

BANDON RECORDER.

THREE QUEER DISEASES.

Two of Them Abide in the Congo Region and One in Peru.

There are two remarkable diseases, either or both of which may attack you if you elect to reside within the Congo basin, but you need have no dread of them if you live in any other part of the world. One is the sleeping sickness, a terrible, mysterious and invariably fatal malady. The patient is at first only drowsy, but ends by sleeping almost continually, waking only for meals or when forcibly roused. Finally the torpor becomes complete. He cannot be roused even to take food, and dies of starvation.

The other disease alluded to is even more curious, although fortunately not nearly so deadly, and is known to specialists in tropical diseases as albugo, from a negro word meaning a saw, a very apt name, for the typical feature of the ailment consists in the slow amputation of one or more of the victim's toes by means of a serrated bony ligature which grows around the joint of the affected member just where it joins the foot. As soon as the ligature is completely formed it begins to contract, and off comes the toe as effectually, if not quite so quickly, as if it had been severed by the surgeon's knife.

In the province of Cerro de Pasco, in Peru, may be contracted a strange malady which consigns its victim to certain and lingering death. The ailment in question is termed verrugas (Spanish, a wart), and it occurs only in certain deep valleys in the highlands of that province. There, however, it is endemic and frightfully fatal, especially to the unacclimated white man. The whole surface of the body in bad cases becomes entirely covered with spongy, wartlike excrescences, varying from the size of a raspberry to that of a pigeon's egg, and from every one of these the patient's life blood oozes out continually until he perishes of inanition.—Chambers' Journal.

FIGHT SICKNESS.

Fear Will Harm and Courage Help You When Disease Comes.

Illness is most like a cowardly cur which gives chase if you flee from it, but goes on about its business, that of seeking the fearful ones, if you pass on unnoticed, but courageous. The reasons for the ability of brave men to go unharmed through pest hospitals, as did Napoleon and as physicians do every day, are not only physiological, but psychological.

The quality of mere courage seems to have a sort of pickling and hardening effect upon the tissues of the body, like the plunge in brine, steeling them against infection, while fear, by "unstringing" the nerves, weakens the whole resisting power of the body, inviting the very evil feared most.

The scientific health journals have been discussing this potent fact in hygienic laws to a great extent and urging its recognition by the masses.

"Fear weakens the heart's action," says Health in an article on this subject. "Indigestion, constipation, indigestion, produces poison through decomposing foods and is thus the mother of auto-poisoning, which either directly causes or greatly aids in the production of quite 90 per cent of all our diseases."

It is just as well to carry in a small pocket of one's memory the old adage, "Discretion is the better part of valor," and to avoid running needless dangers. But it is a well known fact that smallpox and like contagions will attack first those who are bleeding for fear of it, often leaving unscathed the brave ones who are in the thickest of it nursing, tending and even burying the plague-stricken.

With an armor welded of equal quantities of precaution and courage one stands a good chance of immunity from the attacking hordes of disease microbes.—New York Herald.

Clubs, Cabs and Gout.

A physician talking to a reporter of a New York paper asserted recently that gout is rapidly increasing in that city as a disease prevalent among the wealthy classes, the increase being altogether out of proportion to the growth of population. He claims that this is largely attributable to the increase of clubs, fashionable restaurants and cafes and also to the general use of cabs, even when the distance from the club to the home is only a few blocks. If people would take more active exercise in the open air, they would run less risk from heavy meals. He says that rich food is more responsible for gout than wine, although practically the two usually go together.

Editorial Indignation.

The lady (?) who yesterday called the attention of another to our patched breeches, whereat both laughed so heartily, is informed that a new pair will be purchased when her husband's bill is settled. It has been due nearly a year. Don't criticize a printer's dress too closely while you are wearing silk with money due us. Tell your husband to send us \$40.78 and save the cost of a lawsuit. We need another pair of pants.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

The Way of the World.

We met the people going one way with their arms loaded with beautiful flowers.

"Whither do you drift?" we asked.

"We go," they exclaimed, "to adorn the graves of our dead heroes."

Later on we met them with their arms full of bricks.

"And now where?" we asked again.

"To throw these at our living heroes," they again explained, with pitying smiles at our dumbness.

The Artist's Achievement.

Towne—I guess we'll have to take back all the sneering things we said about D'Auber.

Browne—Why?

Towne—He told me yesterday he had just completed a five thousand dollar painting for Mr. Riel S. Tate.

Browne—Yes, it was a large sign, "This Corner Lot, 99 by 149, For Sale, \$5,000."—Philadelphia Press.

POLLY LARKIN.

Polly often wonders what the teachers of the present day think the children are made of and whether they imagine the power of endurance is so great that nature will never rebel at the unkind treatment that is imposed upon the wee folk. Do they forget that they were ever children and that their brains were taxed sometimes beyond endurance and the tired body was so weary that they tossed and tumbled and wrosted with problems in their sleep? Apparently they do not, although I don't think they ever rushed children through the schools in their day. They gave minds and bodies time to grow and did not seem to think that children had to be crammed night and day. I would like to see the teacher of to-day who would take pleasantly to the task that they give the children for night work. The following is a sample of the home-work that a junior high school girl brought home with her the other evening: Twenty-five pages of ancient history, ten problems in algebra, six pages in mythology and three pages in French, besides giving an abstract of fifteen lines of a ten-page poem. That child had studied hard, besides reciting her different lessons during the day. She was tired when she arrived home, but had to practice her music lesson for the next hour. Then she commenced studying her lessons for the following day, stopping only for her dinner, which she was too tired to enjoy. Her mother went into her room at 11 o'clock and found her asleep over her books, her face drawn and white from sheer weariness. With the exception of the abstract, the above is only a sample of her home-work for nearly every night in the week.

When the teacher who would want to feel after her day's work in the schoolroom that she must devote her evenings to memorizing twenty-five pages of history, solving ten hard examples in algebra and committing to memory three pages of French, beside her lesson in mythology? Do you wonder that there are so many children with broken-down constitutions, so many suffering from nervous collapse and brain troubles? Or, is it at all strange that so many children have to wear glasses when they stop to think of the strain on their eyes all day and then studying by gaslight? The only wonder to Polly is that more children do not sink under the cramming process. Children are much farther advanced now than they were at the same age when their fathers and mothers attended the public schools, or in the days of their grandmothers, when "readin', writin' and cipherin'" were all that was required of them, and the pupil who had a fair knowledge of these three studies was considered fairly well equipped to battle with the world. Times have changed, and now the man or woman about to launch forth on a business career must have a fairly good education, a thorough grammar school course at least. But children should not be started to school for the sake of getting them out of the house when they are mere babies and crammed with book lore until their dreams are troubled and their health ruined. If Polly had her way there would be precious little night work.

"There is no home-life in an apartment house," growled an old bachelor the other day, who, by the way, lived at one of the finest clubs in San Francisco. "My sister has just moved into an apartment house with her three children," he continued, "and I would like to know what freedom or home comfort she can expect to enjoy in three or four rooms. Don't know what she is thinking about anyway, to give up her big ten-room house with a nice flower garden and a big back yard for the children to play in and content herself in an apartment house to be mixed up with a lot of other people she doesn't know. I'm disgusted with her, but I suppose she's like all other women, she's got to have a change, and if it is not one thing it must be another."

Polly could have told this bachelor brother, who lived like a prince in his handsome apartments at the club, that this sister he was finding fault with had met reverses since her husband's death. In fact, when everything was settled up and the lawyers had received their fees for attending to the business there was little left beside the home. She found she could rent her lovely home for a good sum to responsible parties, and by taking the three or four rooms in an apartment house ready furnished she could put a nice little sum by each month. The amount which seemed so well worth the saving had been given to her during her husband's lifetime for pin money. She had never known the value of money before, but now a dollar saved was a dollar earned. She had wealthy relatives, her bachelor brother included, but nothing would have induced her to call on them for a cent, she was too proud and independent for that. It was a crushing blow to her to have to give up the home where she had been so happy, and she had had many bitter tears over the sacrifice, but no one, not even her children, knew what a cross it was to her to commence life in this humble way.

If it were not for the apartment houses in this city I am sure I don't know what many families would do who desire no more than three or four rooms, and it is almost impossible to find a flat or a cottage of less than six or seven rooms in the city that is desirable. Apartment houses are springing up in San Francisco like mushrooms.

VIRGINIA SWALLOWWORT.

Its Beautiful Blossoms Are Pitfalls For Bees and Bugs.

Honey bees and insects and bugs of less degree find pitfalls and often death in the beautiful blossoms of the Virginia swallowwort. If these flowers are examined any sunny day, one will be pretty sure to find them decorated with a miscellaneous assortment of struggling or dead insects with their legs fast in the slits of the peculiar blossoms. The pollen of this common plant, instead of being a powder, as in the case of most plants, consists of sticky, waxen masses hidden within the blossom. When a visiting insect thrusts a proboscis or leg into the opening of such a flower, some of these masses stick to it, and the natural course is for the insect to fly off to another flower and fertilize this with the adhering pollen. All insects, however, are not strong enough to extricate their legs from the sticky places, and then ensue the slow torture of hanging there until death or a helping hand releases them from misery. Besides being beautiful, it could be quite a useful plant if we cared to develop its virtues. Thus its milky juice contains coumestrol. Brown sugar has been made from the flowers. The silky hairs of the seeds are serviceable in the manufacture of textile fabrics, as cotton is, and a fiber of good quality for ropemaking may be extracted from the stalk.

The London Silly Season.

"Always at the beginning of August," says Sydney Brooks, "the editor of each London daily casts about for a subject that will 'fetch' the great British public and fill the correspondence column, such as 'Is Marriage a Failure?' 'The Decay of Domesticity,' 'English Versus American Women,' 'Why Don't Young Men Marry?' 'Should Women Work?' or 'Are We Improvident?' A member of the paper's staff will write a letter to the editor opening the ball. Another member will reply to him. Instantly from Clapham and Brixton and throbbing provincial households there sets in a steady stream of letters—all genuine and argumentative and for the most part quite appallingly earnest. It is a most curious phenomenon, such, I suppose, as no other country can show. For thousands of men and women these annual discussions would seem to be their one chance of really opening their hearts and minds to the world, and a very strange spectacle they make when opened, the minds especially. No one who really wanted to study England could ignore these debates. They throw more than a little light on the English character and the average English intelligence."

BRIEF REVIEW.

Guns Made Invisible by means of Paint.

A novel artillery experiment has just taken place at Aldershot. By an ingenious method of painting guns and limbers in the three primary colors, red, blue and yellow, they have been found to harmonize with any sort of ground or background so admirably that at a short distance they are very difficult to locate. Six guns so painted were placed on Fox Hills and the artillery officers at Aldershot were invited to try and locate them with field glasses at a distance of about 3000 yards. Although all the officers knew the direction in which the guns lay, not one was able to point out all of them. Some horse artillery that was sent forward to locate the guns advanced within 1000 yards before they located them. At those quarters the guns appear to be all faults and streaks.

For Safety on Trolley Cars.

A clever arrangement for at once securing safety along trolley roads in case of fallen wires or other accidents is the invention of two electrical engineers of London. The device is contained within a cast iron box, which may be fastened to a trolley wire. It is held open by a cord, which is released by the breaking of a pane of glass. In case of an accident all that is needed to make the section safe is to break this pane of glass. The grounding of the line gives notice at the power-house, and repairs can be sent at once to the proper station. So long as the line is grounded there is no danger to the workmen in making repairs.

Pouring Pillars by Mold.

Thomas A. Edison, the famous electrician, once predicted that we should some time make a great mold and pour a house with liquid cement. Approaching that idea is the method of making pillars at the World's Fair. Great fluted pillars thirty-six feet high and four and a half feet in diameter are now being made in a mold set in place, the liquid plaster being poured in at the top. Ordinarily such pillars are made in twenty-four pieces and set in place, leaving many joints that have to be carefully pointed. There will be 112 such columns on the Textiles building.

Richest People in the World.

The Osage Indians of Oklahoma are said to have \$8,000,000 cash on deposit in Washington and own 1,500,000 acres of land, worth another \$8,000,000. Their real holdings give a per capita wealth of \$4000 for every brave, squaw and papoose in the tribe. The interest on their money in Washington affords annually a little over \$300 to each member, old, middle-aged and young. This makes the Osages the richest people in the world.

There are forty-seven typewriter factories reported to the Census Bureau, with an annual product worth about \$7,000,000. The foreign sales for 1900 amounted to \$2,700,000.

A murderer in Canada, awaiting execution, insisted on a game of ping-pong just preceding death, and also for a view of the scaffold, both of which wishes were gratified.

Among the few great joys of life is staying in bed fifteen minutes after we know we ought to get up.

The one time life is a man's life when he is satisfied to take a back seat is when he goes to church.

Life is only a brief lesson, and the school's out before we know it.

NEW SHORT STORIES.

Can One Murder a Dead Man?

An interesting story is being told of Jim Younger. It is said that when the bandit was sick in the Minnesota penitentiary a daughter of one of the deputy wardens prepared delicacies for him. Jim fell in love with her and when he was pardoned secured her consent to marry him. Her parents at first objected, but finally yielded. When Jim went to get a license, however, the official to whom he applied told him that in the eyes of the law he was a dead man and that he could not issue a license to a corpse. Jim investigated and found, it is said, that the official's construction of the laws of Minnesota was correct. He can be legally restored to life only by a pardon, and past experience teaches him this is a very difficult thing to get. It looks therefore as though he and his sweetheart will have to forego the felicities of matrimony. A southern Missouri paper inquires what would be done with a man who should kill Younger. "In the eyes of the law he is dead," it reasons. "It would be absurd to try a man for killing another man who was already dead." Perhaps the murderer would be technically a ghost and would be prosecuted for grave robbery. The fine logic of the law leads to strange conclusions sometimes.—Kansas City Journal.

He Didn't Enjoy the Meal.

Representative Williams of Mississippi tells an amusing story of the first time he ever saw a white domestic servant. He relates: "I was just out of the University of Virginia and was going north on my way to Europe. The train stopped twenty minutes for refreshments at Centra, Va. Down to the end of the table in the dining room I saw a vacant chair and was about to seat myself when I saw a comely young woman standing close by. Of course I would not be so rude as to take a seat when a lady was standing, so I politely asked her to be seated and withdrew. I went around to the other side of the table, where

A PERSIAN PARABLE.

The Side of the World the Pessimist Had Not Seen.

There was a certain man who thought the world was growing worse. He was always harking back to "the good old times" and was sure that the human race was degenerating. Men, he said, were all trying to cheat one another, and the strong were crushing the weak. One day when he was airing his pessimistic views the callif said to him:

"I charge you hereafter to look carefully about you, and whenever you see any man do a worthy deed go to him and give him praise or write to him about it. Whenever you meet a man whom you regard as worthy to have lived in the 'good old days,' tell him of your esteem and of the pleasure you have had in finding one so exalted, and I desire that you write out an account of these good deeds for me that I may share your joy in knowing of it."

So the man was dismissed. But before many days he returned and prostrated himself before the callif. When ordered to explain his presence, he wailed:

"Have pity on thy servant, and release him from the necessity of complimenting men upon their worthy deeds, oh, my master. And, oh, son of Mohammed, I pray thee absolve thy servant from the duty of reporting to thee all the good that is going on in the world."

"And why, oh, slave, dost thou come to me with this prayer?" the callif asked.

"Since I have been looking for what is good," the man replied, "I have had no time to do aught but compliment men for their splendid works. So much that is glorious is all around me that I may not hope to be able to tell thee half of it. My tasks lie neglected because I have no time."

"Go back to thy work," said the callif. "I perceive that thou hast learned."

The Ruin of Restaurants.

A young man who dines quite frequently in a French restaurant, whose reputation is based on the unvarying excellence of the dishes served, sent for the chef the other night to compliment him on a poulet en casserole. "I like you," said the cook, "because you never bring any women in this place. They ruin a cook and a restaurant. A gentleman who comes in alone for his dinner regards the dishes and pays his whole attention to the food he is eating. But when he is with a woman! Bah! He laughs, he talks, he regards only his companion, his attention is distracted, the cook and his work are forgotten. I do not try for them. The boys who are learning prepare their dinners. It is not popularity that ruins a restaurant, it is the women and music."—New York Post.

The Printer's Devil.

The familiar term "printer's devil," as applied to the boy of all work about a printing office, is said by the Fourth Estate to have originated with Aldus Manutius. He employed a small negro boy, a curiosity in those days in Europe, who became known as the "Little Black Devil." Printing was then a mystery, and a superstition spread that Aldus was invoking the black art and that the negro boy was the embodiment of Satan. To correct this opinion Aldus publicly exhibited the black boy and declared: "He is known to Venice that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the holy church and to the doge, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All those who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him."

Willing to Compromise.

A story of the Colombian idea of taxation is told by a traveler who recently visited that South American country. "Some American friends of mine," said the traveler, "were visited by the city officials of Colon.

"Senor," said the leader of the delegation, "we have come to collect \$12 in gold from you, your share of the cost of collecting the garbage for this year."

"But, my dear sir," said the American in surprise, "you have not collected the garbage once during the whole year."

"That's true," said the collector, scratching his head. "Well, let's make it \$6, then."

Matthew Arnold's Rudeness.

"Do you take sugar and cream?" a hostess asked Matthew Arnold from behind the breakfast urn.

"Neither," he replied. "I only take cream when the coffee is nasty."

Quite Consistent.

Miss Mainchantz—I suppose you've heard of my engagement to Mr. Jenks? Miss Scott—Yes, and I confess I was surprised. You told me once that you wouldn't marry him for a million dollars.

Merely a Question of Judgment.

"What is it that leads a woman who has married unhappily and got a divorce to marry again?"

Curiosity.

"Certainly! She's curious to learn if her judgment of men has improved."—Chicago Post.

The Worried Housewife.

Husband—What have you been looking so blue about all day, my dear? Wife—I'm afraid our hired girl won't approve of our new washwoman.—Boston Post.

Anger.

It is said that anger is one of the most harmful emotions, in fact that very few are aware how frightfully dangerous it is to the average person. There is on record this saying of a great doctor: "He is a man very rich indeed in physical power who can afford to be angry."

Not Always Lucky.

"Do you believe that odd numbers are lucky?"

Those who have disagreeable news to tell you always find you in.—Atchison Globe.

THE SNIPE.

Much Lead is Wasted on the Artful Dodger at Migration Time.

The snipe, properly Wilson's snipe, Gallinago dellata, but commonly known as English snipe and wrongfully called half a dozen other names, is a widely distributed species. It visits every state at some season. Its northward migration extends within the arctic circle, while it is known to go southward to northern South America and the West Indies. Comparatively few of the birds which move northward from February until May breed south of the international line. It is quite true there are breeding grounds at various points of the northern states, but the great breeding range extends from latitude 42 degrees north to some undetermined point much nearer the pole than most sportsmen will venture.

Some time in September the first southbound birds pass below the Canadian grounds, and soon most of the suitable marshy bits of east and west have their share of long billed prizes. Then begins an astonishing attack which extends from ocean to ocean and generally sweeps southward from Canada to California. Probably tons of lead, half of which is wasted, are fired at the artful dodger.—Edwyn Sandys in Outlook.

That Awful Boy Jones.

Fifty or more years ago "that awful boy Jones" was the torment of Queen Victoria's life, and his short career in public contains a mystery which would try the mettle of Sherlock Holmes.

He was a barber's apprentice who in some unexplained way discovered a passage into Buckingham palace, with which he alone was acquainted. When he was first found trespassing, he was gently admonished and sent home. Soon after he was encountered again in the palace. He would not tell how he obtained access. Again he was sent home, and again he reappeared.

Once he obtained admitted that he had been lodging in the palace for a fortnight. He had laid snug during the day, sleeping in the royal apartments, and at night had wandered from room to room, helping himself to the food left over from royal repasts. He had seen the queen repeatedly and indeed had never been far from her.

The matter was considered so serious that the boy was summoned before a special meeting of the privy council. He refused to give any account of his secret. Soon after he disappeared, and it is supposed that he was removed under state protection.

Promising For the Tenors.

Three tenors while strolling in Paris began to talk of their engagements for the coming season.

"Where are you two fellows going?" asked one.

"I'm going to Rio Janeiro," answered one of his companions.

"So am I," answered the other one.

"That's very queer," said the first speaker, "for I'm going there too."

They then compared notes and, finding that the same theatrical manager had engaged each of them, they called on him and asked for an explanation.

"I don't see why any of you should be dissatisfied," he replied. "I've engaged each of you because I don't want to be left without a tenor in Rio Janeiro. It is very probable that before you are acclimated there yellow fever will carry off two of you, and wouldn't I be in a nice fix then if I hadn't a third tenor on hand?"

The Value of a Struggle.

It is a curious fact in the history of nations that only those which have had to struggle the hardest for an existence have been the most successful. As a rule the same thing is true of men. One would think that it would be a great relief to have the bread and butter problem solved by one's ancestors so that one might devote all his energies and time to the development of the mental and spiritual faculties. But this is contrary to the verdict of history and the daily experience of the world. The strugglers, those born to a heritage of poverty and toil and not those reared in the lap of fortune, have, with a few exceptions, been the leaders of civilization, the giants of the race.—Success.

A Straight Tip.

Little Boy—I say, mamma says you are going to take sister away.

Engaged Young Man (soon to be married)—Yes, in a few weeks she's coming to my home, and my mamma and papa will be her mamma and papa.

Little Boy—I see. Then she'll be your sister same as she was mine. But, I say, don't you do anything she doesn't like, for, if you do, she'll bang you about awfully when your mamma and papa ain't looking.

The Least of the Lot.

Mother—And so your friend Clara is soon to be married?

Daughter (just returned from a long absence)—Yes, doesn't it seem strange? I hadn't heard a word about it until I called to see her this morning. She showed me her trousseau. It's perfectly lovely, just from Paris, and she has the handsomest ring I ever saw, and she showed me the horse she is to live in and the furniture she has selected and the horses and carriages she is to have. She showed me everything except the man she is going to marry. I suppose she forgot about him.—London Answers.

Lake Colors.

Some lakes are distinctly blue, others present various shades of green, so that in some cases they are distinguishable from their level, grass covered banks, and a few are almost black. The Lake of Geneva is azure hued, the Lake of Constance and the Lake of Lucerne are green, and the color of the Mediterranean has been called indigo. The Lake of Brionz is greenish yellow, and its neighbor, Lake Thun, is blue.—London Spectator.

The Millennium.

Little Dot—I know something my teacher doesn't know.

Mamma—Indeed! What is that?

"I know when the world is coming to an end and she doesn't." I asked her and she said she didn't know.

"Oh, well, who told you?"

"Uncle John. He said the world would come to an end when children stopped asking questions that nobody could answer."