

BANDON RECORDER.

Catching Cod.

Once begun codfishing on the Banks is incessant, and when the fishing is good the men rarely ever sleep. Awakened at 2 a. m. to fill their bait "kids," or tubs, they start at daylight to lift these trawls and remove the overnight catch, rebaiting the hooks again. There are about 3,000 hooks to handle, and this often occupies until evening, when the boats row back. After unloading the deck is piled high with the glittering mass of fish. To eviscerate this and stow it in the hold keeps them until midnight, when they snatch an hour or two of sleep.

Some can go without sleep for a week. Others will rub wet tobacco in their eyes so that the pain may keep them wakeful a few hours longer. Others again will work till they drop from sheer exhaustion and sleep as they lie until aroused by comrades. A Chinese tendency to keep men without sleep, and "banking" does this to an extent to satisfy even the most exacting Celestial. The men sleep in their underclothing. When above decks, for on the Banks it is rarely fine. Mist and muck prevail, and the rigging and sails drip water always.—Almslee's.

A Clerical Pun.

On one occasion at Athy, where Canon Staveley, the English divine, was then situated, he was visited by the archbishop, whom he induced to visit a new coffee house which had just been opened in the interests of temperance. Naturally the distinguished guest was served with a simple cup of coffee. He tasted it, while Canon Bagot and the manager waited in complacent expectancy of commendation.

"They were disappointed. The cup was hastily set aside by the bishop, who ejaculated, with prolonged and an unmistakable emphasis: "A-bom-in-able!"

Then the manager suddenly remembered. "Oh, your grace," he explained, "a box of matches fell into the coffee tank this morning, and I did not think it right to waste all the contents of it." "If your grace will come again," promised Canon Bagot, interposing quickly, "I faithfully promise you a matchless cup of coffee."

The Ingredients of Fireworks.

The chief constituents of all fireworks are gunpowder and its ingredients. Iron and steel filings and cast iron borings, free from rust, are used to increase the brightness of the display and produce the Chinese fire. When the rocket explodes up in the air, the bright and varicolored sparks are produced by these filings as they ignite in the oxygen.

Copper filings and copper salts are used to produce greenish tints. A fine blue is made with zinc filings. A light greenish tint with much smoke is made out of sulphur of antimony. Amber, resin and common salt protected from dampness produce a yellow fire. Salts of strontia make a red light. A green light is also made by the salts of barium.

Deserted at the End.

William the Conqueror was a man of very gross habit of body and at the siege of Mantes was hurt by the rearing of his horse, the pommel of the saddle striking the king in the abdomen and causing injuries from which he died in a few days. Before his death he was deserted by all his attendants, who stole and carried off even the coverings of the bed on which he lay. The body remained on the floor of the room in which the king died for two days before it was buried by charitable monks from a neighboring monastery.

Typographical Errors.

American authors, no less than English, sometimes suffer for the sins of the printer. A line of Mr. Aldrich's, which originally read "A potent medicine for gods and men" was misprinted "A potent medicine," etc. And Mr. Aldrich's equanimity was upset on another occasion because in a serious mood he wrote in one of his poems "Now the old wrens break out afresh" and was horrified to read that he had said "Now the old woman breaks out afresh."

Replanting the Seeds.

Nubbins (shouting across the garden fence to his next door neighbor)—"Hi, there! What are you burying in that hole?" Neighbor—"Oh, I'm just replanting some of my garden seeds."

Nubbins—Garden seeds, eh! Looks to me very much like one of my hens. Neighbor—"That's all right. The seeds are inside her."

A King's Miserable End.

Louis XI, after having by open murder or secret assassination rid himself of the most powerful nobility of France, died in miserable fear, begging his physician to do something for him. During his last days he sent for St. Francis of Paula and offered him untold riches to intercede with heaven for a further lease of life.

She Paid.

"Dollar on a half for a marriage license!" exclaimed the colored applicant. Then, turning to the bride to be, "Lindy, does you think I is worth it?" "Well," was the reply, "hit do come mighty high, but I reckon I'll batter pay it, 'long ez I done come head wid you!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Thanks to the Apple, She's Clothed. Tess—I detest apples, don't you? Jess—Oh, no. Every time I put on a nice new gown I'm thankful that there was an apple for Eve to eat.—Philadelphia Press.

More Work Than Play.

"Does she play whist?" "No. She makes the worst work of it you ever saw."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Christians and Jews.

When Charles Lamb was berating an enemy, some one said to him, "Why, you don't know him." Lamb replied, "I don't want to know him for fear I should like him."

Christians and Jews make ignorance of each other a claim for judgment and seem to be afraid to become acquainted for fear that they might like each other.—Peters—"The Jew as a Patriot."

POLLY LARKIN

In one of the big boarding-houses of hotels in San Francisco is a little woman whose ambition to make something of herself beyond what her childhood's education adapted her for, is worthy of note. She is a waitress and is at her post morning, noon and night. She isn't, as her friends express it, "any bigger than a minute," being under five feet and weighing about ninety pounds. She is attractive in her modest little way, and reminds you constantly of a big old-fashioned china doll, she is so prim, and wears her hair just so. She is always dressed in white with bright ribbon and looks like she had "just come out of a handbox." All of her life she has wanted to take music lessons but could never gratify her desire. Now she is married to a man who is a seaman and only home occasionally. They have saved enough to buy a little home and furnish it, paying for it in installments. Then came the possession of a piano paid for on the same easy terms. Not a note could she play except by ear. That did not satisfy her. She loved classical music and was determined to take lessons and be able to gratify her taste for the higher class of music. All the money her husband made went to help pay for the home and the piano. It would take some little time to settle for the same, and she felt that she was losing a good opportunity. She took the position of waitress, gets her three meals a day, and with her wages takes music lessons from one of the best instructors in the city. Every spare minute she spends at the piano, practicing as though her bread and butter depended upon it. While her friends are enjoying the theater she is running scales and practicing exercises. She is also taking singing lessons, and while she will never be a Patti or shine as a star in opera, she will delight many friends in the days to come by the silvery sweetness of the melodies sung in her own home.

All honor to the little woman who is determined to do something that will lift her out of the common humdrum of her life after a while and give her an insight into the beauties of music that her heart has longed for from her babyhood up to the present time. Think of what she has got to go through with from day to day, you who are so fortunate as to have a piano and receive music lessons from the best of instructors and yet do not appreciate the opportunity to become a thorough musician. You let golden moments slip by and are glad whenever there is a chance to escape from the tiresome practicing that this little woman hails with delight. She does more than this, however, for she spends one to two hours every evening reading some good book from our standard authors. Not a moment does she lose, and considering the steps she has taken to improve herself, which have been in the nature of a task, they are some of the brightest spots in her hitherto dreary and uneventful life. "When my Jim comes home, and with my music and my books, what more could I want. I am happier than I ever dreamed I would be. Jim loves music as much as I do, and he is so proud to have me able to play and sing for him. By and by we will both be too old to work, then Jim won't go to sea any more, but we will have our home and our music and books and something in bank to take care of us with. Then what joy we will have that day seems as if it is a long way off, but we are both happy in working for it and planning ahead."

There is another little waitress in the same house with a history, or rather an interesting little story. She is such a frail girl, and her pretty face and refined ways interest you before you know anything about her trials in this life. All day long she works in one of the big department stores in this city. She is worn out when the day is done but cannot gratify her desire to go home and rest. She is helping to support her family on her small earnings. The sisters and brothers must have at any rate a common school education, and there are school-books to be purchased and several hearty children who are blessed with good appetites to be fed. The father has long since passed to his reward and her mother is sewing on coarse overalls, getting \$3.50 per week, and out of that paying for the breakage of needles or any repairs to the machine that she has in charge. Sometimes the repairs and breakage of needles during the month amounts to a good deal through no fault of the operator, but no matter how unjust the demand may be, they must pay it or give up the position. It is Hobson's choice, for positions are not picked up every day. There are too many idle men and women anxious to step into the vacancies, so they pay what is demanded of them and dare not complain. This young girl after working in a store all day, hurries to the fashionable boarding-house, dons her little uniform that all the girls are expected to wear and waits on the tables that are in her charge. She gets her board and about \$12 or \$15 a month, besides what she earns in the store. She is so weary many times that every particle of color leaves her face and she looks like she is ready to faint, but there is never a word of complaint, never a sigh. This is only one of many instances where girls who have to make a living for themselves and possibly others. Their lives are not the pleasant in the world, and yet you will hear girls who have happy homes in some of the surrounding towns wish they could be clerks in some of the big department stores in this city. They

imagine it is all play and big wages. Never was there a greater mistake, for small wages and hard work are the rule and not the exception.

"Invalid" has the only question to be answered this week. She sends a pitiful little story of her woes, and like a good many other persons who are naturally courageous and cheerful but who have become despondent, nervous and over-sensitive from long illness, feels that she is a burden to herself and to others, particularly others. She wants to know what she can do to help her to forget herself; she is too nervous to read, and besides she never enjoyed books or magazines like other people, they always wearied her. She had been used to an active life, and now this enforced idleness is slowly but surely wearing her out.

In the first place, you were right in saying you must forget yourself, "Invalid." I think you will find half the battle won when you learn to do that. Employ your hands, and the following is a good way to do it: Get all the scraps of black and colored silks that you can and get your friends to ransack their scrap-bags for silk and pieces of ribbon. Cut them in narrow strips and about four inches in length, keeping the brightones separate from the black. Then you are ready to make one of the most attractive cover covers you ever saw. If you don't know how to knit, you must learn, and it is the simplest thing in the world, your grandmother will tell you. Get a ball of twine, green or any other color you may desire, and knit these little scraps of silk into strips of from four to five inches in width and the length of your couch. You will have one strip looking like a beautiful black plume, the alternating ones of the bright bits of silk will be as bright as "Joseph's coat of many colors." By the time you have finished your couch cover you will forget yourself entirely and will not even think of being a burden, for you will work that nervous strain off with the click of the flying needles. Try it and if it does not succeed, Polly is not a true prophetess.

BRIEF REVIEW.

English Forgers.

The first forger on the Bank of England, many of whose £5 notes have just been successfully imitated, was Richard William Vaughan, once a linen draper of Stafford. He employed a number of artists on different parts of the fabricated notes, twenty of which he deposited as a proof that he was a man of means with a young lady whom he was about to marry. No suspicion was entertained until one of the artists gave information to the police. Vaughan was arrested and executed at Tyburn in 1758. The last person executed for forgery was Thomas Maynard, and that was in 1829. There was once a "King of the Forgers," as there is in every branch of crime. This man's name was Ralph Cooper, who, on March 24, 1898, was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment for forging a check of £2670 on the London and Westminster Bank. In the spacious times of Elizabeth the punishment for forgery was by fine, the pillory, the loss of both ears cut off, the branding and searing of the nostrils, the forfeiture of land and imprisonment for life.

What's in an Egg. The newly laid egg is entirely filled with yolk and white enveloped by a fragile shell. It is at this moment that it possesses its highest alimentary qualities. These it would be capable of preserving indefinitely if the tightness of the shell equaled that of a metallic box. But unfortunately such is not the case. The calcareous shell is provided with pores, through which is soon established a cross circulation of water and microbes. The water leaves the albumen and passes to the exterior in the form of vapor, while legions of bacteria enter and fill the air chamber formed by evaporation. Evaporation causes the egg daily to lose on an average half a grain of its weight. We can assure ourselves of this by immersing it in a quart of water containing four ounces of salt. On the first day it will descend to the bottom, on the second it will not sink to so great a depth, on the third it will remain near the surface and beginning with the fifth it will project above the surface so much the more in proportion as it is older.

Too Much For the Sheriff. An Irish widow with a quick wit one day received a call from a sheriff who had a writ to serve on her. According to the story, the widow saved the day by some rapid fire counting which took the sheriff by surprise when he called at her house and began in formal fashion: "Madam, I have an attachment for you." "My dear sir," she said, blushing, "your attachment is reciprocated." "You don't understand me. You must proceed to court," said the sheriff. "Well, I know 'tis leap year, but I prefer to let you do the courting your self. Men are much better at that than women." "Mrs. Phelan, this is no time for fooling. The justice is waiting." "The justice waiting! Well, then, I suppose I must go, but the thing is so sudden, and besides I'd prefer a priest to do it."

Milnes' Hospitable Menagerie. W. Gordon McCabe says that when Moncton Milnes, the poet, aspired to grasp the social literary scepter falling from the withered hands of Rogers he gathered around his breakfast table in Pall Mall men of the most diverse personalities, creeds and tastes. In fact, the chief requirement for securing an invitation to these breakfasts, which soon became the talk of London, seems to have been that the guest must be a lion of some sort. Men of such pronounced differences as Comte d'Orsay, the elegant dandy; the rugged Thomas Carlyle, Sydney Smith, the brilliant wit, and Conroy Thirlwall, the grave historian, sat there side by side, and had Buffalo Bill burst upon the town in those days Mr. McCabe thinks he, too, would undoubtedly have rubbed elbows in Milnes' hospitable menagerie with Tom Macaulay and Aubrey de Vere.

Test of the Age of Eggs. There is a sure and simple test of age in an egg. Dissolve six ounces of common kitchen salt in a large glassful of water and drop in your eggs, one at a time. An egg one day old will sink to the bottom, but if older it does not reach the bottom. If three days old, it sinks only just below the surface. If five days and over, it floats; and the older it is the more it protrudes from the water.—New York Press.

Spectacles and Moisture. Wearers of spectacles are frequently annoyed by the glasses becoming dim from a deposit of moisture upon them. An easy way to prevent this is to wash the glasses every morning with soft potash soap. The glasses should then be polished, but an invisible film will remain which will prevent moisture being deposited on them.

Whatever the number of orders, no beer leaves the best German breweries until it has been standing for at least three months. Many a man goes around looking for trouble, and the minute he meets it he has a hurry call in another direction. Water sufficient to cover one acre one inch deep will weigh 101 tons.

ANTISEPTICS.

They Do Not Destroy, It is Said, but They Kill. The Edinburgh Scotsman begs leave to correct the erroneous belief that implies that antiseptics can prevent decay. Decay may be arrested without killing the microbe which would produce it. A few drops of a solution of carbolic acid added to flour paste will keep it sweet for a certain time, not because the germs in the paste are destroyed, but because these germs are hindered for the time being in their growth and multiplication and because the paste is rendered temporarily an unsuitable soil for the growth of whatever microbes may fall from the air into it. When the effect of the acid has worn off and disappeared, we see the paste going to the bad as rapidly as if it had not been treated antiseptically at all. Molds will grow in it, and it will decay in the fashion familiar to everybody. It is in this way color many are worse antiseptic when it is used to preserve meat and fish. There is no destruction, but only arrest of germ life. If we wish to kill microbes, therefore, we not only have to use a disinfectant, but we must employ it in proper proportions and see that it thoroughly attacks the germs we wish to destroy. It is for this reason that all attempts to kill germs which the air may contain are worse than useless. We cannot "disinfect" the air. If we could do so, we should require to saturate the air with our germicide to such an extent that to breathe it would kill us.

We get an excellent example of this fallacy of "disinfecting air" when we reflect that in using burning sulphur to purify a room after a fever case we have to use it in such a way and in such proportion that it is impossible for any person to remain in the room at all. Hiding Behind Big Words. A mining expert recently described a lode as traversing "a metamorphic matrix of a somewhat argillaceous composition." This means literally "a changed mass of a somewhat clayey composition." This in its turn may be translated into plain English as m-u-d. Why choke a puny fact with murderous polysyllables? Huxley and Darwin, Lyell and Faraday could so write as to be "understanded of the people," and there is a suspicion abroad in these times that the big words so freely used by small men are a device to conceal ignorance and inexact thought rather than a proof of superior knowledge.—Youth's Companion.

Killing a Baby. When Frank R. Stockton has traveled out his book of Pomona's travels and was about ready to write it, he resided in Philadelphia. He had a business appointment with his dentist, an old friend, one day, when the fellow, every incident told by himself, occurred: "While in the chair I got to talking with this friend about my new book. I told him I had serious thoughts of killing that baby. He was much interested. We talked over the advisability of doing this, and, while he was not quite convinced, he in the main agreed with me. I had been finished with and, clasping his hand, went into the waiting room on my way out. This waiting room was filled with women. "As I passed through the door I heard him call, 'Then you have positively decided to kill that baby?' 'Positively,' I replied. "You should have seen the women stare. It was not until I got well out in the hallway that I realized what they must of course have been thinking."

Precedent. A clever answer in court was that given to Chief Justice Coleridge years ago, when he was defending a lady who had become a Sister of Mercy and was expelled from the convent for refusing to obey the rules. She had brought an action for expulsion and libel. In the course of the trial Coleridge assumed that breaches of discipline are trivial, contemptible and should never be noticed. "What has Miss Sawin done?" he asked Mrs. Kennedy, a mistress of noivies. "Well," said the lady, "she has, for example, eaten strawberries." "Eaten strawberries? What harm is there in that?" "It was forbidden, sir," said Mrs. Kennedy. "But, Mrs. Kennedy, what trouble was likely to come from eating strawberries?" "Well, sir," said Mrs. Kennedy, "you might as well ask what trouble was likely to come from eating an apple, and yet we know what trouble did come from it."

A Useful Woman. "Blennerhasset," said Mrs. Bliggins as he was about to start down town, "can you let me have a little money to run the house with today?" "You can have just 50 cents," he growled, flinging the coin at her and slamming the door behind him as he went out. "By the way, Bliggins," said a friend who dropped in into his place of business an hour or two later, "will you go my security on a note for \$500?" "Shortleigh," replied Bliggins, "it is an inflexible rule in my family that I must never do anything of that kind without consulting my wife."—Chicago Tribune.

A Summer Without Nights. To the summer visitor in Sweden there is nothing more striking than the almost total absence of night. At Stockholm, the Swedish capital, the sun goes down a few minutes before 10 o'clock and rises again four hours later during a greater part of the month of June. But the four hours the sun lies hidden in the frozen north are not hours of darkness. The refraction of his rays as he passes around the north pole makes midnight as light as a cloudy midday and enables one to read the finest print without artificial light at any time during the "night."

The Names of Two Cities. On the principle of "In Rome do as the Romans do" I think it a safe rule to pronounce the name of a place as the residents of that place do, says a writer. Hence we should speak of St. Louis as though it were written "St. Lewis" not "St. Louee." All good Missourians say "St. Lewis." It is a little difficult to put down in black and white the local pronunciation of New Orleans, but it is something like this, "New Aw-ly-yns," with the strong accent on the "Awl."

An Appropriate Text. A preacher in an eastern city was a little fellow, so little that a box had to be hastily brought from the cellar for him to stand on. The services proceeded safely until the sermon, when he mounted the box and announced his text. "A little while ye shall see me, and a little while ye shall not see me." At this point the box broke, and the prophecy was verified amid the smothered laughter of the congregation.

WHAT IS TEMPERAMENT?

No Wonder This Child's Brain is All in a Middle. The half dozen blocks about Dupont circle include the homes of as many scientists of national reputation. They are gentlemen of course know each other and meet frequently. Not long ago one of their neighbors began to wonder whether such intimate intercourse among scientists was a good thing, his cogitation having had its rise in the following incident: His little daughter has just reached the age when she asks 200 questions a day. About a month ago her father spoke of some author as lacking the proper "temperament" for writing on history. That word "temperament" apparently took root in the youngster's mind. What was temperament? She asked that question twice an hour for an entire week.

Finally her father gave her a note to Professor — and sent her off to find out. That scientist answered the query as follows: "Temperament is an individual tendency to the rise of a certain mental state." Father and daughter wrestled with that a little while and then applied to a second member of the scientific group for help. No. 2 called temperament "an ensemble of physical and mental traits arising from fundamental constitutional differences in individuals." This put the little girl's father completely at sea. So No. 3 was tried. His judgment was that "temperament is the psychic resultant of the whole organic life of the individual." By this time hope was abandoned. But when No. 4 volunteered to make it clear the family spirits revived. "Temperament is a general disposition of the mind," he wrote, "the distinctions of which depend on the dominance of one or the other of the physiological systems." And now the family dictionary is worn out.—Washington Star.

Boasted Too Soon. The rear end of a Fordham car was congested the other afternoon. There wasn't even "standing room only." A jocular commuter said, "Beware of pickpockets!" Everybody laughed. A gentlemanly looking fellow said: "No man need be afraid of pickpockets if he does as I did. I have a self patented scheme. I have a buttonhole in my vest pocket. I run my chain through it and attach the other end in the usual way. They can't draw that watch through that buttonhole. No pickpockets in mine, and don't you forget it." The crowd thinned out. At Wendover avenue the "patentee" said startlingly: "My watch is gone!" Somebody had clipped the chain, drawn it through the other way and abstracted the watch.—New York News.

A Story of Two Necklaces. When General Weyer was sent by Spain as governor general to Manila, Don Carlos Palanca, the wealthy Spaniardized Chinaman, determined to send Mrs. Weyer a gift, the customary way of obtaining the good will of the Spanish officials. He found at a jeweler's two necklaces, each costing \$20,000, and both being so beautiful that he could not choose between them. So he sent them both to Mrs. Weyer with the message that she should make her choice. He received a warm letter of thanks from her, stating that the necklaces were so beautiful that she could not decide between them and hence would keep both, which she did.

Theories About Drowned Bodies. It was a popular theory in days gone by that the body of a drowned man would float the ninth day. Sir Thomas Browne alludes to it as believed in his time, and in his "Pseudo-doxia Epidemica" there is a discussion on this fanciful notion. It was also believed that the spirits of those drowned at sea were doomed to wander for a hundred years owing to the rites of burial having never been properly bestowed upon their bodies.—Notes and Queries.

A Martyr. "She is the most sacrificial woman fer miles around." "In what way?" "Waal, whenever they git up a lawn fete or sumpen like for the church in which the expenses are more'n the proceeds the committee alwus sends her out to acquaint the pastor with the result."—Baltimore Herald.

A True Philosopher. The greatest thing we ever saw in the way of a philosopher was a one armed man in a maniere establishment who gloated because he got his work done for half price.—Washington Post.

Extremes. Mrs. A.—My husband is positively impossible. He knows nothing. Mrs. B.—Mine is simply unbearable. He knows everything.—Tit-Bits.

To say silly things is about as bad as to do them.—Punxutawney Spirit. Love is a tickling sensation at the heart that cannot be scratched. Ostrich Plumes. All the black and white plumes come from the male ostrich, the gray from the female. The feathers are not plucked out, as you might imagine, but are clipped off with a sharp knife, leaving the end of the quill in the flesh, which it remains for two or three months, until it "dies," when it is pulled out with forceps. The British war office has issued a "manual of chirology" for the soldiers, the importance of care of the feet during marches being the incentive.

THE INNS OF CHINA.

Their Cheapness is About Their One Headstrong Feature. Chinese inns are without register or clerks. On riding through the gateway your bridle rein is seized by a dirty boy, who helps you to dismount, shouting loudly meanwhile for the proprietor, who presently looms up through the wilderness of carts and mules. Proprietor and boy then hold a parley as to what rooms are eligible, and then a door is pushed open and the traveler is shown to his apartment. It is usually about twelve feet square. The walls and floor are of hard mud, and so are the beds, which extend entirely across the side of the room, with only space enough between them for a small table and one chair. The room is lighted by one window, in which paper takes the place of glass.

The first duty of the proprietor in making a patron comfortable is to stop up the holes in the paper window pane. He never tears the paper off entirely and replaces it with a new one, because the sheet of paper is worth about one-tenth of a cent, and the innkeeper is not wasteful. Indeed he pastes little slips of paper over the holes until all the light that filters through it is of a mottled hue. At one end of the mule shed is the kitchen of the inn. It is here that the meals for all the patrons are prepared. He does not elaborate. It consists only of bowls of rice and tea. Should the traveler desire a greater variety of food, he can buy it himself in the market, and his own servant can cook it in the kitchen of the inn. To sleep on the bed of a Chinese inn would be for a foreigner an impossibility were it not that he is always so exhausted at the end of each day's journey that he finds it difficult to remain awake ten minutes after alighting from his pony. He lies down on the mat that covers the hard heap of mud and surprises himself at the soundness of his slumber. The one redeeming thing about the inn is its cheapness. Just as the traveler is about to depart in the morning the proprietor tells him the amount of his bill. Everything is charged on the "European plan." Every cup of tea, every rushlight candle, the paper window pane, are all itemized in the long list which the proprietor reels off in singsong, but the total is surprisingly low. The cost of food and lodging for one night for a traveler and two servants, with stabling and fodder for his ponies and cart mules, is about 50 cents.—New York Mail and Express.

Flowering Too Soon. The rear end of a Fordham car was congested the other afternoon. There wasn't even "standing room only." A jocular commuter said, "Beware of pickpockets!" Everybody laughed. A gentlemanly looking fellow said: "No man need be afraid of pickpockets if he does as I did. I have a self patented scheme. I have a buttonhole in my vest pocket. I run my chain through it and attach the other end in the usual way. They can't draw that watch through that buttonhole. No pickpockets in mine, and don't you forget it." The crowd thinned out. At Wendover avenue the "patentee" said startlingly: "My watch is gone!" Somebody had clipped the chain, drawn it through the other way and abstracted the watch.—New York News.

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FARMER JOE'S SPEECH.

It Was Short, but It Crushed the Bumptious Youngster. "You may get the better of an opponent in debate," said an old time orator, "by sheer force of convincing argument—that is to say, you may score and win on points—but if you want to put your man down and out at a single coup just make him ridiculous. Only succeed in doing this, and all the logic of the other side will explode in vacancy like so many blank cartridges.

"Once when I was serving a term up the state in the legislature a bumptious youngster who had just been introduced was laboring through his maiden effort. He was attacking a man who was his senior by at least a score and ten years and thought to make a bit by referring to him as 'that little gray-beard from Herkimer.' Rymal of Niagara rose to reply. He was an old timer, who never spoke unless he had something to say and so was always sure of an attentive audience. Farmer Joe, as he was called, got up slowly, gradually expanded himself to his full height of 4 feet 4, thrust his left hand behind the tails of a capacious and somewhat shabby frock coat, held up the index finger of his right hand, cleared his throat ominously and solemnly began: "Mr. Speaker, the honorable gentleman who has just spoken has never read Pope's essay. If he had, he would remember that the 'soul's the standard of the man.' And, sir, fifty such souls as that of the honorable gentleman who preceded me could be put into the skull of a flea and have as much room there as two frogs in Lake Superior."

"He didn't have to say more. The chamber went into a convulsion of laughter which lasted for several minutes after the tall farmer had resumed his seat. As for the youngster, he did the best he could. He wriggled about, got red in the face, tried to look unconcerned and kept his mouth closed during the balance of the session."—New York News.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Palms never live more than 250 years. Ivy has been known to live 450, chestnut 600, oak 1,000 and yew 2,880 years. Nothing is better for house plants than to be set out in a gentle, warm rain, but a cold rain and wind are anything but hopeful to them. In planting trees an important point not to be forgotten is pressing the soil down upon the roots so that they will come in close contact with it. A pot of flowers in bud should receive all the sunshine possible, but when the buds open keep them in shade, and they will last longer. The largest apple tree in New England is in Cheshire, Conn. Its trunk measures one foot above all root enlargements, 15 feet 8 inches in circumference.

An orchard, whether young or old, should not be allowed to grow where heavy crops of grass are taken every year. It is weakening to the soil and detrimental to the trees. In Ashanti there grows a tree resembling in appearance the English oak, which furnishes excellent butter. This vegetable butter keeps in perfect condition all the year round in spite of the heat. Drinking Through the Nostrils. The Indian sages do not practice their breathing exercises simply for the sake of repose and sleep. During the breathing exercise is increased. These Indians are not the only people who believe that with the inbreathing of pure air there comes something still more vital than oxygen. But the Indians have developed the art of breathing more than any other people. One of their favorite exercises is to inhale through the left nostril, to hold the breath for a time and then exhale through the right nostril. Another of their exercises is to drink water through the nostrils, and after it has been retained for a short time it is expelled through the nostrils and the mouth. This is said to cool the head.—Chambers' Journal.

Growing Bananas. Bananas are as a rule planted out systematically in rows, the "suckers" being placed at an average of ten feet apart. The banana plant bears only one bunch at a time, but it is a quick grower, yielding its fruit in twelve to fourteen months. When the plant is about six months old, a second "sucker" or shoot is allowed to spring from the root, a third after the ninth month, and so on, so that after the first year there is a continuous crop being reaped.

Fans in Shakespeare's Time. Fans in Shakespeare's time seem to have been composed of ostrich and other feathers fastened to handles. Gentlemen carried fans in those days, and in one of the later figures of the german they now carry fans. According to an old manuscript in the Ashmolean museum, Sir Edward Cole rode the circuit to acquaint the pastor with the result.—Baltimore Herald.

A Martyr. "She is the most sacrificial woman fer miles around." "In what way?" "Waal, whenever they git up a lawn fete or sumpen like for the church in which the expenses are more'n the proceeds the committee alwus sends her out to acquaint the pastor with the result."—Baltimore Herald.

A True Philosopher. The greatest thing we ever saw in the way of a philosopher was a one armed man in a maniere establishment who gloated because he got his work done for half price.—Washington Post.

Extremes. Mrs. A.—My husband is positively impossible. He knows nothing. Mrs. B.—Mine is simply unbearable. He knows everything.—Tit-Bits.