

BANDON RECORDER.

Wasn't His Hat, Anyway. Mr. Weddle, visiting his wife's relatives up in Maine, fairly had to go to church that Sunday. He didn't want to go, but his wife thought it would do him good and would be apt to preserve the harmony of the family.

Like all things, good and bad, the sermon came to an end at last, but Weddle slumbered on like a baby even after a deacon began taking up the collection in a hat. When the deacon was passed to Weddle, Mrs. Weddle was surprised to see that he did not respond. She nudged him violently to bring him back to his senses, and Weddle, awakening with a start, sat upright and, bewildered, gazed at the hat in the hand of the deacon. Then he shook his head sleepily and said: "No; that isn't mine. Mine is a gray one."—New York Tribune.

Had Nerve. "Well, ain't that a lovely customer? I just dote on waiting on that kind. Did you see her, though?" The shop-girl was bubbling over with rage. A woman and her daughter had looked at not fewer than twenty-five silk waists. At last they took up one, and the woman brought forth a tape measure. "I think we might get it out of three and a half yards or three and two-thirds anyhow. Just wait—twenty-three inches down the front, three-quarters for the sleeves, allow a quarter for collar and cuffs. Yes, that'll do it." As she talked she ran the tape over by almost bursting with indignation. "Three yards of lace, one and a quarter of insertion," she went on, measuring the trimming. "Put that down, Amy. Now let's go. We can get up a waist exactly like that for \$7.50, and they ask \$14.98. They've got their nerve, haven't they?"—New York Press.

From the Theater Gallery. Mr. W. Pett Ridge tells in the English Illustrated that the best repartee he ever encountered was in the gallery of a theater. An extremely stout, good tempered woman contrived to wedge herself into a space that would have accommodated a person of ordinary size, to the unconcealed annoyance of a smartly dressed youth next to her. She began to peel an orange, and the youth, with a gesture of complaint, removed his silk hat fustily to a safer position.

Presence of Mind. During a performance at one of the London theaters a man and his wife had to quarrel on the stage, the woman in a rage of jealousy, the man trying to persuade her that she was too suspicious and too passionate. Both were acting with great spirit when the wife moved her arm to near the candle, and her muslin dress was in flames in an instant. Both actors kept their heads, however. The husband extinguished the fire and, proceeding with his part, interpolated: "You see, my dear, I was right. You are ready to flare up at the least thing."

Odd Plants. "What an inquiring mind Miss Lightly has!" exclaimed the cynic. "We were at an Italian table d'hote last evening, and she said, with a very kittenish air: 'Oh, did you ever see macaroni growing?' I should think a whole field of those lovely white stalks would be too fully pretty."

A Bit of John Betts's Sarcasm. A noble lord once said on the occasion of Mr. Bright's illness that Providence was punishing him for misuses of talents by inflicting a disease of the brain. The following was Mr. Bright's sarcastic rejoinder when he resumed his seat: "It may be so, but in any case it was holding the child in his arms and raining kisses on her baby face. His eyes were full of tears and he was calling her all the pet names in the English vocabulary, it seemed to Polly. Then he picked up his mailbag again and walked with her to the end of the block. 'There's mamma,' said the baby, and the big, strong man's lips only quivered as he kissed her good-by and watched her cross to where her mother was waiting for her. Not a glance did they bestow on the mail-carrier, who watched them from across the street with wistful eyes. When they turned the corner he resumed the sorting out of letters and went on his way, a better man, no doubt, for having had that five minutes' happiness with his 'baby sweetheart' as he had called her. There had been trouble in the household, no doubt, and Polly has no idea who was to blame, but it looked to me that with the mail-carrier's pleasant, refined face, and the mother with her pretty and gentle ways, that after a time they must become reconciled and an explanation take place that would reunite them into a happy family once more, but when that time comes it will be a little child who will lead them. It was a pathetic scene, and one that I will not soon forget."

The Laugh. Chumpley—That hypnotist is a fraud. He couldn't control my mind at all last night. Pokeny—Of course he had some excuse? Chumpley—Yes. He said there was no material to work on. You ought to have heard the audience give him the laugh!—Tit-Bits.

POLLY LARKIN

As we go through the world, if we would only make it our duty in life to say things that are pleasant, relate only those things of our neighbors or anybody else that would redound to their good and leave a cheerful glow instead of a chill in the heart, we would find this merry old world a much happier place to live in. If we must gossip, let it be on a high order, instead of resorting to the base and low, in fact, bordering on the diabolical, by repeating what you may hear. Mind you, "repeating" it is always somebody else said "so-and-so." You do not accept the blame for the scandal-monger; you are merely their tool, simply assisting in the evil work of scattering the spiteful bits of news to aid in clouding a life. If you are going to be a gossip of this type don't act the part of a coward, although it is in keeping with your ugly pastime, but try and be honorable enough not to endeavor to shift the blame on to somebody else's shoulders, for you are just as guilty as the party who first started the stories in keeping the ball rolling, and for every turn it makes it gathers a little more venom until it is so distorted that the originator of the story would never recognize it as the story she so wickedly started. These gossips never get tired, but greedily gather up every item of news that can be carried to others.

One of these over-zealous gossips called at a friend's house recently and had hardly got comfortably seated until she began: "Oh, Mrs. B.— you have heard the latest about Miss C.—? It is perfectly dreadful if the half of it is true and—" "Stop right there, please," said Mrs. B.— "I don't want to hear it, for Miss C.— has always been my friend. I have always found her sweet, noble, and a charming little woman, who is not capable of wronging anyone and who is so conscientious that she wouldn't if she could. All the gossip in the world would not affect my feeling toward her, for no matter what proof you might bring me I would not listen to or accept it. Would that there were more women as true and noble as Miss C.—, the world would be far better. Anything derogatory to Miss C.— that you may hear you can brand as a falsehood pure and simple, and can lay it at the door of some mean, petty spirit, who is possibly envious of Miss C.—'s great popularity. Please do me the favor of never repeating anything you may hear of the kind again, and better still, refuse to listen to it." Gossips are abroad in the land and they should be denounced and frowned upon until they give up the unpleasant habit. If you want to make your neighbor the theme of your conversation, let it be some pleasant bit of information you have to indulge in that will not fill the heart with bitterness if it should chance to reach his ears.

I saw a little incident that was filled with interest to Polly the other day. I chanced to be in the neighborhood of the general postoffice, when I saw a little lady daintily dressed leading one of the prettiest baby girls I have seen in many a long day. She was about three or four years of age and toddled along lisping her baby questions. An elderly lady, seemingly the grandmother, accompanied them. They wandered back and forth on the same block and seemed to be waiting for some one. Finally the gray-uniformed mail carriers began filing out with their loads of mail. One after the other wended their way in different directions. The trio watched them as they passed until one of them stepped out of the building and as he passed down the street sorted a number of letters he held in his hand. The moment he came in sight the mother bent down and whispered something to the child, then she and the elderly lady walked slowly down the street. The baby stood for an instant looking at the big man in gray and brass buttons and then ran up to him. "Hello, papa," she said with a glad little cry. Down went the mailbag and the letters, and the next moment he was holding the child in his arms and raining kisses on her baby face. His eyes were full of tears and he was calling her all the pet names in the English vocabulary, it seemed to Polly. Then he picked up his mailbag again and walked with her to the end of the block. "There's mamma," said the baby, and the big, strong man's lips only quivered as he kissed her good-by and watched her cross to where her mother was waiting for her. Not a glance did they bestow on the mail-carrier, who watched them from across the street with wistful eyes. When they turned the corner he resumed the sorting out of letters and went on his way, a better man, no doubt, for having had that five minutes' happiness with his "baby sweetheart" as he had called her. There had been trouble in the household, no doubt, and Polly has no idea who was to blame, but it looked to me that with the mail-carrier's pleasant, refined face, and the mother with her pretty and gentle ways, that after a time they must become reconciled and an explanation take place that would reunite them into a happy family once more, but when that time comes it will be a little child who will lead them. It was a pathetic scene, and one that I will not soon forget.

A little tot of four years was kneeling by her bed and saying her prayers the other night. She had asked blessings for every member of the family, a sick friend and all her cousins, aunts, uncles, etc., and wound up by asking for her sick kitten to hurry up and get well.

A PET ECONOMY.

Almost Every Man Maintains One, Small Though It May Be. "Got a match about you?" asked the bookkeeper of the chief buyer. "Wonder you wouldn't buy matches once in awhile?" growled the buyer. "I've been supplying you with matches for years." "I never buy matches—never have and never will," said the bookkeeper. "It is my pet economy. Most every man has one."

Another little miss of four or five years old went to school the other day as a visitor. The teacher, when the other children had finished their Friday afternoon exercises of speaking and singing, asked the child if she could not recite something. She consented and toddled up to the platform, but there she stood for several seconds, and all of the little verses she knew so well had left her mind completely, but she would not admit that. Suddenly turning to the teacher she said: "Oh, I know something," and proceeded to say her prayers, leaving off the "Amen" part of it to the no small amusement of the teacher and the pupils.

Speaking of children reminds me of the kindly act of Mr. Schwab, a prominent member of the steel trust, and he calls it his "amusement." He has purchased a big piece of property called Richmond Beach on Staten Island near Tattenville, which includes a fine quarter-mile stretch of beach, a fresh water lake, a grove of hills, a steamboat dock, pavilions, pagodas and a farm-house. He is changing the buildings to suit the purposes for which he intends to use them, and thinks that the place, swept as it is by the ocean breezes from the lower bay, will make a particularly fit and salubrious summer resort for the sick and poor children of New York. His idea is to manage the beach in connection with sundry charitable institutions and bring children down on steamboats to spend the day. As many as 2000 children can be fed and cared for there daily in the season, and Mr. Schwab rightly thinks that the resources of the place will afford them excellent sport. Anyone familiar with the great suffering during the hot summers by the poor of New York can appreciate what this means for the children. Scores of children die during the hot waves in New York every year whose lives could be saved if they could only get them to such a place as the one Mr. Schwab has prepared for them. It is a noble work and a better monument to the originator than the most costly granite monument that could have been erected. Many a petition will ascend to the throne of mercy from childish lips for the benefit of their benefactor and friend.

SHOES.

Never wear a shoe that pinches the heel. Never wear a shoe or boot tight anywhere. Never come from high heels to low heels in one jump. Never wear a shoe that will not allow the great toe to lie in a straight line. Never wear leather sole linings to stand upon. White cotton drilling or linen is healthier. Never wear a shoe with a sole narrower than the outline of the foot traced with a pencil close under the rounding edge. Never wear a shoe with a sole turning up very much at the toes, as this causes the cords on the upper part of the foot to contract. Never have the top of the boots tight, as it interferes with the action of the calf muscles, makes one walk badly and spoils the shape of the ankle. Never think that the feet will grow large from wearing proper shoes. Pinching and distorting make them grow not only large, but unsightly. A proper natural use of all the muscles makes them compact and attractive.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Eggs Preserved Twelve Years. M. Louis Parisot, an eminent French chemist, has discovered a liquid which he claims to be capable of preserving the freshness of eggs for a period of twelve years. A year ago he placed a large number of these delicacies in the liquid, getting a magistrate to witness his act and seal the tank with his official seal. A few days ago the tank was opened in the presence of his worship, the eggs being found to be in excellent condition. Four eggs were selected and hatched out of the tank, and on being boiled were eaten, the magistrate also pronouncing them to be excellent and also possessing a delicious flavor. Another triumph for the inventor happened recently, some eggs which had been in the liquid for four months being successfully hatched, eight out of the dozen placed under the hen proving fertile. M. Parisot states that he can preserve eggs with his preparation at a cost of 15 cents per thousand.

Burial Goods at Wholesale. The people in and about Douglas, Mo., have organized a burial association. It has 100 members. When a member dies an assessment of 12 cents is made against each member, realizing \$100 for the expenses of the funeral and \$30 for the expenses of maintaining the organization. The organization has purchased and stored a lot of burial goods in order to take advantage of the wholesale prices.

Longevity of Royal Family. King Christian IX of Denmark, who recently completed his eighty-second year, was one of twelve children, all of but two of whom lived to be over 60. His sister, the Dowager Duchess of Anhalt-Demburg, is 91 years old, and he has two brothers living, aged 78 and 77 years respectively.

Take hold of a heavy load and draw it till you are ready to fall from exhaustion and then have some one compel you to pull harder by the strokes of a whip and you will experience what the faithful horse has to bear every day.

Leave troubles at the front gate of your home when you enter. Home should be a place to renew our cheerfulness and energies for the perplexities of daily life.

We have known some honest patriots to lose their homes by taking too great an interest in running this government.

Failures are but rungs in the ladder that leads higher if you are the right kind of a climber.

Some persons are unhappy because they have such a poor opinion of themselves.

Some men think money is too good to pay debts with.

No man is perfect and few men are totally bad.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

As to Doctors' and Lawyers' Fees. In conversation the other day a prominent lawyer remarked to a physician of repute that the Plant estate, amounting to some \$40,000,000, would bring the lawyers about \$1,000,000 as fees. The doctor asked the lawyer: "Mr. F., suppose Mr. Plant were dying, but there being a chance of saving his life by a difficult operation, a surgeon should operate and save Mr. Plant's life. Would that surgeon be justified in sending in a bill for \$100,000?"

The immediate answer was, "Certainly not." "Well," asked Dr. M., "how is it that the lawyers can charge such large fees?" "Because," replied the advocate, "a lawyer's fees are fixed by the courts." And the celebrated physician, whose office fee of \$10 is often grudgingly paid, remarked: "You lawyers have solved the problem of self preservation, while we are spending our time in the preservation of others."

Beginning of American Polo. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the New York Herald, was the leading spirit in introducing polo into this country. It was he that dined in 1876 at his own residence, which still stands on the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-eighth street, New York city, the following gentlemen: Messrs. William Jay, William B. Douglass, Charles C. Franklyn, Winnie Thorn, Perry Belmont, John Mott, Samuel Howland and Lord Mandeville. It was decided to bring from Texas a carload of cow ponies, and, until within a short time, there has hung in the Meadow Brook clubhouse, on Long Island, a list of these ponies, distributed by lot among the diners at an average cost of \$20 each. The first game was played during that winter in the old frame Pickel Riding academy, where now stands the Union League club, corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-ninth street, and play was later continued at Jerome Park race course at Fordham in 1877.

"Mary Jane" in London. On Sunday afternoon when Mary Jane goes out with her soldier you see the streets fairly lighted up with the gayety of the colors she displays. Her wigs, which have gone up in a decade from £16 to £29, are spent upon dress and such dress! She will not come to you unless you keep a footman and a butler. Her duties, defined by herself, are to clean the ornaments and to look after one or two rooms. Clean windows? Never! Wash a handkerchief? No. That belongs to the laundress' department, etc. Therefore it is found convenient to move into flats, and the rents of Mayfair mansions go down and down until they in turn are finally turned into fat-houses themselves. The small families who occupy them are readily adapting themselves to household cares without a maid's assistance.—London Letter in Town and Country.

Condensation. If science goes on discovering new means of condensing things for us, there seems to be every reason to believe that the time is at hand when existence will mean nothing but tabloids from the cradle to the grave. The great French chemist Berthelot declares it quite possible to exist without any of the foods we now possess, even milk being dispensed with, but at present the process is too costly to be of use, but he hopes some day this cost may be overcome. The French chemist has invented a method of compressing sea air into tabloids it is obvious that life will not be worth living at all in the coming by and by if the pilule system is adopted. We shall care nothing for early asparagus or strawberries; ducks and game, salmon and the spring chicken will cease to be, and the flying machine means of locomotion will render us indifferent to scenery.

Glasgow Old Fogylsh. "Glasgow is quite free from corruption, but there is considerable bosh about the ideal municipal government of the city," said a Glasgow man now touring this country to an interviewer the other day. "The public improvements are far behind those of many cities in the United States. The electric lights are queer, old-fashioned things, and the city permitted the construction of overhead wires for the street railways. Commissioners were sent to various cities to look into electric light systems and electric railway systems. I can't imagine where they went, for they brought back a lot of very old-fashioned ideas."

Smoke Made Useful. In many of the towns of Belgium a novel method of making use of smoke has lately been employed. The scheme is worthy of particular notice because it not only does away with the "smoke nuisance," but turns it into profit. The smoke is driven by a ventilating fan into a filter of porous material over which pours a continuous stream of petroleum, benzine, alcohol or some liquid hydro carbon fumes. Thus the smoke is entirely suppressed, and the filter yields a gas of great heating power which may be used in many ways. The material in the filter also becomes a good fuel.

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NEW SHORT STORIES

The Navy Had to Wait. The house committee on naval affairs was in session. As the members were considering important matters the discussion was more or less heated. The day was warm, and the windows which look out on the white marble walls of the court of the capitol were wide open. Mr. Kitchin was giving his views when the strains of "Go Way Back and Sit Down" by a steam calliope found their way into the room. Mr. Mudd arose from his seat, took his hat from the rack and departed from the room. The music seemed to be getting nearer, and Mr. Wheeler followed Mr. Mudd. Mr. Dayton next discovered that Kitchin was not saying anything that interested him, and he closed the door of the committee room from the outside. Mr. Loudenslager and Mr. Bull held a whispered conversation and smiled defiantly at Chairman Foss as they made tracks in the direction of the circus parade. So the members of the committee faded away until Mr. Kitchin was talking to a single auditor, Mr. Foss.

"Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Kitchin, suddenly breaking off from his argument, "that circus parade must be a pretty good one or else the committee would have remained to listen to my remarks. I move that the committee postpone consideration of the needs of the navy until the circus leaves town."

Mr. Foss declared the motion carried, and then he and Mr. Kitchin hurried out to see the elephants march by.—Washington Cor. Chicago News.

Ought to Have Remembered Don. Congressman Sibley of Pennsylvania can never recall a name or a face and is considerably handicapped thereby. It is said of him that once he was in a

FACTS IN FEW LINES

The plants in Kew gardens are being poisoned by London smoke fog. The amount of French capital invested in China exceeds \$100,000,000. Jamaica hopes to export over 12,000,000 bunches of bananas this year. In some New Zealand towns there are more women voters than men. For every 100 deaths in rural districts in England there are 118 in town districts.

Agrarian crimes of violence are fewer in Ireland now than at any time since 1879.

The growth of girls is greatest in their fifteenth year, of boys in their seventeenth.

Orders have been issued in India for the return to store of all ammunition containing dudum bullets.

The Laplanders are the shortest people in Europe, men averaging 4 feet 11 inches, women 4 feet 9 inches.

Golf has been played for the first time on the historic battlefield of Bu-saco, the players being some English visitors.

The highest of all navigable rivers is the Tsangpo, which flows for nearly 1,000 miles at an elevation of from 11,000 to 14,000 feet.

There are altogether thirty miles of bridges on the Siberian railway. The longest is that over the Yenisei, at Krasnoyarsk, just half a mile.

Since the introduction of penny in the slot meters the total consumption of gas in certain districts in Berlin has increased by nearly 700 per cent.

In nearly every street in Japanese cities is a public oven where for a small fee housewives may have their dinners and suppers cooked for them.

Any one attending a spiritual seance in Bohemia is liable to a fine of \$40, according to a decree which has been issued by the governor of the province.

Arabic is the sacred language of 200,000,000 people who dwell in all quarters of the globe, and at least 2,000,000 are now under the care of the United States in the Philippine Islands.

It is reckoned that the United States government owns enough arid land west of the Rocky mountains, if irrigated, to provide homes for the total present population of the country.

Excavations now being made in the Forum at Rome resulted in the discovery of a tomb supposed to date from an epoch anterior to the time generally assigned for the foundation of the city.

The oldest steam engine at work is believed to be a Newcomen winding engine at Farnie colliery, Rutherglen, near Glasgow. It was built in 1849 and has worked continuously to the present time.

It is proposed to extend the basement galleries under the large courtyard at the British museum and to transform the two large wings now used for residential and official purposes into exhibition galleries.

The steamer Mure recently made the trip from Singapore to London, 11,830 miles, using only petroleum for fuel. It required about eighteen tons per day. It would have taken twenty-four to twenty-five tons of the best coal.

Ashington, in the center of the Northumberland (England) colliery district, has accommodation in its clubs for one-sixth of its inhabitants. It also boasts the largest public house bar, which will accommodate 3,000 thirsty miners at a time.

Many relics of pre-Hellenic civilization have just been unearthed near Naples. Among other things discovered were several articles of gold and silver and a quantity of feminine jewelry, all of the greatest archaeological value.

The 2,500 inmates of the New York almshouse last year were fed at a per capita of about 10 cents a day. These persons lived on bread and coffee for breakfast, bread and stew for dinner and bread and tea for supper, without sugar, butter or vegetables.

"No darkened house, no durable coffin, no special mourning attire, no bricked grave, no unnecessary show, no avoidable expense and no unusual eating and drinking." Such are a few of the advantages offered to members of the British Funeral Reformers' association.

Within a few years the accuracy in the production of both flat and round surfaces has been so increased that the speed of engines has been multiplied by three. With the accurate bearings of the present the triple speed gives less trouble from heating and cutting than did the slow speed of former years.

For a consideration a company has just been formed in France to relieve parliamentary candidates of all the worries of a general election. Posters, agents, orators, audiences—all are found. Voters, however, are not supplied, but if the candidate is not elected the company guarantees to refund a third of whatever he may have paid to secure his return.

The German Imperial council of health has issued tables referring to cancer. They show that the number of cases has materially increased since 1892, the proportion of increase surpassing that of the population. The age of the subjects averages younger than in former years. Women are more frequently affected than men, but do not succumb to the cancer in as large a proportion.

Boston is clamoring for a new custom house and expects the next congress to appropriate money for the erection of a bigger and better arranged building than the present old structure on State street. The city's merchants say that with collections exceeding \$20,000,000 a year and much money now paid for rent of outside premises the port merits the new building and the government would profit by erecting it.

The Wife. "Suppose I were an absolutely perfect woman," she remarked sharply. "Do you know what you'd do then?" "No," answered her husband. "What?" "You'd growl because you had nothing to growl about!"—Chicago Post.

A Sad Case. Pat—Poor Mike is dead. Terry—Yes. He never even lived to enjoy his life insurance.—Baltimore World.

YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME? New York hotel when a blond mustached gentleman walked up to him and bade him good morning. "Good morning," said Sibley in an uncertain manner. "You don't remember me?" queried the stranger. "No," confessed Sibley. "I have met you many times," remarked the gentleman. Sibley grew a little bit annoyed. "If you cannot tell me your name," he said, "I shall have to pass on."

An Antique One Year Old. In the reading room of the senate library is a fine old marble mantel of pure colonial style which is as old as the capitol itself. Above this mantel is a large plate glass mirror surrounded by a gold frame of antique design to match the mantel. A New England senator who prides himself on his expert knowledge of things antique stood in front of the fireplace admiring both the mantel and the mirror. "What a magnificent old mirror!" he exclaimed. "I have never seen anything so genuinely antique since I discovered down in an old shop in Virginia a mirror which had been hand carved in England in the year 1723. I suppose this mirror was as old as the hills when it was brought to the capitol and that it has been stored away in some lumber room. Where did you get it?" "It was made to order last year," quietly replied the clerk.

Amos Shook His Fist. Whenever the late Amos J. Cummings made a speech in congress, which was not often, he always had a good audience. He talked with great vehemence on whatever subject he had in hand and flung his arms about like flails. He was always furious at interruptions. A few weeks before the beginning of the illness that proved fatal, when he was talking John Wesley Gaines of Tennessee, who originated the idea of asking questions of every man who gets up to talk, asked him some irrelevant question. Cummings shook his fist at Gaines and roared: "You keep out of my speech." Gaines thought Cummings intended to jump over the desks at him and didn't ask another question that day.

Rhodes' Retort to the Kaiser. Among the stories being told of the late Cecil Rhodes is this: When taking leave of the German emperor after several interviews in relation to Africa, his majesty said, "I wish you were a German, Mr. Rhodes, for then I would ask you to become my minister of foreign affairs." The Kaiser was somewhat started at this characteristically blunt reply: "If your majesty were only an Englishman, I would have suggested that you come to South Africa with me and become my business manager."

A Secondary Consideration. "She's allus so 'fraid of somebody swipin' dat dog." "Am I wuff anyting?" "Waal, in dis hyah neighborhood a 'ting deen' 'have to be wuff nuffin to git swiped."—Puck.

Misunderstood. "And we have one baby," said the meek man who was applying for board. "Will you mind it?" "Mind it?" snapped the thin faced landlady. "Of course not. Do you think I'm a nurse?"—Chicago News.

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His Final Instructions. An old dorky who was fearful of being buried alive left these final instructions: "After my time come lemme stay ez long ez possible. Don't make de funeral sermon too long, kaze dat'll make me sleep only too sounder; but blow de dinner horn over me. Ef dat don't wake me, I is sibly gone!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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Sham Champagne. American apples are cored, sliced and dried, sent to France and there converted into cider. With the addition of carbonic acid gas and yeast and a little flavoring powder, the cider becomes champagne, and much of it comes to England and is drunk under the delusion that it is of the best brand.—London Family Doctor.

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