hogs. Today they are the rarest delicacy known to the epicurian world, says the Philadelphia North American.

Then they sold for \$1 a barrel, and laborers, when hiring out, specified that they must not be compelled to eat day a barrel more than twice a week. Terrapines travel hundreds of miles for a chance to feast on this most delicious of all meats.

Of course this means genuine diamond backs. There are many imitations.

Every first class restaurant in the country features "terrapin a la Maryland" on its menu, but in no one case out of a hundred is the real terrapin served. The diner regales himself on what he believes to be Maryland's choicest dish. Instead he is merely eating fresh water turtles, "sliders" or "North Carolina goldens."

The reason is simple. Restaurateurs don't serve real diamond backs because they can't get them. The world's total terrapin population does not exceed 25,000 of legal size, and these are confined to the shores of the Chesapeake bay, the only place that produces them.

Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York enjoy a monopoly. These three cities get practically the entire output, but few ever find their way across the Blue Ridge. The epicure unfortunate enough to be born in Chicago or St. Louis must either come east or forego the joys of terrapin.

To select a real diamond back amateurs should be guided by these distinguishing and characteristic markings: It is of a greenish, dark olive color, sometimes running to spotted gray, yellow on the plate which surrounds the shell and has concentric dark stripes along the plate on both shells. The sides of the head are a dirty white, sprinkled with small black spots. The bottom shell is of whitish yellow.

The males are much larger than the females and have the concentric streaks much better defined. The female has the more delicate flesh. The male can be distinguished by his toe nails, which are much longer than those of the female.

### PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

If you would have a noble son, be a noble father.—"144 New Epigrams."  
Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life.—"The Ruling Passion."  
In some matrimonial waters are the kind of fish that swallow the bait, but leave the hook untouched.—"By Bread Alone."  
Some people, like some shrubs, must be crushed in order to obtain the real value of their essence.—"By the Higher Law."

There are things which could never be imagined, but there is nothing which may not happen.—"China in Convulsion."  
Independence is not synonymous with liberty. They are often confounded, but they are quite distinct.—"The Rights of Man."  
Martyrdom, the apotheosis of resignation, comes more naturally to women than to men, more hardly to men than to women.—"Count Hannibal."

True self control is to be got in the midst of struggle. It is not mutilation in the midst of natural desires, but the subordination of each desire to the good of the whole man.—"Culture and Restraint."

### The Poor Little Fellow.

The street Arab lives by his wits, if he lives at all well. Two youngsters who peddle cough drops on Chestnut street have learned this thoroughly. One of these boys is much larger than the other, and a crowd was attracted to the corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets the other day to see the big boy pummeling the little boy. At the proper time the big one disappeared, leaving the little one surrounded by sympathetic onlookers. Several persons, pitying the "poor little fellow," gave him nickel and pennies.

The sequel showed that the "poor little fellow" was in league with his supposed tormentor. No sooner had the crowd dispersed than the big boy came along for his divvy. The scene was repeated several times, always with the same result.—Philadelphia Times.

### How an Elephant Grows.

While we must not overlook the difference between the supply of food in nature and captivity as well as the equally different conditions of both food and exercise in either state, it is somewhat interesting to note the increase in weight and height of a young Indian elephant in captivity, a state to which it was brought when about fifteen months old. During nearly a couple of years the captive put on nearly half a ton (to be more accurate, some 1,100 pounds of avoirdupois) and not far short of eighteen inches.

The increase in both weight and height was greatest in the early months and slower in both cases as time went on, and the greatest gain in any single month was ninety pounds and four inches. Considering the immense rations given to elephants in menageries, it may be thought, perhaps, that the results are none too great for the cost. Yet to gain ninety pounds in a single month is prodigious all the same.

### Carried Millions on His Back.

When Baron Rothschild was paying a visit to New York, a reception was given him in a certain great house. The affair was in charge of Brown, the famous old sexton of Trinity church. Another reception was given him the same evening in a house almost immediately opposite, which was also in charge of the sexton. The baron wished to attend the second affair, but the street was full of mud, the night was disagreeable and no carriage was at the curbstone. He could not walk across without soiling his boots and evening clothes, and for the moment he was in a predicament as to what he should do. But he was soon relieved of this dilemma. "I'll carry you across myself," said Brown. And grasping him as if he had been a child, he carried the nobleman across on his back.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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Of course this means genuine diamond backs. There are many imitations.

Every first class restaurant in the country features "terrapin a la Maryland" on its menu, but in no one case out of a hundred is the real terrapin served. The diner regales himself on what he believes to be Maryland's choicest dish. Instead he is merely eating fresh water turtles, "sliders" or "North Carolina goldens."

The reason is simple. Restaurateurs don't serve real diamond backs because they can't get them. The world's total terrapin population does not exceed 25,000 of legal size, and these are confined to the shores of the Chesapeake bay, the only place that produces them.

Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York enjoy a monopoly. These three cities get practically the entire output, but few ever find their way across the Blue Ridge. The epicure unfortunate enough to be born in Chicago or St. Louis must either come east or forego the joys of terrapin.

To select a real diamond back amateurs should be guided by these distinguishing and characteristic markings: It is of a greenish, dark olive color, sometimes running to spotted gray, yellow on the plate which surrounds the shell and has concentric dark stripes along the plate on both shells. The sides of the head are a dirty white, sprinkled with small black spots. The bottom shell is of whitish yellow.

The males are much larger than the females and have the concentric streaks much better defined. The female has the more delicate flesh. The male can be distinguished by his toe nails, which are much longer than those of the female.

### PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

If you would have a noble son, be a noble