

BANDON RECORDER.

When the Worm Turned.

In a little town there dwells a man of exceedingly shiftless disposition, and recently he got his "come-uppance." His wife had borne with his shiftlessness for some years. Sometimes she scolded him sharply, but it had no effect. So long as he could shuffle down to the village store and gossip with other ne'er do wells in the town he did not care for a sharp tongue.

"He never worked, and the wife supported her husband and did the housework, cooking good meals for his laziness to greedily devour. One day he had a chance to work and did not take it. His wife heard about it and gave him a piece of her mind, but he received it as stolidly as ever. He went down to the store that morning, as usual, as placid and as self-satisfied as ever.

When he returned at noon, a strange sight greeted his eyes. The house was empty, bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. He went into the bedrooms, beds, bureaus, all the furniture, the curtains, everything had been removed. It was the same bareness down stairs. He crept into the kitchen, hoping that there at least he might find something comfortable. Here, too, emptiness greeted him, but directly in the center of the floor was a little white mug, and on it in gilt letters were the words, "Think of me."

Why Americans Think Queeker.

The American people can think quicker and more to the point than any other people in the world. This statement was made recently in a New York newspaper, but the reason given was wide of the mark. The American people read in the aggregate ten times more than any other people. The American boy gets his inspiration, his energetic disposition, his ambition, his keen snapshot judgment and his quick wit largely from his reading, and very largely from his newspaper reading. The police and culture and refinement and solidity come later in life from the reading of books and magazines, and from contact with men and things. It is the American newspaper which sets the initial pace. Push and pluck are contagious, and more germs are hatched in the average American newspaper office than anywhere else.—Booklovers' Bulletin.

Unimpressed.

"What kind of ducks are these?" asked the visitor in the ornithological department at the museum. "Labrador," said the attendant. "We paid \$1,000 for those two specimens." "Gosh!" exclaimed the visitor, turning to his wife. "He says they paid \$1,000 for 'em. I've bought finer ducks for half a dollar many a time. What have you got 'em in that glass case for?" he inquired, addressing the guide again.

"Because they are about the most notable exhibit we have. Those birds were shot in 1856. Labrador ducks are now extinct."

"He says," exclaimed the visitor, turning to his wife once more, "they put 'em in that glass case because they haven't a pleasant odor. And I don't wonder at it. They were shot in 1856."—Chicago Tribune.

Two Strong Reasons.

A certain Scotch minister in a west highland parish has never yet been known to permit a stranger to occupy his pulpit. Lately, however, an Edinburgh divinity student was spending a few days in the parish, and on the Saturday he called at the manse and asked the minister to be allowed to preach the following day.

"My dear young man," said the minister, laying a hand gently on the young man's shoulder, "gin I lat ye preach the morn and ye gie a better sermon than me my fowk wd never again be satisfied w' my preaching, and gin ye're nae a better preacher than me ye're no worth listening ta."

Giant Hawaiian Eels.

There are three well known varieties of eel found in Hawaiian waters. The largest is the big gray fellow, which so closely resembles his cousin, the conger. He is voracious and fearless, and the natives tackle him with caution, for when cornered he fights viciously and can inflict a nasty wound with his powerful jaws, which bristle with needlelike teeth.

The other species are fat, flabby looking customers, with fantastic markings of black and brown and many shades of gray. On an eel of this sort the skin appears to hang loose from the body, and when disturbed the head swells like a puff adder's. These eels seldom attain a greater length than three feet and love to locate in the crevices of a stone breakwater, from which they dart out incessantly and make havoc among any school of small fry which may be innocently depending themselves within striking distance. These hooded eels have been known to haunt a particular spot for over a year. They are good eating, despite their unprepossessing appearance.

Primitive Fire Fighters.

As late as the end of the sixteenth century in London the sole method of extinguishing fires was by means of contrivances known as "hand squirts." These were usually made of brass, with a carrying capacity ranging from two to four quarts of water. The two quart "squirts" were two and a half feet in length, one and a half inches in diameter at their largest part and but half an inch at the nozzle. On each side were handles, and three men were required to manipulate a "squirt."

One man on each side grasped the handle in one hand and the nozzle in the other, while the third man worked the piston or plunger, drawing it out while the nozzle was immersed in a supply of water which filled the cylinder. The handles then elevated the nozzle when the other pushed in the plunger, the skill of the former being employed in directing the stream of water upon the fire. Such primitive contrivances are said to have been used during the great fire of 1666.

Text Continued.
The beggar doesn't have to be weighed in the balance to be found wanting.—Philadelphia Record.

Among the few great joys of life is staying in bed fifteen minutes after we know we ought to get up.

POLLY LARKIN

"What was the key to your success in life?" asked a young man of a successful business man recently. "Working for my employer as though I was working for myself," was the prompt reply. "You see," he continued, "I didn't have much of a chance when I was a boy; no schooling to speak of, for my father was a farmer and always had bad luck. Born under an unlucky star, I suppose, for he was energetic and hopeful to a degree that was pitiful. Year after year crops failed or there was a drought. Finally he went to town one day and came back with papers for my mother to sign. It was a mortgage on the old home. That was the first time I had ever seen his face shadowed by doubts, fear and sorrow. He and my mother went into the house together, and when he came out from the quiet little interview he looked as if he had been through a spell of sickness and almost ten years older. I could see my mother had been crying. They had fought against that mortgage for years, but the blow had finally fallen. Things went from bad to worse. I had to leave school to take a man's place on the old farm. There was another heartache for my parents, for they had counted on giving me at least a common school education. Then the old house that had sheltered us since my earliest recollections—in fact, my father brought my mother home there as a bride—burned down and all our household effects with it. We had to make our escape in our night clothes. There wasn't a dime of insurance on the house or contents. That was the last straw. My mother died and my father lost all ambition. His heart was broken when my mother died. The little star of hope that had floated just before him all his life vanished, and he became despondent and morose. We had not even been able to keep up the interest on the place, and when the time came that the mortgage had eaten up the home we stepped down and out."

"My father had to go to work on a farm as a common laborer. His pride was humbled to the dust, for he had started out with such brilliant prospects in his young manhood, and now when his hair was silvered by old Father Time he must surrender the work of his life—his home—to strangers and work as a hired man for someone else. Failure was written on his life's work. You have no idea, unless you knew my father, how humiliating that was. Night after night I buried my face in my pillow and gave vent to my feelings in a storm of tears as I thought of him, gray-haired and alone out on the lonely farm working as common hired help, everything congenial swept out of his life, and I was helpless, working for a pittance in a big commission house and among strangers. How I longed to make strides in my position that would warrant me in bringing my old gray-haired father to the city and make a home for him in his old age. That was always before me as I worked."

Sure Death in Bamboo Hairs.

The young shoots of the bamboo are covered with a number of very fine hairs that are seen, under the microscope, to be hollow and spiked like a bayonet. The Detroit Free Press, in an article about the strange use they are put to, says: These hairs are commonly called bamboo poison by the white men resident in Java, for the reason that murder is very frequently committed through their agency. When a Javanese woman takes a fancy to a European, according to an official Dutch report, she will either have him or poison him if she gets the chance. She seeks any and every opportunity of mixing these infinitesimal hairs among his food, and they serve the purpose of irritating the whole length of the alimentary canal and setting up malignant dysentery. It may take a long time and many doses of this so-called poison to effect the purpose, but the venal woman does not tire and death will surely result. The male native will also try this method of revenge for an affront.

The Costliest City in The World.

Only one public official in the United States handles more money than the Controller of New York city, and that official is the Secretary of the Treasury. The government of greater New York costs more every year than the combined expenses of the government of half a dozen states. From the year's beginning to the end the Controller of the metropolis receives and distributes about 600,000,000—more than half a billion—dollars. Half of this is paid into the treasury through taxes and other sources of revenue, and half is paid out in the running expenses of the city, a large part of which is expended in salaries and wages of city officers and employees; for there are 400,000 persons on the city's pay roll—persons enough to make a very good-sized city in themselves.

Ice Water Fountains.

The Woman's Municipal League of New York city has arranged for the erection of free ice water fountains in the tenement house district the coming summer. At present only twenty-one ice water fountains supply the tenements where there is a population of 2,300,000. Those that the committee proposes to put up will be after the idea of the fountains of the Church Temperance Society. Coils of pipe connected with the Croton water supply and cooled by passing through a chest filled with ice is the simple arrangement. They are usually placed in the wall of some prominent building and are easily available. The cost of a fountain is \$125. The expense of the ice from May to October is \$100.

Nation in a Crater.

There is no more interesting or curious sight on earth than the interior of the extinct crater, Aso San, about thirty miles from the city of Kumamoto, in Japan. It is inhabited by 20,000 people, who live and prosper within its vertical wall, 800 feet high. The inhabitants rarely make a journey into the outer world, but form, as it were, a little nation by themselves.

Why He Rejected.

Daughter—Papa went off in great humor this morning.
Mother—My goodness! That reminds me I forgot to ask him for any money.—Tit-Bits.

Useless Expense.

Drug Clerk—We don't happen to have the drugs named in this prescription, but we have others just as good.
Customer—I suppose that's all right; but what a fool I was to pay the doctor \$3 for that prescription! That's what bothers me.—Boston Transcript.

Unfinished.

"If you kind of keep an eye on these self-made men," remarked Uncle Jerry Peckles, "you'll find that lots of 'em think the job's so well done it don't need any polish."—Chicago Tribune.

KNITTING IN PARLIAMENT.

Not So Many Years Ago Men Did the Knitting For Scotland.

Quite a thrill of surprise was caused by a Scottish member of parliament who was recently observed calmly knitting a stocking while waiting in the smoking room of the house of commons. At the present day the sight of a man plying the knitting needles is a novel one, though in the remotest parts of Scotland it is not at all uncommon. Less than half a century ago, however, the greater part of the stockings worn were knitted by the men folk, the women confining their attention more or less to spinning.

The shepherd starting out at the break of day to his duties on the hill would as soon have forgotten his lunch of oatmeal cakes and barley bannocks as his knitting needles and wool. As he trudged through the heather on his visit to each part of his wide scattered flock or directed from a convenient height the rounding up efforts of his faithful collie his tireless fingers plied their task.

Even the well to do farmer as he chatted with a friend of markets and "nowt" (cattle) could ill bear to see the minutes wasted, and the "click, click" of his needles bore witness to his diligence. Such industry seems strange to the present day mind, but what else had they to occupy their minds and time? Newspapers, as we know them now, there were absolutely none. Once a week, at least, a small local sheet would circulate among the well to do homes.

As for books, these were often limited to the Bible and "The Pilgrim's Progress." Of games there were but few, and for the most part these were not encouraged.—Home Chat.

A WAY OF ESCAPE.

Jakeway, the Widow Barstow and the Preacher's Test.
"Talking about widows," said the man with the story, "did I ever tell you about Jakeway and the Widow Barstow?"

Now, there hadn't been a word said about widows, but one of the party replied, "No, sir; you never did."
"Well," said the man with the story, "Jakeway was a character, one of those you read about. He'd lived alone for years. When he was a young man, he had been disappointed in love or something, and from that time he'd been sort of a regular woman hater, and the particular object of his dislike was the Widow Barstow, aggressive from her head to her heels. The very sight of her to old Jakeway was like the waving of a red flag to a bull.

"They used to go to the same church, but the ushers knew the situation well enough to put a goodly portion of the sanctuary between them. Unfortunately on one Sunday there was a new usher. The opening service was in progress, and Jakeway was in a pew by himself, well down toward the front, when down the aisle came the new usher with the widow talking along in his wake, and he handed her into Jakeway's pew.

"The old man gave one look at the figure rustled in; then he gathered up his umbrella, his hat, his handbag and his prayer book and cleared the back of the pew in front with the agility of a boy, and just as he landed on the front seat the preacher gave out his text.

"There hath no evil befallen you such as is common to man but God will with the temptation also make a way of escape."—New York Mail and Express.

The Table Napkin.

Curiously enough, an article now considered almost indispensable, the table napkin, was first used only by children and was adopted by elder members of the family about the middle of the fifteenth century. In etiquette books of an earlier date than this among other sage pieces of advice for children are instructions about wiping their fingers and lips with their napkins.

It seems that the tablecloth was long enough to reach the floor and served under people in place of napkins, when they did begin to use napkins, they placed them first on the shoulder, then on the left arm and finally tied them about the neck.

A Famous Compliment.

Of famous compliments paid to the fair sex the supply is so large and dazzling that it is a matter of no small difficulty to pick out the brightest gems, but if the following was overlooked for it certainly deserves a place among the best: Fontenelle when well wiled years old passed before Mme. Helvetius without perceiving her.
"Ah," said the lady, "that is your gallantry, then! To pass before me without ever looking at me!"
"If I had looked at you, madame," replied the old man, "I never could have passed you at all."

A Chance For Him.

"I am afraid," said the high browed bard, "that my poetry will never attract public attention."
"Cheer up!" said the loyal companion. "Maybe you'll get appointed to office one of these days, and then everybody will talk about your poetry."—Washington Star.

How to Be Happy.

Jinks—What do you consider the secret of happiness?
Winks—Make money enough to buy your wife everything she wants.—New York Weekly.

Useless Expense.

Drug Clerk—We don't happen to have the drugs named in this prescription, but we have others just as good.
Customer—I suppose that's all right; but what a fool I was to pay the doctor \$3 for that prescription! That's what bothers me.—Boston Transcript.

WHY NOSES POINT EAST.

A Theory Which is Plausible, but Rather Ridiculous.

Very few people's noses are set properly upon their faces. Any observant person who will go along the street and take notice of the nasal organs of the passerby may easily convince himself in a hundred, whether man or woman, is above criticism as to the arrangement of his or her nose.

One might think that nature is a little careless about this matter. When the nose turns off at an angle instead of assuming its just and proper attitude, it tends, at all events in extreme cases, to give a disordered effect to the features as a whole, but if nature really does not care which way a nose points there ought to be as many noses turned one way as are turned the other.

But is this the case? Not a bit of it. As you walk down the street look at the people as they go by, and you will discover that the noses of ninety-nine out of every hundred turn to the right. When once you have begun to notice this fact, it will constantly attract your attention. In truth, the objection to starting in upon a study of this kind is that you cannot get away from it afterward. It haunts you steadily and persistently. Whenever you meet a friend you look at his nose to make sure whether it turns to the right or not.

Now, the phenomenon being as described, what is the reason behind it? Why should nearly everybody's nose turn to the right rather than to the left? There seems to be only one way to account for it, and that is that almost everybody is right handed and uses his handkerchief correspondingly; so from infancy to old age the nose in the process of being blown and wiped is persistently tweaked to the right; hence as the infant passes through childhood and later youth—when the nasal organ is flexible and in process of formation, so to speak—it is obliged gradually but surely to assume an inclination eastward.

If this theory be correct, the noses of left handed persons ought to turn customarily to the left. Such, in fact, appears to be the case, but data on this interesting branch of the question are not sufficiently complete to afford a final conclusion.—Saturday Evening Post.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Athens show their Rose of Sharon flowers in August and September. In setting out a tree the previous season's growth should be shortened one-third to three-fourths, according to the roots.

The golden coreopsis and the feathery shoots of the garden asparagus make a beautiful and artistic combination in a simple vase.

Watercress is good when the leaves are large. The size of the leaves indicates the amount of tissue—strengthening chlorophyll—in them.

The safest rule in pruning is to keep watch on the young trees and cut out any branch that seems to need removal while it is yet small enough to yield to the knife.

Trees that grow large tops, such as elms, silver maples, lindens, etc., should be planted forty-five feet apart in order to allow each tree room for expansion and prevent too much shade.

Plants of sweet william must be purchased for a new garden, as those grown from seed soon in the spring will not blossom until the spring following. Once started, however, they will continue year after year.

Black Sea Peculiarities.

The Black sea differs in a most remarkable manner from other seas and oceans. A surface current flows continuously from the Black sea into the Mediterranean and an under current from the Mediterranean into the Black sea. The latter current is salt, and, being heavier than the fresh water above, it remains stagnant at the bottom. Being saturated with sulphuretted hydrogen, this water will not maintain life, and so the Black sea contains no living inhabitants below the depth of about 100 fathoms. The deeper water being brought to the surface smells exactly like rotten eggs.

Has Been.

An Englishman went into a restaurant in a New England town and was served for his first course with a delicacy unknown to him, so he asked the waiter what it was, and the waiter replied:

"It's bean soup, sir," whereupon the Englishman in high indignation responded:

"I don't care what it's been; I want to know what it is!"—Philadelphia Times.

A Bostonese Definition.

Teacher—Have you ever heard of the "happy Isles of Greece?"
Little Waldo—Yes, ma'am.
Teacher—Can you tell me something about them?
Little Waldo—They are pieces of pork entirely surrounded by beans.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Talent.

Talent is aptitude for a given line. In the old Bible significance it is power entrusted to one for a specific use. Everybody has some talent worth cultivating. The more we use what we originally have the greater becomes its value.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Suggesting a Remedy.

With sarcastic fingers the deaf and dumb lady certain lectured her husband for betting on the races.
"Either talk slower," he spelled out on his hand, "or else put hoppers on your fingers. They interfere when you strike this gal."—Judge.

Detail Requiring Attention.

If every man is the architect of his own destiny, he should pay particular attention to the fire escapes.—Philadelphia Record.

THE KING SNAKE.

He is the Deadly Enemy of Every Poisonous Reptile.

Of all kind provisions of nature perhaps the manner in which snakes are brought into the world is the most remarkable. As a rule all harmless snakes are hatched from eggs, arriving in batches of from thirty to eighty. The poisonous snakes, on the other hand, are born in litters of from seven to eleven in number. There are exceptions to the rule, of course, but they are few and unimportant, for, though the deadly king cobra lays her eggs to be hatched by the sun, they are few in number, unlike the colonies deposited by the harmless snakes.

Chief among the enemies of the snakes are the reptiles themselves. Cannibalism is general among the creatures, the smaller snake serving as food to the larger one. But chief of all snakes that hunt their own kind for the pleasure of slaughter is the long, slender king snake, a constrictor by habit and a flash in his movements. Among all reptiles the king snake alone may truly be said to be the friend of man. He is found throughout the whole south, where the rattler and moccasin abound, sunning himself and preying for slaughter. Picked up by human hand, the reptile seems pleased with the touch. He makes no effort to escape, but twines about his captor's arm and makes himself comfortable.

To the rattlesnake and to every other dangerous snake, large or small, why should nature be a terror? The poison of a rattler has no more effect on him than so much moonshine. Inactively the rattler knows his match and at sight of a king snake tries to escape, if possible. In fight the king snake relies wholly upon his incredible speed. If the movements of an ordinary snake seem quick to the human eye, the movements of a king snake would seem instantaneous. In a twinkling the king snake follows his intended about the throat of an antagonist and, his sinuous coils closing about the other's throat, chokes the wind out of him.—New York Times.

MAIL CARRIERS' CAR FARE.

Companies Are Paid a Lump Sum by the Government.
"Most people who spend \$25 a year for car fare consider that they are contributing liberally toward the dividends of the company," remarked a postal clerk, "but Uncle Sam spends nearly \$250,000 a year for the transportation of carriers in street cars in the different free delivery cities.

For instance, including substitutes, there are 275 carriers in Washington. You may have observed that carriers, when riding on the surface roads, do not pay fares either with tickets or in cash. The free delivery system allows the Washington city postoffice an annual allowance of \$4,000 to be used exclusively for the car fare of letter carriers. The postmaster is authorized to make a contract with the companies to transport all carriers while on duty for a lump sum, which he does. The carrier must have his pouch with him, which is a sign manual to the conductor that he is on duty, the mere wearing of his uniform being insufficient.

This rule obtains in some cities, while in others special tickets are sold at special rates to be used only by carriers, or the cash is handed direct to the carrier for a certain number of daily trips, depending upon the practice. Thus, while Washington receives \$4,000, Chicago gets \$28,000 for letter carriers' car fare because of its large territorial extent and distance between stations on the prairie, oftentimes necessitating a double fare by the carrier. Boston is allowed \$13,500 and New York and Philadelphia about \$10,000 each. Few people know that the government expends such a large sum yearly for such a trivial cause."—Washington Post.

A Very Old Rule.

The oldest mathematic book in the world is believed to be the "Papyrus Rhind" in the British museum, professed to have been written by Ahmes, a scribe of King Ra-aa, on this period between 2900 and 1700 B. C. The "Papyrus Rhind" was translated by Eisenlohr of Leipzig, and it was found to contain a rule for making a square equal in area to a given circle. It was not out forth as an original discovery, but as the transcript of a treatise 500 years older still, which sends us back to, approximately, 2500 B. C., when Egyptian mathematicians solved, or thought they had solved, the problem of squaring the circle.

Proved Her Claim.

"I wanted to show," she said, "that woman is maligned, that brevity is quite as much her attribute as it is man's, and so when he proposed I had to say 'Yes.'"
"You might have said 'No,'" it was suggested.
"Not at all," she protested. "When you say 'No,' you have to explain why you say it and tell how sorry you are, and it would have spoiled everything."—Chicago Post.

One Way to Cut Brass.

To cut sheet brass chemically the following method meets with great success: Make a strong solution of bichloride of mercury in alcohol. With a quill pen draw a line across the brass where it is to be cut. Let it dry on, and with the same pen draw over this line with nitric acid. The brass may then be broken across like glass cut with a diamond.

Gold Pens.

The first gold pens made in this country were all manufactured by hand, the gold being cut from strips of the metal by scissors and every subsequent operation being performed by hand. These handmade gold pens cost from \$5 to \$20 and were far inferior to the machine made article of the present day.

Trashful Debtor.

Long—Say, Short, I'd like to have that \$10 you borrowed of me three months ago.
Short—Sorry, old man, but I can't give it to you at the present writing.
Long—If you said you wanted it for a little while only.
Short—Well, I gave it to you straight I don't keep it half an hour.—Chicago News.

Preocious Youth.

Mother—What's the baby crying about, Jane?
Nurse—I don't know, ma'am, unless it was what the parlor maid said. She remarked that Willie looked like his pa, and I'm afraid Willie heard her.—Exchange.

His Chance.

Wickers—I don't know what it is the matter with me. My memory is getting so treacherous that I cannot trust it from one week to the next.
"Wickers—Is that so? I say, can you lend me \$10 for about thirty days?"

Carving.

A genteel carver always sits when he carves, says a work on etiquette. Perhaps he does, but it is pretty certain that there are times when the yearful years to put one foot on the table and the other on the bird while struggling with the fowl.—London Answers.

The times that it turned out that a man was right he remembers a great deal longer than those when he was wrong.—Athenian Globe.

THE GOLDEN POPPY.

Dazzling, Blazing Blossoms That Greeted the California Pioneers.

Far out at sea gleaming sheets of dazzling gold arrested the gaze of the early explorers of California. Blazing along the Pacific coast, embrodering the green foothills of the snow capped Sierra Madres, transforming acres and acres of treeless plains into royal cloth of gold, millions of flowers of silky texture and color of gold fascinated the Spanish discoverers. An eminent botanist, Eschscholtz, at once classified the plant, and his followers conferred his name upon this the only native American papaver.

Dreamlike in beauty, fascinating from sheer loveliness, spreading in soft undulations over the land, the California poppy bloomed above the richest veins and arteries of gold the world has ever known, all unsuspected. A Cree, with powers to please, dazzle and charm by his enchantments, while it allures, lulls and mystifies, this flower of sleep seemed to draw by some occult process from the earth the elixir of gold, unfolding its blooms of gold as beacons proclaiming, "We are blooming above rich mines of gold."

There is ever a mystery about the poppy. It is a weird flower. It is almost sentient, with a life unknown to human kind. "While glory guards with solemn tread the bivouac of the dead" stealthily a sea of green creeps over the old battlefields. Blood red, the poppies in waves and billows hold high carnival above the soil that covers the slain. Lord Macaulay says of the battlefield of Neerwinden: "The summer after the battle the soil, fertilized by 250,000 dead, broke forth into millions of blood red poppies. The traveler from St. Trond to Tirmont who saw that vast field of rich scarlet stretching from Larden to Neerwinden could hardly help fancying that the figurative description of the Hebrew prophet was literally accomplished: that 'the earth was disclosing her blood and refusing to cover her slain.'" Bayard Taylor in "The Lands of the Saracen" says he contemplated with feelings he could not describe "the old battlefields of Syria, densely covered with blood red poppies, blooming in barbed splendor, gleaming on the gore of soldiers slain."

However interesting the poppy may be to men of science and to lovers of the beautiful, it is yet more so to the people of California. This beautiful, weird, gold colored flower of gossamer texture belongs to California alone. Nowhere else in the world has it ever made its habitat. There it is naturally so profuse that it is related as a fact that, coming on a turn fall face upon a blooming field of yellow poppies, dazzling in the sunshine, horses have been put to flight as from flames of fire.—Home and Flowers.

Foods and Appetite.

In some good advice given in print by a physician the theory held by faddists in special foods, warranted to perform marvels of health and restoration, is exploded. "Don't," says this writer, "imagine that you can grow strong on foods that you dislike. Better fried ham and chocolate cake with a good appetite than a health cereal with milk and disgust."

One would hesitate, perhaps, to fol low strictly the fried ham and chocolate cake dictum to the letter, but it is undoubtedly true that at the moment many persons almost starve themselves because they have no appetite for the various so-called health foods, which alone they fancy they can eat. Above and beyond the choice of food is moderation in partaking of it and relish for what is eaten.—New York Post.

The East and the West.

A man from the west who was recently visiting Maine fell into conversation with a quiet old farmer on a train. He was full of the greatness of the west and talked about the big farms and big crops of his particular section and wound up by saying, "I suppose you do manage to pick up a living on these little Maine farms?"

The old Maine farmer smiled sadly and replied: "Yes, and a few years ago some of us invested money in your section, and it is there yet. It was a permanent investment, I guess."
The western man changed the conversation.—New York Tribune.

A Poison Without an Antidote.

Some persons are advocating a substitute for death by electricity and hanging. They have advocated poisoning. Well, nothing could be more effective or painless than execution by means of a capsule filled with hydrocyanic acid. It might be served without the knowledge of the convict, and death would be so sudden and so certain that there could be no resurrection. A single drop placed on the tongue of a big dog causes instant death. A half teaspoon full taken by a man will cause him to drop as if struck by lightning. There is no antidote.

To Color Mahogany.

The natural color of mahogany when it is too light may be deepened by applying a mixture composed of a half gallon of water, four ounces of madder and two ounces of fustic. Boil and apply while hot. While it is wet streak the grain with black. This will give new mahogany quite the coloring of old.

Preocious Youth.

Mother—What's the baby crying about, Jane?
Nurse—I don't know, ma'am, unless it was what the parlor maid said. She remarked that Willie looked like his pa, and I'm afraid Willie heard her.—Exchange.

His Chance.

Wickers—I don't know what it is the matter with me. My memory is getting so treacherous that I cannot trust it from one week to the next.
"Wickers—Is that so? I say, can you lend me \$10 for about thirty days?"

Carving.

A genteel carver always sits when he carves, says a work on etiquette. Perhaps he does, but it is pretty certain that there are times when the yearful years to put one foot on the table and the other on the bird while struggling with the fowl.—London Answers.

The times that it turned out that a man was right he remembers a great deal longer than those when he was wrong.—Athenian Globe.