

BANDON RECORDER.

Prose and Poetry.
Despite the noble work done by men so various as Ruskin and Stevenson, Pater and Newman, one feels that the full glory of prose, as a medium for beauty, was not realized by them...

Mummies in America.
Comparatively few Americans realize that right here in their new old land are to be found counterparts of Egypt's great wonder—veritable catacombs of mummies as genuine as any that exist in the land of the Nile.

Not at All Excited.
In a certain Wisconsin city lives an old German, now past eighty, who has for years been in the hotel business.

Wade Hampton Never Smoked Cigars.
Wade Hampton never smoked cigars in a rational way like the rest of mankind. Instead he took the cigars as he bought them and crushed them to powder between the palms of his hands...

Reassured.
The Scotch have a story of a little lad who was desperately ill, but who, for all his mother's pleading, refused to take his medicine.

A Clever Retort.
A legal dignitary who had risen from a humble rank of life was twitted by an opponent for "having begun life as a barber's boy."

Cultivation.
"I suppose you hope to make a very cultivated young man of your boy Josh?"

The Witness.
Judge—Do you think the fire was of incendiary origin?
Witness—I wouldn't like to say that, your honor. To tell you the truth, I believe the building was set on fire.—Ohio State Journal.

An Interesting Problem.
A celebrated explorer was the lion of the evening at a certain party. His hostess said to him, "What is the most interesting problem of a north pole expedition?"

A Measure of Time.
The Pappi—it seemed to me I must have practiced all of two hours.
The Professor—But I'm sure you did not. If you had practiced two hours, it would have seemed like six.—Puck.

POLLY LARKIN

Not long since reverses came to a family who had hitherto never thought of the cost or value of an article if they wanted it. The head of the house was earning a good salary, and the family lived up to every dollar of it.

After the father, who had always supplied their every need with a lavish hand, was laid away, then they had to face the stern realities of life.

These wonderful stone houses, far up the steep cliffs of Arizona and New Mexico, abound in relics of prehistoric days, not least among them being the mummified bodies of their former occupants.

In Peru also, at the time of its discovery by the Spaniards, the natives were very skillful in the art of mummy making.

Without showing the least perturbation the old gentleman turned to him, and the following conversation took place:
"Did you get out the horse?"
"Yes."
"Did you the buggy get out?"
"Yes."

She called all the children together when they were once settled in their new home. "We have all got to work now," she said cheerfully.

The little woman was not fitted for anything in the world, it seemed, but she took the motto, "where there's a will there's a way," home to herself and profited by her own search for a home within their means for many years had resided in for many years had to pass into other hands.

Guarding the French President.
His secret guard consists of twelve men, under the orders of a police commissioner. These men watch constantly over his person.

Close your book of life with clean pages. Your children and your friends will be proud to look it through and refer to it. The volume left by Washington is a sacred book and will be read for thousands of years yet to come.

There is a lot of solid education in the ability to write readable English in a readable hand. It is far more serviceable than the ability to solve a quadratic equation.

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TO TELL GOOD CIGARS.

Judges of Their Fine Points Few and Far Between.
The judges of good cigars in this country are few and far between, says an expert. The great difficulty with the people who think they know cigars is that they lay too much stress on the color of the weed.

The best way to tell a cigar is by the feel of it. Take a cigar in your hands and give it a gentle pressure, holding it close to the ear.

These "good cigar judges" cannot tell the difference when there is all the difference in the world. If you must have an imported smoke, make the clerk hand you the box and look closely at the revenue stamp.

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BRIEF REVIEW.

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I've burned out the candle of the Lord's mercy and blown the ashes in his face.—"The Sign of the Prophet."

Nature works not for man's enjoyment, but for her own satisfaction and her own glory.—"Our National Parks."

To really enjoy the holidays one should have money, uncounted money, in a coat scuttle, let us say, with a convenient little fire shovel case at hand.

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The reply was a striking example of General Grant's brusque outspokenness. "No; I have never set foot on Canadian soil, but I have approached near enough to its shores in a steamboat to see the grass growing in the streets of the Canadian towns."

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"Yes," replied the buzzsaw; "the man who runs me brought some whiskey into the shop with him a little while ago."

"Well, I took two or three fingers at his expense."—Philadelphia Press.

PRETTY DISTRUSTFUL.

A Case Where Suspicion Might Be Carried Too Far.
"I told the postmaster of a town at the foot of the Cumberland mountains that I proposed a two weeks' trip among the sights and scenes of the big hills," said a Detroit who roams all over the country.

"Yes; I could write something, but I'm afraid it would do no good," he replied. "You might read the letter and know I wrote it, but they'd still be suspicious."

"Suspicious of what?"
"Suspicious that you was a spy. They'd be so suspicious that they'd probably draw you up to a limb with a rope around your neck and let you hang for a minute."

"Then they'd let me down and believe I was all right, wouldn't they?"
"I'm afraid not. I'm afraid they'd still be suspicious of you."

"Suspicious of what?"
"Suspicious that you was a revenuer man. Then they'd draw you up again, and it might be two minutes before they let you down this time. Two minutes is a pretty long time to be kicking and chokin'."

"But they would finally let me down?"
"Surely; I reckon so."

"And be convinced that I was no revenuer man?"
"Surely; they might, but that wouldn't end it. They'd still be suspicious."

"Of what?"
"That you was a blamed fule fur bein' up thar at all, and this time they'd pull you up and leave you hangin' fur the best part of a week."—Detroit Free Press.

Superstitious About Babies.
The many people believe that it will dwarf or wizen a baby if any one steps over it or walks around it. In some parts of England people bind the infant's right hand, so that it may have relics when it grows up.

In South America a book, a piece of money and a lot of liquor are placed before the infant the day it is one year old to ascertain its bent in life.

In Scotland a baby is considered lucky if it handles its spoon with its left hand, and it will be perfectly happy and successful if it has a number of falls before its first birthday.

How Oriental People Wash.
"European tourists in the east," said a traveler, "have before now remarked on the various degrees of dirtiness manifested by the oriental races.

"The Book of the Rifle" the Hon. T. F. Freeman tells the following amusing story apropos of accidents to markers:

"Sir Henry Halford on one occasion—it was not a very clear day—was about to begin shooting at 1,000 yards and, thinking that the marker must now be ready for him to begin, asked him through the telephone, 'Are you all right?'"

All right, sir, in a minute," but, unluckily, Sir Henry took "all right, sir" instead of the whole sentence and removed the telephone from his ear. He lay down and fired his shot, and on looking through the telescope to see where it had hit he was horrified to see the marker with a perfectly white face staggering toward his shelter.

"What has happened? Are you badly hurt?" "No, sir, I am not hurt; but I had a bucket of whitewash between my legs painting the target, and you put a bullet into it and splashed it all up in my face."

"The Last Straw.
Mrs. Muggins—My husband is a perfect crank.
Mrs. Buggins—All husbands are, my dear.
Mrs. Muggins—But fancy a man who complains that my mustard plasters are not as strong as those his mother used to make!—Philadelphia Record.

INOCULATION IN ENGLAND.

It Was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu Who Introduced It.
It was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu who first introduced inoculation for smallpox in England. While residing in Belgrade in 1717 she saw the Turks practice "enfracting," as they called it, to produce a mild form of smallpox and stay its ravages.

But instead of Lady Mary being acknowledged as a public benefactor she was persecuted with the most relentless hostility. The faculty rose to a man against her. Even the clergy descended on the awful impley of seeking to take events out of the hands of Providence.

The common people were urged to boot her as an unnatural mother who had risked the lives of her own children. However, the Princess of Wales, afterward Queen Caroline, stood her friend, and truth and reason finally prevailed.

It was about the year 1752 that Lady Montagu was honored by a monument erected to commemorate England's gratitude to her for introducing inoculation.

Dr. Edward Jenner substituted cowpox inoculation in 1796. He lived to be rewarded by parliament by a grant of £10,000 and later by a second grant of £20,000, and in 1858 a statue was erected to him in London. Only a bare credit was vouchsafed to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who bore all the persecution without any of the pecuniary reward she was entitled to and by no means a fair share of the glory.

A Chicago Taster.
A Chicago man who lives in Goethe street gets off the car at Schiller street, two blocks away, because no conductor can understand his pronunciation of Goethe. "I had practiced on the pronunciation for a week," he says, "and I had the sound of the 'unlaut' down fine. I sprung it on the conductor the first evening. He looked at me blankly and replied, 'Huh?' I repeated it once or twice, and finally a great light broke over him. 'Oh, yes; you mean Goethe. Why didn't you say so?'"

The next evening the conductor called it Goethe. The third time up it was Goethe. Then there was a raw Irishman in charge of one of the trains who spoke of it as Go-ty, with the accent on the last syllable. One morning I left an order for my wife at the grocer's. He looked at me in silence for a minute after I had given our address. 'Oh, yes,' he said; 'you mean Gertrude street.' The butcher calls it Gaytie, the laundryman pronounces it Gay-tuh, and the man who delivers coal alludes to it as Goh street.

I have a woman friend who prides herself on her culture who speaks fluently of Gutter street. But the devoted thoroughfare doesn't really get it in the neck until you hear the janitor talk. He calls it Gohtrie."

English Free School Rules, 1734.
Imprimis, Whatsoever Boy comes to School past 7 o' th' Clock in the Morning in Summer time and past 8 o' th' clock in ye Winter time [without showing good reason] Shall receive 3 Lashes.

Item, Whosoever absents himself from School, Either by Truntery, by trying to stay at home, or otherwise; Shall incur his Master's highest displeasure. Suffer the hissing and Scoffing of ye whole School, Tarry behind the Rest one hour at Night for a week, and besides [as a suitable Reward for his] shall suffer 12 Lashes.

Item, Whatsoever Boy shall at any time Curse, Swear, or take the Lord's Name in vain, Shall assuredly suffer for such offence, 15 Lashes.

Item, What Boy soever adds Jest-ing, shall Suffer for each such Transgression.

Item, What Boy soever absents himself from the Service of Almighty God on the Sabbath day, and spends that Day in a wicked manner in playing & running about, Shall receive 20 Lashes.

Item, Whosoever steals from or defrauds his School-fellow of Ink, Pens, Paper, Quills, or any Other Thing Whatsoever, Shall certainly, when found out and detected, receive 9 Lashes.—Notes and Queries.

The Reporter's Revenge.
"Do you see that man?"
And I observed a rather lonesome person wandering aimlessly about the capitol. Regret was stamped upon his face, and his whole attitude was that of a man who had tried and failed and who had no intention of ever trying again.

"Well, that is a former representative who called the correspondent of the leading paper in his district a liar. The correspondent did not pursue the ordinary method of retaliation by attacking him in his articles whenever opportunity offered. He simply refused for two years to mention his name in his correspondence. The people at home began to wonder what they sent a man to congress for anyway and finally came to the conclusion that a representative who could not get his name in the paper could not be of much account in Washington. It took 1,400 ballots to beat him when he came up for re-nomination, but they did it all right."—Washington Cor. New York Herald.

Attentive to the Duties.
"Yes, I'm one of the trustees of the proposed gallery of art."
"What have you done so far?"
"So far? Why, we've eaten three annual dinners and are preparing for a fourth."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHY WE EAT SOME FOODS.

It is Not Alone That We Like Them, but Nature Demands Them.
Why do you take milk in your tea? Most persons would answer because they liked it that way, but the scientists have found a deeper reason, placing the custom on purely scientific grounds.

These learned ones discourse as follows: We use sugar in our tea to prevent injury to the coatings of our stomachs. Whenever tannic acid and albumen meet, they fall desperately in love with each other, get married with out bans and live together ever afterward as tannate of albumen, or leath-

er. Now, there is tannic acid in tea and a lot of albumen in the coating of the stomach. The tannic acid weds as much of this as is allowed by the laws of chemistry and so far injures the stomach.

But milk also contains albumen. When milk is added to tea, therefore, the molecules of tannic acid select their albumen partners from it, and as a divorce is unknown to tannate of albumen the albumen of the stomach remains single, and so the lining of the stomach is uninjured.

Now, you may imagine that when you mix a salad dressing you put vinegar in it because it tastes better made that way, but you are wrong again. It is for a chemical reason, which is as follows:

Raw vegetables are easily enough digested by cows and horses, but with difficulty by the human stomach, because they contain that hard, fibrous substance cellulose. But acids dissolve cellulose, and vinegar is an acid. That is why we take it with salad and cabbage and doubtless that is why it tastes so well, for the palate is an excellent judge of what is good for the stomach. Oil is added for the very good reason that it protects the lining of the stomach from the action of the acid in the vinegar.

Why do we take butter on bread? Partly because wheaten flour does not contain enough fat and partly because butter contains a trifling quantity of substances called "extractives," which in some unknown way stimulate the appetite and aid digestion.

Why do we take pepper, mustard and spices? Because they tickle the glands of the stomach and make them work. Consequently they produce an abundant supply of digestive juices. They also stir up the liver, and a stirring up of this organ is an important thing for people who live sedentary lives.

Why do we put salt on our meat? Why, there are two principal salts in our body, and their supply has to be kept up. They are sodium salts and potassium salts. There is sufficient of the latter in the food we eat, but not of the former. We therefore have to add the sodium salts in the form of common salt, which is sodium chloride. Another reason why we eat common salt is that a certain amount of hydrochloric acid is needed by the stomach for the purposes of digestion and also to kill off some of the microbes we swallow.

This acid is manufactured in the stomach from hydrogen and the chlorine of common salt. We take more salt with some meats than with others because some naturally contain less salt than others. So by our condiments we seek to even up things.—New York Press.

Men and Women in Sleeping Cars.
It would surprise you to know that a heavy per cent of the persons who travel on sleeping cars make no effort to disrobe before they retire," said a conductor who runs between New Orleans and Chicago. "They simply roll in with boots, spurs and all. They do not seem to know that a berth on a sleeping car is just the same as a bed in a private home except in size. Some of them will pull off their coats and collars. Some of them will slip their shoes from their feet. There are many, of course, who are used to traveling and who go in for a good night's sleep."

"With women it is different. You can never catch a woman so indifferent to comfort and cleanliness in this respect. She will pull her shoes off every time."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Her View of It.
"With the aid of this little book," said the canvasser as he produced a "Mother's Guide for the Inspection of his Victim," "you will be able to bring up your children properly."

She took the book and weighed it thoughtfully in her hand. Then she caught it by the edge and brought it down on the palm of her hand as if to see if it could be handled with ease and dexterity.

"Oh, I don't know," she said at last. "I can't see that it's any better for that purpose than a slipper."—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Unusual Contribution.
A number of years ago Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford were traveling through the middle west incognito. They happened to be in Bloomington, Ind., one Sunday and, pursuant to their usual custom, went to church. They attended the Christian church of Bloomington, then largely in the hands of Amos Atwater. When the plate was passed for the collection, Mrs. Stanford dropped in a ten dollar gold piece. Mr. Atwater was the deacon in charge of the collection taking. It was noticed that the ushers held a hurried conference with him when the money was taken forward.

At its conclusion Mr. Atwater said, "Ladies and gentlemen, there has evidently been a mistake. Some one has dropped a ten dollar gold piece into the collection. If he will pass up after the services, we will be glad to allow him to exchange it for the amount he intended to give."

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

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