BANDON RECORDER.

The Chinese Bride Wears Red.

Red is the nuptial color in China. The coolies that carry the bride in her litter are dressed in red, and they bear a dwarf orange tree loaded with fruit and coin. The bride's compartments are finished in red trimmings, presents are carried on red trays, the banners borne in the procession are originally crimson, which are brightened by the rosy glow of the lanterns. Red umbrellas are carried, and illuminated signs blaze in color. The canopy itself is decorated according to the wealth and the taste of the bride's family. A poor woman is carried to her wedding feast in a plain chair painted red. If the family has wealth or rank, the palanquin is very ornate, decorated with dragon heads. The Chinese skill in working silk or gold cord is displayed in an artistic manner. When the bride appears, she wears a red veil, and the letters to her ancestors, whose blessing is invoked, are written on red paper. The bride generally wears a crown adorned with tinsel and mock jewels, an idea which is much more prevalent in Sweden.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Military Order In Emergency.

Captain Verne M. Bouvie, who raised and commanded a company in an Ohio regiment in the Spanish-American war, told of a very unusual order he heard given by an officer of a Missouri regiment at Camp Meade.

"The Missourian's company was coming down a muddy road," said Captain Bouvie, "and presently they came to a place where only two abreast could pass. The company was in a column of fours, and the problem of getting them past puzzled their commander completely. The correct order was 'Right, by twos.' After some hesitation he shouted peremptorily:

"'Gee round that puddle!'

"The company had evidently been better drilled than their commander, for they broke into a column of twos. When they had passed the water, I listened eagerly for the next command. After some delay the officer shouted sharply:

"'Twos inter fours, right smart; git!'"

Electric Shocks.

It is generally supposed that electric shocks at 500 volts will invariably prove fatal, but that such is not the case was proved the other day by a member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, who stated that even with wetted boots he had stood on the rails of the City and South London railway, sat on the live conductor and slapped the running rails with bare hands. He further said that, provided the day were dry and the skin not moist, it was quite safe for the average person to handle live wires. One man fell on a cable carrying a current of 5,000 volts and escaped with only a few burns. Another man was rendered unconscious by a two thousand volt current, but was soon restored unhurt. A one hundred volt current has been known to cause death, but such a case is quite a rare occurrence.—London Globe.

Decidedly Unreasonable.

Clara—Men are the most impatient creatures. Harry knows that I have an offer from Mr. Oldchap, who is just rolling in wealth, yet Harry is just as unreasonable and babyish as if he thought I really cared for that old gray-head. Harry is so ugly about it that he won't do me the smallest favor.

Mother—What did you ask Harry to do?

Clara—I merely asked him to wait and be my second husband.—New York Weekly.

He Knew It.

He was being gently chaffed about his stammering. He took the badinage with customary good nature.

"T-t-that's r-right, b-b-b-boys!" he smiled. "I'm a s-s-stammerer all right. Wh-wh-why! Wh-when I w-w-w-wa— When I w-ant vinegar for m-my s-s-s-salad, I c-c-call for s-s-sweet cider, and it's v-vinegar b-b-by the ti-time I g-g-get it!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Long Dinner.

During the hard drinking days in Scotland a country friend, calling at the door of Lord Hermand's house in Edinburgh at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, was informed by the servant that the judge was at dinner.

"But I thought his lordship did not dine till 5 o'clock."

"No more he does," said the servant, "but this is yesterday's dinner!"

Forethought.

"Why, I didn't know you had weak eyes, Mortimer!" exclaimed his very best girl.

"I haven't," returned Mortimer earnestly. "I have come to ask your father for your hand tonight, and it is a state prison offense to strike a person wearing glasses in the eye."—Brooklyn Eagle.

No Taste For Mathematics.

"How many times did you vote in the recent election?"

The prisoner was silent.

"Answer the question! How many times did you vote?"

"Marse Tom," pleaded the prisoner, addressing the judge, "ain't you know me long enough ter know dat I don't know nuttin' 'tall 'bout 'rithmetics?"—Atlanta Constitution.

How Japanese Sleep.

The Japanese never sleep with the head to the north. This is because the dead in Japan are always buried with the head in that position. In the sleeping rooms of many of the private houses and of hotels a diagram of the points of the compass is posted upon the ceiling for the convenience of guests.

Halifax leads all Atlantic ports in the shipment of apples to Europe this season. The figures show that the Furness, Allan and Donaldson lines of steamers have carried since the gathering of the fruit crop a total of 187,555 barrels of apples. In addition many shipments were sent via St. John, Montreal and Boston, so that the total shipments from Nova Scotia this year will exceed 200,000 barrels.

POLLY LARKIN

Helping others along life's pathway is the keynote to genuine happiness. We are never more satisfied or cheerful in this work-a-day world than when we feel or are conscious of having extended a helping hand, spoken the encouraging word at the right time or helped to make a life clouded with grief or shadowed by misfortune brighter and more hopeful. Some times we see through a glass darkly, our thoughts are troubled and we are completely at sea as to what our next step shall be. We query as to whether it would be best to follow out our first impulse or whether sober second thought is best. We must hand over an article for the typo. What shall it be? What shall we write about, for all our thoughts have gone aglimmering? We are open to suggestions, but no one seems to thinks it worth while to give the suggestion that would make the way open for a clearer vision and would unravel the thoughts that are pent up and refuse to come at your bidding. Then comes a friend who has not forgotten you, one of those wholesouled, beautiful characters whose greatest pleasure is in doing for others.

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Polly has just such a friend, and she believes in speaking all the good words, doing all the little kindly acts and giving unstinted praise to her friends and others while they are with us and can appreciate the good words instead of waiting until death has claimed them and then breaking the little alabaster box filled to overflowing with the memory of the good deeds they have wrought here, the beauty of their character in every-day life, their mercy and compassion for others, etc. How memory can unfold its scroll and the good words which would have fallen like so many pearls to the quiet sleeper had they been uttered before death rang down the curtain and would have encouraged them, are now but a hollow mockery. The alabaster box is filled with bitterness to the friends who loved the one who is gone. Close it up; they wonder if you have known all this in the past why you did not speak before when it would have brought the light of happiness into the eyes that have closed in their long sleep. Too late. What good is your alabaster box? Why didn't you reveal the treasures it held? The one to whom they belonged you have defrauded. You failed to give them their due in time. Oh, the misfortune of it. Why are we so prone to keep the kind, loving and encouraging words to ourselves instead of bestowing them on our friends when we have them with us? Why is it that when they are gone hence and the seal of death has been placed upon their lips that we can think of so many beautiful things, and the best of it is that they are true. Everyone's memory contains this little alabaster box, and they should make it one of the rules of life to see that the key is never lost, but that it is ready at all times to give forth its gems of goodwill, admiration and appreciation. There need be no fear of its ever being depleted or left empty. It is one of those things in life that is like a clear sparkling spring pouring its crystal waters from the fern-clad crevice in the rock yet never giving forth less. The supply is unfailing.

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Well, to make a long story short, this dear little friend of Polly's is one of those who never lock the alabaster box of her heart. The good deeds, the kind acts, the encouraging words, come so fast that she would never be able to keep them pent up. The other day here she came with a bundle of ideas and sentiments and a score of different articles that were filled with golden words. How interesting they were and what a help when the brain gets cloudy, as it is sure to do sometimes and the thoughts are afar off and refuse to come back at my bidding. There were hints galore to bring my truant mind back to the place of duty. Her friends love her, for she does so many gracious little acts with a modesty that is rare and she is a stranger to all the little vices under the category of malice, enviousness and a score of other vices that take up their abode in many a person's breast. Wherever she goes she carries sunshine with her and is welcome both at home and abroad.

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You hear so frequently that bananas are among the most indigestible of our fruits. They should be eateu sparingly by the most healthy, and by children and invalids with delicate stomachs not at all. "That is an old-fashioned notion, Polly," said one of our physicians recently. "I believe the much denounced banana is one of the finest and most healthy fruits we have. I had a patient who went to specialists in San Francisco and she was informed that she had peritonitis and only an operation would save her. She dreaded the operating table, as nearly everybody else does, and finally came to me for advice before submitting to the operation. I took her case and put her on a diet of nothing but bananas and water. No tea or coffee, chocolate or cocoa or even milk. The first day she ate several bananas, and before the week was out she ate thirty-six bananas in one day. They were not your little, scrubby, green ones, either, but big, ripe, luscious bananas. One would be considered a meal by most persons. She could have all the hot or cold water she wanted to drink, and she indulged freely in this beverage, which neither intoxicates nor leaves you with a dark brown taste in your mouth in the morning. She stayed at the sanitarium three weeks and went home a well woman. She was never better in her life, and she owes it all to her diet of bananas. I have bananas in quantities on hand all the time, and I insist on my patients, particularly if they are suffering with any stomach trouble, in eating them freely. The more the better. Many don't care for them at all at first, but they soon grow to be very fond of them. Children nearly always crave them, and they can have all they want when I am around." This little banana story of the physician's is no fairy tale, for Polly happens to know the patient who dined off of thirty-six bananas a day.

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I have only space to answer one letter from the query box this week. "Constance" says she is known among her family and friends as a "crank." She says she knows she is queer and odd in her ways, but she cannot help it, that it has been natural from her childhood. She has not tried to cultivate it, for it is a source of great grief and annoyance to her. What can she do to make herself less objectionable to her friends."

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I had you in mind, "Constance," when I told you of the friend with the alabaster box filled with love and goodwill for others and no thought of self, in the first part of this article. Say you are "eccentric" rather than a "crank," for that is a hard word to bestow on oneself or friends. It is calculated to warp the very sweetness out of the essence of life. No one likes to be called a "crank." We are all eccentric in one way or another, no one is exempt, so you do not stand alone in that. Now try filling the little alabaster box in your heart with love and goodwill for one and all and see if you do not gain the desired result.

BRIEF REVIEW.

A City Fuel Oil Pipe System.

Delivering fuel oil to houses and factories just as gas and water are delivered now, through pipe systems, is one of the schemes which is said to have been promoted by the latest oil discoveries in the United States. According to report, a purchase offer has been made for one of the city water works with the view of closing it for water purposes and reopening it for the oil business. The present reservoir, which will hold about 20,000,000 gallons, is to be converted into an oil tank, and the mains are to be used for carrying the oil at a minimum cost to consumers. It would only be necessary to turn on the water cock to get as much oil as a consumer needed, and a meter would keep account of the amount supplied, thus affording, it is thought, the most perfect system of fuel oil distribution in the world. The oil would be pumped from one of the oil fields to the reservoir, and from this, from natural pressure, without pumping, it would be distributed to all points of consumption in the city. With the reported money interests backing the project, this would seem to be entitled to rather more than passing interest.

Where English Clubs Differ.

A point which strikes American visitors to London about English clubs is the social aspect of them and the almost complete absence of the business side. At the Manhattan or the Knickerbocker, on the other hand, the business side prevails. The majority of members do not drop in merely to read the papers, hear the latest story and play billiards or bridge, as over here. They go in most cases to meet a man about "a deal," to talk over the business of the day and discuss the business of the morrow, or to read up the finance of the papers. The result is that when an American becomes a member of an English club he hardly ever uses it, because its ways do not appeal to him. He would say that there was nothing going on.

First Woman Doctor of Laws.

Miss E. Temple Orme has become the first woman LL. D. of London University. Miss Orme's success is all the more remarkable inasmuch as she did not prepare for the examination in the usual manner. She took up the study of law by correspondence, and in this manner went through the entire course, from jurisprudence to international law. Miss Orme is anxious that her example should be followed by other girls, and that a greater interest be manifested in legal studies. "If women entered seriously into the study of law," she says, "no doubt the legal profession would in time be opened to them just as medicine has been.

Famous Malin Horseradish.

The little town of Malin, in Bohemia, produces the finest horseradish in the world. Malin horseradish is known all over Europe, and one of the Department of Agriculture at Washington has been successful in obtaining a large number of cuttings of the best variety of this famous plant, which are to be distributed among the growers of this country.

Every horse in the British army is numbered and has a little history kept for it all to itself. The number is branded upon the animal's hind feet—the thousands on the near hind foot and the units, tens and hundreds on the off hind foot.

The greatest bay in the world is that of Bengal. Measured in a straight line from the two inclosing peninsulas its extent is about 420,000 square miles.

After one woman has convinced a man that she would die for him he begins to look vaguely around to see if there are any more.

Man was made to mourn, but probably it was never intended that he should spend so much of his time at it.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Photograph Led to Cabinet.

It is an interesting fact that a photograph of Colonel Lamont on Mr. Cleveland's mantelpiece in New York led to the selection of that gentleman as secretary of war in Cleveland's second administration, says the Washington Post.

As the story goes, Senator Gorman was summoned from Washington to New York to confer with Mr. Cleveland after the latter's election. In the course of the conversation Mr. Cleveland asked Mr. Gorman to make some suggestions as to cabinet officers. Mr. Gorman naturally demurred. "I was against your nomination," he said to Mr. Cleveland, "and so I think that you ought to consult with the men who stood by you. I certainly have no one to recommend."

The conversation drifted to other topics, but after awhile Mr. Cleveland came back to the cabinet places. Mr. Gorman was then walking up and down the room. It was 2 o'clock in the morning.

"If I was to be president of the United States," said Mr. Gorman finally, "I would put that man in my cabinet." As he spoke Mr. Gorman pointed to the picture of Colonel Lamont which was on the mantelpiece.

Mr. Cleveland laughed. "I never thought of that," he said. As Mr. Gorman insisted it would be a wise choice Mr. Cleveland smiled.

Two days afterward Colonel Lamont was offered and accepted the portfolio of the war department.

He Won the Governor.

Here is a brand new story about the bluff and hearty ex-Governor Hogg of Texas. The ex-governor is one of the new millionaires of the Beaumont oil field. He made early investments there and has reaped a rich harvest. At the hotel at Beaumont his particular waiter was one George, a sable skinned gentleman of numerous accomplishments.

"I'ZE YOUH WAITAH NOW, SAH."

George is a model waiter. The governor valued him highly. Each day at dinner George received from the governor his tip, $1. George reveled in wealth. He was the envied of all the other waiters. He was the happy possessor of a "good thing."

One day when the governor entered the dining room a strange darky stood behind his chair. "Where's George?" asked the governor brusquely. The new waiter bowed low. "I'ze youh waitah now, sah," he said softly. "But where's George?" again asked the governor. Again his new retainer assured him, "I'ze youh waitah now." The governor looked up from his newspaper sharply. He was somewhat mystified and with increasing emphasis demanded to know where George was, anyhow.

"Well, you see, sah," began the newcomer with some hesitation, "Gawge and I was out las' night playing craps. Gawge went broke. I won his pile. Then"—here his voice dropped lower and his manner was confidential—"he put you up ag'in $3, and I won. So I'ze youh waitah."

Not So Bad.

Senator Mark Hanna and a friend were talking of the chances for a fight on the bill granting relief to Cuba when that measure reached the senate. The friend was doubtful of the outcome of the fight.

"You know," he said, "that Senator Burrows of Michigan is against the bill."

"Yes, I heard so," responded Mr. Hanna.

"He says he will fight it to the last second," continued the doleful friend.

"He does, eh?" queried Hanna musingly.

"Yes, to the last second."

"Well, that is not so bad," said Hanna. "Burrows is a great fighter, and he probably will fight this bill to the last second, but no longer."

Solemn, but He Smoked.

Not long ago a bishop of stately mien and sanctimonious expression went to a small country town in England to lecture, arriving early in the afternoon and being at once spotted by the inhabitants as something particularly great and saintly. He went into a chemist's shop and in a tone that froze the young blood of the assistant said, "Young man, do you smoke?" "Y-yes, sir," replied the trembling youth. "I'm sorry. But I learned the habit young, and I haven't been able to get rid of it yet." "Then," said the great divine, without the movement of a muscle or the abatement of one shade of the awful solemnity of his voice, "you can tell me where I can get a good cigar."

His Position In Politics.

"He's going in for politics. Wouldn't he make a splendid diplomat, though?"

"What? Why, he's a deaf mute."

"Exactly. Just think how easy it would be for him to be absolutely dumb when it was expedient."

"Yes, but then he could never talk without showing his hand."—Philadelphia Record.

When a sick man notices that his wife curls her hair only just before the doctor comes, he is not sick enough to be dangerous.—Atchison Globe.

TOADS IN FOLKLORE.

Sicilian Superstition Concerning the Ugly Little Creatures.

The toad has a prominent place in folklore. We find the ugly little creature distinguished in popular tradition, and that in its most permanent province, in local worship and belief. The survival is so strange in itself and so well fitted to illustrate the primitive character of fairy mythology that it may be accorded particular attention.

According to the statements of Dr. G. Pitre, contained in his excellent account of Sicilian tradition, the faith of that island still recognizes supernatural beings known as donne di fuora (ladies from abroad), also entitled patronesses of the house, who have attributes in common with the fairies of England. Like the latter, during the nighttime they enter houses, where they expect to find everything in order. Among mortals they have their favorites and enemies. Fortune is considered to result from their kindness, sickness and poverty from their persecution.

It is a peculiar feature of their habits that they visit the domicile not on any evening indifferently, but only on Thursday, making their entrance by the keyhole or by cracks of doors. If day surprises them before they leave the cottage, they change into toads and in this state remain until the following eve, when they are once more at liberty to resume their proper shape of beautiful women. During the interval the toad is sacred, because it is impossible to be sure that any particular one may not in reality be the lady of the house.

Legends abound in which is related the reward or punishment consequent upon the good or ill treatment of a Friday toad. On this day, therefore, the usually unpopular animal is safe from abuse and secure of attention, more especially if it chance to belong to a species possessing a particular arrangement of the cuticle reminiscent of a lady's head of hair. Any person who occupies himself with folklore becomes accustomed to remarkable survivals, yet it does excite astonishment to find so perfect an illustration of prehistoric thought in central Europe of the twentieth century.—International Monthly.

Lack of Tact.

There are many very good people, people of irreproachable character, who are never liked because of their want of tact. They are hospitable and like to entertain, but they ask known enemies to a little family dinner. They expose all their little household economies to their guests. They never "spoil a story for relation's sake." If guests are of different religions or politics, they introduce the subjects and give most decided views which do not convince and only irritate. A lady is told that her hat is unbecoming or a man that he made a bad speech. They never have any appreciation of the fitness of things.

Tact is of great importance if one would be agreeable or retain friends. A man without tact can never exert a strong influence. He can never become a great leader. Tact is needed in every calling in life.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Long Island Peculiarities.

The class in geography in one of the Brooklyn schools was being examined the other day when the teacher asked:

"What are some of the natural peculiarities of Long Island?"

The pupils indulged in some heavy thinking, but none responded. Suddenly a fat boy with a red face who had been shifting uneasily about in his seat received an inspiration.

"I know," he exclaimed, raising his hand.

"Well, what are they?" encouraged the teacher.

"Why," said the fat boy, with a triumphant look around, "on the south side you see the sea and on the north side you hear the sound."

He was moved up to the head of the class on general principles.—New York Times.

No Place For Kings.

An American battleship once had a visit from the king of Italy. The gorgeous apparel of the king and his suit, splendid in gold lace and decorations, filled the sailors with awe. During the inspection one of the magnificent members of the suit stepped backward and disappeared. No one missed him, and there were no witnesses to his misadventure save a weather beaten tar, who leaned against the rail with a grin of huge enjoyment on his face. At last he went up to the officer of the deck and said, as he jerked his thumb over his shoulder, "One of them kings fell down the hatch, sir."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Queer.

"Life insurance people are queer," observed the man with the incandescent beard.

"Are they?" asked the man who is introduced at this point for the purpose of leading up to the next line.

"Yes. First they convince you that you may die within a week in order to get you to apply for a policy, and then they must convince themselves that you will live a hundred years before they will issue it."—Baltimore American.

The Small Boy's Plan.

"Willie," she said, "if you eat any more of those preserves I'll give you a whipping."

"You wouldn't whip a sick boy, would you?" he asked pathetically.

"Of course not."

"Then I'll eat enough to make me sick."—Chicago Post.

If a boy is perfectly healthy and normal, a quart of raisins which he is given to stone will dwindle to a half pint before he is through.—Atchison Globe.

Uncle William was visiting his married niece in the city. At luncheon one of the courses consisted of chicken croquettes, the contents of which were doubly disguised in "green things." Uncle William dug into one and took a mouthful. His comment was: "Gosh! Hash!"

Ex-soldiers will in future be employed as clerks in all departments of the British war office. Preference will be given to such as possess first class certificates of education or have been invalided from active service by wounds or sickness.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

Gardenias are the fashionable flower of the season in New York.

The highest mountain peak in Colorado is Sierra Blanca, which is 14,483 feet high.

The ivory market shows signs of a steady decrease, and the extinction of the supply is feared.

France annually produces about 143,299,000 pounds of chocolate and bonbons in about equal quantities.

The picking of the raisin and strawberry crops in California is almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese.

Lawton, Okla., six months old, has 7,000 inhabitants, 188 lawyers, 45 saloons, 27 gambling dens and 4 schools.

Mosquitoes are fond of anything blue. That is a scientific discovery that is furnishing an argument for changing the color of the United States army shirt.

Farthing breakfasts, consisting of coffee, bread and butter and jam, are now being provided by the Salvation Army for poor children in Newcastle, England.

T. L. Carter, one of Mosby's men, has his name on the monument in honor of dead Confederates at Front Royal. He is now postmaster at Orange Court House, Va.

British fruit growers are adopting the idea of covering their crops with paper sheets during the cold nights. A small outlay in labor and paper results in considerable saving in the long run.

In the work of restoring the Ara Coeli church at Rome the famous mural frescoes of Pinturicchio have been completely ruined, several large nails having been driven into them.

Before long it is probable that the dogs as well as the daughters of rich and fashionable folk may be sent to Paris to finish off their education. A school for dogs has been established in that city.

Systematic inquiries into the present condition of bird life in Missouri bring to light the surprising discovery that within the last fifteen years insectivorous birds have decreased 62 per cent and game birds 80 per cent.

All British military convicts who have been sentenced to penal servitude for sleeping at their posts have had their sentences commuted to lighter ones. These military offenses are now being met by lighter sentences.

The vegetarian novelties in hats and bonnets in London include the substitution of the rosy red tomato and the flower of the French bean for the wing and other animal decorations now commonly used on ladies' headgear.

An Essex (England) clergyman, experiencing a difficulty in obtaining the services of a bell ringer, has evolved a device whereby, with the aid of the electric current, he rings his own bells by pressing buttons in the vestry.

Some of the out and out New York chappies have taken to wearing the monocle, which at present is in greater favor than ever among London dandies. Eastern opticians notice an appreciable increase in the demand for single glasses.

The Bank of Netherlands is now lending $5,000,000 less than it did a year ago, the Bank of Italy $6,650,000 less, the Austro-Hungarian bank $17,450,000 less, the Imperial German bank $16,450,000 less and the Bank of Spain $25,000,000 less.

The Four Hours' Sleep society is the latest thing in associations, and it is Chicago bred. The members argue that more than four hours' sleep is unnecessary, and they pledge themselves not to have more and to bring up their children on the same plan.

Chinese spades from British horseshoes sounds like an absurd statement, but the fact is that shiploads of old horseshoes leave London for China. All these come back to London in the form of spades, having been so transformed by the ingenious natives.

Dr. V. G. Simkovitch, who has charge of the literary treasures of Columbia university, has purchased for the library an early Italian manuscript of great value, containing the epistles of St. Jerome, believed to have been made during the ninth century.

An electric street car system has been in operation in Liverpool for some years. Now a movement has been started to do away with it. Petitions, signed by nearly all the influential people of the city, have been filed with the municipal authorities asking that the system be abolished.

The Gold Coast government is endeavoring to win volunteers for its Maxim gun detachments. As a big inducement it has offered to give any member a military funeral, a distinction greatly coveted by the natives. Practically the offer is, "Join the detachment and we'll bury you."

Krupp, the great manufacturer of cannon, has lately completed a number of paper fieldpieces for the use of the German infantry. Their caliber is a little less than two inches, and the pieces are so light that one soldier can easily carry one, but the resistance is greater than that of a fieldpiece of steel of the same caliber.

Professor Goldberg has discovered in western Norway a viking tomb containing the remains of a woman, a complete set of arms and the skeleton of a horse, which has excited intense interest in the learned world and is pronounced the first discovery of its kind, notwithstanding that the old sages speak often of women warriors.

The Frenchman's weakness for government situations is shown by the fact that for twenty vacant posts as office guardians, caretakers, porters, etc., at the prefecture de la Seine there were no fewer than 7,000 applications, and 35,800 applications were received for 320 vacancies among the office sweepers. All these candidates were recommended by municipal councilors, deputies, senators and even ministers.

Office of the Lungs.

"What is the office of the lungs?" a teacher asked a small pupil in a class in physiology.

"The chest," she promptly replied.

"And," said the teacher, telling the story, "I guess she was somewhat near right, for the lungs certainly do business in the chest."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A farmer near Urbana, N. Y., found eighty mice which had made nests in the fleece of his sheep. The sheep did not seem to mind the intruders.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Some Remarkable Soldiers.

The most remarkable body of soldiers in the world is Company C, Third regiment, the national guards of Minnesota, stationed at Duluth. Every member of this fine company is thoroughly familiar with the military drills of every nation and could fall into the ranks and fill all the requirements of a well drilled and disciplined soldier of any land.

When the company was stationed at Chattanooga during the Spanish-American war, it gained the well earned reputation of being the best drilled company of all the 70,000 troops in camp. Since then the company has taken up the drills of other nations, both ancient and modern, and has become marvelously expert. All the various drills of the company are held in the uniforms of the soldiers of the country which the troops are supposed to represent, and to make these costumes historically correct the company has expended over $3,000. Lieutenant C. Josten is the originator of the scheme, and he deserves great credit for the admirable manner in which he has disciplined his men.

Each military number is preceded by a bugler and a standard bearer carrying the flag or standard of the nation represented and blowing the bugle call of the different nations as they fall in line. The costumes—they can hardly be called uniforms—of many are rich silk and satin handsomely embroidered.—Strand.

German Army Methods.

At Oldenburg the corporals recently were ordered by their officer to throw themselves upon the ground and to eat grass like cattle. Moreover, the men obeyed. This extraordinary fact was disclosed in the German reichstag, together with others equally remarkable, which show the methods adopted by our German friends who are so horrified at "our methods of barbarism."

Another officer, at Breslau this time, tore the buttons off a private's coat on a Sunday morning not long ago. Next the officer made the man stand nearly naked while he was beaten over the head with his trousers. His clothes were then ripped into pieces so that he could have the opportunity of resewing them. When this latter was done, the clothes were again cut, and the man had to sew them up a second time.

A private in one of the rifle battalions who appeared unshaven was taught a courteous lesson by his officer. "This gentleman exclaimed, "You pig, I'll shave you," and proceeded to tear out the hair with a penknife. Another officer who came up at the time thought the lesson too mild, so he lighted a match and held it flaming under the man's chin and cheeks.—Pearson's Weekly.

Pingpong Punch.

Pingpong punch, says the Philadelphia Record, is the very newest thing in soda water fountain concoctions. It has been introduced in one of Chestnut street's big soft drink emporiums and is already popular. Speaking of this alliterative beverage the other day, the white coated young man behind the counter said: "The pingpong punch was bound to come sooner or later, so we took time by the forelock and stole a march on our rivals. It's the name that counts, you know. The ingredients? Well, they consist of the juice of a lemon, a dash of bitters, a glass of apple cider, a fresh egg and a spoonful of powdered sugar. That is well shaken, poured into a tall glass and filled up with sparkling soda from the fountain. It has caught on immediately, but anything with a name like that would."

A Lesson In Economy.

A sound if laughing lesson in the little economies of life is conveyed by a recent French comedy, of which Emile Faguet gives an account, with a few extracts, in the Journal des Debats. A certain private secretary was in the habit of getting small tips as doorkeeper. He was asked as to his total income.

"Well, I get 150 francs a month as secretary."

"But how much do you make out of your work as doorkeeper?"

"Oh, 10 sous a day on the average."

"Only so little?"

"But, you see, one can live very well in Paris on 10 sous a day. It is only the 150 francs a month on which you cannot live!"

It Sobered Him.

The village of Waverly, W. Va., uses an empty ten foot oil tank as a lockup for the occasional drunk and disorderly person. One was hustled into it a day or two ago, and then the tank was rolled about by a crowd of villagers, while others beat violently upon it with clubs. Two hours later the unhappy prisoner was released, much bruised and quite sober.

Hoodooed by Kipling.

In "Captains Courageous" Kipling mentioned by name about twenty vessels of the fishing fleet at Gloucester. Since the publication of the volume every one of the twenty has gone down, and the fishing folk say that the vessels were hoodooed. The last of the ill fated boats—the Amy Knight and the Prince Lebo—were sunk in recent big storms.

Why They Didn't Laugh.

A breach of promise case was being tried in Savannah, Mo., a few days ago, and some rather "gushy" letters were about to be read. Judge Burns showed some intimate knowledge of feminine nature by announcing beforehand that if any woman laughed aloud he would fine her "the price of a new hat." Not a single laugh was heard.

Congress Waters.

United States senators are supplied with bottled mineral waters at government expense. Nearly every committee room has something like a bar attachment. It is usually in one corner, behind a screen and next to the washbowl. The bottles of fizz water are supplied by colored messengers, who bring them in buckets of ice, like champagne. The excuse for the expense is the poor quality of the Potomac water. After a rain it is dark brown in color and impregnated with soil.