

BANDON RECORDER.

A Disappointed Darky.
I stood one Saturday afternoon on the porch of a Luray (Va.) hotel and saw file past a hundred or more darkies returning from work, each and every one of them carrying a "watermelon" under his arm. They had been paid off, and a convenient farm wagon loaded with melons happened to pass as they filed along, and the darkies all bought.
One young buck, after hugging that melon for several blocks, "just couldn't stand it no longer" and without ado sat down upon the curb, and in the absence of a jackknife he deftly tapped the melon against the edge of the curb until it broke asunder. Mansfield in transforming his Jekyll face into that of Hyde upon the stage never equaled the lightning change of countenance exhibited by that darky. One moment his eyes bulged, his mouth distorted, his teeth glistened, and his face fairly glowed with pleasurable expectancy. In the twinkling of an eye when the seeded melon fell from his palms, his eyes contracted to mere slits, his face became an angry, snake-like red, and he became of an ashen hue—call it pale if you will—and through his tightly parted lips he blurted out imprecations after imprecations upon the melon, showing the fact clearly that the disappointed one was a past grand master in the art of profanity.—Forest and Stream.

Where Men Eat to Live.
The Trappist monks consider eating to be a necessary evil and curtail it to such a degree that one step further would be suicide. Dinner, to which scarcely fifteen minutes are devoted, consists of a mess of vegetables boiled in water without butter or salt and served in a crude earthenware bowl, a slice or two of rye bread without butter and a mug of milk or water as a beverage. Supper is the barest apology for a meal, being nothing more than bread and water. The guest-master did not mention breakfast. If there be such a meal, it probably consists merely of a glass of water. A slight relaxation of this dietary is allowed to invalids, who may have two eggs a day, while on extraordinary occasions, such as a funeral feast in honor of a departed friar, the monks revel in an egg pie. They are strict vegetarians, and a Trappist must be in the very jaws of death before he will consent to eat meat.—Lippincott's.

Little Mothers in Japan.
Although the empire of Japan is said to be a "paradise of children," where they are allowed to do very much as they please and where they seldom if ever cry, their life is not all play. The little boys and girls have their work to do, but in many skillful ways they turn work into play. Take, for instance, the little girls who have baby sisters or brothers to care for. They tuck the youngsters into their queer garments and go on with their games of ball. If the baby grows tired and begins to fret, the "little mother" jounces it up and down over her shoulder with a peculiar lurching motion of her back without stopping the game. All the time she sings some pretty song.

Gotham.
Gotham, New York's alias, was originally applied to the Manhattan town in derision, doubtless because of some foolishness on the part of its people. "The Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham" was a collection of satirical tales written in the fifteenth century by one Andrew Borde, a Carthusian monk. Gotham was a village near Nottingham, and the fame of the "Wise Men of Gotham" soon traveled the world over. Doubtless Henry VIII. imagined that Borde was taking a slight at him, for he imprisoned the happy writer in the Tower, where only death released him.

Hardly an Encore.
A quartet was giving a concert before the patients of an insane hospital and was singing a number to a rather mournful cadence and a subdued refrain. The audience, with the best of good humor, such as invariably characterizes the audiences at this particular hospital, heard it to the bitter end, and when its last note had died away an old lady with a virtuous and dignified air of reconciliation on her face nodded suddenly up out of the audience and, turning toward the stage, said reverently, "O Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Just What He Needed.
A man went with his wife to visit her physician. The doctor placed a thermometer in the woman's mouth. After two or three minutes, just as the physician was about to remove the instrument, the man, who was not used to such a prolonged spell of brilliant silence on the part of his wife's partner, said:
"Doctor, what will you take for that thing?"—New York Times.

A Sure Sign.
A physician driving past a place where stonemasons were at work on some monument called out:
"Hard at work, I see. You finish your gravestones as far as 'In memory' and then you wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next."
"Why, yes," was the answer, "unless somebody is ill and you are treating him, and then I know just how to go on."

The Wrong Way.
Fathers and mothers who do not know how and where their sons and daughters spend their evenings are guilty of a negligence that is little short of criminal and that, too, often leads to sad consequences. The American habit of letting the young folks "have their own way" in choosing their associates and methods of recreation is responsible in every city for a good deal of evil that might be prevented by parental firmness judiciously exercised.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Personal Prejudice.
"Nature," said Miss Miami Brown, "doesn't neber make nuffin in vain."
"Well," answered Mr. Erasmus Pinkley, "it sometimes seems to me dat dar is a whole lot o' animals walkin' around dat might jes' as well be possums."—Washington Star.

POLLY LARKIN

Among all the Easter novelties, and there are many this year, the daintiest and most unique were made out of egg shells. Score another mark for the old hen, for her product has entered into the art beautiful. No matter, it seemed, how the egg was broken, the shells were used, beautifully decorated with the brush in the finest and most delicate designs and colorings and finished in gold bronze. A composition or sealing-wax, etc., had been used in decorating and making up the pretty Easter offerings. For instance, one of them, delicately tinted a pale green, had a bunch of grapes in gold, the tiny leaves, etc., making a lovely design. Each was mounted on tiny gold bases. The fragile, dainty little novelties were fit offerings for the Easter-tide and readily sold for twenty-five, thirty-five, and on up to sixty-five cents. "What good are they when you get them," asked a lady of a friend who was laying in a supply for her Easter gifts to friends. "Well, in the first place," she replied, "they are beautiful to look upon and an ornament that any lady who loves dainty, delicate bric-a-brac and the like would appreciate. In the second place, these deep ones are good for toothpick holders, and I am making myself a present of this one," she said, as she picked one of the handsomest of the lot. No two seemed to be alike and it must have kept the artist busy making out her designs, let alone the rest of the work, which required the greatest skill and attention. A slight knock or a fall would have crushed the delicate shell, and it must have required a steady hand to get such quantities out without coming to grief. The party who made the dainty novelties is a lady, and her brain is teeming with designs for novelties and the beautiful. Polly hasn't a doubt, and she surely deserved it.

Strange to say the above seemed to be the only local novelties, nearly if not all the rest which filled the stores and show-windows to overflowing being made by foreign or Eastern houses. That should not be, for we have enough talent and inventive genius on the Pacific slope to furnish our own novelties and send some across the continent and into foreign lands instead of relying on other sources for our Easter needs. People who have talent for such things should bear this in mind and try their hands at designing these novelties. Some of the quaintest designs this year were made out of cotton-batting, and the pretty little white bunnies with pink ears, and the downy chickens with black bead eyes would have pleased any child and could easily have been made at home. Some of the prettiest designs were made in the shape of an egg and ranged in price from ten cents to a dollar and a half. These last were lined with dainty colored silk and satin and would make a lovely jewel case after the confectious had disappeared. I saw one of the latter entirely of silver and lined with pale blue silk. A young man purchased it. He had one side filled with the different flavored cordial drops and in the other he folded an exquisite point lace handkerchief that didn't cost a cent less than dollars. Polly wasn't eavesdropping, but I was sightseeing and couldn't help but note the gift with a great deal of interest while waiting for a package. I was weaving a little romance about this Easter offering. Was it for his mother? Probably not. Was it for his sister? Hardly, at least not for his own sister, possibly somebody else's sister. Silver Easter eggs one dollar and a half; cordial drops (expensive confectious), about a dollar's worth; point lace handkerchief, ten dollars; bunch of violets and maiden-hair to accompany the gift, twenty-five cents; messenger boy, twenty-five cents, and a fifty-cent fee to surprise the natives by hurrying him up. Total, thirteen dollars and fifty cents. Now I am sure it was not intended for his sister. Had it been the silver egg and the cordial contents would have been deemed sufficient. There would not have been any delicately woven lace handkerchief fit to ensnare any one's heart in its delicate meshes.

I had answered the question to my own satisfaction and thought that was the last of my dreaming, or rather conjecturing, but it was ordered otherwise. That was only the beginning. It was not for his mother, nor for his wife or sister; not for his sweetheart or dearest friend, or his cousin or his aunt. Let me whisper it: It was for his mother-in-law! What do you think she said on receiving this beautiful tribute of "love and affection"? "My goodness, just look what this extravagant boy Dick, has done. Wonder what he wants now. In some scrape, I'll warrant. He'd better have taken the money this thing cost and paid some of his honest debts. Here, Libbie, you take the handkerchief; it's too fine for an old lady like me. Dick is always doing the most unheard of things." But the old lady looked pleased in spite of her words and thought he wasn't the very worst son-in-law in the land.

There is the way a lady who will never see sixty again and who has not left her bed for several years, is making her living and helping to support her widowed daughter and grand-children as well. She had always been fond of fancy work, and particularly lace-making, in her younger days, and she had leisure hours and means at hand to indulge her tastes. It stands her in good stead now, for although she is sadly afflicted and never expects to walk

again, she cheerfully weaves the stitches and carries her thoughts and great faith that no matter what comes "it is well" into the exquisite and intricate patterns of the handsome curtains she is making for one of the most elegant homes on "Nob Hill." When this member of the "four hundred" wanted curtains for his house he went to the leading furnishing houses and priced the delicate point lace that looks as daintily as a pretty spider-web. Then he went to the lady, who was really looking want in the face, and asked her to make them for him. He selected his designs, furnished her with the materials and agreed to pay her sixty-five dollars a pair for them. She has been working months on them and they are fine and handsome enough for a bridal veil. They will go down as heirlooms in the family, and they are well worth the sixty-five dollars. He could not have touched anything as beautiful as these at one hundred dollars a pair in the stores; but of course he furnished the materials, and that alone is no small item. Others among the four hundred have seen her exquisite work, and from now on she will have all she can do, and she is teaching the art of lace-making to other members of the family. She says she knew "the way would open up some time, for there never was a cloud so black for her but what she could find the silver lining if she waited patiently long enough."

There is an old saying that history and fashion repeat themselves, and to carry out the truth of this often quoted expression, the wheel of fashion has taken another whirl and brought out the pearl bead craze again. Everything in millinery is pearl beads and pearl-headed hat pins. It is a dainty and beautiful decoration or trimming. I saw a white tulle hat the other day dotted with pearl beads and no other trimming except a black velvet bow under the side which was fastened by a pearl crescent. It reminded a lady of some similar ornaments she had had over twenty years ago, so she ransacked her trunks in the garret until she found them. They had not turned yellow, and they were up-to-date in every respect.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Telephone and Travel.

It is an odd fact, but true, that some team railroads have complained of the harm done by their best class of passenger traffic by the long-distance telephone, while hotels in Western cities have attributed a reduction of patronage to the same cause. Travel between St. Louis and Chicago for instance, is said to have been cut down by the telephone. Such a result would seem very difficult to trace tangibly, although one meets people daily who, to avoid weary trips, have governed themselves on the injunction, "Don't travel; telephone." But the telegraph and mail have always been deterrents, and if there is any validity to the alleged reason, the high-speed electric travel of the future may restore the former conditions. It is, indeed, hard to conceive that with travel methods thus perfected the roads would not enjoy to the utmost degree the patronage of a public which, after all, likes to be in motion, and loves dearly to taste and see everything, everywhere, with its own physical senses.

Drew Money on Laundry Mark.

The initials of his name inscribed on the inside of his collar served as identification for a traveling man at the Chicago postoffice recently, and enabled him to secure cash on a \$50 money order. He had received a letter from his house directing him to go to Grand Rapids, Mich., and inclosing the money order. He packed his grip and stopped at the postoffice on his way to the railway station. He had but a few minutes, and when the clerk demanded identification the man was unable to furnish it, and delay meant missing his train. After appealing and arguing with the clerk in vain he was taken before Assistant Postmaster Hubbard. At that official's request the traveling man removed his collar. There were the initials corresponding with the name on the money order advice. It was considered sufficient identification, and the cash was turned over.

Value of Birds.

A French naturalist asserts that if the world should become birdless man could not inhabit it after nine years' time, in spite of all the sprays and poisons that could be manufactured for the destruction of insects. The insects and slugs would simply eat all the orchards and crops in that time.

On a peace footing the military power of Russia consists of 710,000 infantry, 130,000 cavalry, 153,000 artillery, 42,000 engineers and 39,000 department troops. The reserves number 2,700,000.

There is a statue in a village in Egypt which is said to be the oldest in the world, having been in existence for over 6000 years. It is the representation of one of the chiefs of the domain wherein it was erected.

The key to the Bastille is now hanging on the wall in the hall of the old home of Washington at Mount Vernon. It was given to Washington by Lafayette.

No matter how much money you may have, if you are poor in character that means poverty forever.

Every man barked at by a dog is not a thief. Every man talked about by a gossip is not guilty.

The Apaches have three different kinds of violins, each having but one string and played with a small bow.

Stained subjects delight to parade in white coats.

HEAT AND DISEASE.

THE SUN'S RAYS ARE FATAL TO MANY SPECIES OF GERMS.

As a Disinfectant Sunlight is the Greatest Agent in Nature—Temperatures at Which Disease Germs are Destroyed.

Sunlight is fatal to some of the lower forms of living things, including certain disease germs which are the cause of some of the most fatal infectious diseases that afflict the human race. In fact, the greatest disinfectant in nature is light, or, to be more exact, the rays of the sun, including heat rays, light rays and the invisible rays at the violet end of the solar spectrum. An infectious disease is one which may be contracted by the introduction into the living body of living disease germs, which may be contained in different kinds of infectious material. Thus the disease germ (bacillus) which produces diphtheria is contained in the "exudate" or "false membrane" deposited in the throat or nasal passages of those suffering from this disease, and the material coughed up by a patient with diphtheria is infectious material. In cholera and in typhoid fever the discharges from the bowels contain the germ and are consequently infectious material.

Now, the object of disinfection is to prevent the extension of infectious diseases by destroying the specific infectious agents—germs—which give rise to them; and this is accomplished by the use of disinfectants. Having, as I hope, made this clear.

Any chemical agent which destroys or masks bad odors is commonly spoken of as a disinfectant, and there are a large number of so-called "disinfectants" in the market which are simply deodorants and which are entirely untrustworthy for the destruction of infectious living disease germs.

These disease germs belong to the class of low vegetable organisms—microscopic plants—known as bacteria, which as a rule thrive better in the darkness than when exposed to daylight, and some of them are quickly destroyed by exposure to direct sunlight. In experiments made by me in 1893 it was demonstrated that the cholera bacillus is infallibly killed by exposure to direct sunlight for an hour or two, and the distinguished German bacteriologist, Dr. Robert Koch, has shown that the bacillus of consumption—tubercle bacillus—is destroyed by similar exposure in a time varying from a few minutes to several hours, depending upon the thickness of the layer of material in which it is imbedded.

As a result of this it is evident that the material coughed up by patients with consumption and containing tubercle bacilli in vast numbers is far less dangerous to the community in regions where the patient can live out of doors and where the sun shines nearly every day in the year.

Some disease germs which are not killed outright by exposure to the sun's rays are greatly restrained in their development. This is true of the bacillus of typhoid fever. Although it has been shown by carefully conducted experiments that certain disease germs are promptly destroyed by the luminous radiations from the sun, and especially by those at the violet end of the solar spectrum, it is also true that the heat rays play an important part in the destruction of harmful bacteria.

This is partly due to the fact that certain disease germs are quickly destroyed by being deprived of all moisture—by desiccation. Thus the germs of cholera and of pneumonia quickly perish when completely dried.

Other germs, however, as those of typhoid fever, of diphtheria and of consumption, may retain their vitality in a dried condition for several months. But the germs of all these diseases are destroyed by a comparatively low temperature. In experiments which I made several years ago I ascertained that the germs of pneumonia and of cholera were killed by exposure for a few minutes to a temperature of 120 degrees.

A still lower temperature is effective if the time of exposure is prolonged. It is therefore evident that prolonged exposure to the direct rays of the sun would destroy these germs independently of the disinfecting power or germicidal action of the luminous rays or the fatal results of desiccation.

Other disease germs require a higher temperature for their destruction. The typhoid bacillus and the bacillus of diphtheria are killed by exposure to a temperature of 140 degrees F. for ten minutes. In general, it may be stated that a temperature of 150 degrees is fatal to all the most important disease germs.

The facts stated furnish a scientific basis for practical disinfection, and it is evident that when sunshine is available no chemical agents are essential for the destruction of disease germs. Any article of food or drink which has been heated for a few minutes to something near the boiling point of water is absolutely safe, so far as any danger from disease germs is concerned, and any article of clothing which has been put through the ordinary operations of the laundry is as safe as if it had been placed for an hour in an expensive steam disinfecter or immersed in a strong disinfecting solution.

It will be seen that scientific investigations fully justify the practice of good housewives, who at frequent intervals expose their blankets and articles of woolen clothing, which cannot be placed in boiling water without injury, to a prolonged sun bath, who send out milk pails and kitchen utensils and place them in the sun to dry and who open up their sleeping apartments for the admission of sunlight and fresh air.—Surgeon General Sternberg in Youth's Companion.

Rheumatism.

If you suffer from rheumatism, by a little flossing of sulphur and sprinkle it well into the feet of a pair of stockings, which you must wear at night. The sulphur is quickly absorbed into the system through the feet, and, as every one knows, sulphur is the remedy for rheumatism.

So much destruction prevails among the Moscow university students that half their number have petitioned to be excused paying their university fees.

RISKS FIREMEN TAKE.

The Reason Engineer Brown Stalks to His Dangerous Post.

The risks that firemen in big cities take are an everlasting wonder, and the story of Bill Brown, as told by Cleveland Moffett in "Careers of Danger and Danger," shows that the engineer's bravery is sometimes put to tests as severe as those which the hose man or the ladder man even has to endure.

What happened was this: Engine 29, pumping her prettiest, stood at the corner so near the drugstore that the driver thought it wasn't safe for the horses and led them away. That left Brown alone, against the cheek of the fire, watching his boiler and keeping his steam gauge at seventy-five.

As the fire gained chunks of red-hot sandstone began to smash down on the engine. Brown ran his pressure up to eighty and watched the door anxiously where the four firemen from his squad had gone into the furnace.

Then an explosion of chemicals in the building sent a flame wave as a house curling across the street, enveloping engine and man and setting fire to the elevated railway station overhead. Bill Brown stood by his engine with a sheet of fire above him. He heard footsteps on the pavement and voices that grew fainter crying, "Run for your lives!" He was alone, and the steam on his hands, face and neck was blistered.

Brown knew why every one was running. There would be another explosion. It was tolerably certain that he must die if he stayed. But his four chums were in the fire and needed the water. If he quit his engine, the water would fall.

He stoked in coal and ran the gauge up another notch, easing the running parts with the oiler. He was offering his life for his friends.

In a few minutes the four firemen came out of the building. Then Bill Brown ran for his life with his comrades. A second or two later engine 29 was crushed by the falling walls.

AN UNFAMILIAR TEXT.

But It Was a Forebode Illustration of a Great Truth.

Several years ago there labored in one of the western villages of Minnesota a preacher who was always in the habit of selecting his texts from the Old Testament and particularly some portion of the history of Noah. No matter what the occasion was, he would always find some parallel incident from the history of this great character that would readily serve as a text or illustration.

At one time he was called upon to unite the daughter of the village mayor and a prominent attorney in the holy bonds of matrimony. Two little boys, knowing his determination to give them a portion of the sacred history teaching Noah's marriage, hit upon the novel idea of pasting together two leaves in the family Bible so as to connect, without any apparent break, the marriage of Noah and the description of the ark of the covenant.

When the noted guests were all assembled and the contracting parties with attendants in their respective stations, the preacher began the ceremonies by reading the following text: "And when Noah was one hundred and forty years old he took unto himself a wife," then, turning the page, he continued, "300 cubits in length, 50 cubits in width and 30 cubits in depth and within and without besmeared with pitch." The story seemed a little strong, but he could not doubt the Bible, and after reading it once more and reflecting a moment, he turned to the startled assemblage with these remarks, "My beloved brethren, this is the first time in the history of my life that my attention has been called to this important passage of the Scriptures, but it seems to me that it is one of the most forcible illustrations of that grand eternal truth that the nature of woman is exceedingly difficult to comprehend."—Starlight Messenger.

Value of Time.

The value of odd minutes is illustrated by a story told in a curious little volume of advice printed in England. A large firm required a manager for one of its departments and appointed 12 o'clock for arrangement of terms with the selected applicant. He arrived at five minutes past 12, to find a dozen directors waiting in the chairman's watch in hand. The chairman announced that they could not engage a subordinate who had wasted an hour of his employers' time, and on the applicant deprecating such exaggeration the chairman explained that each director had wasted five minutes and that made an hour in all.

Dickens Said She Was a Woman.

It is said of George Eliot's literary style that its most marked characteristic is sympathy. And long before her identity had become known Charles Dickens, a singularly acute critic of his own art, detected her sex by this undercurrent of womanly sympathy. He had been reading "Scenes of Clerical Life," which had been sent to him by the publisher, and on putting the book aside he said, "Well, this writer possesses great ability, but I should say, despite the name, that George Eliot is a woman."

Heating Him.

"My friend," said the missionary who was trying to convert the wealthy mandarin, "do you not know that it is easier for the camel to get through the eye of the needle than?"
"That it is for me," the mandarin interrupted, "to get through the need of an idol, eh? Very true."—Philadelphia Record.

A Word and a Note of Song are Often Crystallized Terms set to Music.

For Him to Pay.

"Do you suppose women will ever be sent to the legislature, Wilkins?"
"Wouldn't be surprised. My wife's inclined that way now."
"Your wife? Pshaw!"
"Fact, why, it's no new thing for her to introduce a bill in the house."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Hanover, Germany, now has six football teams that play the Rugby game. They are trying to carry out the Kaiser's order not to use English sporting terms.

TRAINING A RIDING HORSE.

The Master Made Good His Assertion as to What He Could Do.

"Yes," said the riding master, "I have to be a horse trainer as well as a riding master. In fact, I couldn't very well be the second without being the first. I always have horses in my school stables here that are sent to me to train for my pupils. One came this morning, and if you have the time to spare I will show you how I give the first lesson in obedience."

The master then ordered one of his men to bring the horse out into the "school," a great oblong space, covered with sawdust and enclosed and roofed. The horse was a fine, spirited animal, with an intelligent and kindly eye, and the master said at once that he would be a tractable and teachable subject, explaining that he had not yet had a chance to "make his acquaintance."

"Now," said he, "you must remember that this horse has never seen me before and that I am, therefore, a perfect stranger to him, and yet I think I can establish between him and myself so good a feeling that in five minutes' time he will follow me all about the school at a word of command—perhaps without a command. Let us see."

He then approached the horse, and the man stepped away. Speaking a few words gently, he patted the animal's neck and rubbed his hand over his head. Telling the man to give him a small riding whip, long and straight, with a keen lash, he placed himself with his right shoulder close to the horse's head, holding the bridle rein near the bit with his right hand and in his left hand the whip extended back horizontally so that the lash was opposite to the horse's flank.

"Now," said he, "for our lesson." And he began leading the horse around the school, keeping his shoulder close to the animal's head. Presently he took his hand off the bridle, and the horse at once began to move away from his shoulder, but a sharp turn of the master's wrist brought the lash of the whip against his flank just hard enough to make a little sting, and at the same time the master caught hold of the bridle and gently pulled the refractory head close to his shoulder again.

This was repeated half a dozen times, and then the horse evidently reasoned out the situation somewhat in this way:

"As long as I keep my head close to this man's shoulder it's all right, but the minute I take it away something back there jumps up and sticks me. Therefore I'll not take it away any more."
That must have been the way he reasoned, for within the five minutes' time allotted by the riding master the horse was following him all around the school like a big dog, nor did the master have to touch the bridle once.—Atlanta Constitution.

Not a Practical Philanthropist.

One day last winter when it was very cold a richly dressed woman stopped and gazed sternly at an ice wagon that was drawn up beside the curb on Walnut street, near Fifteenth. She stood there for ten minutes. Then the ice man came out of a certain house, and she said to him, "Driver, why don't you blanket your horses?"
"Because, lady, the kumpany don't furnish me no blankets," said the man.
"Then," exclaimed the woman, "you should cover them with your coat."
"All right, ma'am," said the driver, smiling. "You gimme your coat for the near boss, an' I'll put mine on the off one."
The woman, whose coat was of seal-skin, could not think of a good retort to this, and she walked away in silence.—Philadelphia Record.

Twain and the Printer.

Mary Twain once had a trying experience with a compositor, one of those conscientious compositors who not only know, but know that they know. According to a writer in Harper's Weekly, Mr. Clemens had received from his publishers the proofs of a story which he had ever written, but on reading the proofs he dimly discovered that the fun had been carefully eliminated. Mr. Clemens returned the proofs, congratulating the compositor upon having consumed "only one week in making sense of a story which he himself required two weeks to make nonsense of!"

Samoa and Beauty.

The love for beauty of a Samoan woman sometimes degenerates into cruelty. The very word for short stature is contemptuous, pu'pu'u, and the under-sized man must perform before a professional jester or lose all hold on society. A young man who had lost his arm in battle was heartlessly jeered by a group of laughing girls. I interfered in his behalf.
"He would not be like that," I said, "if it were not for his bravery."
"Oh, yes," they said, "but he looks so funny."
"He fought in your defense, you ungrateful creatures!" I cried.
"True enough," they replied, "but a man without beauty is contemptible."
—Century Magazine.

The Listener at the Door.

"Did she say 'This is so sudden?'"
"No; her mother was listening at the keyhole, and she didn't dare to throw on any frills."
"How do you know her mother was there?"
"Because stooping over shuts off her wind, and you could hear her gasping all over the room."
"Well, what did Minnie say?"
"She whispered: 'Cut it short, Jack. Ma is apoplectic.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Heretic.

Gladys—Why did she ever marry him?
Ethel—Oh, he said he couldn't live without her!
Gladys—Well, she ought to get a medal for life saving.—Puck.

An Old Convict Ship from Australia is on Exhibition at the Waterloo Pier, London.

It is the Success, owned by a Melbourne firm and kept solely for exhibition purposes, and it remains practically the same fittings it had when it was used for transporting convicts from England to Botany Bay.

EQUINE INTELLIGENCE.

A Writer Who Believes That Horses Are Capable of Thinking.

There are people who deny that the horse is able to plot, to conceive or reason. Some horses are duller than others, and some apparently are better equipped for thought than the men in charge of them. You teach a horse to start or stop at a word, and acts of kindness or cruelty are seldom forgotten by him. At a farm that we visit a little girl who has given sweetmeats to spirited animals can take the greatest liberties with them. The stranger has to keep a safe distance from their heels, while she may crawl between their legs. They remember her acts of kindness and carefully avoid doing anything to harm her.

We have in mind a stallion who was harshly punished. He treasured up the act of injustice, and the author of his humiliation was compelled to keep aloof from him. His manner plainly indicated that the man would get hurt if he ventured within striking distance. This stallion trusts those who have shown him kind consideration and in the main is not a bad tempered horse. He appears vicious only to those who have treated him viciously. His knowledge of right and wrong suggests thought. It shows capacity to reason from cause to effect. Teach a horse as you would a child what to fear and what to do, and the lesson will never be forgotten.

Some horses cunningly open their stable doors by removing pegs with their teeth and thus put plan into operation. Their imagination is fired by beautiful scenery. Put one in a paddock where he can look out upon the hills and hear the birds sing and you will quiet his nervous system. In moments of contemplation he has the dreamy look of a poet.

About the only time that a horse forgets to think is when he surreptitiously finds his way to the well filled out bin. He then does not eat in a rational way, but gorges himself to the danger point. This is an unmitigated evidence of weakness. And yet there are men endowed with intellect who have little or no control over their appetites. Absence of restraint at the feast marks the development of the human as well as of the equine race. In our judgment, the horse sometimes thinks.—Turf, Field and Farm.

APHORISMS.

Observe your enemies, for they first find out your faults.—Antisthenes.
Envy always implies conscious inferiority wherever it resides.—Pliny.
The less heart a man puts into a task the more labor it requires.—Amlé.
Evasion is unworthy of us and is always the intimate of equivocation.—Balzac.
The same people who can deny others everything are famous for refusing themselves nothing.—Leigh Hunt.
If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person to whom you ought never to speak.—R. Cecil.
The chief pang of most trials is not so much the actual suffering itself as our own spirit of resistance to it.—Jean Grou.
There is no beautifier of complexion or form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain, around us.—Emerson.
Success is sweet, the sweeter if long delayed and attained through manifold struggles and defeats.—A. Bronson Alcott.
True popularity takes deep root and spreads itself wide, but the false falls away like blossoms, for nothing that is false can be lasting.—Cicero.

Blunders of Painters.

A picture representing the four elements was essayed by an Italian artist, and he selected fish to indicate the sea, moles the earth and a salamander fire. The chameleon was intended as the allegorical representative of the air, but the painter, knowing no model of this animal and knowing nothing about its shape, contented himself by introducing a camel. He probably thought in his ignorance that from a similarity of sounds they were one and the same animal.

Another painter in a picture of the crucifixion represented a father confessor holding out a crucifix to the repentant thief who was promised a place in paradise by the Saviour.

A Honeycomb Financier.

Judge Edwards of Lee county, who has married over a hundred couples since he has been ordinary, performed the ceremony recently for a runaway couple seated in a buggy in the public road.

The ceremony over, the bridegroom fuddled in his pocket and fished up 35 cents.
"Judge," he said, "this here's all the money I got in the room' wor'. Ef you're a mind to take it, you kin, but I'll say straightforwards that I'd done sot it aside for the honeymoon expenses."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Good Detense.

There was once a club formed of lazy men. Fines were inflicted on those who ever forgot themselves so far as to do anything in haste. One day several members saw an old doctor who was renowned for his laziness drive past the door of the club at a furious rate, and loudly they chuckled at the thought of fining him. But on applying to him on the ground of his having been in such a hurry the doctor slowly replied, "No, I wasn't in a hurry, but my mare wanted to go fast, and I was too lazy to stop her."

Grand Game in Alaska.

Alaska contains the grandest hunting grounds in North America. They are inhabited by the giant moose, the largest antlered animal on the earth; the Kadlak brown bear, largest of all flesh eating land animals; and the mountain caribou, largest and finest of its genus. The snow white mountain sheep is there, the mountain goat, black and yellow bears galore, and the rare, new glacier bear, as yet never seen in captivity and in only one museum.—Recreation.

The Revolver with which President McKinley was Shot was a .32 Caliber.

and since that time dealers have noticed an increase in the number of calls for weapons of that caliber and, it is said, of the particular make used by the assassin.