

BANDON RECORDER.

The Gentleness of Seals.
Hundreds of seals made Nelson Island, in the south Shetland group, look black as night as we approached. They dispersed themselves in the water and played upon the shore. In wonder, not alarm, they stared at us as we drew near in a small boat. We leaped on shore among them. Still they looked at us in dumb curiosity. I was as much impressed as were the seals and stared as hard at them in an answering wonder.

"Come, old fellow," said young Sobral, approaching one of the large seals with outstretched hand.

"I edged away a few feet.
"Move on, then," he said, smacking it on the back with his open hand.
It edged a little farther away, looking over its shoulder with an injured air. But it made no attempt to seek safety. A mere plunge into the water would have brought freedom from any danger. Several leopard seals were shot by our party, and their fellows gathered around them, wondering why they lay so motionless and staring at us with wide, pathetic eyes.—Independent.

One on the College Man.
"Say," said the short, stout man, "I want to know something. You know there are lots of dialects in the United States and lots of funny words, and I can't tell what is right and what isn't. Now, for instance, one of those I mean from down east was showing me his turn-out, and he spoke of 'that air horse' and 'this ere wagon.'"

"That's wrong, awful bad form," interjected the young man fresh from college who had been listening intently for a chance to display his wisdom.
"Well, then," replied the stout man, with the satisfied twinkle of a successful plotter, "I suppose I can't say that I don't like that air from you open window on this car."
"Oh, come on! The lunch is on me again," said the college man as the office clock struck an even dozen and the pretty typewriter gave a convulsive choke.—New York Tribune.

He Got His Price.
Robbie, the beadle of Kilwinning, once had to dig a grave for the wife of a well-to-do but miserably farmer. When all was over, the farmer assured Robbie that he was obliged to him for the trouble he had taken.

"Oh," said Robbie, "there's a nice sense in that, ye ken. It's 'four and six pence.'"

"Four and sixpence! I thought you beedles did this for nothing."

"Oh, faith, no. I just ay get four and sixpence."

"I'll not give you four and sixpence. I'll give you half a crown."

"Faith, I'll no tak it."
"Well, if you'll not take half a crown you'll get nothing."

"Very well," said Robbie, digging his spade into the grave. "Dod, up she comes!" Robbie got his four and sixpence.

Spoke From Experience.
Fond Mother—Now, look here, George! I want you to break off with that girl. She is very pretty and all that, but I know her too well to want you to risk your life and happiness by marrying her. Why, she knows no more about housekeeping than I do about Greek—not a bit.

George—Perhaps not, but she can learn.
Mother—After marriage is rather late for that, George.

George—But you said yourself that you did not know a thing about housekeeping until after you were married.

Mother—Very true, George, and your poor father died of dyspepsia twenty years ago.

The Walking Fern.
The walking fern has a most original way of getting over its ground. It bends its slender frond and starts a root by extending the tip of the midrib. So it sets up a new plant and is anchored fast on all sides by its rooted frond tips, covering the ground with a rich carpet of verdure. The variety of runners along the ground is as great as the climber. All motion of the plant is a form of growth. The plant grows by day and by night, but more by day, as light and heat are incentives to growth.—Youth.

Counterpane.
The word "counterpane" is a corruption of "counterpoint," which is itself a corruption of the Latin term "culcita," which means a wadded wrapper or quilt. When the stitches were arranged in patterns, it was called "culcita puncta," which in French became "couverte pointee," corrupted into "contra pointe, counterpoint," where point is pronounced "poina," corrupted into "pane."

Days of Chivalry Gone.
Wife (drearily)—Ah, me! The days of chivalry are past.
Husband—What's the matter now?
"Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you get mad simply because poor, dear mother sat down on your hat."—New York Weekly.

"Lest We Be Forgotten."
"Lest we be forgotten" is an excellent motto for men in trade. It suggests the duty of persistence in advertising. The memory of the public is very short.—Printers' Ink.

Her Limit.
Miss Mark—Does she patronize bargain sales?
Mrs. Down—Does she? Why, she would buy eggs at one.—Harper's Bazar.

The Color of It.
"And you loaned him \$27. Did you ever see the color of his money?"
"Well, yes. There was a good deal of dun to it before I got it."—New York Herald.

The lake built steamship Assonion, which went to the Pacific coast a year ago, has been sold to the Standard Oil company for \$95,000 and will carry oil in bulk between Ventura and San Francisco.

And Yet He Has Plenty of Snod.
The average boy is like an hourglass. He won't work for more than sixty minutes unless somebody turns him upside down.—Somerville Journal.

POLLY LARKIN.

"Where there's a will there's a way."

The women of the land have long ago found out the truth of this old adage and have heroically gone to work and taken tasks on their shoulders that would have appalled the sterner sex and the latter have turned pale at the audacity of women assuming tasks that they have deemed far beyond their strength or desire to cope with. A few years ago the ladies of Petaluma expressed a desire to convert the public plazas, that had long been an eyesore to the town, into spots of living green that they could point with pride to, but they were assured by the gentlemen of the pretty little city of rolling hills that it could not be done, for it had been tried over and over again by them only to meet with failure. The ladies finally managed to carry out their long-cherished plan with the result that Petaluma now has two of the most beautiful little parks in the State. Still their good work goes on, and they are not only keeping up the parks with the assistance of the City Trustees, but they are helping to make other improvements tending toward the advancement and beauty of the little city. The story of their good work went abroad, and from all over the United States have come requests for their by-laws and directions in regard to the first steps to be taken in establishing a Ladies' Improvement Club and how to proceed to obtain the best results, and they have received numerous reports in regard to the satisfactory results of the various clubs. In fact so frequent were the inquiries that the Improvement Club had to have pamphlets and leaflets printed to send out, and they have been scattered broadcast.

Improvement clubs were organized in the larger towns of the county, Santa Rosa being the last to fall into line. But it has done good work and has chosen some unique and novel plans to add to the funds of their Improvement Club. Their last happy thought will cause no end of amusement and fun, besides adding a snug sum to the treasury in nickels and dimes as well as much larger sums, for the big and little will feel that they must aid so worthy a cause, and doubtless for the time being they will forsake the pleasure of the cross-country rides, the automobile and buggy-riding and spend their spare time on the merry-go-round. The Ladies' Improvement Club, with an eye to business, have secured the right to operate the merry-go-round for a month and expect to do a big business. Mayor Bauer, members of the City Council and many of the society ladies helped to start the ball rolling by enjoying the first ride. Those who did not enjoy the novel experience made martyrs of themselves for a worthy cause. The ladies have chosen a most desirable season of the year for this new experience in money-making, for all the politicians will be coming to town and many of them will be seeking votes through the medium of the fair sex, and to advance their cause they will spend many a dime on the merry-go-round. Some of them may ride to success and gain the goal of their ambition; some of them may ride to defeat, but it will be easier riding than the usual trip "up Salt river." Of what does it profit them? Very little. But, verily, the Ladies' Improvement Club will profit to the extent of a generous fund for their treasury or Polly is no prophetess.

I am indebted to some unknown friend for a copy of the Daily News, published at Batavia, N. Y. Among other interesting matter I found a short article headed, "Appreciated Work," and it goes on to say that "an excellent example of what women can do when they set about it is offered at Batavia. The hospital there has cost \$13,000, and the money has been raised in two years by the women of the city and not a cent of debt remains." All honor to the women who took upon their shoulders this heavy debt. This institution has doubtless brought relief to scores of suffering and afflicted people, who realize that they owe a debt of gratitude to the noble women who knew no such word as fail.

Do you know that many homes are made so disagreeable for the men of the household that it is no wonder that they are driven to the clubs and lodges for comfort and entertainment. The wives, bless them for their good intentions, do not intend to make the attractive homes so scrupulously neat and so overburdened with finery that it is uncomfortable, but in many instances they manage to do that very thing. "I detest polished floors and rugs thrown down here and there, helter-skelter, for a man to trip on every time he comes into the house," said a gentleman the other day. "I asked my wife to let me have a den of my own where I could smoke and lounge in comfort after the day's work was over. There was a little bit of a room in the garret that was only used to store rubbish in, so I asked to have that cleared out, carpeted with a roll of carpet that had been discarded because it was out of date and an old couch and easy chair and a table with a lamp placed on it, where I could go for an hour or so after dinner and rest and smoke and be assured that I did not have to smile and look pleasant while my wife was endeavoring to entertain some of the neighbors, who invariably ran in after supper. She promised to attend to it and have it ready by the time I returned from a trip to the interior.

"Well, I wish you could have seen that den I had so fondly pictured when

I returned. 'Come and see your den,' said my wife proudly as she led the way. The floor had been polished until it shone like a piano. Two or three Turkish rugs were thrown down as if to invite you to show your agility in some acrobatic performance. The couch I had dreamed about was a mass of Turkish draperies with a canopy of the same materials overhead and it was covered with sofa cushions so elaborate that I would not dare to lay my hand on them. The easy chair had tidies on the back and arms. The table had been draped with oriental silk in some gaudy design and a paper weight and a big cut-glass and silver inkstand, a hand-painted ash receiver and a delicate hand-painted china box with a cover for matches. Heavy draperies at the windows, as if I did not intend any of the smoke to escape or to allow any fresh air to creep in. My old comfortable smoking-jacket and slippers had given place to brand-new articles, and when I heard that she had sold the old jacket to the ragman, my heart sank, but it went clear down to zero when I found my old slippers had also gone into the ragbag, leaving the stiff hand-embroidered ones to be broken in.

"Isn't it lovely?" asked my wife, and it is the envy of every woman in the neighborhood. Only cost fifty dollars to fix it up, too. Here's the bill. Now I will leave you to enjoy it while I entertain the company." As I heard the last echo of her step on the stairs I pulled off the tidies and threw them into the corner, sank into that horrible chair and gave vent to words that were never intended for publication.

"We discharged him, of course, but what did he care? He got all the glory, his fellows envied him, and he could command work anywhere."—Cassier's Magazine.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Sound Interference.

In speaking of the interference of sound recently before the Royal Institution of London, Lord Rayleigh described some of his experiments with foghorns made for Trinity house. Foghorns with elliptic cones instead of circular cones were tried, the major axis being four times longer than the minor. The experiments showed that the sound was best spread in a horizontal direction when the long axis was exactly vertical. It appears to be doubtful whether the phenomenon of the silent area is really due to interference between waves of sound reaching the spot directly and those reflected from the sea. If the effect were due mainly to interference in this way, it ought to be possible to recover the sound by the listener's changing his altitude above the sea surface, but Lord Rayleigh has on several occasions tried this on board the Irene, and has not recovered the sound.

India's Snake Bite Deaths.

A considerable proportion of deaths in India annually attributed to snake bite are probably due to poisoning of another sort. The explanation is simple and interesting. When a man in an outlying village dies evidently from the effects of poison it is the duty of the headman of the village to take in, if not the body, at any rate the viscera, for examination by the civil surgeons of the nearest city station, which may be some thirty miles away. To avoid this tedious journey the name of the deceased is duly entered on the village records as having died from Snake bite, and the entire village is afterward ready to swear that it saw the snake—a karait yard and a half long—which did the deed and which was subsequently slain by several different sets of circumstances.

Petroleum as a Beverage.

The Medical Society of Paris has expressed the opinion that it is necessary to adopt some measures against the alarming spread of petroleum drinking. At first it was thought that this habit had sprung up from the increased taxation on alcohol imposed by the French Government, but an investigation has shown that this was not the case; the habit had been prevalent some time previously in certain districts and had spread with great rapidity. The victim of the petroleum habit does not become brutal, only morose. Opinions differ among physicians as regards the effects of petroleum drinking on the human system, but all agree on the harmfulness of this new vice.

Scents of Flowers.

Out of the 4200 species of plants gathered and used for commercial purposes in Europe, 429 have a perfume that is pleasing and enter largely into the manufacture of scents, soaps and sachets. There are more species of white flowers gathered than any other color—1124. Of these 187 have an agreeable scent, an extraordinary large proportion. Next in order come yellow blossoms, with 951, 77 of them being perfumed. Red flowers number 823, of which 84 are scented. The blue flowers are of 594 varieties, 34 of which are perfumed, and the violet blossoms number 308, 13 of which are odoriferous.

A New York dealer ripens pineapples for the market by an artificial process. He puts them in a room heated to 110 degrees, and ordinarily three and a half or four days are required to thoroughly ripen the fruit.

Because sweet brier became too abundant in Tasmania goats were introduced to head it off, as it was, by eating it, but the brier came out ahead by killing the goats.

The earliest known reference to insanity is found in Egyptian papyrus of the fifteenth century B. C.

An eel has two separate hearts. One beats sixty and the other one hundred and sixty times a minute.

Cancer accounts for 302 deaths in every 10,000 in this country.

A DARING WORKMAN.

His Crazy Antics on an Unfinished Bridge Across the Niagara.

"Remember," said a bridge contractor some time ago while on the subject of workmen's daredeviltries, "when working at the big bridge across the Niagara when the two cantilever arms had approached within fifty feet of each other a keen rivalry as to who should be the first to cross sprang up among the men. A long plank connected the two arms, leaving about two and a half feet of support at each end. Strict orders were issued that no one should attempt to cross the plank, upon penalty of instant dismissal.

"At the noon hour I suddenly heard a great shout from the men, who were all starting up. Raising my eyes, I saw a man step on the end of that plank, stop a minute and look down into the whirlpool below. I knew he was going to cross, and I shouted to him, but he was too high up to hear. Deliberately he walked out until he reached the middle of the plank. I suggested far down with his weight until I could see light between the two short supporting ends and the cantilevers on which they rested. He saw the end in front of him do this, hesitated and looked back to see how the other end was.

"I thought he was going to turn. He stopped, grasped both edges of the plank with his hands and, throwing his feet up, stood on his head, kicking his legs in the air, cracking his heels together and yelling to the terrified on-lookers. This he did for about a minute. It seemed to me like forty. Then he let his feet drop down, stood up, waved his hat and trotted along the plank to the other side and regained the ground.

"We discharged him, of course, but what did he care? He got all the glory, his fellows envied him, and he could command work anywhere."—Cassier's Magazine.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

In planting the orchard care should be taken to allow each tree plenty of room.

A layer of charcoal in the bottom of a flower bed is very beneficial in keeping the soil fresh.

In plowing in the orchard always turn the furrow toward the tree, and be careful not to injure the fine, fibrous roots.

The life of an apple tree is often shortened because it grows in a poor, exhausted soil or one not properly drained.

When ill or ailing, handle the flowers little or wear gloves. Delicate plants are sensitive to human magnetism, good or bad.

The roots of the strawberry often reach out five feet from the main stem; hence the plants should not be set too thickly.

An apple or cherry tree is much more valuable if it shoots out low. Trim from the top, as this will cause the lower branches to grow out.

Land that has been too rough for plowing may yet be sufficiently fertile to grow fruit trees and is better than land that has been exhausted by cropping.

Too Gorgeous Books.

The author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," writing on the "Giving of Books" in the Century, says: "Gifts of books addressed solely to the spirit should never be editions de luxe. Of what use is a book to me, however much I may want to read it, if it is so gorgeous that it must not be taken anywhere where rain might fall on it, or where it might get muddy, or where a heedless goat, caught by the quick turning of a leaf, might leave its legs in the pages, angering the owner of the defiled book, who does not want its legs, almost as much as it is itself angered by having to go on being a goat without them? I can no more take an overgorgeous book to my heart than I can fold my child in my arms when it is dressed for a party."

A Light Sentence?

A gentleman now living in New York tells the following story of a negro in Tennessee whose son had been convicted of killing a fellow workman. A few days after the trial the father was asked what disposition had been made of the case.

"Oh," he answered, "dey done send Johnson to jail for a monf."

"That's a light sentence for killing a man, don't you think?"

"Yes," answered the dandy, "but at de end of de monf dey done goin' to hang 'im."—New York Times.

Diverse Appetites.

"I wonder why donkeys eat thistles?" said the man who is always finding something peculiar in life.

"Oh," answered the person who likes plain food, "there is no accounting for taste. If a donkey were to give the matter a thought, I suppose he would wonder why human beings eat olives."—Washington Star.

Knights of Old.

The knights of the days of chivalry were so well protected by their armor that they were practically invincible to all ordinary weapons. Even when dismounted they could not be injured save by the misericordia, a thin dagger, which penetrated the chains of the armor. In more than one battle knights fallen from their horses could not be killed until their armor had been broken up with axes and hammers.

Good Cooks.

"If all sick people had good cooks," says the London Hospital, "how much greater might be the proportion of recoveries!" The value of the patient foods which are advertised so much these days, it says, in the ease with which they are prepared for the table.

A Half Partner.

A—That woman who just went out is the partner of your joys and sorrows, I suppose.

B—She's partner to my joys all right, but when it comes to my sorrows she slips over to see her mother.

Soft and Warm.

The latest device of girlhood is a fancy for stuffing pillows with old love letters. There is one thing about the contents of these pillows that can be depended upon with a marked degree of certainty—they are sure to be soft.

APPRENTICE QUARRELS.

Young French Workmen Travel Always Ready For a Fight.

Jealousies between the workmen's corporations in France result in "Homer's" combats, bloody battles. It is the one bad side of an institution that is otherwise so truly fraternal.

"They start out in companies, rarely alone, to make their 'tour of France.' Before coming back to continue their work in their own villages the young apprentices go together from town to town to study on the ground the masterpieces of their trade and to see the best that the genius of their ancestors has produced. It is the knight errantry of the workman.

He earns his living en route, perfects himself in his profession, learns from one master and another, sees, compares, studies, admires. He gathers his humble harvest of souvenirs and impressions, enjoys the full vigor of his early years and passes his youth along the sunny highways.

"Unfortunately there is disagreement among the 'societies.' In everything there is found a pretext for quarrels. The society of the Pere Soubise is jealous of that of Maitre Jacques, and the Enfants du Soloman take part in the quarrel whenever possible.

Two companies meet on the road. The two leaders, the "master companions," stop at twenty paces from each other.

"Halt!" says one.

"Halt!" says the other.

"What trade?"

"Carpenter, And you?"

"Stonecutter, Companion?"

"Companion?"

"Your society—country?"

And according to the reply they drink from the same gourd or light. The melee becomes general. They fight, fist and stick, until the road is littered with those who are wounded, sometimes even to the death.—Harper's Magazine.

ORIGIN OF THE KISS.

The Greek Story of the Way in Which It Came into Being.

Kissing is usually accepted as an agreeable fact, and its theory and history are ignored, but if kissing did not begin with Adam and Eve it began with the beautiful young Greek shepherd who found an opal on one of the hills of Greece and, wishing to give it to a youthful shepherd whose hands were busy with his flock, let him take it from her lips with his own, says Science Siftings. Thus the kiss was invented, and perhaps the popular superstition against the opal may be traced back to the same incident, for opal has wrought great tragedies in the world's history.

Kissing was once an act of religion. The nearest friend of a dying person performed the right of receiving his soul by a kiss, supposing that it escaped through his lips at the moment of expiration. It is said that kissing was first introduced into England by royalty. The British monarch Vortigern gave a banquet in honor of his Scandinavian allies, at which Rowena, the beautiful daughter of Hengist, was present. During the proceedings, after pressing a blushing beaker to her lips, she saluted the astonished and delighted monarch with a kiss "after the manner of her people."

The most honorable royal kiss on record is that which Queen Margaret of France in the presence of the whole court one day imprinted on the lips of the ugliest man in the kingdom, Alain Chartier, whom she found asleep. To those around her she said, "I do not kiss the man, but the mouth that has uttered so many charming things."

The Demon of Indigestion.

Cooks and housekeepers have a nobler mission than as a class seem to be aware of. It is that of feeding the human being and keeping him in health and good working condition. A poorly fed man is likely to be miserable. Even if any of us are able to rise above conditions.

"A sick man, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "is always a scoundrel." The language is perhaps somewhat strong and lacking in charity, but it contains a good grain of truth. The dyspeptic, who sees the world going over to evil and daily growing worse, is very likely to think himself unable to swim against the current and to drift to disaster. "We are saved by hope," but without a good digestion faith, hope and charity are almost impossible.

Stories of Children.

Teacher—What is velocity, Johnny?
Johnny—Velocity is what a feller lets go of a bumblebee with.

The Parson—My boy, I'm sorry to see you flying your kite on the Sabbath. Small Boy—Dat's all right, mister. Dis kite's made up a 'ligious paper, see?

Small Ned, hearing a number of frogs in a pond making a hideous noise, exclaimed, "My goodness, but the froggies must sleep awful sound!" "Why do you think so?" asked his mother. "Cause they snore so loud," replied Ned.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Limited Choice.

Father—Johnny, I see your little brother has the smaller apple. Did you give him his choice, as I suggested.

Johnny—Yes, father; I told him he could have his choice—the little one or none—and he took the little one.—Chums.

Spats—My love, I wish you would alter the key of your voice.

Mrs. Spats—What's the matter with R?
Spats—Oh, nothing; only from the expression of Eliza Jane's face after our recent argument I'm certain it fits every keyhole in the house.—Town and Country.

Superstition.

Parson (visiting prison)—Why are you here, my misguided friend?
Prisoner—I'm the victim of the unlucky No. 13.

Parson—Indeed! How's that?
Prisoner—Twelve Jurors and one judge.—Chicago News.

NEW SHORT STORIES.

An Unprofitable Witness.

Representative Clayton of Alabama tells a good story concerning a case which happened down in his state.

An old colored woman, whose first name was Mary, was a witness on the stand in a murder case. It was alleged that she had had an important conversation with the accused and the prosecuting attorney insisted that she should be compelled to testify. The defendant's counsel fought vigorously to keep the conversation from the jury, and after arguing the question for a whole day it was submitted to the judge. After spending a greater part of the night studying up precedents the judge came into court next morning and decided that the question must be answered.

"Now, Mary," said the prosecuting attorney, with an air of triumph, "you must tell the court and the jury what this man said to you and what you said to him."

"Deed, boss," said Mary, "we didn't say nothing at all."—Washington Post.

Gillette Rude to Irving.

William Gillette, the actor playwright, was popular in England, but that was before the following story was told.

An Irving worshiper was raving about Sir Henry's genius at the Players' club a little while ago, and at last, seeking indorsement, turned to Gillette.

"I suppose you have seen Irving lots of times, haven't you?" he asked.

"Several times," replied Gillette.

"Ever see him in 'Macbeth'?"

"Yes."

"That was the greatest piece of acting since the days of Garrick," raved the enthusiast. "It baffles all criticism. What did you think of it, Mr. Gillette? Don't you agree with my estimate of Irving? Give us your honest opinion of him."

"I think," drawled Gillette gravely, "if he could only sing he'd make a grand comedian."—New York World.

A Four Footed Robber.

"A paper carrier came to me the other day," said a Harlem policeman, "and told me that somebody was stealing the papers left on a certain doorstep every morning before the subscriber had a chance to see them. The man living in the house hauled the

carrier over the coals and accused him of not giving him his paper. I watched the house.

"The next morning I saw the carrier throw the paper in the yard, and I concealed myself on the other side of the street.

"In a few minutes a big black Newfoundland dog climbed over the fence from the adjoining yard and picked up the paper in his mouth. He then jumped over the same fence and ran through a back yard.

"The next morning I waited for the four footed thief and gave him a reprimand with my club. Since then he has left the papers alone."—New York Press.

Got a Better Place.

Daniel O'Connell once told the house of commons an amusing story of bribery. A farmer in the county of Wexford was promised a position for his son in return for his vote for a member of the Loftus family. The father's ambition for the boy aimed at a serjeanty in the artillery, but Lord Loftus, on applying for this post for the youth, was informed that it was totally impossible to grant his request, inasmuch as it required a previous service of six years to qualify a candidate for the position. "Does it require six years to qualify him for a lieutenant?" demanded Lord Loftus. "Certainly not," was the answer. "Well, can't you make him a lieutenant, then?" rejoined Lord Loftus. "Where upon," said O'Connell, "the fellow was made a lieutenant for no better reason than just because he was not fit to be a serjeant."

An Astonishing Reversal.

In the supreme court of California it is not uncommon to see a learned justice's shoes on the desk while critique is in session. It is one of the more anecdotes of the California bar that Justice McFarland, sitting with his feet on a level with his head one day, fell backward, whereupon Chief Justice Beatty remarked aloud that his learned brother had certainly reversed himself in a most astounding manner.

His "Waterloo Breeches."

The first Duke of Wellington once received a letter from C. J. London, a horticulturist, asking permission to see the Waterloo breeches at Stratfield Saye. Mistaking the signature for "C. J. London" and "breeches for breeches," the duke wrote gravely to the bishop of London, to the great astonishment of that good man, that his Waterloo breeches had "disappeared long ago."

Reversed.

Rodrick—Say, old man, you have been through the ordeal of proposing. What does a fellow do after he pops the question?

Van Albert—Why, he questions pop, of course.—Chicago News.

In His Dreams.

Hewitt—When I was on the boat the other night, I had a lower berth, but I dreamed I was sleeping in the upper berth.

Jewett—Sort of overslept yourself, eh?

FACTS IN FEW LINES.

Worcester, Mass., has a new art museum.

Natives in the Punjab have taken to plugging.

A skeleton dug up in Texas has an eight inch jaw.

A young white thrush with pink eyes has been caught at Ipswich.

Eight samples of lemonade analyzed at Leeds, England, have been found to contain lead poison.

Two perfectly formed chickens have been hatched out of a double yolked egg at Saltash, Cornwall.

Of London's 12,000 hansom men 1,295 had a slip of some kind last year. The method of road watering is blamed.

Mosquitoes have appeared at Hackney and Clapton, London, and many children and adults have received painful stings.

There will be a delay of seven or eight months in the opening of the Simpson tunnel, which was originally fixed for May 17, 1904.