

BANDON RECORDER.

A WEAK HEART.

Hill Climbing or Stair Mounting Will Strengthen the Organ.

It is not many years ago that the belief prevailed that a sufferer from heart disease was in constant peril whenever he moved and that the nearest he approached absolute rest the better it was for his heart.

When the valves of a pump get out of order, it requires greater force to move a given quantity of water. If this force can be applied, it will make up for the defect in the valves.

This is accomplished in various ways, but none is better for the purpose than hill climbing or stair climbing.

The heart must be able not only to meet the ordinary, everyday extra strain—but it does automatically, as it were, by the unaided efforts of nature—but it must be stronger than necessary.

This is accomplished in various ways, but none is better for the purpose than hill climbing or stair climbing.

NATURAL HISTORY.

All animals ruminate which have horns and cloven feet.

The offspring of two rabbits might in ten years number 70,000,000.

Flying fish have been known to jump ten feet above the surface of the sea.

The puffin is the most punctual of birds in the matter of its annual migration.

The moose deer has the largest horns of any animal. They often weigh from fifty to sixty pounds.

The box and python have the largest number of ribs of any animals, the number being 320 pairs.

Some few birds, notably the blue-throat, accomplish the whole of their migratory journey in one stupendous effort.

The reindeer can endure more than any other draft animal except the camel.

A reindeer has been known to pull 200 pounds at ten miles an hour for twelve hours.

Secondhand Book Habit.

One of the novel habits of the present day is one that takes one to secondhand bookstores.

A clerk whose duty it is to stand at the front of the secondhand bookstore and watch out for possible purchasers is the one who first made note of this queer habit.

He noticed that the same men and women were wont to stop and curiously inspect the same dusty volumes day after day, year in and year out.

They come every day—the same old faces—and they look over the same old books, and they never say anything, and they never buy anything, and after awhile, when their time is up, they go away as silently as they came.

An Embarrassing Answer.

A man sent a note to a rich neighbor with whom he was on friendly terms to know if he could borrow an ass for a few hours.

The worthy old man was no scholar and happened to have a guest sitting with him at the time, to whom he did not wish to expose his ignorance.

Opening the note and pretending to read it, he reflected a moment and turned to the servant. "Very good," said he, "I'll give you the ass myself presently."

The Inventor's Triumph.

"You say that Arbetter's inventions have made several men millionaires, but did he ever make anything out of them?"

"Oh, yes. He was singularly successful with his devices in that respect. He made enough to perfect all of them."—Indianapolis News.

The Eyes and the Temper.

There are experts on the eyes who hold stoutly to the theory that troubles in vision often cause serious lapses from a well ordered life among children and that disobedience, ill temper, cruelty, wanton destructiveness and hysterics are frequently due among youngsters to aberrations and to ailments which affect the sense of sight.

Such a theory may appear to be carried so far as to be almost a fad, yet there may be something in it.

An Equal Safety.

An Irish clergyman during his first curey found the ladies of the parish too helpful. He soon left the place. One day thereafter he met his successor.

"How are you getting on with the ladies?" asked the escaped curate.

"Oh, very well," was the answer. "There's safety in numbers."

"I found it in Exodus," was the quick reply.

A Ring on His Hands.

"Is Harkins worrying over the fact that Miss de Riche jilted him?"

"No, but it annoys him exceedingly to think that the ring she gave back was purchased at her father's store and paid for, too, by Jove!"—Harper's Bazar.

POLLY LARKIN.

I stood in one of the big department stores in this city the other day watching the crowd surging in and out, some pushing and crowding their way through the throng and others taking it leisurely, chatting and laughing good humoredly at little aggravating things that are bound to occur in a crowd, and wondering why others should scowl and speak so impatiently.

The latter did not belong to the purchasers who lived on Easy street and who had nothing to hurry them home. Their time was precious. Every minute counted, for they felt like they should be in two places at once.

There were the little folks at home who had promised to be good while the mother hastened to town to interview Santa Claus, merry old elf, who was ever ready to listen to the requests of the wee folks.

There was sewing, mending and cooking that must be attended to, and yet the 25th of December was approaching so rapidly that she was ready to go into a nervous chill at the mere mention of it.

Whatever she did must be done in a hurry. Probably she could not make a second trip into the crowded stores. Do you wonder she looked worried and annoyed at the delays and little vexatious things that seemed trivial to the persons living on Easy street who come down town daily to kill time and possibly look for bargains.

The department stores are great places to study human life in all of its different phases. One who is interested in reading the character by a person's face and their little peculiar actions and gestures can while away many an hour.

Here comes a little woman who is known among her friends as "shabby genteel." She is so neat that she looks as if she might have just come out of a bandbox, but the well-brushed clothes that have been of good material in their time have had their day and been cleaned and made over so many times that they positively look threadbare.

Her gentle refined face is marked with carelines, and in the depths of her clear gray eyes lurks the shadow that only comes to those who have met with much sorrow in their lives. She stops at a bargain counter. "Dolls only 11 cents," reads the card. "Beautiful dolls for that price," said the salesgirl, who is only doing her duty to her employers by praising up as poor an article as was ever laid on a doll's counter.

The little woman turns them over and over. Clearly there is no choice. They must have all been cast in the same mold, and their ugly towed little heads, put on the badly constructed bodies and a coarse slip pulled over their heads to hide their ugliness. What shall she do? Anybody would know she was turning the matter over in her mind and querying whether she could reconcile herself to purchasing the poor apologies. "I will see," she said presently, and hurried away as if she was ashamed of even being caught looking at them. She went directly to the doll department, where dolls of all descriptions, from the aristocratic dolls, valued at from \$15 to \$25 that had to have outfits purchased in the children's department for real live dolls, and dolls of all nationalities and stations in life. She priced this one and that one. All too dear for her slender purse. Back again to the doll bargain counter. "Thought you'd take them after all," said the salesgirl, pleasantly, anxious to make a sale and add another credit to her sales book. "Yes, I think I can make them do," said the little lady in a tone that sounded very much as if she was trying to apologize for buying such cheap articles. "They are not very pretty, but I think I can make them look very well by dressing them as babies in long clothes and little white caps that will cover up their ugly hair."

"They'll be awfully sweet dressed like that," said the girl, making out her check and tossing two of the dolls into the basket and sending it spinning across the wire.

"Where's your cloak department?" asked a man accompanied by his wife and daughter and little grandchild. Evidently they had just arrived in town to make Christmas purchases and buy their winter garments. "This way," said the floor-walker briskly, and the next minute they are in the elevator and spinning to the top of the building. "Dear me," said the old lady, hanging on to her husband's arm. "I've heard that some of these elevators sometimes drop from the top of the building to the bottom."

"And sometimes they don't know when to stop," said her husband, as he took hold of the child's hand who had cried out with fear the moment the door closed shutting them into the big iron cage. "My, but I'm glad to get out of it. I always have such a game feeling when I ride in an elevator," said the daughter nervously. "Cloaks," calls the floor-walker. Jacket after jacket was tried on by the elderly lady, and finally she was induced to try one on that was "miles too big" for her. "This is the latest coat," remarked the salesgirl. "In fact you are getting a bargain, for it is a sample coat. It gives you a beautiful form and a style that is right up to date."

"It seems to me it is a little large," said the customer, nervously. "Not a bit of it. Just step up to the glass where you can get a good view of it. Now isn't that great? You know all the stylish coats are made large this season. They don't even touch the figure. They hang from the shoulders with that little empire effect that is so taking."

"It's mighty pretty goods, ma," said the husband, breaking in on the little speech. "Looks like it might wear well, but I think it's a mite too big to look nice on you."

"But if it's the style, I think I'd take it," advised the daughter. "I'd like to have ma go back with an old-fashioned cloak on. Everybody knows we came to the city to get our winter cloaks."

"Well," said the old lady, dubiously, "maybe it's the best we can do. You said it was 320, didn't you?" appealing to the salesgirl. "Yes," she said, cheerfully, "and I'm sure you won't regret taking it." "I am sure she will," said a lady, not a dozen yards from Polly. "That coat is not only old style, but it is two sizes too large, and \$12 is a good price."

"Just what I thought, ma. They thought that little tassel and linerecks on the back of it would give it style, but it made it look cheap. Come on! let's go some place else. Thank you for your kindness, ma'm," said the old gentleman, turning away, while the salesgirl fairly glared at the meddler.

"I couldn't help it," she remarked to a friend, entirely ignoring the wrathful stare. "I think it's a cruel shame the way city clerks try to palm off out-of-date and ill-fitting garments on unsuspecting country people. For the good of the firm I should think that they would endeavor to give their customers a perfect fit. The merchants must well know that a person who has been once badly sold will never purchase at that store again, and not only that, but they will circulate among their friends that they have been badly sold at this particular store and will be instrumental in keeping others from going there to share the same fate. If I was running a store I would never let a customer go out of it wearing an ill-fitting garment. I would rather lose a sale occasionally. One thing I could be sure of, my customers would be confident of fair and impartial treatment, and they would come again. Why merchants are so blind to their own interests is a mystery to me, and how girls can conscientiously stand up before some poor soul and sell them a last year's outfit and assure them it is the latest style and a perfect fit, when it does not touch them, and make them look ridiculous and decidedly like back-numbers, 'passeth all understanding.' Evidently, if they have not completely forgotten it, they certainly do not practice the golden rule."

Every day a pair of hazel eyes, shining like stars, and a bright little face all expectation as he puts the question to Polly, "How soon is Christmas coming now? What a long way off it seems!" And yet whenever the query comes there is one day dropped out and the sands of time are running lower and lower in the dial. "Is it time to write my letter to Santa Claus?" queries the little man, and without waiting for an answer he continues: "I've thought a letter to Santa Claus every night and sometimes I ask for everything—a coal wagon with a real live horse, and a goat and cart to go down town after papa, and lots of things. Then I'm afraid he won't have enough to go around, and I feel sorry for the little boys and girls—and just a drum and some toys, a steam car with a real, true engine, will do."

Polly saw one little child the other day going around in the toy department making a list of what he wanted to write to Santa Claus for, and a rough estimate brought it up to nearly one hundred dollars. "His mother is a widow, and as poor as poverty," said one of the girls. "He'll find his letter to Santa Claus is only a fairy tale."

BRIEF REVIEW.

To Make the X-Ray Harmless.

It is well known that the application of Roentgen rays to the skin sometimes produces ulceration, but, according to a Swiss authority, this is not the case when the rays are produced by what are called by electricians "influence machines."

It has also been shown by M. Demerline that Roentgen rays produced by alternating currents of high frequency and high voltage are harmless to the skin and even curative. The Roentgen-ray tube is connected by its cathode to an Ondin resonator, and its anode is left free or else connected to the earth. Such tubes can be brought quite near the patient (according to the Electrician), and hence there is no loss in the penetrating power of the rays.

Whales in Shetland.

At Hillsburgh in Shetland 165 whales were recently driven ashore and were slaughtered on the beach. In the autumn great shoals of whales frequent the coasts of the islands. They range in size from seven to twenty-five feet. The fishermen went off in their boats and succeeded in driving the whales on to the beach, where amid great excitement the huge creatures were dispatched by means of long knives, harpoons and other weapons. The whales yielded about sixty tons of oil to the captors. It was formerly a custom for the proprietor on whose lands such whales were driven to claim one-third of the proceeds. This claim was often resisted, and in 1889 the Court in a test case declared the exaction illegal.

Micro spectroscopy analysis of chimney soot has shown that it contains iron, calcium, nickel, manganese, copper and silver.

The mortality from accidents among railway employes was reduced 35 per cent last year by improved coupling devices.

Of all money transactions in England 97 per cent are done by checks and only 3 per cent by notes and gold.

A man seldom realizes how few of his remarks are worth repeating until he has conversed with a deaf person.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

Australia finds homes for more than 100,000 Germans.

Canada has 100,000 Indians, the United States 270,000.

A Berliner takes on the average 129 street car rides a year.

Thousands of caribou, or North American reindeer, are to be found in Newfoundland.

Taking the United States as a whole, the census shows that one person in every forty has a telephone.

The specimen of the Japanese hen in the Museum of Natural History, New York, has a tail twelve feet long.

Six million persons are expected by the Japanese to visit the exhibition to be opened at Osaka, Japan, next March.

The district of St. Etienne, France, has produced annually for the past five years over \$17,000,000 worth of ribbons.

Germany's latest addition to her navy is the Chinese torpedo boat Hlung, which was captured by the Germans at Taku.

The premium of 1,000 marks offered by Germany for the proof of trichinosis from eating American pork has stood for two years without a claimant.

France seems to be the center of the pictorial poster. It is estimated that \$8,000,000 are expended by the postal service of that country annually.

Bangkok, Siam, imported nearly \$150,000 worth of matches last year from Japan and exported edible birds' nests to the value of \$115,000 to China.

Twenty years ago England imported 29,000 horses annually; now the number is 324,000, said Sir Walter Gibley recently at Bishop's Stortford, England.

Nearly all the shoes sold in Russia are manufactured by one firm in St. Petersburg, which is one of the most prosperous stock companies in the world.

What is known as an angel shark, an ugly fish with an eight inch mouth containing three rows of teeth, has been caught with a hand line at Felixstowe, England.

More than seven times the distance round the earth has been walked by a Dover (England) postman named Eden Hearn, who has just retired after forty years' service.

In the lower depths of the ocean some of the fishes go blind, while others develop huge eyes. Some are so constructed that they can swallow fishes much larger than themselves.

In consequence of the demolition of Newgate, London, it has been decided to reinter in Bow cemetery the eighty-two criminals who have suffered the last penalty of the law at the Old Bailey.

To get a free passage from the Congo to Europe a negro stowed himself away in a cask on board the Belgian steamer "Philips de Meeuse." When the cask was opened on the voyage home, the man was found to have been suffocated.

The French industry of raising flowers for the manufacture of perfume has been greatly injured by the chemical odors and artificial etheral oils produced in Germany, as the latter sell at a lower price and are hardly distinguishable from the genuine.

J. E. Barnard has discovered that luminous bacteria, which live in seawater, can be grown in ordinary beef broth gelatin, but the addition of chlorides of sodium, magnesium and potassium is necessary to insure the maximum light giving power.

Illinois history will be represented at the world's fair, St. Louis, by a series of great paintings specially made portraying the great historical events of the state. A loan exhibit of books and papers was also proposed at a recent meeting of the State Historical society.

All kinds of remedies are used by the Chinese to cure cholera, but the strangest which has come under notice so far is this: The patient attacked with cholera chews up a number of large "cash," the old ones of better days, when they were made large and of copper.

Pasqua's famous Palace library now belongs to Italy by an arrangement with the former ducal family. The latter gives up all claims in consideration of the Italian government paying the debts of Duke Charles III., who was assassinated in 1854, amounting to 1,300,000 lire.

"Beans are the soldiers' mainstay," says Thomas P. Dillon, a retired United States cavalry officer. "The American at a pinch can equal the performance of an Arab on a handful of dried dates—he can ride and fight all day on a mere handful of beans, properly prepared. There is nothing to equal the army baked bean."

Tammerfors, a town of 50,000 inhabitants, known as the "Manchester of Finland," was founded about a century ago by a Scotchman named Finlayson. Its mills are driven by water and the town, under an imperial decree, has the right to import all its machinery and raw materials duty free until Jan. 1, 1906.

Among the recent patent office grants is a patent for a combination tent and garment for soldiers' use. It is designed for service in the tropics or wherever they may experience the downpours of a rainy season, and a capelle shield is made for each soldier by the folding of half a tent. Two of these pieces put together make a comfortable shelter of sufficient size to accommodate two men.

One of the great centers of chemical industry is Hamburg. The census of 1904 showed 148 establishments and a total of 4,939 persons employed, a gain in 11 years of 22 establishments and 1,253 employes, including the factories of several adjoining towns, the district has a total of 256 chemical establishments, employing 9,635 hands. There are 8 factories for refining nitrate, 2 for making borax and 8 for making sulphuric hydrogen.

A Gift of the Gods.

A great singer is a gift of the gods, and should be given by divine right to the people. Whenever a Santley, a Patti, a Jenny Lind, a Campanini, an Edouard de Reszke, or a Nilsson is born the government should claim him or her for the nation, to sing for everybody as an enlightening, uplifting, soul inspiring influence. Libraries may help a few bookworms from time to time. A great singer would help millions of depressed souls during a lifetime.—New York Press.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Where Raleigh Was Buried.

The question of Sir Walter Raleigh's burial place has lately been revived in England. Three churches claim both the head and body of the gallant cavalier. Immediately after the execution, which took place in Tothill street, Westminster, on Oct. 29, 1618, his wife placed the head in a red bag and rode off with it in a mourning coach. This treasure she kept for twenty-five years. The body was buried in St. Margaret's church, but shortly after the execution Lady Raleigh wrote to her brother, Sir Nicholas Carew, asking permission to bury her husband in his church at Bedington, where she desired also to be buried. History is silent from that time on. It is known, however, that her son treasured the head as his mother had, and, according to the London Daily Chronicle, tradition says that it was finally buried with him at West Horsley, Surrey. Dr. Brushfield, who has made a thorough study of Raleigh history, is of the belief that when investigation is made the three bodies—father, mother and son—will be found buried together. He has suggested to the British Archaeological society to inscribe the stone under which his body is supposed to be buried in St. Margaret's, London, with his name and coat of arms. No English memorial to this "universal genius" exists. The west window in St. Margaret's, dedicated to his memory through the enterprise of Dr. Farrar, was the gift of this country.

Marriages Expedited.

Only recently the complaint was made that the preparations for a wedding were becoming so elaborate, troublesome and costly that young men preferred to remain bachelors rather than undergo the ordeal. In view of this complaint it is reassuring to learn that, owing to the perfection of system established in the county building, weddings may now be performed there with the greatest dispatch. A couple, it is reported, may seek the marriage license window at any time in the day and then depart from the county building man and wife in the space of eight minutes and twenty seconds. The gain over the slow, old fashioned wedding, which requires weeks for preparation and a whole day for the ceremony itself, is obvious. A man may now get married in less time than it takes to ride around the loop. Some improved method of courtship on the lightning express principle doubtless will soon be forthcoming.—Chicago News.

An Autocrat.

It has been discovered that the new Jim Crow car law of New Orleans makes the conductor such an autocrat as he is in no other city, says the New Orleans Picayune. Perhaps the most objectionable feature of it is that which authorizes and empowers the car conductors to pronounce which of the passengers are whites and which are negroes. There is no restraint on these irresponsible persons clothed with such extraordinary functions. A car conductor under this law can, upon his own unassisted judgment, without taking any testimony or making any inquiry, pronounce that any person to whom he has taken a dislike or a prejudice is a negro and must sit in the compartment set apart for negroes, under penalties for refusing to accept his decree. In the same way he can force a negro into the compartment for whites.

The Uses of Raffia.

Among the vegetable products peculiar to Madagascar is the fibrous substance known as raffia, which the natives weave on hand looms into a variety of fabrics, used for sackings, for draperies and occasionally for dress goods. Under the name "tabanas" a striped and colored variety of this material is sold for curtains in the American market. Recently a new use has been found for raffia fiber in the manufacture of cigarette paper, and our consul at Tamatave, Mr. Hunt, suggests it might prove valuable for making other kinds of paper. The raffia plant has long been grown for ornamental purposes in European gardens.

As Street Names.

Some one said, "Look up and not down." Despite this dictum most people do not carry their heads in the air when walking the streets. Now, if the contractors who lay concrete walks would only stamp the names of the streets into the cement (as they stamp their firm name and date of the laying) at the street intersections, what a remarkably convenient, inexpensive and durable way it would be of naming the streets, so that people could see where they were without an effort.—Chicago Tribune.

Wasted Water.

It is about twelve months since the boring operations in the Simpton tunnel let loose the unsuspected reservoirs of water which have been flowing ever since in a deluge that almost defies imagination. According to the Tribune de Geneve, the stream has been ceaseless ever since, pouring through the tunnel at the rate of about 290 gallons a second, day and night—that is to say, every week for the last year has seen the absolute wastage of 120,000,000 gallons of water.

A French Pudd'head Wilson.

Bertillon, the expert, has at last vindicated his claims for his system of detection. A mysterious murder was committed in Paris lately, and no clew was left by the murderer except certain finger marks on a window pane. The streaks were photographed and enlarged, and Bertillon identified them as belonging to a man who had undergone the anthropometric system eight years ago. The man was found and arrested, and the murder has been proved against him.

Banked Again.

"I don't think of this museum," said Jinks. "Why, they ain't got no skull of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the one I was in up to New York has two."—Baltimore American.

No Frills For Him.

"What is your husband's alma mater?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Oh," her hostess replied, "Joshua ain't got any. He always signs his initials just plain, old fashioned, without any puttin' on."—Chicago Record-Herald.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Great Feats.

The conversation turned on big feet when one of the company said he believed his pal Smith would take some boasting in that line.

"I was out walking with Smith one day when he slipped down, with the soles of his boots pointing to a grocer's window. The grocer rushed out to inquire who was putting the shutter up."

"That's pretty fair," said a soldier who was present, "but a fellow in my company beat it hollow. After a sharp fight with the enemy we were obliged to retreat, when, on looking back, we saw one of our men standing upright on the field. The fact was the poor fellow had such feet that he never fell down when he was shot."

"Well," said a horse dealer who sat in the corner, "that's rather tall, but let me have a try. A fellow came down to our stables the other day in a hurry to hire a horse for a journey he was going on. 'I'll have that one,' he said, pointing to a horse in the yard. 'Why, there isn't a man in the world can ride that animal,' I said. 'He'll work in a cart or plow, but no one can stay on his back.' 'I'll try him anyway,' said the stranger as he sprang into the saddle. I expected to see him pitched off, but the horse looked round, saw the man's feet and trotted quietly off. He thought he was between a pair of shafts."

The company considered that a feat of that sort could not be surpassed.—Tit-Bits.

Marriages.

Clark—See here! You told me if I took a course of instruction from you it would be long before I'd be earning \$100 a week.

Professor Skinner—Well?

Clark—Well, I'm getting \$10 a week.

Professor Skinner—But, honestly now, don't you feel that you're earning \$100? Every clerk feels he earns ten times as much as he gets.—Philadelphia Press.

Ready to Wait on Him.

"Isn't this a lovely domestic picture of Mr. Lampton's, Clara?"

"Yes; so true to life. He's sitting down and she's standing up."

The Floorwalker's Uncertainty.

"Where shall I find something nice in oil for the dining room?" asked a stout, smiling woman of the floorwalker in a western department store.

"On the third," began the floorwalker. Then he paused and looked doubtfully at the inquirer. "Did you mean a painting or something in the sardine line?" he asked.—Boston Christian Register.

And There Are Others.

Swigg—Somehow I have failed to meet with any success in my undertakings.

Briggs—That's easily accounted for.

Swigg—Well, what's the answer?

Briggs—Too many bars in your way.—Ohio State Journal.

A Sense of Impropriety.

"Don't you think a great deal of money is improperly spent in elections?"

"I do," answered Senator Sorghum. "I've seen many a dollar invested that didn't bring in a vote."—Washington Star.

As In a Mirror.

"I see the scoundrel in your face!" exclaimed the angry man.

"That," replied the other calmly, "is a personal reflection."

When the angry man had figured this out, he was even angrier.—Chicago Post.

Her Idea of Manly Ways.

Louise—He's such a manly man! Mary—What do you mean by that?

Louise—Why, he dresses well, you know, and smokes a pipe and—and that sort of thing.—Detroit Free Press.

Mathematics.

All Mathematic Tompkins knew when he was a boy was how to get what was due to him.

But later on he met a lass and started in to woo.

And that is how it came to pass they walked out 2 by 2.

The girl was beautiful and good and as stately as a queen.

Five feet she in her stockings stood; Her age was sweet 16.

'Twas 10 to 1 they would have wed, For she did not decline.

Her father he did that instead; His shoe was No. 8.

But Mathematic Tompkins he To prove that did not wait.

But from that parent's wrath did flee At a 2-40 gait.

Such conduct as that father showed Was not at all a gent's.

And Tompkins in that episode Appeared like 20 cents.

The weevil maiden did allow That to forget she'd strive.

She's Mrs. William Smithers now; Her third is nearly 5.

—Chicago Daily News.