

BANDON RECORDER.

The Eyes of a Bee.

Every bee has two kinds of eyes—the two large compound ones, looking like hemispheres on either side, and the three simple ones which crown the top of his head. Each compound eye is composed of 3,500 facets—that is to say, an object is reflected 3,500 times on its surface. Every one of these facets is the base of an inverted hexagonal pyramid, whose apex is fitted to the head. Each pyramid may be termed an eye, for each has its own iris and optic nerve.

How these insects manage this marvelous number of eyes is not yet known. They are immovable, but mobility is unnecessary because of the range of vision afforded by the position and the number of facets. They have no lids, but are protected from dust and injury by rows of hairs growing along the lines at the junctions of the facets. The simple eyes are supposed to have been given the bee to enable it to see above its head when intent upon gathering honey from the cups of flowers. Probably this may be one reason, but it is likely there are other reasons for them not yet ascertained.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Wearing of Amulets.

Who were the first amulet it would be impossible to say, but the adoption of a talisman to ward off evil is of very ancient origin.

Phylacteries, the Greek word for amulets, were worn by the Israelites, to which allusion is made in the Scriptures. These phylacteries were narrow strips of parchment on which were written passages from the Old Testament. A strip was placed in a small leather box and bound to the left elbow by a narrow strap. There was a smaller phylactery for the forehead, the box for which was about an inch square.

The word amulet is of Arabic origin and implies a thing suspended. Amulets were of various kinds. The moonstone, found in the desert of Arabia, was worn as a talisman against enchantment by the women, who suspended it around the neck. It was a white, transparent stone, the time for searching for it being midnight.

Various Styles of Hairdressing.

The various styles of hairdressing under Louis XVI. were known as the cascade of St. Cloud, the windmill, the sheep and lambs, the hen and chickens, the dog and hare, the peal of bells, the milkmaid, the bob wig, the bother, the kerchief, the oriental, the Circassian, Minerva's helmet, the crescent, the enigma, the desire to please, the turned up calash, the treasurer of the age, the frivolous ladder, the rat, the drunken monkey and the lover's snare, the last named consisting of a mass of curls covered with powder, particles of which, deposited on the coat or shoulders of a gentleman, indicated the previous whereabouts of the lady's head.

A Pleasant Prospect.

A young man named Moore enlisted in the army. After he had been in India for about five months he received a pathetic letter from his parents which said that if he did not send them some money they would be forced to go to the workhouse.

The young man sat down and answered the letter as follows: "Dear Father and Mother—Try to keep out of the workhouse for six years and seven months until I come home, and then the three of us will go in together."—London Tit-Bits.

Effect of the Sun on Monuments.

The perpendicularity of a monument is visibly affected by the rays of the sun. On every sunny day a tall monument has a regular swing leading away from the sun. This phenomenon is due to the greater expansion of the side on which the rays of the sun fall. A pendulum placed inside, say, Nelson's column, in Trafalgar square, would be found to describe on every clear day an ellipse of nearly half an inch in diameter.—English Mechanic.

Got the Better of Hotel Clerk.

"With all his faults," began Mr. Fairchild, "the hotel man is a first class fellow, who will go a long way to keep his guests from shaming too much in public or from being seen by doubtful guests. I recall an instance which happened to me in New York not long ago. I had registered in the morning and, leaving my key at the hotel, came back again in the evening. Finding the night clerk on, but not on to me, I asked him, giving him my name, if I was in. Not knowing the number of my room, I decided this was the way to find out.

"He looked at me rather suspiciously. Evidently the result of his inspection was not reassuring, for, after making a bluff at feeling in my box, he replied quite stilly:

"No, sir; Mr. Fairchild is not in. I sat down on the lounge and said calmly:

"Well, when he comes in please tell him that he is here looking for himself."

"The porter carried the clerk upstairs."—New York Tribune.

Tennyson and Barnum.

Tennyson was extremely eager at one time to visit America, and touching this point a story is related to the effect that Barnum offered him an enormous sum to make the trip, though probably not as one of the attractions of the "greatest show on earth." "All you have to do," said Barnum, "is to stand on a platform and have your hands well shaken." The poet, however, declined the tempting offer.

Courtship Too Expensive.

Yes—You don't mean to say they have broken off their engagement?—Yes.

Yes—Why, I thought they were perfectly devoted to each other.

Yes—So they are. You see, they have broken off the engagement, so that he may save enough money to enable them to get married.—Philadelphia Press.

During the last twenty years the consumption of eggs has enormously increased in Great Britain and now represents annually an estimated sum of £13,000,000, £5,500,000 of which goes to foreign imports.

POLLY LARKIN

Anna B. Shaw, who has repeatedly said in her lectures that man never did woman justice except once, and then he placed her as a figure of justice on top of the court-house and blindfolded her, will be made glad again, for the Postoffice Department has under consideration the question of placing one of the postage stamps of the new issue the head of some woman who is connected with the history of the country. While no particular person has been decided on, there seems to be no doubt but that Martha Washington will be so honored and her picture will grace the stamp. This will be the first recognition of women upon any of the Government securities issued by that department.

It has come to pass that when women want some improvements that will reflect credit on the city or town wherein they live, they band themselves together in an organization for the common good and they prove the truth of the old adage, "where there is a will there is a way." The women of Petaluma wanted the plaza that had been a disgrace to the fair little "city of rolling hills" converted from the receptacles for old tin cans and rubbish into beautiful parks. They organized an improvement club and went to work with a will. Some of the residents were rather inclined to throw cold water on the idea, and others said "let them have their way, they will soon tire of it." They were wrong in their prophecy, for the improvement club is still in a most flourishing condition, the town (thanks to their efforts) has two of the prettiest parks in the State, and still the good work is going on and they are planning for other improvements in their flourishing city. Headsburg fell into line, and the Women's Improvement Club is doing much to beautify the town.

Then came Sonoma, the center of historical reminiscences in the northern part of the State. The Women's Improvement Club is beautifying the plaza made notable by the Bear Flag incident well known to every Californian. They have interested themselves as well in the sanitary condition of the town, etc. Santa Rosa then followed suit, and among the many other commendable features they will have a night school to give those who do not have an opportunity of attending the regular sessions a chance to advance. The women of Oakland have now been heard from. They decided some time since, according to a newspaper report, that the town needed a public hall, and as none of the male residents offered to purchase a lot and erect the building, the women set forth to bring about the desired result. They succeeded in raising the money with which to buy the lot and put up the building, the interior of which was in need of a coat of paint. Without waiting for advice from the stronger sex they waited on the town painter and bought from him a number of brushes and a stock of paint which they applied to the building, giving it a second coat. They declared that although the work was hard they had fun galore out of it, and they are ready to try their hand now at some other needed improvement.

"Kismet" has a doleful little tale of woe to relate and is evidently very much discouraged. She has had her horoscope read and it portrays anything but a brilliant success in life. There is sickness, trials and tribulations enough to wreck a stronger little body than "Kismet." It is her fate in life, according to her horoscope, to go through the world comparatively friendless, not having the good fortune to make friends easily and not tact or judgment enough to retain the friendship of those who have stayed by her. One by one they have dropped off, her sarcasm being more than they could stand. She says she knows she has the worst temper in the world, but she came by it naturally, for it is one of her inheritances from her father, who was always in trouble owing to his temper that was ready to break out on any and all occasions. This undesirable trait is hers, and in spite of her determination to conquer it, she has to admit that it has won the day in nearly every instance. The horoscope predicts accidents, much suffering, deaths in her family, and it goes farther than this, it states that she will be married twice and she will be more unhappy with her second husband than she was with the first, and it will be anything but a blissful state of affairs. "Kismet" says she has thought of this awful prediction, or in other words, the history of her life, until she is nearly demented, for the worst forecast about it is that so much of the prophecy has already come to pass, and she fears it is all true.

Verily you have been born under an unlucky star, "Kismet," according to your horoscope, but I assure you there are hosts of others—you do not stand alone by any means—who have had their peace of mind destroyed by the predictions of their horoscope as described by the reader thereof for the sum of a bright silver dollar or probably more. I have in mind a little friend who was frightened out of a year's growth by having her horoscope read. According to the planets and the signs of the times at the reading, she should have died five years ago, and her father within two months of her death would be called to a better world. There was a mistake some place, for they are both still very much in evidence. What you must do, "Kismet,"

JUST ESCAPED HANGING.

Dr. Mudd, Who Mended John Booth's Broken Leg.

Mudd was a physician, and it was to his house that Booth had ridden on the night of his great crime. There his broken leg had been set, and there he had been secreted for one day. The doctor was an educated man of refined and dignified manner. He had never quite recovered from his surprise that any one should find fault with him for setting a broken bone for a stranger. He always asserted that he did not know Booth and was not aware at the time that Booth had committed a crime. But Mudd had been an ardent secessionist. He was accordingly sentenced to imprisonment for life.

It was a hard fate to be called upon for professional services by a wounded desperado and then narrowly to escape hanging for it. The trial and sentence were a terrible blow, from which Mudd never recovered. He had left a devoted wife at his home in Maryland, and his mental sufferings were so severe that he seemed always on the verge of insanity. He had at first been put to work with a wheelbarrow, but having never done any manual labor, he was rapidly falling under the combined physical and mental strain. For this reason I directed that he be transferred to the prisoners' hospital as nurse.

There he made himself exceedingly useful, and there he might have remained had not his homesickness in an evil hour overcome his judgment. While on a ship lay to he secretly hid himself in the coal bunkers. He was of course discovered, and then he learned what he did not know before, that no ship was allowed to sail until it was ascertained that every prisoner was in his place. He was immediately placed in solitary confinement, where he remained several months.—McClure's Magazine.

PELLETS OF SNOW.

How They Form and Drift in the Adirondack Region.

On a good drifting day in the Adirondacks the snow comes not in the star shaped flakes that look so pretty when portrayed on a page of the dictionary, but in small pellets. These pellets are in shape like tiny white footballs usually, and they come rolling and tumbling down wind as if they had been "kicked for fair" by the half-back gods of the game. And yet while they roll and tumble and bound they find lodging places, and as the ideal storm comes on they pile up in a wall on the crest of the road cut. Higher and higher grows the pile, forming at first a vertical wall, but before this has risen three inches it is seen to overhang the gully.

Though round and easily rolled, these pellets in some way fit to each other as bricks would, until the overhang is perhaps a fifth as great as the elevation of the wall, and then, marvelous and impossible as it would seem to the unaccustomed observer, a lip forms on the crest of the wall, and soon it begins to storm down. Wider and longer it grows, farther and farther it droops, until its shape is precisely like the lip formed on a huge wave when it breaks on a shoal water beach. Lips that are ten feet wide and hang down three feet clear of all, though but six or eight inches thick where they join the chin of the wall, are not uncommon. By what magic is it that these frozen, oblong pellets that go bounding along as merrily as footballs form into such a shape as this? Of course if the storm comes a time usually comes when the lips break off because of their great weight. And then no new lip forms to replace the lost one. The snow merely drops over into the lee of the wall and gradually fills the cutting.—Scribner's.

BRIEF REVIEW.

The Pope's Daily Life.

For the past twenty-three years Pope Leo has never left the precincts of the Vatican. No human being has ever been a guest at his table; no human hand has ever clasped his, protected by its white silken mitten, except that of the Emperor of Germany. The Pope's principal meal, followed by a short siesta, is at midday. The various dishes are all served up together. He has five or six meals a day. He drinks an ordinary Bordeaux, forwarded to him by a religious community of the Girarde, who supply his table gratuitously. This community has not been "legally authorized," and will no doubt have to leave France under the recent rulings against religious communities.

Skeletons Cleaned by Beetles.

An interesting experiment in cleaning skeletons adopted at the Wistar Institute of Anatomy of the University of Pennsylvania has proved itself most successful, insects doing the work in a more satisfactory manner than was accomplished by any of the former methods. Some time ago more than 500 roughly cleaned and dried carcasses of animals of every description, varying in size from a bear to a mouse, were spread out on long tables in the basement rooms of the building used by the institute. In a few months almost the entire collection had been entirely cleaned by the larvae of several species of beetles.

All European armies have certain extras weekly in the way of food. Sugar is given in England and France, two gallons of beer in Russia, half a gallon of wine in Italy, three pounds of fish in Spain, and five ounces of butter in Belgium.

A woman living in Maine is said to make a living by administering, for a small fee, thrashings to such of the children of the neighborhood as are in need of correction.

Friends turn to foes and love to hate, The hat I wore last night won't fit. All things change, except my purse— There is no change in it.

Brazilian carbon, worth about \$45 per carat, or about four times the value of ordinary diamonds, is used in drilling some of the gold mines of South Africa.

London a hundred years ago had a population of 888,198, when the first official census was taken.

Thoughts are the foundations for all deeds.

THE MEADOW ORCHID

WHY THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE CALL IT "THE CUCKOO'S TEARS."

A Legend of the Land of the Casars That Deals with Magic, Love and Happiness and One Result of the Fatal Feminine Tongue.

One warm Sunday afternoon the village maidens assembled to bathe in the river. They took off their kerchiefs and their corset headresses, seated themselves on the bank to cool off and began to gossip. One maiden alone sat silent, Froxya, an orphan, poor, but beautiful, with fair skin and eyes as blue as the gentian, which the Russians call "the flight of the falcon." So the other girls began to tease her: "Have you no dearly beloved friend, Froxya? Who is he, where is he? Is he handsome, is he rich?"

"Where should a poor girl get a rich and handsome young lover? Yonder adder is my husband."

No sooner had she said this than all the maidens cried, with one accord, "The adder!" and took to their heels. And upon her kerchief, which Froxya had thrown upon the grass, behold, a huge black adder lay coiled. She cried out in fear. But the adder beat its tail upon the ground and was transformed into a wonderfully handsome young man. There he stood before her, with a golden cap upon his flowing curls, his eyes flashing fire, and honeyed words fell from his lips. And he said to her: "Did you mean it when you declared that you were ready to marry the adder?"

She knew not what reply to make, but gazed at him and thought to herself, "Whence came such a handsome young man? And he, divining her thoughts, replied to them, 'I am no common man, but the czar of the waters, and my empire is close at hand in a deep pool on golden sands.'"

And he read in her eyes that she consented to go with him. Then he grasped her with his powerful hand, and together they sank down into the deep realm of the waters.

Great was Froxya's happiness. She could not believe in it. He was so good, so wise; she had never seen such people, and there is none such anywhere as the czar of the waters. But Froxya was foolish. Seven years did she dwell with him in the deep pool in his palace of crystal, and the seven years passed as one day, and there need not have been any end to her bliss. A girl and a boy had been born to them. Then, all at once, without any cause, she became sad, longed for the earth, to behold her native hamlet and her friends once more. So he let her go, with the children, for three days after having exacted a promise that neither she nor the children, either by word or by hint, should reveal the name of her husband or where she lived. And all this she promised, with fearful oaths. Then her husband escorted her to the dam. At the end of three days she was to come to the same spot and cry "Cuckoo!" thrice, whereupon he would swim at once to meet her.

She kept her oath, but her friends coaxed and questioned the children. The boy to all queries replied simply, "I don't know." But the girl told everything. This was all the evildoer's plans wanted. They ran and told all to their husbands and brothers, who immediately ran to the dam and uttered the magic words. And when the czar appeared they beat him to death. But before he died he contrived to say to Froxya: "I have to thank thee, my dear wife, that I am now come to my death through thee and my daughter. Henceforth thy thou ever as a gray cuckoo and repeat thou ever my call, 'Cuckoo!' in sadness of heart from early spring until St. Peter's day (St. Peter's day, June 29, 12, O. S.), and from that day forth may every bird, both great and small, beat thee and pursue thee. And mayest thou, my daughter, my betrayer, be turned into a nettle bush, and may that weed, the fiery, forever burn thine eyes wheresoever thou mayest be, that thou mayest weep forever, remembering thy father's death. But to my loyal son, who kept his father's command, I make this bequest: That he shall be the bird beloved which dwells and sings in gardens and amid shady groves for the joy of happy people, for the consolation of those who weep, the nightingale."

And from that day forth the Russian people have called the meadow orchid "the cuckoo's tears." It is also known as "the cuckoo's slippers."—Isabel F. Haggood in New York Post.

Injuries From Carbolic Acid.

Warnings are given in a medical journal against the injury to skin and even bone which may result from the long continued use of weak—say, 3, 2½ or even 2 per cent—carbolic applications, especially upon peripheral portions of the body, such as the fingers. This effect, it is asserted, is due in a small measure to the action of carbolic acid upon the vasomotor system, but in the main to its destructive effect upon the red and white blood corpuscles.

This induces, partly in a mechanical and partly in a chemical way, stasis, first in the capillaries and, if the action of the drug be continued, then in the larger veins and arteries, with the result that the nutrition of the part is interfered with and the removal of the harmful substances is hindered; the maceration of the epidermis caused by the acid favors evaporation, so that the gangrene is a dry one, a mummification, as it were.

A Way Out.

A small girl told a falsehood. Her mother, with great dignity, led the youthful offender to the library and, sitting down beside her, said: "You know, Katharine, grandma has gone to heaven and papa has gone to heaven, but if you tell untruths you cannot go to heaven with them. You will have to go to the other place."

The little maiden looked very grave for a moment and said, "Say a swear word, mamma, and come to the other place too."—New York Tribune.

The Better Choice.

"Ze Miss Milyons, it is said, spent thousand's of dollars on ze bonnets alene, my dear count," observed the baron. "She is ze one for you."

"No, my dear baron," was the reply. "I will make ze proposal to her milliner."—Judge.

Assuming Husbands' Names.

The practice of the wife assuming the husband's name at marriage, according to Dr. Brewer, originated from a Roman custom and became the common custom after the Roman occupation. Thus Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey, Octavia of Cicero, and in latter times married women in most European countries signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of." Against this custom he mentioned that during the sixteenth and even at the beginning of the seventeenth century the usage seems doubtful, since we find Catharine Parr so signing herself after she had been twice married, and we always hear of Lady Jane Grey (not Seymour), Arabella Stuart (not Seymour), etc.

Some persons think that the custom originated from the Scriptural teaching that husband and wife are one. This was the rule of law so far back as Bracton (died 1268), and it was decided in the case of Bon versus Smith, in the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name and legally receives the name of her husband. Altogether the custom is involved in much obscurity.

Holy Coat of Treves.

The holy coat preserved at Treves, in Germany, is claimed to be the seamless garment worn by Christ and for which the Roman soldiers cast lots during the crucifixion. It is a tunic about five feet long, cut narrow at the shoulders and gradually widening toward the knees. Many miracles are said to have been performed by this robe.

Its history for the last 700 years is clear enough, but darkness shrouds the story of the relic prior to the twelfth century. The Catholic church relies for proof of its authenticity upon a tradition that it was one of a chestful of relics sent as a gift to the church at Treves by the Empress Helena. She is said to have found the coat at Jerusalem while in search of the true cross.

A legend says that in the ninth century the holy coat was concealed from the Normans in a crypt of the cathedral. There it remained forgotten until 1196, when it was rediscovered and placed in the high altar.

An Extraordinary Shower.

Daniel O'Connell, the Irish agitator, once complained in the house of commons of a report of a speech in a London newspaper which, he said, put into his mouth opinions he had never expressed. He vowed that if the editor did not apologize he would move that he be brought to the bar for a breach of privilege.

Next day the reporter of the speech waited upon O'Connell and gave a most remarkable explanation. He stated that during his walk from the house to his office in Fleet street the rain streamed into his pockets and obliterated the notes of his speech.

"I accept the explanation," said O'Connell, good naturedly, "but let me say that it must have been a very extraordinary shower of rain, for it not only washed out of your notebook the speech I delivered, but washed in another of an entirely different character."

How to Light a Solid Body.

Cadogan Morgan was the first electrician to experiment with electric light in solid bodies. This was in 1788. He first inserted two wires into a stick of wood and caused the spark to pass between them. This had the effect of illuminating the stick a beautiful blood red. An ivory ball, an orange or an apple may be lighted in the same manner. Some experimenters prefer the lemon for this purpose, it being very susceptible to the electric discharge, flashing forth at every spark as a spheroid of brilliant golden light. The wires used for this purpose should be brought within about half an inch of each other inside the lemon.

How She Voted.

A cynical bachelor listening to some women who were discussing female suffrage was asked by one of them for his views on the question. He replied thus, with great deliberation: "I once heard of a woman who was asked how she had voted at the recent election. 'In my plum colored gown,' was the answer."

Breaking Off.

"Yes," said the ingenuous girl heroically, "I have decided to break with Horace for good and all."

"Why, then, are you sending him your picture?"

"Well, I am sure that is the least I can do. He refused to take back his gifts, and I wanted to make some return, so I am sending him my photograph."—New York Press.

Music and Passion.

"My daughter," remarked Mrs. A., "has developed a perfect passion for music."

"I wonder," observed Mrs. B., who resides next door, "if it is as strong as the passion your daughter's music develops in my husband?"

"They meet as strangers now."

A Literary Tea Toper.

There have been many literary tea toppers, but William Hazlitt, the writer and critic, probably surpassed every other author in the singularity and strength of his potations. Eating usually at 1 or 2 o'clock in the day, he would sit over his breakfast of exceedingly strong black tea and a toast of French roll—if he had no work on hand—for hours, silent, motionless and self-absorbed as a Turk.

It was the only stimulant or luxury he ever took, and he was very fastidious about its quality, using always the most expensive kind and consuming, when he lived alone, about a pound a week. He always made the tea himself, half filling the teapot with tea, pouring boiling water on it and then almost immediately pouring it out and mingling with it a great quantity of sugar and cream.

Such a beverage must have been delicious. Indeed, Douglas Jerrold says, "there was fascination in it," but as a daily stimulant it must have been most deleterious, and as the essayist died after several severe attacks from a disease of the digestive organs it probably caused his death.—Beverages.

OLD TIMES IN TENNESSEE.

When Pelts Were as Plentiful as Pennies in the State.

Probably few people know that the original name of the state of Tennessee was Franklin or that in 1788 the salaries of the officers of this commonwealth were paid in pelts, but the following is a correct copy of the law: "Be it enacted by the general assembly of the state of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted by authority of the same, that from and after the 1st day of January, 1788, the salaries of this commonwealth be as follows—to wit: "His excellency the governor, per annum, 100 deerskins. "His honor the chief justice, 500 deerskins. "The secretary to his excellency the governor, 500 raccoon skins. "County clerk, 300 beaver skins. "Clerk of the house of commons, 200 raccoon skins. "Justice's fee for serving a warrant, one muskrat skin."

At that time the state of Franklin extended to the east bank of the Mississippi river, and on the west bank was that great unknown forest region of Louisiana. It was then a "terra incognita," save a few canoe landings and Indian trading posts on the river banks. It was known as the district of Louisiana and in 1805 was made the territory of Louisiana.

The state of Franklin, which became Tennessee in 1796, was almost as little known. The now great city of Memphis was a mere trading post and was not laid out as a village until 1820.

Pelts were as plentiful in those days as pennies and much better distributed for purposes of currency as a barter. The pioneers were perhaps as the average citizen now.—Arkansas Gazette.

COOKING HINTS.

Don't add lard, molasses or sugar to bread if you wish to keep well and be wholesome.

Potatoes baked thoroughly, but not allowed to turn dark, are the best to be used for creamed potatoes.

If salad dressing curdles when being mixed, add a little cold water, stir quickly, and it will become quite smooth.

If ten be ground like coffee or crushed immediately before boiling water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilarating qualities.

If a sliced onion and carrot are cooked with veal, it will be found that the flavor of the rather tasteless meat is much improved. Veal cutlets rely for their flavor on the tomato sauce that is usually served with them.

A delightful flavor is sometimes given to steak by placing it overnight in a bath of oil and vinegar. In the morning it is wiped before the broiling, but enough of the mixture has been absorbed to give it a decided flavor.

If in making split pea soup a teacupful of whipped cream is put in the tureen just as the soup is poured over, the improvement in flavor of the soup will be noticeable. This puree has sometimes a flat, even watery taste that is not at all agreeable, which the whipped cream entirely removes.

General Grant's Name.

A number of years ago a son was born to a colored woman in the south, and as he was her first she looked upon him with pride and was much at a loss to find a name for him. Relatives and friends, including her mistress, were appealed to; but, although many names were suggested, all were discarded.

After many days of deliberation she said one morning to her mistress: "Miss Mary, I've found a name for my boy. I'm going to name him 'Delicious.'"

"Why," said the lady, "where did you get that name?"

"Oh," she cried, "I'm going to call him that 'cause I want to name him for Mr. Grant."

When it was explained to her that the great hero was named Ulisses and not Delicious, she was somewhat disturbed in mind, but Ulisses did not please her, so the boy had to begin life burdened with the name Egbert Eugene.—Detroit Free Press.

William Wirt's Reformation.

William Wirt, the great lawyer, attorney general of the United States and prosecutor of Aaron Burr when he was tried for treason, was stupefied and made sensuous by liquor. At times he lost all self control and fell respect. On one occasion while drunk he fell in the streets of Richmond. While lying there asleep Miss G., the most beautiful woman in the city, to whom he was betrothed, came along, saw him and placed her handkerchief on which was her name, over his face. He awoke, saw the name, learned the incident, and it reformed him.—Beverages.

Self Help in Case of Fire.

As a house is never attacked by fire at the top and bottom at once, if there is a safe and ready exit at both top and bottom very little danger to life is to be feared. It is important that all exits should be so known as to be easily found by day or night by every inmate of the house. If the clothes you have on catch fire, a blanket, rug or some such woollen article should be quickly and tightly wrapped around you. Air is thus excluded, and the fire goes out.

A small fire in a room can often be put out in the same way in preference to pouring water on it. In case of fire keep all doors shut as far as possible. If a room is full of smoke, keep low or crawl, because smoke and hot air both rise, leaving the floor comparatively clear.

Contrary.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I want you to promise that you will not lose any more money on horse races."

"I won't bet a cent."

"Now, that's just sheer contrariness. You know if you don't bet you can't win."—Washington Star.

Get to the Point.

The quality of directness is characteristic of all men of great executive ability, because they value time too much to squander it in useless and meaningless conversation. It is an indispensable quality of the leader or manager of all large enterprises.