

BANDON RECORDER.

The Elusive End of the Watch. A prominent watch manufacturer is said to be continually deluged with questions as to where all the watches go.

"I never was able to answer the question," said the manufacturer. "No body in the trade ever tries to. We and that the life of a watch is but five years, yet if you will stop fifty men and ask how long they have carried their watches forty-nine of them will say they have only had one watch in their entire lives."

"We cannot explain the disappearance of watches. They do not go into the ash bins. I remember when the New Jersey watch factories closed that in ten years we could not find one of their watches anywhere. They had disappeared off the face of the earth, yet millions had been made. Look at the key watches. Up to some twenty years ago we made nothing else. In that twenty years these millions and millions of key winding watches have disappeared, and the question asked unavailingly, 'What becomes of the watches?' remains unanswered to this day."—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

Flour and Teeth. Why do you see a people as a rule have such splendid teeth? Mostly because they have lived on coarse food, which made demands on the teeth. People as a rule do not want to do any chewing. They demand meat which is so tender that it will melt in the mouth, etc. Nature, prodigal as she is, never bestows anything where it is not used, and the result is that the civilized races are losing their teeth. If the style continues to forbid our teeth to do any grinding, our progress will be arrested. It will be baneful and will, only rudimentary teeth. As individuals we cannot grow good teeth in our heads by eating coarse food. We are beginning to get bad teeth by heredity. But there is almost no tooth or bone forming material in fine white flour, and the avoidance of coarse foods undoubtedly has lessened the decay of our teeth. Perhaps the millers and the dentists are in a secret league to work for mutual interests. Who knows?

Balzac and Black Coffee. Balzac was addicted to the use of strong black coffee and depended upon it as a nervous stimulant during the hours which he devoted to composition. Its effect he has himself described in these words: "The coffee falls into your stomach. Immediately everything starts into action. Your blood begins to move like Grand Army battalions on the battle field, and the battle opens. Memories arrive at a run, standards flying, the light cavalry of comparisons breaks into a magnificent gallop; the artillery of logic dashes up and unlimbers; thoughts come rushing up as sharpshooters; characters spring up on all sides; the paper becomes covered with ink; for the struggle has begun and ends in torrents of black water like the battle in black powder."

Scattered the Wing Queen. Two little Philadelphia girls the other day strayed into the realms of theology and anthropology, though of course they didn't know it. "Say," said the first, "we's Dad's 'little angels, isn't we?" "Yeth," lisped the second, "but we hasn't dot any feathers on uh, like the 'little angels' in mamma showd me in a picture book."

"Well, we had once, don't o'know," returned the first, "but Dad pulled 'em all out before him sent us down here." "What for did he do that?" "So that we couldn't fly up in the trees when our mamma want us to come in and be washed!"

The Cavalier. "And what 'sposed the cannibal chieftain in his kindest tones—'what was your business before you were captured by my men?'" "I was a newspaper man," answered the captive.

"An editor?" "No; merely a subeditor." "Cheer up, young man! Shortly after my chef has finished his part of the cookbook you will be editor in chief."

Laughing heartily at his bonnet, the cannibal chief wanted to know if the captive had a funny bone.—Judge.

An Insultation. Doris—Yes, she was furious about the way in which that paper reported her marriage.

Behen—Did it allude to her age? Doris—Indirectly. It stated that "Miss Otis and Mr. Yale were married, the latter being a well known collector of antiques."—Chicago News.

Perfumes in Ancient Days. Old as the history of the world itself is that of the queen of flowers. The ancient Greeks and Romans revelled in roses. They were used lavishly at their feasts. In the time of the republic the people had their cups of Falernian wine swimming with blooms, and the Spartan soldiers after the battle of Cirra refused to drink any wine that was not perfumed with roses, while at the regatta of Balia the whole surface of the Lucrine lake was strewn with flowers.

Doing No Harm. One day Willie, aged five, was crying, and his mamma said: "Willie, you are getting your face all dirty from crying." And Willie stopped long enough to reply: "Well, it wasn't clean when I started." And then he went on.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Collection in Sight. "Now," said the irate debtor, "if you disturb me again you'll get what you're looking for." "Thanks," replied the urbane collector. "I will try to make it convenient to disturb you at about this time tomorrow."—Houston Post.

Practically all the exports of Africa are natural products, while her imports are exclusively manufactured articles. A woman's whim is often a man's fate.—Boston Transcript.

POLLY LARKIN.

Mrs. Josephine Frame would be in anything but an enviable frame of mind if she could but hear the comments of the fair sex of San Francisco in regard to her address before the National Convention of the Dressmakers' Association in New York. Her remarks were not flattering to the ladies of this city or their good taste in dressing, for according to her statement their attire is very "loud," particularly when it comes to their street costumes. My, but what a buzz of excitement it created among the ladies who pride themselves upon knowing the eternal fitness of things, especially when it comes to the matter of dressing. They held indignation meetings wherever they happened to meet and denounced Mrs. Josephine Frame as being a woman wholly devoid of truth and lacking in principle. In fact they think Mrs. Frame is afflicted with a mild form of lunacy and are inclined to deal mercifully with her on the score of being mentally incompetent. Poor thing, how her ears must burn! Evidently Mrs. Frame was traveling under an alias, for her name does not appear in the local directory and no one seems to know anything about her. Doubtless there is no more cosmopolitan city on the face of the globe than San Francisco. Every nationality is represented, and they are, as a rule, utterly regardless of what anyone else may care or think when it comes to attiring themselves. They will put on all colors of the rainbow until you realize that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of the sea. The colors wear at each other and the lack of harmony in the shade scheme sometimes makes you fairly dizzy. But you must not judge the San Francisco ladies by the ever-surging panorama that is passing before you. Verily some of them are fearfully and wonderfully made, as far as their flashy costumes are concerned. But you take the San Francisco ladies as a whole and they dress modestly and in the best of taste. The matrons are of the finest, the eiders quiet but not gaudy, although more of the bright, rich warm colors are worn now than in many years before. "Come, come these with a well-fitting garment and strangers may turn and look at them the second time, but it will not be because their costumes are conspicuous for their loudness."

Mrs. Josephine Frame must have promenaded Market and Kearny streets some Saturday afternoon when the sidewalks were thronged with people going to the matinees or engaged in purchasing their supplies for Sunday or shopping on promenading just for the pleasure of it. Then you will see women in every station in life and from nearly every city in the United States in the throng. There will trip the Japanese maiden looking very American in her costume out in the latest pattern, and in the same throng is her Oriental sister, the Chinese girl, miming along on her tiny feet and dressed richly in gayly colored silks and tinsels, beads and flowers. Moving swiftly among the crowd is a perforce a gypsy, slouchy and fantastically dressed, with a basket on her arm, and she is ready at a moment's notice to read by the stars, cards or your palm, giving your past, present and future if you will only cross her palm with a piece of silver. There is the Polish Jew, whose family is crowded like sardines in the rear of a second-hand establishment on some back street.

You will observe a "loudly" dressed family, mother and daughters, big and little, pushing their way through the crowd on their way to the matinee. You would be surprised to learn that it is the family of the ragpicker who drives through the streets daily calling dolefully, "Any rags, bottles, sacks?" There is the Spanish senorita with her velvety eyes and soft, musical voice, and invariably well dressed. The Italian from Italy's sunny shores and with a mournful look in her big, brown eyes as if she was dreaming of her own southland. As I said before, never was there a more cosmopolitan city than San Francisco, and you cannot judge of the refined tastes and good judgment of the ladies of San Francisco by the throng of people you meet from day to day on the streets.

It might shock Mrs. Josephine Frame if she should glance in the show-windows of our leading and up-to-date stores and see the beautiful materials for the fall costumes, and nearly all in warm, rich colors—reds, not wine-colors, but brilliant cherry, blues, greens, etc.—and yet our merchants have got their styles and patterns direct from New York and Europe. Every season some competent man is sent from various stores to purchase their new materials. In New York and Chicago you will find the same bright colors. In Paris, "the pattern city of the world," as one of our leading modistes terms it, you will find the same beautiful colors and materials for costumes. A few seasons ago bright colors were seldom seen on the streets; old and young, big and little, wore black, brown, grays and other somber hues. Bright colors were not considered in good taste, and should anyone appear on the street in a bright red costume, such as are worn to-day, people would have stared the wearer out of countenance.

As far as Polly is concerned, I like the bright colors for young people. I think the time will come soon enough when they will see the somber side of life, and when the more quiet colors or black will be in keeping with their feelings. Then they will "see through the glass darkly," and the bright colors,

TO CURE CORNS.

A Few Remedies, Cheap and Simple, and Involving No Danger. When the feet are pressed into tight fitting shoes—high heels make the pressure greater by adding friction to the heel, and the greater the pressure the deeper the point will grow. The best preventive remedy known is really to go barefooted, but since this is not considered ethical in civilized life I will give a few simple remedies which may be of some value for the afflicted: First—Place on the corn a piece of cold, moist linen folded several times, wrap it up in dry linen, then go to bed. With this treatment the hard epidermis swells up, and after six or eight hours the corn, by coming out of the shoe can be removed with a dull knife. When this treatment has been followed for three or four days, a small needle-like growth (the corn) can be extracted without pain or bleeding. By washing the feet often in cold water the tender place will heal rapidly. After getting rid of this corn it is well to wear shoes which are neither too large nor too small so as to avoid excessive pressure on the corn.

Second—In place of the linen a crust of bread soaked in vinegar may be applied. Third—The best application is to soak a whole onion twenty-four hours in vinegar, then apply one of the layers of the onion to the corn and keep it in place by a bandage through the night. After repeating this procedure a few times the corn can be removed without any trouble. By either of these simple applications this troublesome agent can be removed without any danger of blood poison and "free of charge."—St. Louis Republic.

Much in a Name. An Englishman who has just returned from an extensive tour throughout the east tells a good story in his book. He was one of a party at a banquet tendered to the maharajah of Patiala, at which nearly a hundred guests, representing nearly every branch of Indian life, were present. As a special guest he was seated on the left of the Indian potentate. During the meal he noticed that the latter partook of some fine Cumberland ham, and knowing that it was contrary to the Indian caste rules to eat any portion of a pig, he without a thought asked his highness how it was he was eating ham. The maharajah looked at his plate, then, turning round to his body servant standing at the back of his chair, said: "What am I eating?" The servant instantly replied: "Mutton, sahib." And without referring to the incident again the maharajah continued his meal. After the banquet the Englishman related the incident to an Indian judge, and the latter said: "If that servant had said 'ham,' he would have been headless before tomorrow morning. It is advisable not to notice caste rules when you are with natives of rank."—Pearson's.

Laugh and Live. Prince Jerome Napoleon was fond of telling the story of his scheme during the Crimean war by which he kept up the spirits of his men. The French army was losing daily large numbers of men through the ravages of the cholera. Marshal Canrobert sent the order to Prince Jerome that he should move his division to Yarna. Jerome issued marching orders and added: "Seek out in every regiment all the actors, comedians, clown, conjurers and entertainers. I will personally arrange a performance and present prizes to the best entertainer." During the whole of the retreat these performances took place for the relief of the division. Prince Jerome is not famous for any remarkable military triumphs, but this one act must at least be put to his credit, for it was undoubtedly due to this method of cheering up his men that his division could boast a death roll at least three times as small as that of any other. These performances were the forerunner of the now famous Zouave theater in the Crimea.

Remaking by Hand. Making lace by hand is a well developed art in Paraguay. It was taught the natives 200 years ago by the missionaries and has been transmitted from generation to generation till it is now quite general throughout the republic. Some towns are devoted to making a certain kind of lace. In one town of 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants almost all the women and children and many of the men make lace collarettes, handkerchiefs and ladies' ties. Another town makes lace embroidery and others drawn thread work, such as centerpieces, try mats, tablecloths and doilies. The designs used in making the lace are taken from the curious webs of the semipalmated spiders that are so numerous there. On this account it is called "manditi," an Indian name which means spider web.

Persians in general are not supposed to be the bravest people in the world, but even in Persia the inhabitants of Kashan, a mercantile city, are notorious for their lack of a warlike spirit. Their pusillanimity has passed into a proverb and given rise to many stories. One of the best of these is that when Nadir Shah disbanded his army on his return from India the 30,000 men belonging to Kashan and its sister city of Isfahan applied for an escort of 100 musketeers to see them safely home.

Little Ethel—Mamma, Mrs. Next-door's children are playin' house in their garden. Mayn't we play house in ours? Mamma—Certainly. Little Ethel—That'll be lovely. Then we can quarrel over the back fence just like real neighbors.

The German Wife's Vacation. It is a common practice in Berlin for the wife to stay at home when the husband and family go to the seaside. In this way the wife enjoys her own holiday, for there is no housekeeping to be done. She forgets her friends—"grass widows," like herself—and they take their meals at restaurants, spend their afternoons at the opera and their evenings at places of entertainment and thoroughly enjoy themselves.—London Express.

A DOMESTIC DIFFICULTY.

The Solution Was Original, Though the Result Was Unhappy. "Every time I tell this story," a bright society matron remarked, "somebody accuses me of making it up, but it is a true story nevertheless. "Up in the Virginia mountains David and I took a long walk to explore the wild country road near our hotel. Away up on the rough mountain side was a little cabin, and as I have a most fervent human interest in the home life of all peoples remote from cities I proposed that we visit the cabin with the wayfarers' usual pretext, to ask for a drink of water. In the one room of the small house were the usual furnishings, a few chairs, many dogs lying about, guns on the wall, a high bed in each corner and a homely table spread with homely crockery in the center of the household picture. A plain little woman, worn and aged, but very neat in calico frock and gingham apron, met us at the door and asked us in, while one of the rough boys lounging on the porch was dispatched to the spring for fresh water. "Instead of the usual mountaineer's open fireplace, with iron crane and kettles, was a surprising arrangement of a cooking stove mounted on a kitchen table. My glance reverted to this curious sight so often that our mountain hostess seemed constrained to explain. "You uns ain't used to seein' cook stoves fixed up that way, I reckon," she said apologetically. "Pap, he got the cook stove down in town way las' May, and he didn't think 'bout the stovepipe, and he didn't git 'nuff to reach up to that there hole in the chimney, so we uns jes' bilsted the cook stove up on that there table till he gits time to go to town and git some more stovepipe. 'Tain't handy to climb up on a cheer to cook, and I wish to the land pap'd hurry stovepipe. It'd be a heap harder to hev that there cook stove down on the ground."

"Of course 'we uns' agreed with the good woman that her complaint was well based, but we praised her cleverness and originality in utilizing the kitchen table. Probably not one woman in 10,000,000 would have ever suggested that way out of the domestic difficulty."—Detroit Free Press.

WAVES OF WATER.

For over 1,200 miles the Nile does not receive a single tributary stream. The Jordan is the crookedest river known, winding 243 miles in a distance of 60. The Potomac river is only 500 miles long and in its lower course is rather an estuary than a stream. The highest of all navigable rivers is the Tsangpo, which flows for nearly 1,900 miles at an elevation from 11,000 to 14,000 feet. The Indus, the second sacred river of India, is 1,700 miles long. Its waters have always been considered almost as holy as those of the Ganges. Three rivers as big as the Rhine would just equal in volume the Ganges, three Ganges the Mississippi and two Mississippi the Amazon. When free from ice, the Yukon river is navigable for large steamers 1,965 miles, a distance more than twice as great as that from Chicago to New Orleans.

Testing the Sermon. The minister of a parish in a part of New England where doctrinal points are considered of great importance says that his test of a satisfactory sermon is the opposite of that which is commonly applied. "My clerical friends in the city tell me that so long as their congregations appear wide awake and interested they feel encouraged," he said to a visitor, "but with me it's different. "Of course I wish to interest the congregation, but if I look over to Deacon Drew's pew and then to Deacon Snow's and see them with their eyes closed and heads nodding I feel that all is well. Just as surely as I discover them wide awake and alert after I've been preaching for ten minutes I know that there's something wrong to their minds and that I shall hear what it is as soon as the service is over."—Youth's Companion.

Beliefs About the Earth. Newton, the great Sir Isaac, surmised, although he could give no reason for the conclusions he had reached, that in the course of time the earth would become perfectly dry. Others, mostly De Verne, Professor A. L. Hamilton and the younger Lysander, all believed that eventually the earth would become as dry as the proverbial chip. Even in this day and age the theory has many adherents.

Sweet Innocence. He—I never saw anything like this tide. Here I've been pulling steadily for ten minutes, and we don't seem to have moved a foot. She (after a pause)—Oh, Mr. Stroker, I've just thought of something! The anchor fell overboard a short time ago, and I forgot to tell you. Do you suppose it could have caught on something?

Napoleon and His Mother. Soon after Napoleon's assumption of the imperial purple he chanced to meet his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud. He was surrounded by courtiers and half playfully held out his hand for her to kiss. "Not so, my son," she gravely replied, at the same time presenting her hand in return; "it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life."—Chambers' Journal.

Theories. "I suppose you have thoroughly investigated the conditions of your job, are you treating in your book," remarked the friend. "No," replied the literary woman who had undertaken a great work. "You see, I'm afraid an investigation might interfere with some of the beautiful theories I have evolved."

What Jarred Her. Mother (soothingly)—You mustn't mind what he says about his mother's cooking, my dear. All men do that. Married Daughter (warmly)—I don't, mamma; it's the things he says about my cooking that annoy me.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

The Little Tot. "I want 5 cents' worth of glory divine," said a flavon haired tot, looking intently at the clerk in a South Boston drugstore. Everybody within hearing of the infantile voice either laughed or smiled, while Mr. Grey, the drug man, looked serious and appeared to be thinking. "Are you sure it is glory divine you want?" he asked the little one. "Yes, sir," was the prompt response. "For what does mamma want it?" was the next question. "To throw it around the room and in the back yard," said the little tot innocently. "Isn't it chloride of lime she wants?" asked the drug man. The little girl nodded her assent, and soon she was on her way home to mother. "It's only one of many enigmas which face the drug clerks every day in their lives," said the apothecary. "The little girls do not make mistakes very often, but the little boys and some of the heads of families are at ways guessing at what they want and letting us guess what they mean. But 'glory divine' in a new one on me."—Boston Herald.

Two Early Birds. An English nobleman in ill health was out one morning early, wearily taking a constitutional. Walking along his game preserves, he turned a sharp corner and came face to face with an Irishman who had the reputation of being an inveterate poacher. Putting his hands and what they held behind him, he preserved a perfectly virtuous aspect, while the gentleman hailed him cordially with "Good morning, Pat!" "Good mornin', yer haner, an' phwat brings yer haner out so airly this mornin'?" "I'm just walking around, Pat, to see if I can't get an appetite for my breakfast. And what brings you out so early, Pat?" "Och, he jabbers, O'm jes' a-walkin' around to see if OI can't get a breakfast for me appetite."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Algy's Mishap.

Algy—Did you hear about Algy, poor fellow? Clarence—No, dear boy. Gus—He was walking along in the street when an idea struck him and paralyzed one side of his head. Not Working Gratia. "I jes' hynd," said Uncle Rasberry, "dat dey's a law ag'in buyin' votes." "Of course, and a very good law it is." "Well, I speaks so. But I wants to tell you dat any white gentleman dat gits me to vote for him foh nuffin will have to compensate liberal foh de damage to my self respect."—Washington Star.

A Cool Famine Joke.

Customer to coal dealer—Have you got any name for those scales of yours? "I never heard of scales having a name." "Well, you ought to call your scales Ambush. You see, they are always lying in wait."—American Gleaner.

The Marriage Record.

"Why did you decide upon such a sudden marriage?" "Well, you see, Arthur got one of those French automobiles, and I got to thinking that a husband in the harness might be worth a good deal more than a lover in the wreck."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rude Fellow.

Clarence—My gracious! Such a vicious natiah Gussie has? Cholly—Has he really? Clarence—Fwightful. I had some words with him today, and he deliberately weached out his hand and dis, awanged my hair.—Philadelphia Press.

All Kinds of One.

"How do you like that mince pie, Mr. McGinnis?" asked the landlady. "This mince pie, Mrs. Irons," answered the head boarder, "is a dream." And afterward, when he had retired and gone to sleep, he found it was—Chicago Tribune.

According to Speed.

Judge—You raced your automobiles at such a rate as to endanger the lives of pedestrians. I'll fine you both \$5. Enthusiast—I don't care. My noble went twice as fast as his. Judge—In that case I'll fine you \$10. —Town Topics.

A Delusion of the Mind.

"I'm going to call on a mental scientist this afternoon." "What for?" "To see if she can't make me believe that there is no such thing as an empty coal bin."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Conjecture.

Wagg—Every one thought he was a millionaire, and now it appears he died insolvent. Wagg—Maybe he paid his doctors' bills before he died.—Philadelphia Record.

Considerate.

Sandy—Yer say dat lady was considerate dat threw de bollin' water on yer? Cinders—Cert! In dese days of germs and microbes she was considerate to boil it before she threw it.—Philadelphia Record.

Defended.

Parent (with a deep drawn sigh)—It is, my dear, when youf mamma pretends to be very fond of me and puts no buttons on my shirt.

FACTS IN FEW LINES.

Australia supplies \$85,000,000 worth of wool a year. Armour approves of his butchers joining a labor union. Germany's annual consumption of beer works out at over thirty-six gallons per head of population. The Wisconsin dairy industry employs 1,700 hands at an annual cost for wages of nearly \$1,000,000. Experiments recently made have demonstrated that the brain is susceptible to peculiar influence from electricity. Two of Dickens' novels, "Oliver Twist" and "A Tale of Two Cities," are running as serials in Parisian daily papers. There are forty-seven typewriter factories reported to the census bureau, with an annual product worth about \$7,000,000. Russia will send her Siberian exhibit to the world's fair at St. Louis through the agency of the East Chicago railroad. Thirty-eight miles an hour was the mean speed attained by the new turbine destroyer Velox during her preliminary run at sea. A woman in Newcastle-on-Tyne, a sufferer from lupus for thirty years, is said to have been cured by the application of the X rays. Farmers and fruit growers of California are saving samples of this year's crops for exhibition in the California sections at the world's fair of 1904. The ascent of the Wildstrubel has been easier for Alpine tourists by the erection of a chalet at an altitude of 9,750 feet by Herr Hildebrand of Dresden. Experiments in Dublin recently demonstrated to the satisfaction of the experimenters that bacteria could be carried a great distance by the wind despite a heavy rainfall. By literally chasing it on to a sand bank some Dee fishermen recently captured a royal sturgeon weighing over 200 pounds and measuring 8 feet 3 inches in length and 4 feet in girth. A meeting of the Women's Union of the Church of England Temperance society deplored the lot of the 100,000 women employed in drinking bars and urged that barmaids be done away with. The census shows that there are sixty-five sewing machine factories in the country, whose annual output is worth \$21,000,000. The business has multiplied thirteenfold in the last forty years. A new material for table pads has recently been placed upon the market. It is made of asbestos cloth woven so soft that it cannot injure the most highly polished table, and it is absolutely heat proof. One hundred years of age and totally blind, Catharine Sgrisa has just been released from an Austrian jail, where she had been imprisoned for selling poison to a woman who wanted to murder her husband. The interior department has started a free telegraph school under the auspices of the insular telegraph service at San Juan, Porto Rico. The school has twenty-five pupils, all girls, who will be fitted for becoming operators in the island. The famous mosque of Sultan Hassan at Cairo is to be completely repaired. The sum of \$200,000 necessary for the purpose has been furnished, and a first installment has been paid to the committee for the preservation of the monuments in Cairo. M. J. Thonlet has investigated the constitution of the ocean bed and finds that the more deeply it is penetrated the less the proportion of slime and the less calcareous matter. On the other hand, the proportion of sand and pure clays increases with the depth. What undoubtedly is the largest known tree in the world has been discovered on the government reservation far up in the Sierras in Fresno county, Cal. Six feet from the ground it took a line 154 feet 8 inches long to encircle the tree, making it over fifty-one feet in diameter. Tintoretto's great masterpiece, "Paradise," in the Ducal palace at Venice, suffered but slightly from the fall of the St. Mark's campanile. A little careful work by the clever Italian restorer and the great painting will be, it is said, in as good condition as before the nearby bell tower collapsed. Whereas light of various kinds is being advocated for the cure of various germ diseases, Dr. A. F. King of New York holds that light aggravates malarial fever and that by keeping the patient in a dark room the disease can be made less virulent, bright light evidently being favorable to the growth of the germs. The London Express notes that Denmark was ruled by three generations within the period of one week not long ago. On a Friday Prince Christian, son of the crown prince, was the regent; on the next day the crown prince assumed the sway, and on the following Thursday Denmark was again ruled by the king. Eggs consumed in England during the past twelve months would, it is computed, fill upward of 40,000 railway trucks. Of these only one-third were English, and in consequence an enormous sum of money was sent out of the country that might have been kept at home had those engaged in rural industries been alive to their opportunities. The disciplinary council of the Munich bar has just had before it a barrister charged with the high crime and misdemeanor of taking part in amateur theatricals. The impugned lawyer pleaded that he had charged no fees, but the bar council declined to admit that this want of prudence purged the offense and imposed a fine, together with a sharp reprimand. Precocious Child—Papa, tell me what is humbug? Parent (with a deep drawn sigh)—It is, my dear, when youf mamma pretends to be very fond of me and puts no buttons on my shirt.

A Difference.

"I am told that Jones is a regular leech. Is that true?" "No, I would hardly say that. A leech, you know, never gets stuck on himself."—New York Times.

Algy's Mishap.

Algy—Did you hear about Algy, poor fellow? Clarence—No, dear boy. Gus—He was walking along in the street when an idea struck him and paralyzed one side of his head. Not Working Gratia. "I jes' hynd," said Uncle Rasberry, "dat dey's a law ag'in buyin' votes." "Of course, and a very good law it is." "Well, I speaks so. But I wants to tell you dat any white gentleman dat gits me to vote for him foh nuffin will have to compensate liberal foh de damage to my self respect."—Washington Star.

A Cool Famine Joke.

Customer to coal dealer—Have you got any name for those scales of yours? "I never heard of scales having a name." "Well, you ought to call your scales Ambush. You see, they are always lying in wait."—American Gleaner.

The Marriage Record.

"Why did you decide upon such a sudden marriage?" "Well, you see, Arthur got one of those French automobiles, and I got to thinking that a husband in the harness might be worth a good deal more than a lover in the wreck."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rude Fellow.

Clarence—My gracious! Such a vicious natiah Gussie has? Cholly—Has he really? Clarence—Fwightful. I had some words with him today, and he deliberately weached out his hand and dis, awanged my hair.—Philadelphia Press.

All Kinds of One.

"How do you like that mince pie, Mr. McGinnis?" asked the landlady. "This mince pie, Mrs. Irons," answered the head boarder, "is a dream." And afterward, when he had retired and gone to sleep, he found it was—Chicago Tribune.

According to Speed.

Judge—You raced your automobiles at such a rate as to endanger the lives of pedestrians. I'll fine you both \$5. Enthusiast—I don't care. My noble went twice as fast as his. Judge—In that case I'll fine you \$10. —Town Topics.

A Delusion of the Mind.

"I'm going to call on a mental scientist this afternoon." "What for?" "To see if she can't make me believe that there is no such thing as an empty coal bin."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Conjecture.

Wagg—Every one thought he was a millionaire, and now it appears he died insolvent. Wagg—Maybe he paid his doctors' bills before he died.—Philadelphia Record.

Considerate.

Sandy—Yer say dat lady was considerate dat threw de bollin' water on yer? Cinders—Cert! In dese days of germs and microbes she was considerate to boil it before she threw it.—Philadelphia Record.

Defended.

Parent (with a deep drawn sigh)—It is, my dear, when youf mamma pretends to be very fond of me and puts no buttons on my shirt.