

BANDON RECORDER.

Warned in a Dream. An instance in which a dream was useful in preventing an impending catastrophe is recorded of a daughter of Mrs. Rutherford, at Elderton, the grand daughter of Sir Walter Scott.

At about 3 o'clock in the morning the gentleman heard footsteps on the stairs, came out and met the servant carrying a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to why he was going, he answered confidently that he was going to mend the mistress's fire, which at 3 o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer was evidently impossible.

On further investigation a strong knife was found hidden in the coals. The lady escaped, but the man was subsequently hanged for murder, and before his execution he confessed that he intended to have assassinated Mrs. Rutherford.

Talked Ten Dollars Worth. "I remember when Judge Austin was trying a case in the criminal court," said a Milwaukee lawyer, "that he had a fellow to defend who was evidently guilty. When the time came for him to plead, he rose and said he was willing to let the case go to the jury at once, believing that there was no chance for acquittal."

"He was judged by the defendant, who said, 'For the Lord's sake, say something.'"

"You know you are guilty, and you didn't pay me much anyway," whispered the lawyer.

"I know that," said the prisoner, "I only paid you \$10, and for goodness' sake talk \$10 worth anyway."

"Every one in the room heard that, and Judge Austin talked his \$10 worth, and he cleared his man too."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Dressed Porter. Scene—Pullman car, entering St. Louis. Porter obsequiously while brooming woman passenger. After lingering expectantly he receives a tip—a five cent nickel. He looks at it critically, then drops it into the cuspidor, remarking defiantly, "Al'm er portah from Chicago?" "Open this window," commands the woman. He obeys, whereupon she stoops, picks up the cuspidor and empties it upon the track; then, drawing herself up haughtily, observes, "I am a lady from Boston."

When in the station every passenger had left the car the porter said to the conductor, "Lad dat nickel, er Al'm er fool. It tennes me er lesson, howsomeder, never ter fool wid none o' dese Yankee women. Why, der ain't er Yankee through de whole west whoid'er thought o' castin' dat nickel on de roadside when dey knowed Ah wanted it."—New York Press.

Man and His Skin. Keep the pores of the skin open and in good condition by frequent bathing. Man sheds his skin just as thoroughly as some of the lower orders of creation, but he does it more slowly and imperceptibly. The cells which compose the lower strata of the epidermis are perpetually renewed and pushed upward, and the outer layer must be constantly removed. This process, which is termed desquamation, is absolutely requisite to the health and beauty of the skin. The more rapidly this process is carried on the more clear and transparent becomes the epidermis and the more rosy and velvety the skin tissues which are constantly forming below.

Copper in Cheese. The green color of certain kinds of Italian cheese is due to the milk having been kept standing in copper vessels. During this period of repose the milk takes up considerable quantities of copper. Indeed it is customary to estimate the degree of acidity attained by the milk by noting the gradual disappearance of the brightness of the highly polished metallic surface. Dr. Mariani examined twenty-five samples of green parmesan cheese from various places and has found that to about every two pounds of cheese there is present from .8 to 3.3 grains of copper.—Health.

Inherent Dread of Cats For Dogs. The instinctive fear which cats have of dogs is illustrated very amusingly by stroking a dog and then crossing a blind and newborn kitten with the same hand that has touched the dog. At once the kitten will spit and fluff itself up in the most absurd way, distinguishing the smell of the beast which experience for thousands of generations has taught it most to dread.

Sleeping In Japan. 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 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.

In Order of Importance. "She keeps an immense establishment, doesn't she?" "Oh, indeed, yes—a head coachman, two footmen, two groomers and a stable boy, a housekeeper, cook, undercook, kitchen maid, upstairs and downstairs maid, governess, husband and child."—Puck.

Gratitude. Gratitude is the fairest blossom that springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none so fragrant; while its opponent, ingratitude, is a deadly weed, not only poisonous in itself, but impregnating the very atmosphere in which it grows with fetid vapors.

What bright things we all think of when the opportunity is past for saying them!—Aitchison Globe.

An Irishman says he always shuts his eyes when he looks at a lady's faults.

POLLY LARKIN

"Do you know, Polly, that I have gone through this world so far in anything but a serene and enviable way? I am constantly being misunderstood and misquoted, and what a tempest I find myself in many times in consequence. For instance, I am a bundle of nerves and consequently easily flurried and distressed, and I cross bridges before I get to them to the no small annoyance of my elf and others as well. If anyone is sick in the house I worry myself nearly to death, imagining all sorts of dire results. Sometimes I even go so far as to wonder how the children would look in black, and actually shed tears as I picture to myself the sorrowful little folks arrayed in somber black as if there was not time for the wee ones to face the dark side of life without drawing on my imagination to bring this dire calamity upon them. I try to minister to the invalid gently and soothingly, but all of a sudden my nerves get the better of me, and I am informed that I am so impatient that I make better get out of the room, that I make the patient worse. Then nine times out of ten the invalid informs me when I am really straining every nerve to be pleasant and useful, that she will 'never trouble me again.' There is no use saying that it is only a pleasure to do for them and my only anxiety is that I cannot do all I would like to do and be as soothing about it as Mrs. Easybody living on the next street, who never gets flurried at anything and who would never be startled out of the even tenor of her way if she heard that the whole family had met with disaster, but would sigh with that martyr-like look of hers, 'They will be done.' I was not cast in that perfect mold, and can no more help working myself up into a fidget over trifles than she can help being as cool as a cucumber under all circumstances. I crept quietly out of the sick room, crest-fallen and weary, for my best and failed—yes, failed utterly. I hear that cry of the invalid coming to me o'er and o'er, 'I will never trouble you any more.' I hear it in the still watches of the night, I hear it as dawn streaks the retiring night with waves of light. I have not slept. How could I, when with that plaintive voice ringing in my ears, 'I'll not trouble you any more.' I have had that insinuation in its different variations until I am heart-sick. My place is with them, but a stranger minister to them, because my anxiety makes me nervous. I grow morbid and distrustful, and the very ones who should understand my notions say, 'How ill-tempered and at a time like this, too, when every one should exert themselves to be cheerful.' This is only one instance, Polly. I am misunderstood by nearly everybody, and they attribute a wrong motive to everything I do. They never endeavor to see the good side of anything. The mistakes crop up thicker than buttercups in May, the good motives are scarcer than orchids. 'Tis a pity and pity 'tis, 'tis true.' Makes me sometimes wish my little bark had been wrecked the first year of my voyage through life."

My friend is not the only one who has been unfortunate enough to possess such an unenviable frame of mind that she cannot be appreciated. There are hosts of others who go through life trying vainly to be good and true and leave pleasant impressions behind them, but they will never be understood or appreciated here; when it is too late, however, to speak the encouraging words which would have been balm to their aching hearts and when death has placed the seal of silence on their lips, then the tide of memory will roll back and fortunately death can open up the secret knowledge of many good deeds well done, and you can sing their praises then, but it is too late for the one who has suffered in silence at the harsh judgment pronounced upon them. Even a dozen of the Flowery Kingdom can be remiss in such instances. A Chinaman who was defending his friend, another mongolian, for some crime, said when the party had thoroughly convinced him that the man was guilty, "You know his face look nice to look on. I no see his heart, all black and ugly. All the time I think him very good man. He go now." And he was true to his word. Out the Chinaman went next day from his celestial abode. The trouble is people do not see the motives of our hearts, and, strange to say, they find it easier to ascribe wrong motives rather than the good to their unfortunate friends. It would not be pleasant to see ourselves as others see us, Bobby Burns to the contrary.

The women of Woodland have followed their sisters of other wide-awake interior cities by organizing an improvement club to cooperate in city improvement and general development work, says one of the big daily papers of the coast. Following this comes the interesting fact that the Benicia Improvement Club has requested the ladies of that city to form an auxiliary to assist in the work. This speaks well for the efforts of the ladies, for gradually the different cities and towns are falling into line and following the example of the Ladies' Improvement Club of Petaluma who started the ball rolling and who have accomplished wonders in their pretty city in the way of beautifying it. Now Polly would like to see the ladies of Sacramento fall into line and gently remind the proper State officers that there is work to do at Sutter's fort in Sacramento. The Native Sons took up the good work and have done much toward restoring and

preserving the old fort, which is one of the greatest attractions in the pretty Sacramento valley. But they have finally lost interest in a way, and it has come to pass that the genial old pioneer who has charge of the fort and who is brimful of reminiscences of the days of '49, etc., sits quietly in the old fort anxiously waiting for something to arouse interest in the place and furnish the wherewithal to make the necessary repairs. Six months ago the shed blew down sheltering the old stage coach which carried the United States mail and Wells-Fargo's express during those exciting times of the early days and which shows the bullet holes through the stage door from some robber's trusty rifle, Kinney's name in well discerned letters, and even the old lantern which has rusted away from the wire which held it to the top of the stage and lies broken on the floor. The old pioneer states that \$46 would rebuild the shed and protect this old landmark of the days of auld lang syne, as well as the big prairie schooner which stands beside it, but the money is not forthcoming. "Why doesn't the State make these repairs?" I asked. "Because they didn't see fit to make the appropriation for the same," was the reply. "Why, I could pass the hat around and raise that amount on the streets in no time from progressive citizens," said the old man, "but I can't leave the fort, and if I did I suppose some one would say it's none of my business. But I wish someone would do it, for it frets me to see things going to rack and ruin this way." So what Sacramento wants is a Woman's Improvement Club, made up of the progressive women of the town, who will act and not get discouraged in their good work of well-doing, but keep the ball rolling. Sutter's fort is the Mecca for all travelers and visitors to Sacramento, and it is well worth the trip. The old fort is filled with many curios, etc., which have been presented by friends and well-wishers, and they are the treasure troves of the old pioneer, who guards them with a jealous eye.

Will answer your query, "Jeannette W.," next week.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Fog Lights in London. Apparently the resources of science are unequal to the dispersal, much less the prevention of fog, and the question arises of furnishing some means of illumination which will prevent accidents and confusion whenever the metropolis is within the grip of a London "particular," says the London Telegraph.

The successful merchant nowadays knows how to turn even misfortune into advertising. A team of coach horses dashed into an immense plate glass window in front of a big furniture store in New York city and made a general smashup of everything in sight. The proprietor, instead of shutting up shop even temporarily, sat down and with a paint brush elaborated the following on a big white board and installed it in the window where the plate glass was: "A coach team smashed this window. You see, even the horses know where to find good furniture. This is a pointer for you."

How the Natives Treat Gorillas. Natives in the countries inhabited by great apes regard them always as human beings of inferior types, and it is for this reason that for a long time it was found impossible to get hold of an entire gorilla skin because the savages considered it religiously necessary to cut off the hands and feet of the animals when they killed them, just as they do with their enemies, possibly for the purpose of rendering them harmless in case they should by any chance come to life again.

First Railroad Charter. The first charter ever granted in this country, or probably any other, for the building of a railroad, was granted in 1819 to Henry Drinker by the Pennsylvania Legislature for a road of that kind from the Delaware valley to the headwaters of the Lehigh river, over the route now occupied by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad from the Water Gap to Scranton.

That was before the days of steam and the "wagons" that were to be run on the road were to be moved by horsepower. That old charter and all of the rights it conveyed were purchased by the original Delaware and Lackawanna Company for \$1000.

Male Tastes in Beauty. Maidens who have passed their thirtieth year may now claim that they represent the most perfect and advanced type of maidenhood, and look down upon girls who marry before 25 as very much akin to savages, for it is a well-known fact that the age of marriage advances with civilization. Everywhere the most mature woman is to be found. The tastes of men in this regard seem to have undergone a complete revolution, and, instead of fluttering about the inexperienced girl, talking pretty nothings, they are matching their experiences, broadening their horizon, sharpening their wits in clever conversation with some brilliant and beautiful woman.

The productiveness of Formosa is so great that it is believed that the present population of 2,500,000 could be raised to 10,000,000 without exhausting the fertility of the soil.

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

Fish are sold alive in Japan, the peddlers conveying them through the streets in tanks.

Somehow whenever we hear a man called an Adonis we long to hunt him up and smash his pretty nose.

Color and Disease.

Every one would agree that color has an extraordinary effect on one's spirits, and scarlet or reds of any kind are distinctly exhilarating. But what is the power of color over disease? The idea that the power exists is not a new one—indeed nobody knows how old it is—but when Edward II, (then Prince Edward) was smitten with smallpox his doctor (Gaddesden) treated him in a way that would baffle even the Christian Scientists.

To quote his own words, from a note of Miss Strickland's in her Marguerite of France memoir, "I ordered the prince to be enveloped in scarlet cloth and that his bed and all the furniture of his chamber should be of bright red color, which practice not alone cured him, but prevented his being marked." The old chronicle goes on to say that he "treated the sons of the noblest houses in England on the red system and made good cures in all."

"In this childish state," Miss Strickland quaintly remarks, "was the noble art of healing at the court of Marguerite." What would her comments be if she lived in this twentieth century?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Coronation Blunders.

There were all sorts of blunders made at Queen Victoria's coronation, and the queen never knew what she was to do next. They made her leave her chair and enter St. Edward's chapel before the prayer was concluded, much to the discomfort of the archbishop.

The ruby coronation ring, according to the rubric, should go on the fourth finger. In this case the ring had been made for the little finger, when the queen accordingly held out when the proper time came. The archbishop refused to put it on that finger and said it must go on the fourth. The queen remonstrated, declaring that she could not get it on, but the archbishop insisted that it had to go. Accordingly the other rings were taken off, and the new one was forced on with such pain that as soon as the ceremony was over the queen had to bathe her finger in ice water to get it off.—Saturday Evening Post.

Small Fish.

An Englishman walking through a certain part of Scotland with rod and reel came upon a tiny loch which he thought held out promise of good sport. Patiently he fished for three hours, moving steadily from spot to spot along the borders of the little pond, but no success came to him.

At last he accosted a boy who had stood for ten minutes watching him with mingled surprise and curiosity on his face. "My little lad," said the Englishman, "can you tell me whether there are any fish in this pond?"

"If there be any, they must be vera wee ones, sir," returned the boy, "for there was nae water here until it rained yesterday."

A Business Man's Nerve.

The successful merchant nowadays knows how to turn even misfortune into advertising. A team of coach horses dashed into an immense plate glass window in front of a big furniture store in New York city and made a general smashup of everything in sight. The proprietor, instead of shutting up shop even temporarily, sat down and with a paint brush elaborated the following on a big white board and installed it in the window where the plate glass was: "A coach team smashed this window. You see, even the horses know where to find good furniture. This is a pointer for you."

Used to a President's Desk.

Jimmie Garfield, as the people of Washington insist on calling the son of the murdered president, although he is now a man with a tinge of gray in his hair, was being initiated into his duties as civil service commissioner by President Proctor and William Dudley Foulke, his colleagues on the commission. He had just been shown his room, the same one in which Mr. Rodenberg of Illinois had worked, and Mr. Foulke said impressively, "Mr. Garfield, you will have the honor of sitting at the same desk which President Roosevelt used when he was a member of this commission."

Mr. Garfield did not seem much impressed. "I am used to sitting at a desk that has been used by a president of the United States," he said. "I use my father's desk at home, so I think I shall be able to work all right at this one."

Tableland and No Peaks.

A citizen from New Mexico came to town, and Delegate Rodey took him up to see congress at work. The New Mexican sat in a gallery for two hours and then met Rodey in one of the corridors. "I ain't thinkin' much of this yere outfit," said the New Mexican.

"Why not?" asked Rodey.

"There don't seem to be no statesman in the bunch."

"Oh," said Rodey, "probably there are no Daniel Websters here, but it is a mighty good lot of men of fine ability."

"So I was thinkin'," said the New Mexican; "all tableland and no peaks."—CARL SCHOFIELD.

Four Kinds of Pupils.

The Talmud says there are four kinds of pupils—the sponge and the funnel, the strainer and the sieve. The sponge is he who taketh up everything, and the funnel is he who taketh in at this ear and letteth out at that; the strainer is he that letteth go the wine and retaineth the dross, and the sieve is he that letteth go the bran and retaineth the fine flour. The student who begins at least to wish to belong to the last named class will not have been sent to college in vain.

Advice.

"What would you say," began the voluble prophet of woe, "if I were to tell you that in a very short space of time all the rivers of this country would dry up?"

"I would say," replied the patient man, "Go thou and do likewise."—Boston Christian Register.

A Slander.

To say that every man has his price is to deny the existence of the great men who have died for their faith and their country. Nonsense! 'Tis the last plea of a knave and issues out of the mouth of a fool. The sterling strength of man and woman rebukes it everywhere.—Schofield.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[Special Correspondence.]

The Congressional Directory makes no mention of the baths which take up a goodly amount of space in the sub-basement of the capitol. They are a time honored institution and are maintained at the government's expense for the members. Care, however, has been taken not to give undue prominence to the fact that the taxpayers provide sumptuous baths where their representatives can go and recover from the effects of state dinners or wilder dissipation without more interruption than is absolutely necessary from their official duties. The house baths are particularly luxurious. The halls are carpeted with velvet which makes the floor covering of the committee rooms appear like burlap by comparison. The tubs are of heavy porcelain, the plumbing is silver plated, and all the other furnishings are in keeping with this elegance. The attendants are said to be the most expert in the country, and, while they are not carried on the payroll as "rubbers," masseurs, chiropodists and manicures, theirs is the work of those specialists just the same.

On the house side a marble bathtub has just been installed that is marvelous in its elegance. The stone from which it was hewn was imported from Italy. The tub was hollowed out by hand, and its interior has been polished until it shines like a mirror. It is said to have cost over \$1,000. This marble tub is placed in a room which has a wainscoting of Italian marble. The plumbing appliances are said to be the finest ever placed on a bathtub in this country.

Walsh's Mansion and Block.

Thomas F. Walsh, the Colorado millionaire, who has made his home in Washington for the last four years, is not the finest in town. It is at the corner of Massachusetts avenue and Twenty-first street, near the homes of Mrs. Townsend and Mrs. Westinghouse, and will have a frontage of eighty feet and a length of ninety-five feet. The frame will be entirely of steel and the materials for the walls brick and granite, making the house fireproof.

On the first floor will be a large hall containing a balcony for musicians, drawing, reception and dining rooms, a library and a conservatory. The second and third floors will be devoted to the living rooms for the family and their guests. A large ballroom and a supper room will occupy the top floor, and in the basement, besides the kitchen and other offices, a billiard room and wine closet have been provided for. The house will cost in the neighborhood of \$500,000, and more than a year will be required to build and decorate it.

An Expensive Antique.

Because there is no record of a money order for \$15 issued seventy-three years ago a big force of clerks in the postoffice department has been put to work trying to trace it. It is estimated that it will cost the government \$500 in salaries for clerks who are going over the records in an effort to find something concerning this order.

Proper Caution.

Courteous Cityman—May I take you in to dinner, madam.

Cynthia Jaytown (who is visiting her cousin)—Well, I dunno as I order. The very last thing St. Jaytown says to me wuz, "Cynthy, don't yew git taken in while yew be in the city?"—Chicago News.

The Difference.

She—Why, I thought the sermon remarkably short. I'm surprised that you should consider it long.

He—But I wasn't wearing a new bonnet to church for the first time with a consciousness that all the other women were looking at it.—Philadelphia Press.

As For Him.

"I see here in the paper," observed Sandy Pike, "that a noted scientist says that the constant use of water as a beverage insures a long life."

"As for me," comments Whiskered Willie, "give me a short life and a merry one."—Baltimore American.

Willie's Trouble.

"What's the trouble, Willie?" said Mrs. Brown to her small son, who was crying.

"My kite won't fly," sobbed Willie, "and I made it out of fly paper too."—Little Chronicle.

Good Work.

I saw a splendid cut of Caddlegg yesterday.

"I didn't see it. What paper was it in?"

"None; it was on the street. Miss Kandor did it."—Philadelphia Press.

Getting Back at Him.

St. Peter—Who are you?

New Arrival—I'm the paying teller of—

St. Peter—You'll have to get somebody to identify you.—Town Topics.

A Literal Interpretation.

"Why do we say, 'Give us this day our daily bread?'" asked a Sunday school teacher after the lesson.

"Because we want it fresh," answered a little girl.—Little Chronicle.

Worldly Wisdom.

"Now that my engagement to Edgar is broken off I wonder if he'll ask me to return the jewels that he gave me."

"If he doesn't ask for them, I'd send them back at once, for in that case they're not genuine!"—Flegende Blatter.

How He Would Up.

"Sad about Bingham, isn't it?"

"What's the matter with Bingham?"

"He went to the bad being a good fellow."—Baltimore News.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

The First Victim.

"Hello, Jinks! Why, I haven't seen you for several weeks. How's your health?"

"Poorly. Every little thing seems to affect me lately. Well, at any rate you are looking like a kingkong."

"Feeling that way, except for a slight touch of spring fever?"

"Yes; springsprung always affects me too; makes my head ringrong."

"What in thunder is the matter with you, old man, the way you've got to talking?"

"Nothing though!" said Jinks, making a swinging movement of his arm through empty air as his friend backed away in amazement and alarm.

"I hear that you have become a great devotee to the fashionable fad of table tennis."

"Yes," he said wildly. "I like to have my fling and enjoy the banjo sing-song of the game of pingpong at every racket's swingswong while the celluloid sphere is on the wingwong. I know that game's the thingthong!"

Gently the keepers from the asylum led him away to his padded cell, the first victim of the omnipresent game of pingpong.—Baltimore Herald.

A Lesson in Horticulture.

Four-year-old Nellie was with her father one day while he was hoeing potatoes.

There were turnips on the other side of the garden, which, of course, never needed any hoeing, and Nellie very earnestly asked:

"Papa, how do the turnips grow?"

"God makes them grow, my child," he answered.

"Well, that's funny," said Nellie. "I never saw him in here hoeing them."—Little Chronicle.

Accounted For.

Cholly—Yaas, Miss Cutter, that girl once made a fool of me.

Miss Cutter—Oh, is that the way it happened?

"Colonel," said the fair grass widow, "supposing you and I were cast away upon a lonely island, would you be happy?"

"Yes," he answered, dodging around the rubber tree. "I wouldn't ever need to be afraid when we went out strolling together there of meeting a preacher or a justice of the peace looking for a job."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Unafraid.

Ascum—I confess I was surprised to hear of your marriage; thought you were a confirmed old bachelor.

Oldbache—But I'm in business for myself now.

Ascum—Well?

Oldbache—Well, I had to have a wife in whose name I could put my property.—Philadelphia Press.

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CHOICE MISCELLANY

Canned Goods in the Southwest.

The southwesterner gets his living from tin cans. There surely never was such a region for canned vegetables, canned meat, canned fruit, canned soup, canned milk, canned cheese. Empty tin cans form a charmed circle about every southwestern town and camp. Even where he can profitably and easily produce his own food the southwesterner seems to prefer to raise some exclusive crop, sell his product and buy canned goods. It is amusing enough to discover that the cattle rancher, though a thousand cows come up to water at his tanks every day or two, will yet serve condensed milk from cans that came from New Jersey; that his beef bears the mark of Kansas City; that even his poultry and eggs are imported at enormous prices from Kansas. His butter also comes canned. If it were not for the patient Chinese gardener, even the best irrigated valleys would be without fresh vegetables. But if the southwesterner fails in garden making he does delight in flowers, vines and shade trees. They relieve the monotony of the gray desert and link him with his old green home in the east. He will let his fields go thirsty in time of drought before he will allow the rosebushes and the pepper trees in his front yard to suffer.

Indeed so industrious has he been in surrounding himself with shade and verdure that he is open to criticism for overdoing the matter, overcrowding his small grounds. An irrigated valley town in blossom is a marvel to be remembered.—Ray Staward Baker in May Century.

Paint and Soap Mines.

A natural soap mine and a paint mine are two of the latest mineral discoveries in northwest Canada. Several soda lakes have been found in the foothills near Ashcroft, B. C. Their bottoms and shores are incrustated with a natural washing compound containing borax and soda. No two analyses agree