

BANDON RECORDER.

Thought He Missed a Car. In a neighboring city lives a young man whose name is Carr. Carr is deeply smitten with the charms of a young woman who resides with her mother in a pretty villa near Sandlake, on the line of the Troy and New England railroad. He asked permission of his in-laws to call upon her at her home, and the young woman accorded him the privilege. Mr. Carr reached the villa where his Juliet resided and pressed the electric button at the door. The ring was answered by the mother of the young woman. The latter had never seen the young man. "I'm Mr. Carr," he said, bowing profoundly. "Um—er—well," was the reply which staggered him, "you may sit on the stoop until one comes along."

The Verdict of a Jury. "Nothing is more uncertain than the action of a jury," said a lawyer prominent in New York. "I remember a story my father told me when I was a boy in Alabama. The story was of his Satanic majesty and a plain citizen who met one day on a narrow pathway cut in the edge of a cliff. On one side there yawned a precipice; on the other side was the solid rock. There was only room for one to pass, and of these two one must lie down and let the other walk over him. The man proposed three questions. 'If you'll propound three questions I can't answer,' suggested Satan, 'I'll lie down and let you pass over my body.' The citizen asked: 'What is whiter than snow?' 'Cotton,' was the answer. 'What is sweeter than sugar?' 'That's easy again—molasses.' 'What will be the next verdict rendered in this county by a petit jury?' 'Pass on your way,' said the devil as he made a carpet of himself."

Catgut From Silkworms. Probably but a small percentage of the fishermen who use flies strung with fine translucent catgut are aware that the almost unbreakable substance that holds the hooks against the fiercest struggles of the struck fish comes from silkworms. The principal center of the manufacture of this kind of catgut is the island of Procida, in the bay of Naples, but most of the silkworms employed are raised near Torre Annunziata, at the foot of Vesuvius. The caterpillars are killed just as they are about to begin the spinning of cocoons, the silk glands are removed and subjected to a process of pickling, which is a secret of the trade, and afterward the threads are carefully drawn out by skilled workers, mostly women. The length of the thread varies from a foot to nearly twenty inches.

Turcoman Brides. When a Turcoman belle is to be settled in life, the whole tribe turns out, and the young lady, being allowed the choice of horses, gallops away from her suitors. She avoids those she dislikes and seeks to throw herself in the way of the object of her affections. The moment she is caught she becomes the wife of her captor, who, dispensing with further ceremony, takes her to his tent. The bride race is also an established custom among the Kalmecks, and the girls are such excellent horsewomen that, we are told, it would be impossible to catch one against her will.—London Standard.

Boss Your Boss. Boss your boss just as soon as you can. Try it on early. There is nothing he will like so well if he is the right kind of boss. If he is not, he is not the man for you to remain with. Leave him whenever you can, even at a present sacrifice, and find one capable of discerning genius. Our young partners in Carnegie Bros. won their spurs by showing that we did not know half as well what was wanted as they did.—Carnegie's "Empire of Business."

The Little Finger. Adept in palmistry assert that the length of the fourth or little finger is the most important sign in the hand. There is no great man—no man who rises to importance in any line of life—without a long and straight little finger. The type of finger, whether spatulate, pointed or very nearly square, causes the capacity to be directed into very different channels. With the long spatulate little finger success in business will result, while the long pointed one denotes tact and the management of people.

This indeed is the finger of "wheede." The old saying, "To turn people round your little finger," is, like most old proverbs, the result of continued and close observation and in the case of "the long pointed Mercury," as Ben Jonson in "The Alchemist" calls the fourth finger, is undoubtedly entirely true.

Had to Swallow Many Things. An amusing anecdote is related of the late Hungarian statesman Tisza, who when one day dining at the Hofburg with the Austrian emperor placed a large pear upon his plate at dessert. The emperor remarked to his minister that cold fruit after a hot dinner was injurious to the digestion. Tisza replied, "The stomach of a Hungarian premier, your majesty, is obliged to be a strong one."

His Cleverness. The Lady—Jack, why don't you write a book or paint a picture or do something clever? The Gentleman—Because I selected a millionaire for a father, and I think that was clever enough to last a lifetime.

In 1845 gutta serena trees were abundant on Singapore island and on the Malay peninsula, but they have been so thoroughly cleaned out that the botanical gardens at Singapore cannot obtain plants. The destruction of gutta trees in Sumatra and Borneo has been widespread.

POLLY LARKIN

Not long since I heard a woman remark that "it was a cruel shame to take works of the standard authors, works of art, etc., and cheapen them by placing ordinary bindings on them and printing them on such common paper that they could be sold for a mere song. Why, even the commonest laborer can afford to read the books, and it takes the cream of the enjoyment we would otherwise have in reading the pages to know that the rabble is reading them as well. Makes them so common. The other day I heard two factory girls discussing "The Crisis," by Churchill, "The Right of Way," by Parker, and last but not least, that sweet, sad story, "Audrey," by Mary Johnston. They seemed to know that they were talking about books and knew them from beginning to end. Made the cold chills run over me, however, to think that the best in literature was seized upon, almost before the ink was dry, by people in the ordinary walks of life. I think that the first series of the new books should be placed at such a price that no one else could read them until after they had become an old thing to the four hundred and ceased to be talked about. Then if they must make them common, throw them broadcast on the market."

I wonder if there will be room in heaven for that woman, thought Polly, and I wondered if she would not be so exclusive that the touch of angels' wings would cause her to shrink away into outer darkness. The opinion of this woman showed her to be devoid of all the womanly graces that tend to throw a gentle refinement and tender sympathy around the true woman. She was shallow and narrow minded, living for her own little fashionable sphere and begrudging the enjoyment of books to those who toiled for a living. She would have willingly paid ten dollars for a copy of a novel if she was sure the toilers or "common people," as she called them, could not get them. What a tyrant she would be if she happened to be placed in a position where she could rule and her word was law. She would be tempted to destroy the flowers by the wayside after she had passed for fear the common horde would enjoy something of their beauty and fragrance. I wondered if she ever got beyond the narrow limits of self and what her companions must be to find any congenial in this feeble-minded woman, but I figured it out in this way: She had not been accustomed to wealth all her life, and must have suddenly acquired it. The good fortune had turned her never too well-balanced head, and in her effort to appear at home in her new surroundings she had overstepped all bounds and published to outsiders what she was mainly trying to conceal from the common gaze; in other words, she was out of her element. Possibly she is to be pitied more than blamed. Polly would be willing to wager that the factory girls who had read "The Crisis," etc., knew more about what they had read in a moment than this woman of leisure who regretted that they should have had the privilege of enjoying good literature.

Every day of the world Polly is thankful that the best literature of the day is published at such a figure that high and low, rich and poor can enjoy it. That is one of the greatest pleasures of life. The well-written book introduces you to new friends, carries you into different scenes and haunts from what you are accustomed to, and it is an education in itself. I know of a little club of young girls who aim to read everything in the way of the much talked new books. The books seldom cost over \$1.50. All of the girls have to support themselves, and one or two of them do not get over \$30 a month. The others get between \$40 and \$50, except one, who receives what is to the others a princely salary of \$75 per month, but she has to help support her family as well as to assist in educating the younger brothers and sisters, still they manage to lay the small amount of 25 cents away every month for their book fund. The new book is purchased and handed to each member of the club, who is expected to read it in a week's time. When the last member has finished reading it they meet and have a little literary evening all to themselves. Each one comes prepared with a written criticism of her own in regard to the merits of the book and also other criticisms from papers and magazines which are read out and commented upon. This part of the evening, which they style the business portion, is followed by refreshments, which consist of a cup of tea and graham wafers, and while they enjoy the steaming and fragrant beverage they discuss the book with all of its pros and cons. You will not find anyone better posted on the new books of the day than this little club of six girls, who are determined to keep up, if possible, in modern literature. The books are kept together, but the day will come when the members of the little club will be scattered here and there. When that time comes each girl is to draw straws. For instance, the book may be "The Christian." The one getting the longest straw secures the book, and so on until all the books have been disposed of, or they will be divided evenly among the members. In that way there will be no ill-feeling among the congenial six, but they will have some of the brightest and happiest pages of memory to look back upon, and they will be centered in the literary club of which they were members.

"Millicent C—'s" question should have been rescued from the query-box last week, but all questions were crowded out for lack of space. This does not often occur, and never willingly, for Polly aims to answer all the queries which fall into the question box, and that without delay.

"Millicent C—" is in a world of trouble. She admits having heart complaint, and says she doesn't care who knows it. She is interested in a young man whom her mother does not approve of because he is addicted to the drinking habit. While he takes his glass with congenial friends once in a while and seems to suffer nothing in consequence, there are times when for days together he forgets family, home and friends. She has a good influence over him and would, she thinks, if married, be able to reform him. Her mother will not give consent to her marriage and the skies are clouded and the future is dark for Millicent in consequence.

Jack may be the dearest fellow in the world, Millicent, and may possess all the noble and refined traits that go to make him a genial friend and a welcome lover, but your mother is right. If Jack will not reform during his courtship days and give up the habit that is breaking down his constitution and ruining his prospects, rest assured he will not do it after you are married. Tears and sorrow will be your portion then and your pleadings will be in vain. Jack is unfortunate, but you may be able to win him from the error of his ways by gentle persuasion. He is one of those natures you can lead but never drive except to destruction.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Diseases in American Cities. The causes of a given number of deaths differ considerably between the cities in the United States. If we look for typical places in different sections of the country, each having had in 1900 about the same number of deaths, we shall find Allegheny, Pa., with 2385 deaths, Atlanta, Ga., with 2387 and Denver with 2484. Comparing the causes of deaths in these three cities we find Allegheny to have been particularly afflicted with diphtheria, typhoid, rheumatism, cancer, bronchitis and pneumonia. Atlanta was pre-eminent among the three for malaria, diarrhoea, paralysis, croup and brain diseases. Denver was high in consumption, alcoholism, rheumatism and cancer. In the eleventh census there were maps showing the regions where any given disease was unusually prevalent. Information of this sort has not yet been published by the twelfth census. To the general population of the United States the most dangerous diseases are found to be consumption, pneumonia, heart disease, diarrhoeal diseases, diseases of the kidneys, typhoid fever, cancer and apoplexy. Females, in addition to being afflicted with numerous maladies peculiar to their sex, are especially subject to measles, diphtheria, the whooping cough, influenza bronchitis, dysentery, septicaemia, obesity, anaemia, peritonitis and cancer. It is easy to account for the fact that a greater number of men than women die from the effects of alcoholism, lead poisoning, accidents and injuries. Although women get burns and scalds, they are almost entirely exempt from suicide, gunshot wounds and railroad accidents.

To Fill Naval Vacancies. Japan, like the United States, is suffering from a shortage of naval officers, and has resolved upon the novel experiment of transferring a considerable number of army officers to the naval service. These are to be selected officers from the Japanese army. They will be volunteers and must be specially recommended by their commanding officers. They are to be appointed to the navy on probation for two years, at the expiration of which they will be required to pass an examination in nautical and naval subjects, when, if successful, they will be transferred to the navy.

Death in the Chair. Doubt is often cast upon electrocution as a system by the fact that persons may survive an accidental shock of 2000 volts. The Electrical World and Engineer points out that the conditions of a chance contact are entirely different from those provided in the chair. It says: There can be no question that the subject dies by the effects of the electric shock and is dead beyond all hope of recovery before the autopsy takes place.

The two oldest secret trade processes now in existence are considered to be the manufacture of Chinese red, or vermillion, and that method of inlaying the hardest steel with gold and silver which seems to have been practiced at Damascus years ago, and is known only to the Syrian smiths and their pupils even to this day.

Maiwatin, on the borders of Russia, is the only city in the world peopled by men only. The Chinese women are not only forbidden to live in this territory, but even to pass the great walls of Kekau and enter into Mogolia. All of the Chinese of this border are exclusively traders.

Do not neglect to keep your boots polished. You can always shine at one end, if you cannot at the other.

The spectator of unpaid bills never haunts those who buy only what they can afford.

The untutored mind views life from a low level.

Can a dark life send heavenward a pure soul?

CHELSEA'S NOTED BUNS.

All London used to visit Mrs. Hands on Good Friday. However religious observances may change in England, the eating of hot cross buns on Good Friday is not likely to die out. Still, enthusiasm in this particular has considerably declined since the days when Mrs. Hands kept the Chelsea Bun House at the corner of Jews' row, now Pimlico road. So many people were in the habit of flocking there on Good Friday in order to eat hot cross buns that on one occasion 50,000 persons assembled there, and 250 was taken in the day for buns alone. After this the inhabitants of Chelsea protested against the noise and disturbance this caused, and Mrs. Hands, fearing to be restrained by the law, issued in 1793 a quaint proclamation, stating how, "desirous, therefore, of testifying her regard and obedience to those laws by which she is happily protected, she is determined, though much to her loss, not to sell cross buns on that day to any person whatever, but Chelsea buns as usual."

This Mrs. Hands was something of a character in her own way. The royal family and many of the aristocracy used to visit her in the morning, and Queen Charlotte even presented her with a silver half gallon mug containing 5 guineas. The house remained in the possession of her family for some time, as Sir Richard Phillips, writing a few years before its destruction, mentions. After admitting that for upward of thirty years he had never passed the house without filling his pockets, he goes on to say, "These buns have afforded a competency and even wealth to four generations of the same family, and it is singular that their delicate flavor, lightness and richness have never been successfully imitated." When Ranelagh was closed, the Bun House declined in popularity, though as late as 1830 24,000 buns were sold on Good Friday alone.—London Chronicle.

POWERFUL VOICES.

Some Historic Shriekers Who Antedated the Famous Stentor. The question has often been asked, "Who was the most loud voiced man of history?" The answer usually is that it was Stentor, of whom Homer says his voice was as loud as that of fifty other men combined and from which we get the phrase "stentorian voice." But we have record of two historic "shriekers" anterior to Homer. We read where Simeon and Levi fought against the twelve men of the city of Shechem and that Levi beheaded one man with his own sword. In chapter 38, verse 41, of the book referred to the story is related in the following words: "And the sons of Jacob seeing that they could not prevail over the twelve, Simeon gave a loud and tremendous shriek, and the eleven remaining men were stunned by the awful shriek." In chapter 39, same book, verse 19, we find the following account of the battles of the sons of Jacob with the inhabitants of the city of Gassah. It seems as though the battle was both in the front and in the rear and that the warriors on the wall were throwing spears and hurling stones upon the sons of Jacob. What next occurred, as related in chapter and verse above cited, is recorded in these words: "And Judah, seeing that the men of Gassah were getting too heavy for them, gave a piercing and tremendous shriek, and all the men of Gassah were terrified at Judah's cry, and men fell from the wall at the sound of his powerful shriek, and all those that were without as well as those within the city were greatly afraid of their lives."

The Canary is a Little Pig. The canary is always regarded as a small eater, just as the pig is notorious for his gluttony. People with small appetites are often tutted for not eating more than enough to feed a canary, and this led a man who was a tiny eater to watch the yellow bird and report. He found that a canary that weighed 247 grains ate just thirty-two times its own weight in a month; that is, it ate rather more than its own weight on an average every day. Anyone who watches the little bird will notice that it is always eating. Now, says the investigator, a pig doesn't eat its own weight every day, glutton as it is. Hence he thinks that the canary deserves to be classed as a little pig.—London Answers.

Ran Without Legs. A certain congressman has a smart granddaughter, whose clever sayings are the delight of her parents. The other day she came to her grandfather with her face all smiles. "Grandpa," she said, "I saw something this morning running across the kitchen floor without any legs. What do you think it was?" Mr. Congressman studied for awhile and gave up. "What was it?" he asked. "Water," said the youngster triumphantly.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Proceeding With Caution. "Are you sure that your arguments are calculated to impress people with your punctilious principles?" "I don't want to impress 'em too strongly with my punctiliousness," answered Senator Sorghum. "If anybody is willing to sell out, I don't want him to feel scared about making a proposition."—Washington Star.

Just a Way She Had. Softleigh—That howdy Miss Giggles weally laughed at me last evening, doncher know? Miss Cutting—Oh, well, you shouldn't notice. She often laughs at nothing.—Chicago News.

Walls have ears, and the paper hangings doesn't cover them either.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

An Old Smallpox Cure. The following primitive "cure" for smallpox has been discovered by the Leytonstone (England) Guardians in one of their registers for the year 1700: "Take thirty to forty live toads and burn them to cinders in a new pot; then crush into a fine black powder. Dose for smallpox, three ounces."

The London Chronicle casually drops the bit of information that the people of Missouri are called Pikes, "after their great peak." Thus is American history made in the English papers.

VALPARAISO AMUSEMENT.

Sunday is the Great Gala Day For Rich and Poor Alike. All around the edge of Valparaiso bay is a string of little towns so close together that you cannot readily discover where one leaves off and the next begins. The most pretentious of these is Vina del Mar, which is a very popular seaside resort. During the summer season, from December to February, it is a gay place. A short distance from the town is the "cancha," or race track, in connection with which are golf links, cricket and polo grounds, all managed by the English sporting clubs. The polo matches and the races are over by the 1st of December, but cricket, golf and tennis go on all summer. Tennis tournaments are held, lasting for several weeks. Most of these sports, with the exception of tennis, which goes on all the time, take place on Sunday. Sunday is the great gala day, when all the population, rich and poor alike, turn out to have a good time.

The common people find their holiday sport in getting gloriously drunk. If you walk along the street on Sunday afternoon, you must not be surprised to meet every few minutes individuals decidedly unsteady on their feet. The little wineshops do a rushing business, and there is always a large crowd about the door watching and loudly applauding the dancing of the "cencos," which goes on all day. This is a sort of national dance, performed to the accompaniment of the guitar. The dance is quaint and rather pretty if the dancers are sober, but in its ordinary environment it is far from inviting.

During a good season at Vina del Mar one has an excellent opportunity of seeing the aristocratic Chileans of Santiago. In January Santiago is very warm, and the society people come down to the coast during the hot weather. The ladies are many of them quite handsome. They all dress gorgeously and have very bad manners. They stroll along the hotel piazzas, and if they see anything that arouses their curiosity in any of the rooms they stop and look on serenely, regardless of the occupant. They never make their appearance until 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning, when they go down to the beach for a morning dip. After the 11 o'clock breakfast they disappear until 4 o'clock, when they all come out in gowns that would rival Solomon in all his glory. They either drive on the beach and trail their skirts and embroidered chignons through the sand or stroll up and down the long platform of the railroad station, watching the trains pass. These exciting diversions occupy them until dinner. Sometimes there are dances in the evening—dances called so only by courtesy, for they rarely dance; they only walk around and exhibit their gowns.—Indianapolis News.

Druggstores Old and New. Sometimes it seems as if druggstores have everything except drugs. The middle aged man or woman remembers when the apothecary shop had a distinctive smell of drugs and chemicals. Nothing was in sight but jars of wondrously colored liquids and powders, crystals and sticks and drawers of curious things with Latin labels. The only thing that was at all attractive for the woman was the case of fancy soaps and perfumes, with face powders and cosmetics, and for the man the case of cigars. The soda fountain made the first innovation. It was no such pretentious affair as now dominates the corner druggstore, however. It stood modestly on one end of the counter. There were five or six kinds of sirups and no ice cream or hot drinks. Later candy found a place in the apothecary's, then came stationery, and now there are all sorts of bric-a-brac.—New York Press.

The Great Unknowns. For thirteen years the author of "Waverley" was unknown. Indeed the country spoke of him as "the great unknown," a pseudonym Sir Walter Scott often employed in writing. But on Feb. 23, 1827, Sir Walter gave a dinner party to which, among others, Lord Meadowbank, the judicial magnate, who chanced to know his host's secret, was invited. Then when the toasts were being drunk Meadowbank, with Scott's permission, got up and proposed the health of "the great unknown, Sir Walter Scott." The effect was magical, and the news spread through the country like wildfire. Indeed that dinner and the secret it disclosed was the most talked of event of the year.

The Best She Could Do. "There is only one reason," he said, "why I have never asked you to be my wife." "What is that?" she asked. "I have always been half afraid you might refuse." "Well," she whispered after a long silence, "I should think you'd have curiosity enough to want to find out whether your suspicion was well founded or not."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Nothing Cheap There. Mr. Noorick (instructing architect)—I don't want to spare no expense. I want a palace an' nothin' less. Have two staircases, one to go up an' the other to go down, an' have the coal hole frescoed. I'm agoin' to show people there's nothin' cheap about me.—Tit-Bits.

To Heaven by Installments. Willie—Your papa's got only one arm, has he? Robbie—Yeth. Willie—Where's the other one? Robbie—Ith up in heaven.—New York Times.

Right is more beautiful than private affection and is compatible with universal wisdom.—Emerson.

Among Russian towns whose populations have most rapidly increased the Polish center of Lodz is conspicuously the first. Fifteen years ago the so called Russian Manchester was a place of some 25,000 inhabitants. It now contains an industrial population of 315,000 souls.

Water thrown upon ice in the arctic regions will shiver it just as boiling water breaks glass. This is because the ice is so much colder than the water.

AN INTERNATIONAL TOWN.

Peculiarities of Nogales, on the Mexican Border Line. It would be incorrect to date a letter from either Nogales, Ariz., or Nogales, Mex., alone, for the town belongs so thoroughly and completely to both that neither half is a town at all. It is the most completely and curiously international place that can be conceived of. There is no separation of the two parts visible as you look down on the town from the hills, and the life and the ordinary traffic of the place flow back and forth with no one apparently to say them nay. However, it must not be supposed that there is free trade across the thoroughfare, which on one side is called International street and on the other the Calle International.

In the middle of the street, where the Calle Elias, or main business street, crosses the International avenue, stands a stone obelisk about twelve feet high, and in the vicinity of this are always one or two guards in civilian dress, who pay no attention to empty handed passersby, but will stop any carriage or any person who offers to cross with a burden that might contain dutiable material. Occasionally on the Mexican side one sees a Mexican soldier in uniform, but the cartel near by is too small to hold more than a small detachment, and neither soldiers nor uniformed customs guards are ever in evidence along the border.

The Americans live apart from one another in individual houses of all grades, most of which are very neat and some of which are quite fine and must have been costly. Their streets run up the sides of the mountain in which the town is situated. In among their houses are the adobe cabins of the Mexicans, who are their brewers of wood and drawers of water (these terms being literally correct here, for the fuel of the country is knotted and gnarled wood, brought from the hills on donkeys' backs, and the town water won't run up to the higher elevations).

OLD FASHIONED.

What has become of the old fashioned child that "made faces"? What has become of the old fashioned man who hung his lodge sword in a conspicuous place? What has become of the old fashioned man who said a handy, industrious man was "full handed"? What has become of the old fashioned man who wanted to put his enemies where the dogs wouldn't bite them? What has become of the old fashioned father who took a whip and held heart to heart talks with his son out in the barn? What has become of the old fashioned woman who gave her children potatoes to make animals with, using toothpicks to make the legs? What has become of the old fashioned woman who didn't think it proper to appear on the streets with her husband unless she had hold of his arm?—Athlison Globe.

Jefferson as an Inventor. Not many people know that Thomas Jefferson was a great inventor. His inventions were all of articles of everyday use. He devised a three legged folding camp stool that is the basis of all camp stools of that kind today. The stool he had made for his own use was his constant companion on occasions of outings. The revolving chair was his invention. He designed a light wagon. A copying press was devised by him and came into general use. He also invented an instrument for measuring the distance he walked. A plow and a hemp cultivator showed that his thoughts were often on agricultural matters. His plow received a gold medal in France in 1790. Jefferson never benefited financially by his inventions, but believed they should be for the use of every one without cost.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

He Gave His Address. Harry Furniss told a good story of a distinguished but irritable lecturer. The gentleman had occasion to speak in a small town in one of the lowland counties, and it chanced that he met with a more than usually loquacious chairman. This genius actually spoke for a whole hour in "introducing" the lecturer. He wound up by saying, "It is unnecessary for me to say more, but call upon the talented gentleman who has come so far to give us his address tonight."

The lecturer came forward. "You want my address? I'll give it to you; 322 Rob Roy Crescent, Edinburgh, and I'm just off there now. Good night!"—Woman's Home Companion.

How Wheat Came to Earth. A classic account of the distribution of wheat over the primal world shows that Ceres having taught her favorite, Triptolemos, the art of agriculture and the science of breadmaking, gave him her chariot, a celestial vehicle, and that in it he traveled night and day, distributing this valuable bread grain among all nations of the earth.

Hard on His Brothers. "Oh, well, my dear," observed he to his wife, "you will find that there are a great many worse men in the world than I am." "How can you be so cynical, John?" replied his wife reproachfully.—Syraeuse Herald.

A Liberal Education. Wiseum—Honestly, now, did you learn anything while you were in college? Graduate—Um—m—well, I learned how to state my ignorance in scientific terms.

A curious custom prevails in Korea. If a man meets his wife in the street, he ignores her presence and passes her as if she were a stranger.

When you find yourself hating a man as much after a meal as you did before, it is time to call a halt.—Athlison Globe.

Collector—I left a bill here yesterday for some shirts your husband got. Did he look it over? Lady of the House—No; he overlooked it.

He Was a Financier. Two members of the Chicago Stock Exchange went to a restaurant for luncheon, and after a hasty glance at the bill of fare each announced what he wanted. "I'm for a fried bass," said one. "Ditto," said the other. "Waitress, two fried bass, please." In a few minutes the two bass on a platter and two plates were placed on the table. One bass was larger than the other, and the financier before whom the platter had been placed gaily passed the smaller bass to his companion. "Now I call that a downright mean trick!" said the man who received the smaller bass. "What is a mean trick?" "Why, to give me the smaller bass and keep the big one for yourself." "What would you have done if you had been serving the fish?" "I should certainly have given you the larger one." "Well, in that case I should have had the larger one. I've got it now. What more do you want?" The argument did not seem convincing, but at the moment the other man was unable to find a satisfactory answer to it.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Sacred Chinese Coin. One of the coins of the Chinese Emperor Kanghi is very much sought after by the Chinese, who use it in making rings for the finger. It is slightly different from the other cash issued under the same emperor in the form of one of the characters that indicate the regal period. "The Chinese call it 'Lo-han cash,' the word Lo-han being a Sanskrit word Arhan, "venerable," the name applied to the eighteen attendants of Buddha, who are frequently seen ranged along the two sides of the principal halls in Buddhist temples. The tradition is that while the emperor was intimately associated with European missionaries he became imbued with a feeling of contempt for Buddhism and illustrated this phase of his faith by having a set of eighteen brass Lo-han images melted down and cast into cash. This brass is said to contain a considerable portion of gold; hence the demand for the cash.

She Had to Diet. Doctors sometimes give their directions for taking drugs or other treatment in language beyond the comprehension of the patient. Occasionally fragile, but more often amusing, mistakes occur thereby. Judge tells one of the amusing kind, although it might have been uncomfortable at least. A small colored girl went to a drugstore and said to the clerk, "Ma mamma wants some of de handsonest dye ye got." "The handsonest?" repeated the clerk. "Well, I don't know. What does she want it for?" "She done got de misery in her stomach, and de doctor say she must dye it, and she say if she hab got der dye it she want it a handsonome color."

The Force of Example. When we read the life stories of men and women, we ourselves participate to some extent in their own experiences. Inensibly we place ourselves in the situations in which they found themselves, and the problems which confronted them seek their solution in our own brains. Their difficulties, their stumblings, their triumphs, become personal lessons by which we may get a wider experience of life than comes to us in our ordinary avocations, so that when the time comes when we are called upon for some momentous decision or to pursue some special line of conduct we have a precedent to guide us to the right course.—Scottish-American.

How a Spaniard Smokes. The Spaniards are the most expert smokers in the world. A Spaniard, according to an observer who has traveled through Spain and South America, takes a heavy pull at his cigarette, inhales it, takes up a wine skin or wine bottle, pours a half pint down his throat, holding the vessel a foot from his mouth and not spilling a drop, and then with a sigh of satisfaction closes his eyes and exhales the smoke from his nose and mouth in clouds. He will also inhale the smoke, converse for a few minutes in a natural manner and then blow out the smoke.

Doing as He Was Told. "What on earth," said a gentleman to his son, "are you doing up there, Johnny, sitting on the horse's back, when you ought to be at school?" "Teacher said I was to write a composition on a horse," said the boy, "and I'm trying to, but it's awful difficult, 'cos he will keep moving so. I s'pose that's why teacher gave it to us to do, ain't it?"

One Wife's Cautious Claim. "Is your wife one of those women who look at their husbands and say, 'I made a man of him?'" asked the impatient friend. "No," answered Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta is very unassuming. She merely says she has done her best."—Washington Star.

Too Much For Papa. "Papa, do you know how to reach a conclusion?" "Certainly. Do you?" "Easy. Just take a train." "What are you talking about?" "A train of thought." "Go to bed."—New York Herald.

Not Enough "Move Up There." Manager—I'm afraid that new conductor will not be a success. Superintendent—Why? Manager—He treats the passengers with too much consideration.—Town and Country.

Helping a Fellow Out. He (who stutters badly)—I lu-lu love you mu-mu-mum—I lu-lu love you mu-mu-mum—more than tu-tu-tu tongue can tu-tu-tu—more than tu-tu-tu tongue can tu-tu-tu—She (eagerly)—Don't you know the deaf and dumb alphabet?

Were I to speak my whole mind I should dare to say that men are made for laughter and women for tears.—La Claviere, "The Art of Life."