

BANDON RECORDER.

Why Fire Makes Us Blink.

When one stands before a hot fire, the face becomes red as we all know. This result is the effect of the action of radiated heat on the nerves controlling the small blood vessels of the skin. These tiny vessels are normally in a state of moderate contraction. Under exposure to heat they relax and become distended with blood. The same process, under the mysterious connection of the vasomotor nerve system with mental impressions, produces ordinary blushing. In regard to exposure to direct heat the reddening of the skin, together with the uncomfortable warm feeling accompanying it, may be looked upon as one of the useful little "danger signals" with which we are surrounded.

Persons who from any cause have lost their susceptibility, as is the case in some forms of paralysis, will expose a limb to heat until serious injury results. The reason that the face chiefly flushes is that, in the ordinary position near a fire, it is most directly exposed to the rays of heat, while most of the body is shielded by clothing; that the nerves of the face are particularly sensitive in this respect and that the skin there is more abundantly furnished with blood vessels.

Hugo and the Barber.

When Victor Hugo lived in Paris, in the Place Royale, he used to be shaved by a barber named Brasseur. A friend of the poet asked the barber one day if he was busy. "I hardly know which way to turn," was the reply. "We have to dress the hair of thirty ladies for sores and boils." And M. Brasseur showed the list to his friend. A few days after the friend returned and inquired about the thirty ladies. "Ah, monsieur," said the barber sadly, "I was not able to attend half the number, and I have lost many good customers through M. Victor Hugo." It appears that the poet when about to be shaved was suddenly inspired and seized the first piece of paper he could find to write a poem. Hugo hastily left the shop with his unfinished verses, on the back of which were the names and addresses of the thirty ladies, many of whom waited in vain for their coiffeur.

Billy Rice and a Pin.

Billy Rice, negro minstrel, used to tell the story of a man who picked up a pin as he was leaving the office of a great merchant, after an unsuccessful quest for work.

The merchant, seeing the man's back from the window, called him back and gave him employment, which kind he repaid by becoming owner of the entire business in an incredibly short time.

Billy used to end his story by saying that he tried that scheme once when he was looking for work, dropping a pin carefully on the floor as he entered. He stated his wants to the proprietor, who not only had no employment to offer him, but remarked to his partner as Rice picked up the pin: "Say, if that fellow's so small as to steal a pin off the floor, how much do you think he'd leave in my till?"

Origin of Kitts.

It will doubtless surprise many Scotchmen to learn that the kilt as at present worn is only a modern fancy costume and is not of Scottish origin at all.

The honor of its invention is due to two Englishmen—an army tailor who accompanied General Wade's forces to Scotland in 1719 and Thomas Rawlinson, overseer of some iron works in Glangarry's country. For more than a century previously, indeed, the tartan plaid had been the common garb of the highlanders, but it was all in one piece, wound in folds around the body, leaving the knees bare.

Prior to the adoption of the tartan, which probably took place about the close of the fifteenth century, the long, loose saffron colored skirt, the real "garb of old Gaul," was the highland dress.—London Mail.

William Black's Joke.

On one occasion when William Black, the novelist, and his wife were to sup with Mary Anderson in her room at the Lyceum he got access beforehand to the supper room, famous as the meeting place of the old Beefsteak club, and pasted over the labels of the champagne bottles a paper bearing in large letters the one word "Poison." It happened on this occasion that, unknown to Black, Mary Anderson was entertaining a number of guests with whom she was but slightly acquainted, so that the joke turned out to be somewhat embarrassing. It must have given the strangers, who knew Black only by repute, something of a shock to discover how very boyish he was under his cold outward demeanor.

His Little Bill.

"The senator from New Jersey reminds me of one of those ferocious Newark mosquitoes," I heard her remark to a gentleman by her side with eyeglasses and thin hair in one of the senate galleries.

"How so?" queried the man, putting his ear closer to her and looking as if he expected something real brilliant.

"Because he seems to be forever pinning his little bill?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Figures Don't Lie.

Brown—You only fifty! That's a good one!

White—My daughter says she is only twenty-six, and she was born two years after I was married, and I was married at twenty-two. Figure it out for yourself.—Boston Transcript.

Bricks and Mortar.

Two Irishmen were arguing who was the cleverer.

"Well," said Pat, "I'll bet you can't tell me what keeps bricks together."

"Shure," said Mike, "it's mortar."

"No," said Pat; "you are wrong; that keeps them apart."

A Fierce Threat.

Irish Maid—Do you want a good beating, Master Jimmy, or do you not, because if you don't behave yourself this minute you'll get both?

The superior man is satisfied and composed; the mean man is always full of distress.—Confucius.

POLLY LARKIN

"'Tis passing strange" how many people who claim to be tender-hearted and filled with compassion for their dumb friends, the animals, can go off summer after summer for weeks and months at a time and leave their cats to starve or eke out a miserable existence by foraging on their neighbors, who seldom want to be bothered by somebody else's pets. Doubtless they have cats of their own and all they can well feed, so when the poor, half-starved cat comes prowling around it meets with a cold reception and is driven from house to house. The cat that was once petted and made much of by the members of the family, and whose coat was as smooth as velvet, is now a target for all the boys in the neighborhood, who delight in stoning and setting the dogs on him. It becomes as wild as a March hare, and if it survives, when the family return home they find poor pussy an emaciated and woe-begone cat, possibly recovering from a broken leg and many wounds. It is a cruel shame, and Polly has not much patience with people who turn their pets out to die or pick up any kind of a living.

Every now and then you find where some one has turned out a horse to die. They have served their masters faithfully, drawn the heavy loads that strained every muscle in their tired bodies, taken the unmerciful lash that left great welts on their backs when their strength gave completely out and the heavily laden wagon refused to budge and all the other abuse heaped upon him, and now that their days of usefulness are passed they are begrudged the hay that would keep them and are turned adrift to die on the road. I have seen these old worn-out horses that were turned out on the roadside come up at nightfall and look wistfully over the gate at their owners as they went about feeding the other horses, trying in every way to attract their attention, and it has seemed to Polly that their hearts must be made of stone to turn a deaf ear to the poor, worn-out horse. "Verily, this is a reward for long and faithful service," I have said to myself over and over again. They had better given them a good dinner of grain or turned them into a field of clover, then when the time came they could not keep them, send a bullet swift and sure into some vital spot and end their sufferings. This would have been far more kind to Polly's way of thinking.

But with an eye to business the past few years, parties having old and decrepit horses have sold them so ranchers for chicken-feed. More's the pity that such a noble animal as the horse should have so ignominious an ending. Not long since a gentleman passed in the neighborhood of a dozen worn-out old horses, all ready for shipment to a distant town to be slaughtered for chicken-feed. They were hungry and thirsty and had simply gnawed off the wood of the post they were tied to. "That looks like a horse that once belonged to me and that I sold to a man who owns some of the best racing stock in the State. He won several races," he called his name and the old horse, broken in spirit and body, answered with a whinny and tried to reach his old master. The air reverberated for a few minutes with remarks that were not complimentary to the ones whom he had sold his pet to, and after caressing the poor fellow for a few minutes he hunted up the parties who had purchased the lot of horses for chicken-feed and gave him five dollars for the animal, and as he walked off leading the horse that could barely stagger from starvation and abuse, his eyes were filled with tears and he condemned the men bitterly who could be so heartless. The poor old horse was stabled and well fed and picked up rapidly, regaining much of his fine appearance in his palmy days, and while he would never speed his way around a race-course again, he was destined in his old age to travel leisurely around in the country home of his old master, being the tried and faithful driving-master of the family. "When he is too old for that then he shall die in clover," says his owner. This gentleman, after he had seen that the old race-horse was taken care of, continued his good work. He hunted up the proper authorities and told them of the starving horses that had been tied up for hours without food or water. The result was that five horses were condemned, taken off and killed and their bodies taken to the crematory, and a bale of hay and plenty of water were given to the others. Polly wishes with all her heart that the world were filled with just such noble-hearted men, who would go out of their way to minister to the wants of dumb animals.

Not long since I saw a beautiful canary flying about in the bushes of a woman's yard. Thinking her canary had escaped, I stepped to her door and told her about it. "Yes, it is my bird," she replied, "but I turned it out on purpose. It doesn't sing and I can't be bothered with a bird that does not pay for his keeping any better than that. He had tried to get into the window two or three times, but I didn't pay any attention to him." "But he will starve or freeze to death. Canary birds don't know how to take care of themselves," I said. "I think possibly somebody will take him in and think they have got a great prize, and if they don't the cats will catch him before night," she answered. It is such a mystery how people can be so heartless. I can't understand it for a moment.

FOR NERVOUS FOLKS.

Systematic Rest, Massage and Proper Diet Will Work Wonders.

Schule, writing on mental diseases, asks, "Is our civilization to blame for this neurotic condition?" and the answer is in the affirmative. How can nutrition prosper in the body where malnutrition holds full sway? And how can people be happy and healthy when worry dominates their lives? For in this human being the lower officers of the nervous hierarchy draw their very breath at the bidding of the higher powers, and the relation is very reciprocal, for to keep the brain healthy the unconscious nervous functions must be kept in good shape, proper activities alternating with wisely arranged periods of repose.

Just as soon as one notices the approach of nervous irritability systematic rest will shorten an attack, and by rest I mean to have the patient go to bed and have massage. The amount of exercise undergone in a good scientific massage is equal to a walk of two or three miles a day, and it goes without saying that such passive exercise should increase the appetite, and the food ingested and enjoyed will be digested and assimilated. I use the word "enjoy" deliberately, because there are some nervous invalids who cannot enjoy their food unless in solitude. In addition to the massage I would recommend salt rubs, which are very easy to give. Have a saturated solution of common table salt. Rub the body briskly, especially from the spine outward toward the sides of the body, and as soon as the skin is well reddened wash off with moderately cool water, and the chances are all in favor of restful condition. In case persons suffer from cold feet at night I would advise the bathing of the feet in cold water before going to bed and having a hot water bag always at hand.

Lettuce, celery, spinach, onions, are all vegetables especially valuable to a person of nervous temperament, and milk hot or cold is invaluable.—Pillgrim.

GREWSOME INDIAN CHARM.

Its Loss Led the Cheyenne Braves to Leave the Warpath.

Of all the grewsome things in the National museum the necklace presented several years ago by Captain John G. Burke of the United States army stands unequaled as a monument to Indian cruelty and superstition. This necklace consists first of all of a long buckskin cord made by rolling up a large strip of skin and sewing it along the border so that throughout its entire length it will measure something over an inch in circumference, or about a third of an inch in diameter. This cylinder of buckskin is covered with beadwork so that no part of the skin is exposed. The beads are sewed on in rather tasteful patterns, the colors of which are white and blue. A thin buckskin string is attached to either end of this thick, bead incrustated cord, by means of which the cylinder is tied about the neck of the wearer.

Hanging from the underside of this necklace and running throughout its entire length are twelve human fingers and several small flint arrowheads of peculiar shape and workmanship attached by buckskin strings. In the middle of the necklace depend three small medicine bags made of the tanned hide or skin of human beings. These bags contain charm stones and other paraphernalia of the medicine man.

The human fingers, forming the most conspicuous feature of the necklace, are complete, having been cut off between the middle joint and the knuckle. They have been dried in such manner as to preserve their natural color, finger nails, etc., and look as fresh as though they had been removed only a few hours.

During General Crook's campaign against the Sioux and Cheyennes in 1876 the Fourth cavalry and a detachment of Indian scouts under Colonel R. C. Mackenzie surprised and stormed the chief town and principal stronghold of the Cheyennes. During or rather, after this engagement one of the Indian scouts, Baptiste Pouvrier, better known as Big Bat, entered the lodge of the chief medicine man of the deserted village, and among other things that the medicine man had overlooked in his hurried flight from the town the scout found this curious necklace. Big Bat gave the necklace to Colonel Burke, who later turned it over to a student of Indian religions and superstitions, and he in turn presented it to the National museum.

Subsequently something of the history of this necklace was learned. The fingers were those of famous enemies killed in battle during their various wars, while the human skin of which the medicine bags were made was also taken from the bodies of enemies slain in battle. The necklace is very old and was looked upon by the Cheyennes as a thing endowed with miraculous powers. Prior to its capture by Big Bat it had belonged to a famous medicine man of that tribe, who had never allowed any white man to lay eyes on it, and its loss put a very sudden and abrupt end to the Cheyenne war. The Cheyennes tried hard to get it back, offering a large sum of money and a great many horses for its return, but this was refused, and since then the Cheyennes have remained at peace with the whites.—Washington Post.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

The amount of blood in the human body is one-thirteenth of the body weight.

Sound moves 1,142 feet per second, light 192,000 miles a second and electricity 288,000 miles a second.

The rotation of a watertop at the surface of the sea has been estimated as 354 miles an hour, or nearly six miles a minute.

The sun's light is equal to 5,563 wax candles at one foot from the eye. It would take 800,000 full moons to equal cloudless sunshine.

It is probable that the temperature of the moon's surface at its midday is 750 degrees F. The drop at night is probably 1,000 degrees, to 250 degrees below.

Vesta is the only one of the smaller planets which can be seen with the naked eye. Its diameter is only 300 miles and its whole surface but one-ninth that of Europe.

Crystallized nitrogen is one of the greatest chemical curiosities. By cooling nitrogen gas down to 367 degrees below the freezing point and then allowing it to expand solid, snowlike crystals are formed.

A Gigantic Goddess of War.

In the Japanese capital there is a gigantic image of a woman made of wood, iron and plaster. The time of its erection and the name of its designer are in dispute, but it is known to have been dedicated to Hachiman, the god of war. In height it measures fifty-four feet, the head alone, which is reached by a winding stairway in the interior of the figure, being capable of holding a company of twenty persons. The goddess holds a sword in her right hand and a huge painted wooden ball in the left. Internally the statue is the finest anatomical model in existence, every bone, joint and ligament being represented on a gigantic scale in proportion to the height and general size of the huge figure itself. The large eyes are magnifying glasses, through which a fine view of the surrounding country may be had.

Uninjured Lions Seldom Charge.

Like every other animal the lion tries to avoid man until wounded, and it is only in exceptional cases of their being young ones to guard or from astonishment at seeing the hunters so close to them that they charge when being tracked.

They charge with the same coughing roar that a tiger does and come at great speed close to the ground, not bounding in the air, as they are represented in pictures. Their ears are pressed close to the head, giving them the comical appearance of being without ears.—London Times.

The Most Enticed.

"Let me now," said the chairman of the reception committee, "introduce to you the man who occupies the highest station in our community."

"Ah, pleased to meet you, 'sir,' said the distinguished foreigner. "May I ask you what your business is?"

"I am the weather observer,"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Followed Their Mutual Beat.

"Those boys were alike as two peas, and I hear they're much the same now."

"What business are they in?"

"One's a hypnotist, and t'other's a commercial traveler."—Detroit Free Press.

Even the Effort Counts.

"I allus try to be a gentleman," said Uncle Eben. "Mighty few people succeeds, but de fact dat anybody's makin' de effort counts a heap to his credit."—Washington Star.

A Husband's Epigram.

She—How many men owe their success in life to their wives?

He—And how many more owe their wives to their success in life?—New York World.

"Mounted on jet black chargers, with snow leopard skins on their saddles, they are one of the smartest troops in India," writes a correspondent describing the Imperial Cadet corps, organized in India by Lord Curzon for the sons of native princes.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Had an Idea.

"I have an idea," said the young man who is always having strange ideas, "as to how one can tell which party to a matrimonial alliance has the brains, the ability, the force, by the children."

"Yes?" commented the other quietly.

"Sure. Show me a family where all the children are boys, and I'll show you a man who is the forceful one—the brains of the family."

"Dead certain! I've made a study of it—I've looked up particular families. If you find all girls, the woman is really the head of the family. She is the one who really manages things, although she may be a quiet little woman for all that."

"Yes? He was really very meek. 'By the way, you're married, I believe?'"

"Yes."

"Any children?"

"Two. Both girls."

"Oh!"

And then the conversation flagged.

Time to Cut Her.

"I must quit being seen with that Mrs. Pippeligh," she said.

"My dear," her husband answered, "I'm glad to hear you say that. You know she's been divorced twice, and really I don't believe her husbands were altogether to blame."

"Oh, it isn't that so much, but I suspect that she trimmed the shirt waist and hat she wears herself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Jones' Idea.

Briggs—There goes Jones, the man who married the widow and six children.

Griggs—But what is he doing with that enormous quantity of fireworks?

Briggs—I guess he intends to get rid of the six children.

Met His Waterloo.

"So that baseball umpire has another black eye?"

"Yes."

"How did he get it?"

"By not sticking to his own business. He undertook to decide a dispute over a game of pingpong."—Washington Star.

It Smooches 'Em All Alike.

"There's a couple of big coal soots on your face, Weary."

"Don't mind 'em. They're 're' badges of a great industry, Limpy. I tell you, me boy, there's nothin' like soot coal for puttin' th' human family on an equality."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Genuine Panama.

"Maria, where is my new Panama?"

"New? Why, that yellow and bent up hat didn't look like it was new."

"Well, where is it?"

"Why, it looked so old I cut holes in each side and made a bonnet for the mare."—Chicago News.

Didn't Harmonize.

"Haven't you read that lovely new novel?" asked the first summer girl.

"No," replied the other, "the only edition of it I've seen has a horrid yellow cover that doesn't accord with any of my gowns."—Philadelphia Press.

Full Information.

"Does your father rent that house, young man?"

"No. He owns every bit of it. It's been bought and paid for and insured and mortgaged and everything."—Chicago American.

Knocked in the Head.

Blotts—Going to take a vacation this summer?

Slobbs—I'm afraid I won't be able to afford it. You see, I'm thinking of buying a Panama hat.—Philadelphia Record.

The Prevailing Craze.

The new arrival looked at the halo handed to him and shook his head.

"Haven't you any of Panama straw?" he asked.—Chicago Post.

Good at a Pinch.

Ethel—Would you consider Percy Monckton a good catch?

Madge—Certainly, if all the others got away!—Puck.

A Fish Story.

Who taketh from a numskull's lips the surest kind of squine tips?

And on the loser pinches his chips? The lobster.

At poker, when the draw's complete, Who murmurs, with a querying beat, "How many do four aces beat?" The lobster.

Who, when a maid, all guileless, gay, Avers she's fond of fizz frappe, Replieeth, "Creature, hence away?" The lobster.

Who every kind of duty hates, Yet, harassed by the adverse fates, Grinds out bad verse at workhouse rates? The lobster.

Washington Timber.

"Pennsylvania avenue at one time had trees down the center, I believe," was the remark I made to a Georgetown man I met in a trolley car.

"Yes," was the gentleman's reply, "and now you can find presidential timber on nearly every street in Washington."—Yonkers Statesman.

Cereals with eggs or vegetable oil furnish all the food elements necessary to sustain a man in health, no matter how laborious his occupation.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

The residence portion of the White House is closed, and carpenters and decorators are at work on the interior of the historic old building. All the furniture has been removed from the east room, the blue room and the red room and placed in storage. In a few days the greenhouse, located west of the White House conservatory, will be torn down to make way for the building which is to be used as an office for the president. This building will be completed as soon as possible, that work may begin on the conversion of the present offices in the White House into rooms for the use of the presidential household.

The details of the changes in the White House have not been definitely agreed upon, but the plans have been outlined by Architect McKim, and the main features in the alterations have been made public. The basement portion of the house, which is now used only as a kitchen and laundry, is to be utilized. A large reception room will be arranged on that floor, and a suitable entrance to the room will be provided at the east end of the building. This entrance will be covered by a portico and will be quite pretentious. One of the attractive features of the remodeled house will be a marble staircase to replace the old stairway which now leads to the offices of the president. The new stairway will extend from the reception room in the basement to the second floor.

Diplomats Seek the Seashore.

The Austrian ambassador has taken a cottage at Bar Harbor, where he has passed the last three summers and where he and his wife are leading members of the Washington colony. There will be a large diplomatic contingent at Gloucester, cottages having been leased by the Peruvian, Argentine and Bolivian ministers and by Mr. del Viso. The oriental diplomats still seek the seashore, the Japanese minister and Mme. Takahira going to Cape May and Mr. and Mrs. Wu to Atlantic City, of which resort both the minister and his wife are extremely fond, participating in all the sports, from bathing to darning. The minister at least seeks a partner at the hotel hops, Mme. Wu's tiny feet precluding such enjoyment.

The Major's Big Bass.

One of Washington's noted fishermen is Major Dick Sylvester, the superintendent of police for Washington and president of the National Association of Chiefs of Police.

The major went fishing a few days ago and returned with a five pound black bass, which he sent to the president with his compliments.

Two of the major's friends heard of his catch and asked about it a few days later when they were fishing at the same place. They met a country boy and said, "Is there good fishing up here?"

"Yep," replied the boy, "it's fair. Major Dick was up last week fishing."

"He caught a five pound bass, I understand," observed one of the party, "and gave it to the president."

"I dunno nothin' about his givin' it to the president," the boy said, "but gran'paw, he caught the fish."

Social Secretaries Scarc.

Wives of the cabinet ministers, who already are preparing for next winter's social season, report that there is a remarkable scarcity of young women in Washington who are competent to serve as social secretaries. In fact, there are not enough to get half way around, and the cabinet ladies are in despair because they know that the shortage means a repetition of the anguish and humiliation consequent upon blunders which followed them so relentlessly all during last season.

The social secretary is an important personage in Washington society. To be sure, she is not much in evidence herself, but her handiwork is seen everywhere. The making out of the invitation lists, the mailing of acceptance cards or declinations and the other routine work connected with the social season is the small and unimportant part of the social secretary's duties. She is expected to be a walking encyclopedia of information on the ins and outs of Washington society. This information she deduces to her employer as necessity requires.

Who's a Lobster?

The wife of a new congressman is invariably careful in looking after her perquisites and sometimes makes herself ridiculous by overreaching. A certain Mrs. M. C., hearing not long ago that it was the custom of the fish commissioner to distribute fish to representatives in congress if they cared to have them, telephoned to the commission that she was giving a dinner party the next day and would be much obliged if he would send up three large or six small lobsters. A polite reply to the effect that the fish commissioner was not a market, but that she could have a dozen goldfish for her acquaintance if she would in any way contribute to the success of the feast, was sent in reply to this request.

An Electric Wheel.

There is a new form of gambling going on in the house of commons. Formerly the members played greenback poker for drinks, but since the installation of six pronged electric fans every matching pennies has become obsolete. Each prong of the fan is numbered, and the players each select a number. The player holding the number that falls opposite the upright support of the fan "buys" for the entire party. The game is very popular, but the switches controlling the current are about worn out by the constant turning on and shutting off of the current.

Embarrassing.

A Missouri editor at a recent church entertainment in his town the master of ceremonies made the announcement that "Miss Bates will sing, 'O That I Had an Angel's Wings That I Might Rise and Fly,' accompanied by the minister."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Good Example.

We notice that many of our exchanges are giving us credit now. We trust their example will be emulated by the grocer and butcher at home.

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