

BANDON RECORDER.

THE GERMAN CAPITAL.

Berlin One of the Cleanest and Best Kept Cities in Europe.

According to consular reports, Berlin, although a busy manufacturing city, is one of the cleanest and best kept in Europe. The smokeless condition of the Berlin atmosphere is ascribed to three facts—the preponderance of coke and briquettes, which are practically smokeless; the skillful scientific construction of boiler furnaces and chimneys; and, finally, the high standard of skill that is taught and enforced among firemen who stoke furnaces with coal for steam and manufacturing purposes.

Your Husband's Cravats.

To the woman who must buy her husband's cravats I want to say a word by way of advice—don't do it, say a writer in the Herald.

Let him pick out his own cravats, and then he alone will be to blame for them. He may not know much about the harmony of colors, but he is not likely, nevertheless, to pick out a cravat that will hurt the eyes of the spectators like a limelight at a championship glove contest.

Keep Accounts.

Keeping accounts, simple in form, plain, clear and easily understood, showing amounts due to or from others, entering correctly the dates on which money is paid out or received, is the best plan to avoid disputes about money matters and relieves the memory of many unnecessary burdens.

In measles a rash appears on the fourth day of the fever. It is first seen on the forehead, face and neck, after it has spread over the whole body. It consists of raised red spots. In scarlet fever the rash appears on the second day of the fever, commencing on the upper part of the chest and neck, whence it spreads over the body.

Henty's Young Critic.

G. A. Henty, the writer for youth, frequently got letters from admirers all over the world asking for his autograph and offering criticisms of his books.

Flecks.

Tommy—Lil Greenup, you told me last week you liked me better'n you did any other boy, an' now you're lettin' Dick Trotter shine up to you.

Capacity of Boxes.

A box 4 inches square and 4 1/2 inches deep will contain one quart; 8 inches long by 4 inches wide and 4 inches deep, one-half gallon; 8 inches long by 8 1/2 inches wide and 4 inches deep, one gallon; 8 inches square and 8 1/2 inches deep, one peck; 16 inches long by 8 1/2 inches wide and 8 inches deep, one-half bushel; 16 inches square and 8 1/2 inches deep, one bushel; 24 inches long by 16 inches wide and 14 inches deep, two and a half bushels; 24 inches long by 16 inches wide and 28 inches deep, five bushels.

It Was Bad.

The other day a young London street arab, having found a bad sixpence, was trying to make use of it at different places, but to no purpose.

POLLY LARKIN.

There are some things that make such an impression and are so indelibly stamped on our minds during our journey through life that we can never forget them. Sometimes it leaves so sad a picture that it is akin to pain; others bring a thrill of pleasure and tender recollections of the days of auld lang syne.

They live the butterfly existence, getting all the sweetness and all the joy out of life, be it short or long. They believe in predestination. When their time comes they go, and nothing can stay the hand of the dread destroyer.

Polly once heard a beautiful girl—who was fading like a flower from that dread disease, consumption—say to her mother, "I have lived my life sixteen beautiful summers. I have been so happy, so free from care and pain.

During the never to be forgotten drought that laid waste the country in the southern part of California a few years ago, when men watched with anxious faces the black clouds that gathered, hoping and praying for the welcome rain only to see them scatter and give place to the clear blue sky and the burning rays of old Sol which burned up the last vestige of verdure and dried up the sluggish creeks while the cattle and horses died by the hundreds of hunger and thirst.

Millions of butterflies are eaten every year by the Australian aborigines. The insects congregate in vast quantities on the rocks of the Bugong mountains, and the natives secure them by kindling fires of damp wood and thus suffocating them.

One of the prominent young stockmen of the section, who for the second or third summer had seen his vision of abundant crops and plenty of pasturage fade into this appalling desolation until the stock of feed had dwindled down to so small an amount that he must do away with the less valuable horses to save the rest, finally, after days of putting off the evil hour—for he loved every horse on his range—picked out the horses that must be sacrificed.

The plans they have in the mind are nearly all money making schemes. More people live to be centenarians in warm countries than in cold ones.

thrust his mouth into his pocket for the lump of sugar he had never failed to find. "Barney," he had always said, should drive him in his old age. A young Spaniard who had been on the ranch for years had been selected on account of his good marksmanship to shoot the animals, asked, "And what about 'Barney'?"

The day finally came when Charlie, the executioner, came to the young man and said, "I have rounded up fifty horses, and the hogs have had a great feast. When shall I take 'Barney'?"

"Dear old Barney, my true and faithful friend," he said, patting and stroking his arched neck while the horse looked down in wonder at this strong young man in tears who was speaking so tenderly, and the horse tried to rub his head against him, then he turned and lifted his master's hat off his head with his teeth, whinnying as much as to say, "Won't that make you smile?"

Something to Be Thankful For. A Scotchman who has a keen appreciation of the strong characteristics of his countrymen delights in the story of a druggist known both for his thrift and his philosophy.

A Primitive Clock. A naturalist, while visiting Great Sangir, one of those islands of the Indian ocean known as the Celebes, or Spice Islands, found a curious time record lodged at the house of a rajah.

Conspiracy. "Squibb, you are still reporting for the Daily Bread, aren't you?" "Yes."

Johnny's Awful Predicament. Johnny—I wish my folks would agree upon one thing and not keep me all the time in a worry.

Grammar. Mr. Kallow—Er—beg pardon, Miss Snappe, but can I smoke? Miss Snappe—I'm sure I don't know, but if you've never tried before please don't begin here.—Philadelphia Press.

Both Sides. Doctor's Little Girl—Your papa owes my papa money. Lawyer's Little Girl—That's nothing, Papa said he was glad to get off with his life.—Baltimore American.

Two Double Roles. Joey—Uncle Joe, what is an optimist and a pessimist? Uncle Joe—An optimist, Joey, is a man who can act happy when he feels miserable, and a pessimist is a man who can act miserable when he feels happy.—Detroit Free Press.

Too Rough. "I wish you had broken the news more gently," sighed the editor as the office boy pined the first page by dropping the form down a flight of stairs.—Baltimore American.

MIXED THE LETTERS.

Serious Result of a Fool Man Trying to Be Facetious. A well known citizen of Clay Center had been invited to an evening party. He wanted to go, but his wife declared that she had no gown suitable for the occasion and asked him to send "regrets" to their hostess. The man went down to his office and penned this facetious note of declination:

Home of a Prince. Very ingenious is the home of the Prince of Agra, in India, which is a floating palace of the most stupendous and magnificent proportions.

Queer Bookkeeping. Mayor's Secretary William P. Ryan was commenting the other day on the way in which many illiterate persons seem to get along in the world.

Praises the "Finest." "Do you know," said the man who has just returned from New York, "that one of the things that impressed me the strongest in the big town was the policemen? There may be corruption within, but the outside is certainly fair to view."

Speed is Costly. They tell great things about the speed of the ocean greyhounds, but omit to say that speed costs, as does every other luxury. They expect to drive the Kaiser Wilhelm II. twenty-four knots an hour, but it will take an expenditure of 40,000 horsepower to do it.

A Ship's Feathered Guests. The captain in charge of a lightsip situated at the entrance of San Francisco harbor recently reported to the United States lighthouse commissioner that a large number of land birds took refuge on board the vessel.

Men Getting Scarce. The advantages of the modern Portia are counterbalanced by an equally large number of difficulties that confront the woman lawyer.

A Juvenile Dramatist. Herman Merivale, who at ten years old wrote a play in which a cook poisoned a whole royal family at once, tells in his fascinating autobiography, just published, of a small niece of his who has lately embarked on a similar experiment.

His Line. Hook—So he is a poet, eh? What is his particular line? Nye—The Market street line principally, although I occasionally see his verses in some of the other cars.—Philadelphia Record.

A Change. "Well," said Noah as he hunted for a dry spot on the top of Ararat, "a lot of people came down to the pier to join us when we started, but I don't see any of them around to poke fun at our home coming"—Life.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Had No Time to Protest. "Step up lively!" he commanded to those outside, says Harry Beardley in Leslie's Weekly. "Move forward there, please!" he shouted in a domineering tone to the herd within.

Home of a Prince. Very ingenious is the home of the Prince of Agra, in India, which is a floating palace of the most stupendous and magnificent proportions.

Queer Bookkeeping. Mayor's Secretary William P. Ryan was commenting the other day on the way in which many illiterate persons seem to get along in the world.

Praises the "Finest." "Do you know," said the man who has just returned from New York, "that one of the things that impressed me the strongest in the big town was the policemen? There may be corruption within, but the outside is certainly fair to view."

Speed is Costly. They tell great things about the speed of the ocean greyhounds, but omit to say that speed costs, as does every other luxury.

A Ship's Feathered Guests. The captain in charge of a lightsip situated at the entrance of San Francisco harbor recently reported to the United States lighthouse commissioner that a large number of land birds took refuge on board the vessel.

Men Getting Scarce. The advantages of the modern Portia are counterbalanced by an equally large number of difficulties that confront the woman lawyer.

A Juvenile Dramatist. Herman Merivale, who at ten years old wrote a play in which a cook poisoned a whole royal family at once, tells in his fascinating autobiography, just published, of a small niece of his who has lately embarked on a similar experiment.

His Line. Hook—So he is a poet, eh? What is his particular line? Nye—The Market street line principally, although I occasionally see his verses in some of the other cars.—Philadelphia Record.

A Change. "Well," said Noah as he hunted for a dry spot on the top of Ararat, "a lot of people came down to the pier to join us when we started, but I don't see any of them around to poke fun at our home coming"—Life.

NEW SHORT STORIES

A Famous Singer's Letters. Not the least entertaining things in a singer's life are the letters she has sent her. In seeing and hearing an artist on the stage a degree of sympathy is established that, I suppose, makes the auditor appreciate a certain kind of acquaintance with the singer.

Home of a Prince. Very ingenious is the home of the Prince of Agra, in India, which is a floating palace of the most stupendous and magnificent proportions.

Queer Bookkeeping. Mayor's Secretary William P. Ryan was commenting the other day on the way in which many illiterate persons seem to get along in the world.

Praises the "Finest." "Do you know," said the man who has just returned from New York, "that one of the things that impressed me the strongest in the big town was the policemen? There may be corruption within, but the outside is certainly fair to view."

Speed is Costly. They tell great things about the speed of the ocean greyhounds, but omit to say that speed costs, as does every other luxury.

A Ship's Feathered Guests. The captain in charge of a lightsip situated at the entrance of San Francisco harbor recently reported to the United States lighthouse commissioner that a large number of land birds took refuge on board the vessel.

Men Getting Scarce. The advantages of the modern Portia are counterbalanced by an equally large number of difficulties that confront the woman lawyer.

A Juvenile Dramatist. Herman Merivale, who at ten years old wrote a play in which a cook poisoned a whole royal family at once, tells in his fascinating autobiography, just published, of a small niece of his who has lately embarked on a similar experiment.

His Line. Hook—So he is a poet, eh? What is his particular line? Nye—The Market street line principally, although I occasionally see his verses in some of the other cars.—Philadelphia Record.

A Change. "Well," said Noah as he hunted for a dry spot on the top of Ararat, "a lot of people came down to the pier to join us when we started, but I don't see any of them around to poke fun at our home coming"—Life.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

British soldiers deposited £20,000 last year in military savings banks. Five hundred and thirty-two tons of cigarettes were exported last year from Egypt.

Overworked seamstresses in Berlin are to benefit by a legacy of \$250,000 left by a German bookseller named Bahr.

A French statistician estimates the number of cows in the civilized world at 63,880,000 and the amount of butter they yield at 2,640,000 tons a year.

Six thousand cartridges, several rifles and a number of pompon and fifteen pounder shells have been dug up near Klerksdorf, western Transvaal.

Five thousand dollars has been paid for the drinking glass used by the late empress of Austria while taking the waters at Lungen-Schwalbach, near Wiesbaden.

Recent legislation in some of the peach states compels the removal of the pink tarlatan netting which does so much to give an attractive color to the green and unripe fruit and fool the buyer.

The National museum at Belgrade has come into possession of a collection of 68,000 Roman copper coins recently unearthed near a Servian village.

Experiments conducted in California and recently reported to the Botanical Society of America indicate that bees are active agents in the spread of pear blight at the period when the trees are in bloom.

Seventy sepulchral urns containing old coin and other relics dating from the Augustan epoch have been discovered at Aquileia, the ancient Roman tower near Trieste which was destroyed by Attila.

Treasury figures show deposits in the banks and trust concerns of the country aggregating \$8,500,000,000, or about \$108 per capita. The total of available cash in the country is something more than \$2,500,000,000, or less than \$30 per capita.

English firms are trying to secure a market for soap in India, but up to the present time that country has remained practically soapless. Indeed, throughout Hindustan soap is regarded as rather a curiosity and rarely if ever kept in stock by the native storekeeper.

Hannibal, Mo., has a Tower of Babel. Fourteen languages are spoken at the cement plant there. Among the workmen are Austrians, Poles, Spaniards, Italians, Roumanians, Slavs, Greeks, Hungarians, Russians, Frenchmen, Germans, Irishmen, Chinamen and Americans.



"I DIDN'T SEE THE DOT IN THE MIDDLE."

proprietor of which could neither read nor write. While he was there a man came in who was evidently a regular customer.

The policeman tells this anecdote: "Last evening a strolling policeman was passing the barrow of a confectioner who was weighing out plums to a customer. The confectioner, as policemen do, took a casual plum as his perquisite. But the bitter was bit, for his teeth ground hard upon the iron simulacrum of a plum. It was the very one the confectioner had thrown off the balance. Now, what could a policeman do? As a gentleman he could neither prosecute, for the situation was a delicate one, nor steal a business asset. He took the right course. He returned the iron plum to the stall and took a real one."

Merivale, who at ten years old wrote a play in which a cook poisoned a whole royal family at once, tells in his fascinating autobiography, just published, of a small niece of his who has lately embarked on a similar experiment. Here is a scene from the first act as Mr. Merivale gives it in his book:

"King Edward I. and courtiers, discovered." "A Courtier—My legs, a gentleman awaits below." "King Edward—Oh, tell him to be—, I want my lunch."

Hook—So he is a poet, eh? What is his particular line? Nye—The Market street line principally, although I occasionally see his verses in some of the other cars.—Philadelphia Record.