

BANDON RECORDER.

Trotter's Shepherd Dog.
The natives of Mexico seem to have an original way of training shepherd dogs. A pup is taken from its mother as soon after birth as possible, the breed of the dog being immaterial. The young of a sheep or goat is taken away, and the pup is substituted.
After the first few days the pup is never fed except just before the flock goes to pasture in the morning and just after the sheep are brought in at night.
As soon as he can walk he goes out with the flock and stays with it all day. Whenever he begins to anticpate supper by trying to drive the flock in before sundown he gets punished.
After he is about a year old he takes a flock out, guards it from other dogs and coyotes during the day and brings it in at the proper time at night without supervision. All kinds of temptations can be tried on any dog that is encountered in the hills with his flock, but in spite of all he will remain faithful to his duty, driving his flock to a safe distance before venturing to make the acquaintance of any other dog.

Peculiarities of Russian Winters.
There is one curious thing about a Russian winter—in the latter part of October or the beginning of November the weather will be as mild as it is here in September. Not a sign can be seen of an approaching change, when suddenly, without any apparent warning, a light haze will be seen in the northern sky, and in twenty-four hours the thermometer may fall 50 degrees. The change is so sudden and violent that travelers are frequently frozen to death before they can gain shelter.
It has occurred that farmers out looking after their flocks have been caught in one of these blizzards and, missing their way home, have lost their lives, their bodies remaining under the snow until the following spring. The suddenness of a Dakota blizzard is well known in the northwestern part of our country, but it is tardiness personified when compared with the rapidity with which a Russian winter storm comes on.

A Hasty Conclusion.
A former Princeton man now living in Philadelphia tells of his only pleasant encounter with Jimmy McCosh as an illustration of the beloved old tutor's innate kindness. When a student, he was lounging on his bed one afternoon, smoking. In response to a knock on the door he called out: "Who's there?"
"It is I—Dr. McCosh," came the reply.
"You're a liar!" answered the student, thinking one of his chums was trying to joke with him. "If you were really Dr. McCosh, you'd simply say, 'It is I.'"
After a second's silence the student heard retreating steps, rushed to the door and looked out to see Dr. McCosh himself scurrying down the corridor and around a corner in an endeavor to avoid recognition.—Philadelphia Times.

Napoleon's English Letter.
Napoleon began the study of English during his imprisonment in St. Helena. His instructor was Count Las Cases, to whom Napoleon wrote the only letter he is known ever to have written in English. It is somewhat of a literary curiosity and not well known, so it may be quoted here:
Count Las Cases—Since six weeks you learn the English and you do not any progress. Six weeks do you say and two days. If I might learn fifty words for day, I could know it two thousands and two hundred. It is in the dictionary of forty thousand; even he could most twenty; but much of them. For know it or hundred and twenty week, which is more two years. After this you will agree that the study one tongue is a great labor who it must do into the young aged.

From Frying Pan to Fire.
A Londoner man was dancing a quadrille when he heard his pants seams rippling, at which he rushed into a dressing room, where his wife's good soul—was soon busy with needle and thread, he having first divested himself from his leg covering. Presently he heard the rustle of skirts and realized that he was up against the horrible proposition of being discovered in the ladies' dressing room, which he had entered by mistake. Appealing to his wife again, the excellent creature showed him through what she supposed to be a closet door and turned the key.
"Let me back! Let me back!" he screamed as he began pounding on the door. "I'm in the bathroom!" And he was—Ravenna (O.) Republican.

The Succession.
"Of course," said the bachelor thoughtfully, "there can be no such thing as joint rule in a family. Some one must be the head."
"True; but the scepter passes from one to another."
"How?"
"Well, at the beginning of married life the husband holds it; then it gently and he never gets it back again."
"She keeps it forever?"
"Oh, no; the baby gets it next."

Growing Suspicions.
"I wonder who it was that said politeness doesn't cost anything," said Farmer Cortnessel.
"Don't you believe it?"
"Well, I have my doubts. Whenever I go to town and some stranger is especially polite to me I always feel as if it was liable to cost me anywhere from \$1 to \$75, according to how much I happen to have."—Washington Star.

Vanadium.
Vanadium does not melt in a heat of less than 2,000 degrees F., is not affected by any acid, and increasing, as it does, the ductility of copper, it is very valuable to the makers of electrical appliances, but the price being \$600 a pound, it is almost prohibitive.

Roman Boxers.
A boxer of ancient Rome would have laughed contemptuously at the suggestion that he should use gloves in his boxing matches. To make his blows more effective it was the custom to hold in each hand a heavy ball of metal. With his fist thus weighted nearly every blow brought blood.

POLLY LARKIN.

"It's passing strange to Polly why so many mothers are blind to the interests of their daughters to the extent that they do not impress upon them that it is not the proper thing to accept invitations to lunch or dine from married men when their wives are not included in the invitation. It is no excuse for the daughter to assure her mother that she has known the gentleman for a long time, and that he is honorable and upright, and in fact everything that can be desired as a friend, and that she did not hesitate to accept the invitation without consulting her. The mother passes the matter over lightly by saying, "I would not go again, but it is all right this time." "My dear, good mother thinks I am about perfect, and she will never find any fault with anything I may do," reasons the daughter, and she keeps on in the even tenor of her way. Fatal mistake for both mother and daughter, and their eyes will open to the fact sooner or later than they have blundered. It is all wrong, and the easy-going mother will find out to her cost that she relied on her daughter's own ability to take care of herself entirely too much. The raising of this daughter to be a refined and conscientious girl, who will be a shining light at home and abroad, is a sacred trust, but in many instances in place of receiving home training that will fit her for this station in life, they are allowed to grow up like weeds or like Topsy, "just grown." The daughters doubtless mean well at first, but once they have made the fatal step it is easy to keep on going down, down, until they have reached a point where they cease to respect themselves. When self-respect goes than heaven help them. It is not easy to save them. They realize that the record of their lives can never be spotless and pure again. They may turn over a new leaf but the stain is still there. "I would have trusted my daughter anywhere," wails the mother. That is where she erred. The mother trusted her to the extent that she failed to invite her confidence and find out who her companions were and what was their amusement or the manner of entertaining her daughter.

"I went to a French dinner with a friend whom I had known for years and who was a friend of the family. I told him I did not indulge in wines and that they were not allowed in my household, so he had a 'harmless' little sordial prepared for me." That was the beginning of the end. "I am lost! lost! lost!" fairly shrieked the girl, as she lay dying in the home of a friend. She had left home and friends and sought oblivion to all her woes among strangers, but when she stood in the portals of death a friend had taken her in whom she had known when she was a little innocent child playing around her home and hisping her prayer at her mother's knees. When death rang down the curtain on this young life it found her anxious to go and yet afraid to pass through the "valley of the shadow." Fate and friends had been unkind to her. What was she to expect on the other side?

"Polly," said a Salvation Army lassie the other day, "I have just come from one of the saddest death scenes I have ever witnessed. I have been hunting for weeks for an old schoolmate of mine who was once the joy of her home and friends. She was as pure in sunlight and tender and true. She fairly worshipped her parents, who were stern and matter of fact people and who would not countenance or forgive wickedness in any shape or manner if they knew it. This daughter was the only one who did not feel the severity of their own stern bringing up. They had a beautiful home in the southern part of the State and sent their daughter to a school in the town. She boarded with friends and always went home every Friday night to remain until Sunday and I frequently went home with her. There was to be an excursion to a neighboring town one summer day and all of our friends were going so we concluded to go, too. In the company was a young man who had been very attentive to my friend and whom she had invited to her home several times, although her father did not approve of him. They became separated from the rest of us, and I found out afterward had had dinner together. I was called to San Francisco the next day by the illness of my own father and never returned to the place where I had spent so many pleasant days. I wrote to my friend, however, and received two or three replies, then my letters were returned to me.

"Two or three years passed, when I received a letter from my friend's mother, stating that her husband in a fit of anger had turned my friend out of the home soon after I left the place and had disinherited her, bidding her never to disgrace the home again by darkening its doors. The letter, which was blotted with tears, went on to say that they had never heard from the daughter except through others and that she had sunk lower and lower until she was nothing but an outcast. Her husband was dying of consumption, and now he bitterly repented of his treatment of his daughter, and he could not die until she had been brought home and he had asked her forgiveness. She begged me to find her and restore her to them. I don't care how low she has fallen, tell her mother has always loved her, and I want her to come home. I have heard that you were a member of the Salvation Army, and if anybody can find her you can. Bring her to me, for

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Germany's Economic Methods.
The Countess Alida von Krochow writes from Germany to the Christian Register: "Germans find that it pays to encourage peasants to free their fields of stones. The property rises in value, taxing value. The stones, thrown into heaps by the roadside, are purchased by the district road repairing commission. Poor men, who otherwise would have to be supported by the almshouses, are hired to break these stones and then are trained to the work of repairing the roadbed. The money to pay the men is made by auctioneering off to the highest bidder the crop of fruit trees that were planted on both sides of the highway when it was built and which are nourished well by the manure that falls along the road and is pushed at intervals by a road tender upon their roots. The purchaser of the crop sees to it that his fruit is not stolen. The road commissioners have no bother about that, and, although the sale is by auction, it brings considerable sums of money. The stones, however, because the sales of highway fruit crops are published in the local newspapers."

"Rubber!"
The following is an incident which actually occurred at a fashionable seaside hotel not many years ago, says a New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch: Some guests were being served by a particularly competent waiter and were congratulating themselves on having obtained the services of such a gem, when suddenly, to their astonishment, the manager of the hotel walked up to the man, punched him in the ribs, as a policeman in the circus punches the clown, and promptly drev forth a fine hot broiled porthouse steak. The man's clothes, it was found, contained rubber pockets contrived especially for the transportation of food. He stole the steak in the kitchen, with the intention of serving it and collecting the money. Immediately after he had been detected all the waiters in the hotel were searched thoroughly, and those addicted to the rubber pocket habit were promptly discharged. A cry of "Rubber!" at that hotel now would create a panic. That, however, is merely one of the tricks that waiters practice to cheat their employers.

Calve's Audience of Dressmakers.
A characteristic story is told in connection with Mme. Calve. Shortly before her last visit to America the charming prima donna paid a visit to her dressmaker in Paris. While discussing costumes with the head of the establishment, which is a very long one, a customer hesitatingly entered the apartment and approached the singer. She came on behalf of herself and fellow workers to humbly crave no less a favor than a song from Mme. Calve, at the same time offering as an excuse for her presumption the fact that hardly any of them had ever had the opportunity of hearing her beautiful voice. Without more ado the great singer proceeded to the work-room, and having assured herself that no unauthorized intruders were present, sang a couple of pieces, to the unrestrained delight of her hearers. On leaving she was accorded an ovation which for spontaneity probably rivaled any she has yet been accorded during her brilliant career.—London Sunday Sun.

A Persian Letter Addressed.
The addresses in Persian upon letters which go through the postoffice at Calcutta are often quaint and puzzling. An Indian paper translated one as follows: "If the Almighty please, let this envelope, having arrived at the city of Calcutta, in the neighborhood of Calcuttah, at the counting house of Sirajooddeh and lalhadd, merchants, be offered to and read by the happy light of my eyes, of virtuous manners and beloved of the heart—Meean Shaikh Inayut Ally, may his life be long. Written on the tenth of the blessed Ramzan, Saturday, in the year 1296 of the Hegira of our Prophet, and dispatched at Bearing. Having without loss of time paid the postage and received the letter, you will read it, and having abstained from food or drink, considering it forbidden to you, you will convey yourself to Jaampur, and you will know this to be a strict injunction."

Why Some of Them Fall.
The city of St. Joseph, Mo., began the construction of an electric light plant for municipal street lighting twelve years ago. The system has been extensively added to at various intervals since so that the average age of the works is less than ten years. Now experts have condemned the plant as obsolete, and it is necessary to rebuild it entirely in order to make it at all satisfactory. These facts account for the allowance of a 10 per cent depreciation in the value of all electric light plants, which those who know the business always estimate. They prove the inexpensiveness of that particular utility and explain why so many municipal electric light plants have failed.—Kansas City Star.

King Rules Family.
It is not generally known that on ascending the throne King Edward became guardian of his grandchildren, the parents' right being superseded. This arrangement was established by law nearly 200 years ago, and the right was frequently exercised by the Georges, who had a way of quarreling with their sons. No member of the royal family may marry without the king's consent; otherwise the marriage is void. The act governing this matter was passed at the instigation of George III. in consequence of his brothers marrying subjects.—Chicago Tribune.

A Case in Point.
"Jobbers" was thrown from his wheel this morning, but he pluckily arose and remounted.
"Indeed? Well, that's a case of man's not knowing when he's well off."—Richmond Dispatch.

Apity Termined.
A farmer in a flood district, watching his mortgaged house and barn fall over and float down the river, remarked, "That represents my floating indebtedness."

KEEPING FRIENDS.

There is nothing so very difficult in making friends; the trouble is to keep them. Pleading manners and a taking way will always win admirers, but a lasting friendship must be built upon a firmer foundation than a transitory smile, an hour of high spirits or even great physical beauty. Of course it is a pleasure to feel that one is favored by someone so radically beautiful woman, but unless there be genuine congeniality between the two concerned the time will come when passive loveliness will cease to be attractive. To retain friendship one must be continually on the watch and not let the familiarity that comes from a lengthy knowledge of the other's life breed the contempt that so often follows a close intimacy.
To retain either friendship or love the illusions must not be dispelled. Do not, because you feel sure of your ground, let the commonplace enter in and monopolize the everyday affairs. Let the halo of sentiment hover over even the prosaic affairs of daily life, for once dispelled, they can never form again, and in the one glimpse of the material side of the intimacy may be utterly destroyed the relation at one time thought to be eternal.

A Snug Fit.
An English tourist in the highlands tells the following amusing story: He was traveling one day last summer by rail in the north of Scotland, and at one of the stations four farmers entered the train. They were all big, burly men and completely filled up the seat on the one side of the compartment.
At the next station the carriage door opened to admit a tall, endearing individual with about the girth of a lamp post. He endeavored to wedge himself in between two of the farmers, and finding it a difficult operation he said to one of them: "Excuse me, sir; you must move up a bit. Each seat is intended to accommodate five persons, and according to act of parliament you are only entitled to eighteen inches of space."
"Aye, aye, my friend," replied the farmer; "that's a very good rule for you that's been built that way, but ye canna blame me if I ha'na been constructive according to act of parliament!"

Scots In American History.
It is a noteworthy fact in American history that the four members of Washington's cabinet Knox of Massachusetts, the only New Englander, was a Scotch-Irishman; Alexander Hamilton of New York was a Scotch-Frenchman, Thomas Jefferson was of Welsh descent, and the fourth, Edmund Randolph, claimed among his ancestors the Scotch earls of Murray. New York also furnished the first chief justice of the United States, John Jay, who was a descendant of French Huguenots, while the second chief justice, John Rutledge, was Scotch-Irish, as were also Wilson and Ireland, two of the original associate justices; a third, Blair, was of Scottish origin. John Marshall, the great chief justice, was, like Jefferson, of Scotch and Welsh descent.—Charles R. Hanna's "Celt In America."

A Bird That's Hard to Kill.
Penguins have an extraordinary amount of vitality and are harder to kill than any ordinary cat. I once had occasion to kill a large bird aboard our ship, the Southern Cross, and, making use of the weapon next my hand, I drove a large spike squarely through the creature's head and finished the operation by nailing it fast to the deck. That seemed to make the job very complete, and I went below decks for dinner. Coming up an hour later, my astonishment was prodigious on beholding the penguin, head erect, flippers out, waddling about, apparently without thought of the spike, which still remained transfixed in its cranium.—C. E. Borchgrevink in Leslie's.

Just the Thing.
"I don't know what to use to raise my bread," said the young wife petulantly. "I've tried everything."
"Judging by the samples I have seen," suggested her inhuman husband, "I should think a couple of Jack screws or a derrick ought to do it." And he wondered why he got a cold supper that night.—Portland Oregonian.

A Reply From Tennyson.
On one occasion it was publicly stated that Tennyson had drawn his inspiration from Horace and Keats, and a correspondent wrote to ask him if this were so. "No," he replied; "Horace and Keats were great masters, but not my masters."

Working Him.
Boroughs—Say, old man, can you break a twenty so I can get a five dollar bill out of it?
Markley—Sure! Here you are. Where is your twenty?
Boroughs—Oh, you misunderstood me! I thought you had a twenty. Thanks! One five will do.—Philadelphia Press.

Literally.
"I suppose," said the supercilious stranger in town, "your city has had its ups and downs notwithstanding its present prosperity."
"Yep," replied the resident cheerfully; "still got 'em—streets being torn up and old buildings being torn down."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Deceptive.
"Dey oughter pass a law," said Hungary Higgins, nursing his leg. "ter comp'ny people ter call deir dogs by appropriate names."
"Wot's de matter now?" inquired Dusty Rhoads.
"Why, a woman down de road said if I didn't git out o' her yard she'd call Fido. O' course I luffed. Den she called Fido, and Fido didn't do a ting. He was a big brindie bull!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Bird" Anyway.
Mr. Spenders—That's what I call a "duck" of a bonnet.
Mr. Spenders—Yes? I'd call it a "pelican."
Mrs. Spenders—A "pelican" ?
Mr. Spenders—Yes; an account of the size of the bill.—Philadelphia Press.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Senator Chandler's Rice Menu.
Senator Frye delights to take guests with him up to his camp on the Rangeley lakes. Once upon a time he had Senator Chandler with him. One afternoon, when the cook wanted to go to town, Mr. Chandler offered to prepare the dinner. He wrote out an elaborate menu, commencing with chicken soup. Having a faint idea that rice was used in making chicken soup, but having no idea at all of the amount that was necessary, Mr. Chandler emptied the entire tin can of rice into the soup. In a little while he was forced to bale out the soup kettle and fill two steppans with boiled rice. Presently the kettle was spilling over again, and several plates were filled. To make a long story short, Senator Chandler was busy all afternoon bailing rice out of his soup.
When the fishermen came back to dinner, Chandler had revised his menu. It began with rice, ended with rice and had rice without intermission.
"Chandler," said Frye, "is this a joke?"
"No," said Chandler; "it's rice!"

Explicit Directions.
Major J. B. Pond, who has an international reputation as a pilot of lecture platform celebrities, was in Philadelphia the other day. At the Broad Street station he was given some misinformation about a train to New York, and he had to wait more than an hour for another one.
"That reminds me," he said, "of an experience I once had in Glasgow. I asked a man at the hotel what was the exact time to leave in order to catch a morning boat plying between Glasgow and the next town on my itinerary."
"Well," he replied, "I canna tell ye just the time 'twill be, but if ye'll leave five minutes afore ye see the steamer coming 'roon the pint ye'll be in time to catch it, sir."—Philadelphia Press.

Getting Rid of a Bore.
Billy Brady has an acquaintance who asks more questions to the minute than the wisest man can answer in an hour.
Brady was hurrying through the lobby one night just before the curtain

FACTS IN FEW LINES

One miner is killed for every 1,060,000 tons of coal raised.
Nicaragua's coffee crop this year will be worth about \$3,000,000.
England's imports of meat for 1902 to date have decreased 6 per cent.
Over 720 tons of flowers were exported from the Sicily isles last season.
The number of pieces of separately assessed real estate in New York is 476,610 this year.
Few of the people in St. Pierre were pure black, and most of them showed only a trace of colored blood.
An Austrian iron trust was formed recently, and Hungarian and Bosnian firms have been asked to join.
The mosquito eggs are, it is said, hatched in from four to seven days, according to the warmth of the weather.
For a rare patterned silver halfpenny (one cent) piece \$10.15 (a little over \$53) was paid recently to a London firm.
Battersea (England) town councilors have a pingpong table in their council chamber and play sets between speeches.
Josephi Andrezsiewowiczka is the name of a young Polish girl that arrived in Philadelphia from Liverpool recently.
Arrangements are being made to carry on a parcel service in connection with the municipal tramways in Halifax, England.
Some timber built houses are as good now as when they were built 200 years ago, said a witness in a London police court recently.
Southern Minnesota's present prosperity is said to be due to the many creameries, which have made it the "butter state" of the Union.
A government expedition has found a Mexican cactus known as "dry whisky," for the reason that the leaves, when eaten, cause intoxication.
A party of British agriculturists is visiting Berlin, there to study machines, artificial produce, etc., controlled by the minister of agriculture.
Evanston, Ill., has a scissors guild composed of boys and girls, who clip pictures and mottoes in their leisure hours and send them to sick children.
For using the word "archduke" on the stage at Vienna and thereby infringing a police regulation Fraulein Frisch, a German actress, has been fined \$10.
Enough coal was produced in the United States last year to give three and a half tons to every one of the 76,000,000 men, women and children in the country.
Before the Siberian railway was available a trip from London to Shanghai cost from \$325 to \$475. Now it can be made for from \$65, third class, to \$100, first class.
The first stamped envelopes were issued in 1853 of the two denominations of 3 and 6 cents, and it was not until two years later that the ten cent envelope was added.
To save expense the French government has set its soldiers the work of tearing down the electioneering posters that now deface practically every boarding in France.
The great fleet of sailing vessels which for more than a century has been going out from Gloucester, Mass., is destined to give place to steam-propelling fishing boats.
Hemp is by far the most valuable production of the Philippine archipelago, the province of Albay being the greatest producer of it, with an output valued at nearly \$5,000,000 a year.
Incultus, the famous horse of the Roman Emperor Caligula, was actually consecrated as a priest, had a manger of pure ivory and was never given a drink from anything but a gold pail.
The lake built steamship Ausonia, which went to the Pacific coast a year ago, has been sold to the Standard Oil company for \$65,000 and will carry oil in bulk between Ventura and San Francisco.
The druggists of Philadelphia have organized for the incorporation of a stock company, capitalized at \$500,000, to own and manage retail drug stores. They expect to ultimately control 200 stores in the city and state.
Hallstones nearly three pounds in weight fell during a recent storm at Jessore, in Bengal. Metal veranda roofs were perforated, cattle maimed, trees beaten down and a man killed outright by the downfall.
The umbrella and parasol were used by the eastern nations many centuries before the Christian era. The oldest chinaware shows pictures of ladies and mandarins shaded by parasols of patterns similar to those now in use.
You cannot swear at or abuse anybody in the Japanese language. The worst you can say of anybody is that he is a "fellow," and if you want to express your very, very pointed indignation you shout, "There, there!"
Thirty years ago the census discovered but four ice plants in the country, all of them in the south. In 1900 the number had increased to 787, not including firms that made ice for themselves, and not more than half of them are in the south.
The election "barker" is peculiar to French soil. At critical moments in a candidate's speech the "barker" puts him off by imitating a dog, and a really good man at the business is worth good money at such times. Half a dozen of them in Paris earn enough at election times to last them for a year.
Brother Eugene, the monk who recently left New Melleray (Ia.) monastery after spending twenty-three years in solitude, subsisting on vegetables and rising from his hard bed at 2 a. m. in order to sing matins, has been granted a patent on a tailboard fastener for wagons. Brother Eugene is now a resident of Dubuque, being known to the world as Joseph B. Graham.

A Choice of Hymns.
When the English troops in South Africa were daily expecting the announcement of a peace settlement with the Boer leaders, a worthy dean telegraphed to Lord Kitchener, saying, "As I am the acting chaplain and conducting divine service in many camps tomorrow, may I ask if the hymn 'Peace, Perfect Peace' would not be a most appropriate one to give out to be sung?" And the great "K." wired back, "Please yourself, but I think 'Onward, Christian Soldier' quite as good."



"I HEAR MRS. BLANK'S HUSBAND HAS JUST DIED."

rose, when he was spied out and buttonholed by this inquisitive friend.
"Say, Brady," began the friend, taking no heed of the manager's evident haste, "I hear Mrs. Blank's husband has just died. Is that true?"
"So I hear," answered Brady, making a break to get away.
"Well, say," went on the bore, blocking the escape, "have you any idea what he left her?"
"Yes; a widow," retorted Brady, vanishing within the box office.—New York World.

And They Didn't Get Potatoes.
General Sir William Olpherts, recently deceased, otherwise known as "Hell Fire Jack," a celebrated British soldier, was famous for his blunt language. During a critical period in the Indian mutiny one of the Irish regiments complained because it had no potatoes. Olpherts, who was in command of the district, heard of the trouble and ordered the regiment out on parade. "Now, my men," he shouted as he rode in front of the lines, "I hear you want potatoes. Is that so?"
"We do, we do," howled the regiment with its thousand throats. "Then you won't get 'em," replied Olpherts.
"You're good enough soldiers, I'll admit, but if you think that Providence is willing to grow potatoes for your benefit on the dry plains of India you're blundering fools than I take you for." The demand for potatoes ceased.

He Was My Commander.
While General Sherman lived in New York he occupied one night each week the proscenium box on the south side of the stage of Daly's theater. It was called "Sherman's box." The general, who played the part of the general's tobacco juice was destroyed by a sort of spray that sprinkled things in the neighborhood of the big fiddle.
"Why don't you complain to Mr. Daly?" asked the leader of the orchestra. "Complain of Cheneval Sherman? Never! He was my commander in the war and I would not complain if he spid efery side in my face!" was the reply.
The Irish language is above all others the language of lovers. You may find in French or Spanish or Italian superlatives or diminutives of endearment, but you will never find anything so soft, so sweet, so subtle, so sad and sometimes so rapturously extravagant as you will find in the Irish language.

Art, Not Nature.
Madge—After she's painted her face she always looks in the glass.
Marjorie—So that's one girl who does not hold the mirror up to nature.—Suareset

The records left by the Phoenicians, Assyrians and ancient Persians show that among all those nations the use of perfumes was very common.