

BANDON RECORDER.

Snails.

The popularity of the snail as an article of food is not confined to Paris, but extends throughout southern Europe and some parts of Africa.

A Concession in Pelee.

"People in frontier towns," said a Klondike pioneer, "get used to paying big money for trifles, and \$2 for a box of sardines and \$5 for a pound of bad coffee become reasonable prices."

"How much?" I asked. "Well, \$2, I guess," said the dentist. "I paid him, although my jaw still ached pretty badly."

The inventor of the cork. Don Venigman, a poor blind monk, first thought of cork for bottle stoppers.

How they faced death. Marshal Ney was the son of a hard-working cooper and had risen from the ranks of the army.

Sippets. Sippets, mentioned often in English stories, may be either of bread or of toast. Sippets of toast are thin oblongs of bread toasted to a golden brown.

A Weather Glass. A simple weather glass is made thus: Obtain a glass jar, such as is used for pickles, and put some water into it; then get a bottle with a long neck, if possible, and put it in the jar, with the neck downward, till the mouth just touches the water.

A Kind Word. Many a friendship, long, loyal and self-sacrificing, rested at first on no thicker a foundation than a kind word. Two men were not likely to be friends.

Oddities of Color Blindness. While the number of color blind persons is not very large, only about five in every hundred suffering from any defect in this respect and most of those being affected only in a minor degree, yet the phenomenon sometimes assumes very remarkable phases.

An oculist states that he found two persons who possessed monochromatic vision—that is to say, all colors appeared to them to be simply different shades of gray.

If the reader will look at a photograph of a landscape or, better, of a garden filled with brilliant flowers, he will be able to form an idea of the appearance which nature must present to one who suffers from the affliction called monochromatic vision.

POLLY LARKIN.

I have heard many pathetic incidents in regard to animals, but one came to my knowledge the other day that is enough to move anyone to tears. A gentleman owned a very fine shepherd dog which was his constant companion and followed him to his work in the morning carrying his lunch-basket and remaining in his vicinity constantly.

"Careful Housekeeper" is in deep distress, judging from her letter to the query-box. She has moved into a country home which was once used as a wayside hotel, and while she is delighted with the rambling old house that is big enough to entertain all her summer guests without crowding, it still has tenants that refuse to depart, ugly little customers who make night hideous by feasting royally on guests and tenants, no distinction being made, and which scamper away so lively on the awakening of the sleeper that seldom can they catch a glimpse of the little cannibals. That is not all. Cockroaches, "ugly little beasts," says "Careful Housekeeper," have fairly taken possession of the kitchen and defy all the arts of man to get rid of them, and the query is, "How am I to get rid of these pests?"

Well, you are in trouble, "Careful Housekeeper." I have never had so sad an experience, and consequently know nothing for exterminating the pests and cannot speak from experience, but I have laid the matter before a well known and experienced druggist and have also appealed to several ladies who pride themselves on their neat housekeeping, and they have given me information galore. The following is what the druggist has to say in regard to the "cannibals": Get ten cents' worth of bulach powder and a little ten-cent blower and fill every little crevice and corner with the powder and do not be afraid of getting it on to your thick. Don't think they will have any more trouble with the "cannibal."

"The druggist's idea is good as far as it goes, Polly," said a little lady, "but let me give you my experience. I lived in the State of Nevada for several years, and there is the place where you will find that the 'cannibals' flourish. I tried bulach and just piled it on. It worked all right for a few days, and then if they didn't just walk through it. Then I tried taking every bed to pieces and went over every inch of them with kerosene oil. Afterward I applied the bulach. It worked like a charm, and since then I have never seen a 'cannibal' in my house. Tell 'Careful Housekeeper' if she will sprinkle powdered borax about the stove and along the crevices in the walls and around the edge of her carpets, she will soon find that the cockroaches have taken their flight."

BRIEF REVIEW. A Giant Mimic Gun. In one of the Brooklyn armories there is a working model of an eight-inch coast-defense gun which the regiment uses for actual target practice. The gun is of the usual size and is provided with the necessary accessories, but it is made chiefly of wood. The projectiles are cylinders made of paper a quarter of an inch in thickness, and have a pointed rubber end and a wooden disc at the base. They have a band of felt, which enables them to take the rifling of the gun perfectly. The gun is discharged by compressed air, the device for the operation having been specially made for the purpose. The gun is fired at targets set up in the armory.

Drama in England and Japan. National drama began its career in England and Japan at about the same time. In 1575 Okuni, a priestess, who ran away from the temple (but made her peace with the god Onnanji by devoting part of the receipts to repairing his shrine), gave her first theatrical performance at Kyoto. In 1576 the Earl of Leicester's servants erected the first public theater in Blackfriars.

Bubonic plague has been working great havoc in the Zoos at Sydney. Birds, beasts and reptiles have all died of it. They kept an Indian sheep alive by large portions of whisky and milk, but at last it succumbed also—to plague, not to whisky.

Benefit your friends, that they may love you more dearly still. Benefit your enemies, that they may at least become your friends.

When we get what we want, we do not enjoy it as much as we had anticipated.

When a fool gets angry, he opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.

ROOM FOR ALL GRADUATES

Nature Adjusts Matters and Always Preserves an Equilibrium. Once a year the schools and colleges of the country harvest a crop of graduates, and once a year the wise men of the land write essays for publication on the surplus of men who are entering the law, medicine and other callings that are open to the newcomers. If the wise men are to be believed, it would seem that all the occupations were filled and that the young man had arrived too late.

Fortunately for the tenderfoot, the wise men have always been wrong. No philosopher has ever presented a logical argument that did not leave something to be said on the other side. Every year since the world set up for business a new crop of young men has arrived, and that new crop has eventually become the stay of the race. What has been going on eternally will continue. The young chaps will locate themselves. It is no argument that lawyers have their signs staring at you from every hallway on half the streets within several blocks of every court-house in the country. The law-suit that includes a new lot of lawyers also raises a lot of new litigants. Nature takes care to preserve an equilibrium. If the fadlings of the medical schools do not find bones to saw, some of them turn to sawing wood. The boy who has gone through college with the intention of becoming president of the United States finds a satisfactory job as master of ceremonies in a coal-yard. A few justices and the new man adjusts himself to circumstances, and then he has become a part of the machine, which runs on as usual.

It is unnecessary to become alarmed about the surplus man. If he is in law, medicine, theology, horse trading, peddling milk or anything else, he finds it out, and he arranges the matter in some way without any upheaval in society. The surplus man is surplus only until he gets his first job. After that he is one of the establishment.—Pittsburg Times.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

The sun's flames spring at times to a distance of 350,000 miles from its surface. In dry air sound travels 1,442 feet per second, in water 4,900 feet and in iron 17,500 feet.

The amplitude of vibration of the diaphragm of the telephone receiver in reproducing speech is about the one-twenty-millionth of an inch.

Fresh air contains about three parts of carbonic acid in 10,000, respired air about 441 parts, and about five parts will cause the air of a room to become "close."

Holograph glass is a pressed glass resembling cut glass, having vertical prisms on the inside for diffusing the light and horizontal prisms on the outside for directing the light.

He Was "In the Soup." "Mon ami," said the Marquis de Croisette the other day, "the hotel keeper's life is an unhappy one. If he does not look to the least little detail, the whole thing goes—what do you call it? Ah, yes, on the blink." "Here is example of what I say. When I had the Logerod, there was once a dinner there at which Chauncey Depeve was a guest. I told the chef to put in the menu some dish in honor of him, and I forgot to look at the menu before it went to the printer. "What do you think that imbecile of a chef had done? There!" And the marquis produced an old menu card on which among the "soups" appeared the following: "Purée de marrons a la Depeve."

Gentle Sarcasm. The following church notice was recently exhibited: "The service on Sunday morning is at 11 a. m. The supposition that it is ten minutes later is a mistake. Young men are not excluded from the week night service. The seats in the front portion of the church have been carefully examined. They are quite sound and may be trusted not to give way. It is quite legitimate to join in the singing. The object of the choir is to encourage, not discourage, the congregation."—London Answers.

Giving Her Light to Die. A small farmer in Aberdeenshire, having a wife that had been long ill and confined to bed, was of so nigardly a disposition that he grudged the poor woman so much as a light. She in a pet one night exclaimed, "Oh, how this is an ungodly thing that a public body 'll nae get light to see to dee." The husband rises up and lights a candle and, placing it at the bed foot, says to his wife, "There, de hoo!"—Scottish Anecdotes.

Misdirected Philanthropy. "Ah got no use 'o' de man," said Charcoal Eph in one of his philosophical turns, "dat donate er thousand dollars 'd de beathen fund ob de fashionable church wid one han' an' raise de rents on his tenement houses wid de udder. Ah 'spee' he bettah begin practicin' crawlin' 'd de eye ob er needle, Mistah Jackson!"—Baltimore News.

Positive Proof. Judge—What proof have you that this man is absentminded? Attorney—Why, he actually stopped his automobile at a watering fountain.—Philadelphia Record.

A Possibility. "So you refused him?" said Maud. "Yes," replied Mabel. "I told him I shall send back any letters unopened." "I wouldn't be so rude. There might be theater tickets in some of them?"

There is a wide difference in getting what we think we deserve and getting what is in store for us sometimes.—Pittsburg Gazette.

AUTHORS' BLUNDERS.

Some Mistakes in Which the Moon, Sun and Wind Figure. The moon proves a terrible pitfall to most writers. Wilkie Collins once performed the marvelous feat of making it rise in the west. Rider Haggard, in "King Solomon's Mines" relies for the effective rendering of one of his most thrilling scenes upon an eclipse of the new moon.

Coleridge placed a star between the horns of the crescent moon, forgetting that to be visible in such a position the star would have to be between the earth and the moon or, say, 230,000 miles away only.

Next to the moon perhaps the sun is responsible for more glaring errors than any single concrete cause. At the beginning of a certain famous novel, the title of which a few years back was in everybody's mouth, an invalid character's room was said to have been lighted by one window looking directly toward the east. Yet at the end of the book, when the invalid dies, the author, wishing to make him depart this life in a flood of glory, suffuses this eastern windowed room with "the red glare of the setting sun."

Kingsley, too, made one of his heroes row out into the eastern ocean after the setting sun. But even this glaring absurdity has been capped. In a novel published by a well known firm there occurs the following passage, the scene being laid on board a fast sailing ship: "How's the wind?" asked the skipper. "East-northeast," replied the mate, glancing at the masthead pennant, which was streaming blithely in the direction indicated." So that in the world, according to novelists, it should not only blow the sun setting in the east, but pennants would "stream" against the direction of the prevailing wind.

A TOSPY TURVY ROOM.

A Frenchman Who Plays Practical Jokes on His Guests.

A "Topsy turvy room," writes a correspondent, not illusory, but actually so built, existed near Paris some years ago and may still exist. One who saw it thus described it and the use to which it was put: "I was the guest of the owner of the house," he says, "from Saturday to Monday. He was a bachelor, very convivial in his tastes, and we were a very jolly party of men. When we woke up, about 2 o'clock on the Sunday morning, one of our number, sound asleep on the couch in the billiard room, was carried out like a log by a couple of servants. My host gave me a solemn wink and told me that if a sudden summons came I was to rush from my bedroom or else I might miss a sight worth seeing. I wanted nothing but sleep and was relieved when the summons came to find that it was broad daylight.

"Yawning, I followed the valet and found myself, with four others, silently peeping through little holes in the wall. The scene was absurd, ridiculous. A dazed man slowly waking to full consciousness was lying on a plastered floor, looking up in horror at a carpeted ceiling. Two heavy couches, an easy chair, chairs and tables were quickly fanned stared down at him from above. The man's eyes at last rested on a flowerpot directly over his head, from which a flaring rose, apparently real, was blooming. He gave a cry and, rolling over, grasped with frenzied hands the stem of the chandelier, which came up through the floor. The host burst into the room, with a loud laugh. 'They all do it,' he cried. 'They fear they will fall up to the ceiling.'"

"Sit" and "Set."

Some one who believes in teaching by example has conceived a lesson in the use of two little words which have been a source of mortification and trouble to many well meaning persons. A man or woman either can set a hen, although they cannot sit her; neither can they set on her, although the hen might sit on them by the hour if they would allow it. A man cannot set on the wash bench, but he could set the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarians would object.

He could sit on the dog's tail if the dog were willing or he might set his foot on it. But if he should set on the grammarians as well as the dog would howl metaphorically at least.

And yet the man might set the tail aside and then sit down and be as sailed neither by the dog nor by the grammarians.

Not Worry, but Stumber.

They were discussing suicides and the proneness of different peoples to depart in that way when one of those engaged in the conversation turned to a colored man and asked, "Why is it that so few of your people take their own lives?" After scratching his head a moment the person addressed responded, "Well, I tell you, boss, when a nigger sits down he don't worry, but goes to sleep."—New York Times.

Enviad the Other Boy.

Johnny—I wish I was Tommy Jones. Mother—Why? You are stronger than he is, you have a better home, more toys and more pocket money. Johnny—Yes, I know, but he can wiggle his ears.—Men of Tomorrow.

Experience the Only Teacher.

She—There's really no reason for married folks to quarrel. He—No, except that they generally need a few quarrels to find that out.—Brooklyn Life.

The man who has the most to say about charity beginning at home is generally the one who thinks that reform ought to begin on the other side of the world.

Quite Amenable.

"Why did you quit your job? Did you have a disagreement with the boss?" "Oh, no; not at all. I told him I had to have more money or I would quit, and he said it was mutually satisfactory."—Indianapolis News.

The Hungry Sea.

"Why do they speak of it as a hungry sea?" "It takes the dinner right out of a person's mouth."—Town and Country.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

The Heartless Sea. It is reported that President Loubet was not at all comfortable during the first four days of his journey to Russia on board the great cruiser Mouton and that some of the members of his suit, particularly M. Delcasse, were quite incapable of doing justice to the toothsome morsels spread for them in the presidential cabin by the specially provided Parisian chef. In this the distinguished Frenchmen are not alone, for other equally famous sons of Gaul have shown before them that the sea was meant for men of other clay. Louis XIV. was a wretched sailor and seldom ventured far in one of his great ships of war. Napoleon I. had a perfect horror of the sea and was invariably seasick. Admiral d'Estaing, the much vaunted opponent of Nelson, was happier on the quays of Toulon than on the deck of his flagship, and, coming down to later days, Napoleon III., Boulanger and Gambetta were miserable on board ship. The gallant Boulanger collapsed entirely when the vessel began to roll, and Mme. Bernhardt says of her last voyage, "I die, I expire, I lose my soul entirely with every pitch of the heartless sea."—London Express.

Kissing Abolished.

The most cherished prerogative of the lord lieutenant of Ireland has been abolished. Heretofore it has been his duty and privilege to kiss publicly every woman when first she was presented at a Dublin drawing room. He did this twice a year, usually having to salute with his lips several hundred women on each occasion. He kissed them smack on the lips too.

Now, however, an edict has gone forth that there shall be no more kissing in public in Dublin estates. When the young, poetic widower, Lord Houghton, was lord lieutenant, the young girls used to flock to the vicar's court, and his kissing created a sensation for the artistic and fervid manner in which it was performed. The present lord lieutenant is getting along in years, though by no means an old man, and perhaps he will relinquish this prerogative of his vice regal duties without protest. But what about the young Irish beauties who are about to be presented?—Ledger Monthly.

Theater Dress in Paris.

Theater goes in Paris have to recall the day of the week when they are going off to see a particular play if they would be "comme il faut." The evening dress for every occasion after 7 by no means applies in Paris, where de-collete gowns are only for special functions. This is the recognized opera dress, but the ordinary theater gown, beautifully made of evening dress materials though it may be, is high necked, and the arms are always covered. Even a pretty blouse and a dark skirt serve well for theater wear, but should a visit be made to the playhouse on Tuesday the rule is all altered, for at the Comedie Francaise, for instance, the state theater, every one appears in evening dress on this one day of the week, and neither maid nor matron would have a very happy time if, forgetting the day, she wore but ordinary theater dress and found herself in the midst of friends and others wearing most elaborate gowns.

Satisfactory Identification.

Bank officials often have queer experiences with people over the question of proper identification, but the paying teller of the City Trust company had one sprung on him the other day that was entirely out of the ordinary. A suburban man who looked like a sea captain came in with a check payable to his order which he wanted to get cashed. The teller was satisfied that the check was all right, but he didn't know the bearer from Adam. It was nearly 3 o'clock, and the man seemed in a great hurry for the money. He said he knew very few people in Philadelphia and it would be impossible for him to get any one to identify him before the close of banking hours. "Maybe this will do," he said, taking off his coat and rolling up his sleeve. There on his arm was tattooed his name in India ink, and the teller decided that no further identification was necessary.—Philadelphia Record.

Canker of Modern Improvement.

"Years had elapsed since I saw the house with the seven gables supposed to be the one which inspired Hawthorne's immortal story, and, being in its vicinity recently, I went to see it again," says a writer in the Boston Herald. "But I wish I hadn't, for that venerable domicile has been touched with the canker of modern improvement. Electric lights, a furnace and bathroom and kitchen boilers serve to render the old time home of Salem's watchmaker 'comfortable,' but an awful paradox, in the opinion of the antiquarian, not to say romancer. I wonder what Hawthorne would say to the changes there. If this is really the famous house, one wishes it might have been preserved as America's foremost prose writer described it in that classic and as Miss Ingersoll left it when she departed this life."

Pingpong For the Masses.

The poor are in fashion, too. In a way, they are playing pingpong on the pavements of New York. In this street game no rackets are used, but the children use the palms of their hands in their stead. The ball is sometimes a rubber one and sometimes of celluloid. The balls can be purchased for 1 or 2 cents, and that is the complete cost of the game. White chalk lines marked on the asphalt pavement serve as tables, and the game can be seen almost any clear day in any asphalt paved thoroughfare.—New York Letter.

Expanded Them.

"What does this mean, daughter? Here is another lot of milliners' and dressmakers' bills. Don't you remember that I expressly ordered you not to contract any more debts without my knowledge?" "Certainly, papa, but I haven't contracted any debts. On the contrary, I've expanded them."

Pat Definition.

In a Liverpool school lately a number of scholars were asked to explain the meaning of the term "righteous indignation." One little chap replied: "Being angry without cussing."

It is Generally Known.

It is not generally known that, size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is just about 50 per cent stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Various Applications. "I observe that you use the phrase 'critical operation' very frequently." "Yes," answered the physician, "it often applies. Sometimes it refers to a crisis in the patient's condition and sometimes to the remarks of our professional associates."—Washington Star.

Took Him Literally. Cinder Charley—I told dat lady I was merely tryin' to keep soul an' body together. Billy Trucks—What did she say? Cinder Charley—She gave me a safety pin.—Philadelphia Record.

No Argument There.

"This," said the philosopher, "is a time of unrest. It—" "You're right," interrupted the new papa. "I haven't had a good night's sleep for two weeks."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fatle Knowledge.

"I don't want to know how to make money go farther," he insisted. "Why not?" "Just because I personally find it too far off as it is."—Philadelphia North American.

Nothing Doing.

"What is the matter with Bills?" "Worrying over business affairs." "I didn't know he had any business." "That's it. He hasn't."—Indianapolis News.

Defined.

"Pa," said the little mosquito, "what does 'perseverance' mean, anyway?" "Perseverance, my child," replied the wise old insect, "means finding a hole in a wire screen."—Philadelphia Press.

A Valid Reason.

"Why don't we ever make Swigglerly toastmaster?"



"Because he can't hold his glass in his hand long enough."

Circus Clowns.

Bill—Did you ever know a circus clown to get off anything funny? Jill—Why, yes. "What, for instance?" "His ring clothes."—Yonkers Statesman.

Anxious to Try.

"Matrimony," mused the elderly woman, "spoils many a romance." "In that case," replied the younger woman promptly, "I would like to have a romance spoiled."—Chicago Post.

Not Wasted.

She—You say you couldn't drink the coffee at the hotel. I suppose you threw it away. Boarder—No; I used it in my fountain pen.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Not So Fast.

Minister—Once I married four couples in fifteen minutes. Captain—Let's see; that's sixteen knots an hour. We can beat that easily.—New York Herald.

Couldn't Get Within Range.

"One of these guns can throw a projectile sixteen miles." "It wouldn't do me any good. My mother-in-law lives thirty miles from here."—New York Press.

Close Resemblance.

"Contentment," said Uncle Eben, "is a mighty fine thing, but de trouble about it is dat it is kin' o' hard to 'stinguish 'um plain laziness."—Washington Star.

Looking Backward.

"And how did you feel as that horrible automobile was passing over you?" "All run down."—Chicago Record-Herald.

It Seldom Falls.

Ping—I tried the faith cure for rheumatism this spring. Pong—Did it cure you? Ping—Yes, of my faith.—Chicago News.

A Habit We Have.

We kicked till we were weary, We drained grim sorrow's cup, We howled till we were leary. When the price of meat went up; But, mum as are the oysters, We show no outward signs Or bear a thankful murmur. When the price of meat declines.—Indianapolis Sun.

Pat Definition.

In a Liverpool school lately a number of scholars were asked to explain the meaning of the term "righteous indignation." One little chap replied: "Being angry without cussing."

It is Generally Known.

It is not generally known that, size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is just about 50 per cent stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.