

BANDON RECORDER.

TWO SECRETS.

Eben hid his from his wife, and she hid hers from him.

"How's business, Eben?" "The old man was washing at the sink after his day's work."

"Flie, Marthy; flie!" "Does the store look just the same, with the red geranium in the window?"

"That was months ago. She was out now, but she would never be strong again—never be partner in their happy little trade again."

"I can't get over a hankering for a sight of the store," thought Martha one forenoon. "If I take it real careful, I can get down there. 'Tisn't so far, Eben 'll scold, but he'll be tickled most to death."

It took a long time for her to drag herself downtown, but at last she stood at the head of the little street where the store was.

Ahead, on the pavement, stood Eben. A tray hung from his neck, on which were arranged a few cards of collar studs, some papers of pins and shoelaces.

Two or three holders were in his shaking old hand, and as he stood he called his wares.

Martha clutched at the wall of the building. She looked over the way at the little store. Its windows were filled with fruit, and an Italian name fluttered on the awning.

The store had gone to pay her expenses. She turned and hurried away as fast as her trembling limbs would take her.

"It will hurt him so to have me find out," she thought, and the tears trickled down her face.

"He's kept a secret from me, and I'll keep one from him," she said to herself. "He shan't know that I know."

That night when Eben came in, chilled and weary, Martha asked cheerfully of the old question:

"How's business?" "Better 'n ever, Marthy," answered Eben.—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

THE BULLFIGHTER.

Picturesque, self-conscious and the popular hero of Spain.

You could never mistake a bullfighter for a man of any other calling. He enforces upon himself a strict costume the details of which are as immutable as those of a soldier's uniform.

His hair must be brushed forward over his ears, he must be smooth shaven, he must wear a tiny plait, his jacket may not come below his waist line, his shirt is deeply fluted, and in its front he wears as magnificent a diamond as his earnings and the gifts of his admirers can supply.

When he walks the streets on his high French heels, glancing self-consciously from beneath his flat brimmed sombrero, he is followed on every side by pointed fingers.

To sit with him at a cafe table is a distinction, and the youngest of Madrid's golden youth flush with pleasure when in public places he nods to them.

At the fashionable hour in the Prado they give him the seat of honor in the automobile. It is a survival of the relations of the "patron" and the gladiator. And in return for this social recognition, when Sunday comes, the matadore before he kills the bull bows to the box in which his rich patron sits, and throws him his three cornered hat and by so doing fills with envy the hearts of 15,000 men.

What the effect his fame, his silken calves and his cloth of gold have upon the women of Spain has been sung by generations of poets, playwrights and novelists of his own country.—Richard Harding Davis in Scribner's.

A Gentle Hint.

A certain butcher is renowned among his contemporaries for the quaintness and originality of some of his remarks.

On a road leading to a neighboring parish he one day met a gentleman who at the time owed him for some meat.

"That's a fine fat dog you have, Alexander!" "See weel he may, sir," was the reply. "For he has an easy conscience and is out of debt, and that's mair than you or I can say!"

The hint was taken, and the butcher got his money next day.—London Answers.

She Needed It.

An old colored woman who had saved up a little money went to her lawyer to consult with him about investing it profitably.

"Twelve per cent, Mr. Jedge." "When the attorney expressed some surprise, she explained her position thus: "Well, Jedge, I ain't got much money, an' yo' see I has ter git a big per cent make up."

Pleased at It.

"The fools are not all dead yet," said the angry husband. "I'm glad of it, dear," calmly replied the other half of the combination. "I never did look well in black."—Chicago News.

Short Method.

Caller.—Mr. Sharpe, I have come to ask your advice as to the quickest way to be relieved from my debts? Lawyer (thinking for a moment of something else)—Pay them.—Chicago Tribune.

She Had Him.

He.—Carrie, I believe you think I'm a fool. She.—And yet you say I'm always in the wrong.—Boston Transcript.

In Korea a serviceable umbrella costs about 12 cents. The covering is of oiled paper.

POLLY LARKIN.

Representative Jenkins has, by request, introduced a bill which makes newspapers and periodicals unmailable which contain any pictures of suicides, or details relating to suicides, beyond a simple statement of death by suicide, and imposing a penalty for breaking the law.

This is good, and Polly earnestly hopes it will pass. You can hardly pick up a daily paper without reading of the suicide of some young person, some of them mere children not over fourteen or fifteen years.

For some slight grievance at home, many times no stronger motive than the daughter has been asked to wash the dishes or give up objectionable company, is sufficient reason for them to rush off and drink carbolic acid, or swallow "rough-on-rats," or throw themselves into the bay.

The increase of the suicidal tendency among young girls has increased alarmingly, and you hear the query, "Why is it?" on all sides. The reason is simple enough in most instances. They have scanned the daily papers and have devoured every line of "The Young Girl's Suicide," and have looked on the portrait of the victim of self-destruction with pity welling up in their hearts for the poor unfortunate until it almost becomes a mania. They think she did just right and showed a courage that was commendable in taking matters into her own hands and ending the "bitter struggle." Then they wonder how they would look pictured in the paper as "another unfortunate child tired of the chidings of home, whose death in preference to living in an atmosphere that was wholly uncongenial."

She wonders how schoolmates and friends would take the news of her sad death and dreams of some faithful few who would be prostrated by the shock when they read of her sudden death in the paper. They are naturally morbid in temperament, fond of the trashiest and most sentimental novels, and the sad tale of self-destruction appeals strongly to them.

That is the first thing she looks for when she hastily scans the daily papers, and she is disappointed when it fails to chronicle one or more suicides. It is a mistake to give the pictures and extended accounts of the passing away of those who have tired of life. It cannot benefit the dead, and it certainly injures the living. Men, women and children brood over passing beyond the trials and disappointments of this life by the suicide route until they become a nuisance to the subject and find the next step comparatively easy. Where less space is given to this class of reading in the newspapers they may be led to seek something of a healthier tone and thereby grow less morbid and despondent.

The other day a man walked into a confectioner's store, where he was in the habit of dropping in occasionally, and sitting down to a table, called for an icecream soda. Only a young girl was in attendance at the time and she waited on him before putting up a box of candy for another customer. She paid no attention to him until he called out to her just after the customer left the store: "Say, I want you to tell my friends that I am tired of life. I have drank half of this bottle of laudanum," he said, holding up a bottle before her, "and here goes the other half." Swallowing the contents, he placed the bottle in his pocket and walked out of the store. The girl was half beside herself when a customer came in a few minutes later. "What shall I do?" she cried, wringing her hands. "Maybe it wasn't laudanum," said the customer. "It was just the color, and the bottle was marked laudanum. The gentleman received a description of the would-be suicide and hastened out, but all efforts to trace the man, if he was not a practical joker on very serious subjects, proved unavailing. The young lady searched the morning papers for the death of some unknown by the drowsy poppy root, but there was nothing to confirm her fears. If it was a joke it was a cruel thing to do, for the young lady was being a nervous wreck ever since.

An incident recently happened in one of the stores that is patronized almost exclusively by the four hundred. Three young ladies were examining various articles of dainty lingerie when the whole party of clerks and proprietors was thrown into a state of excitement bordering on frenzy when the fire-engine went tearing past, and one of the engines as it passed the store, in turning out to avoid running down a team, tipped over carrying the helpless driver, who was strapped to the seat, with it. The flames shot out of the engine threatening destruction, but were subdued. A great cry went up from many throats, for no one dreamed that what the man was killed outright. Those who saw the frantic struggles of the man to free himself from the traps that bound him to the seat knew, too, that the brave driver realized that his chances were slim for ever coming out of the accident alive. When he was finally released from his perilous position and it was found he was not killed, although severely injured, order was soon restored, and the clerks went back to their work. "Dear me," said one of the three young ladies, who had not left their seats during the excitement, "how much common people do make out of a little thing like that."

"It wasn't a very little thing," said a sensible girl, "when that poor driver was nearly killed." "There are others," replied the fashionable girl, with a cool stare at the impudence of the girl who should thus address her. "Do you know those young women who claim to be ladies and members of the four hundred?" asked the sensible girl. "Well if you don't, I do. They used to live in the town where I lived in my more prosperous days. They were poor as poverty, and I've seen those girls running barefoot many a day, not because they liked it, but simply for the reason they had no shoes. Then a friend or relative from the East took pity on them and launched their father in business. He had a little country store and started with some bankrupt stock. He succeeded and was more than successful, and a few years ago he sold out and moved to the city. They (the girls, I mean) have more money than brains, and they seem to forget that I can remember as far back as the day that the sewing society of the church met at our house and devoted a whole day to making little calico dresses and other clothing for the family. Times have changed, but knowing their past life I am only amused, and yet at the same time pity those girls for lack of the womanly character that marks true refinement and makes the fair sex lovable," and she turned away to wait on a customer, with a smile of disdain.

BADGES FOR BALLS.

Gorgeous Styles in Vogue on the East Side in New York.

One of the most necessary adjuncts in the equipment of a ball is a set of gorgeous ball about forty of these are required, and they are made up on a scale of magnificence that evidently appeals to the east side committee.

The floor manager and his assistant have the most elaborate, rivaling even that of the president of the association under whose auspices the festivities are given, says the New York Mail and Express.

These badges are from two to four inches in diameter, of pink, white, blue and green silk ribbon, with tinsel galore, and on the rosette in the center the initials of the association and the rank of the wearer. The badges for the sergeants-at-arms and marshal have miniature policeman's clubs as an additional decoration.

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Paderewski's Distinction. There was a day when Paderewski's English was not fluent. One evening before a choice company in his elegant apartments in New York he was showing a few highly flattered callers how to do this, that and 'o' ther on the keys of his grand piano, explaining in bad English as he went.

Of course the man was present who is ever ready to supply a word when a speaker hesitates. The famous artist, landing with both hands as if he had just dropped from the ceiling, exclaimed, "Harmony!" He shot down again, like a trip-hammer, and would have exclaimed again, but the word refused to come. "What you call—er—er—" "Discord," put in the supplier of words. Paderewski's hair stood straight out, and his face was white and red with anger.

Beautiful and most interesting of all goldfish is a native of Japan, and it is noted for the beauty of its tall and abnormal length of its fins. The tail resembles a delicate veil, and the fins are developed to such an extent that it is impossible for the fish to make rapid progress in the water.

It is therefore solely on account of its beauty that it is prized and because in this respect it differs widely from other varieties of goldfish, such as the "telescope fish," the eyes of which bulge out of the head in most unsightly fashion; the "celestial eye fish," which is also uncomely because its eyes are bullet shaped and are ever turned skyward, and the "egg fish," which is so called because its body is somewhat amorphous, but resembles an egg more than anything else.

A certain well known Bostonian is an enthusiastic Yale man and in college was a member of the glee club and was famous for his yodel, which was fearless and ear piercing. While on a shooting trip in the west a classmate in the party, remembering this accomplishment when it was reported that the guide was from Switzerland, said one night, as they were smoking around the campfire: "Jack, give us a yodel as you did in college. The guide will appreciate it."

And Jack yodeled with a strength and brilliancy never before equaled at a concert or "on the fence." After the air was again at rest and the frightened animals afar off had plucked up courage enough to stop running, the classmate said to the guide: "Pfeffer, doesn't that make you homesick?"

The weeping willow tree came to America through the medium of Alexander Pope's poem, "The willow tree on the banks of the Thames at his Twickenham villa. The twig came to him in a box of figs sent from Smyrna by a friend who had lost all in the south sea bubble and had gone to that distant land to recoup his fortunes. A young British officer who came to Boston with the army to crush the rebellion of the American colonies brought with him a twig from Pope's now beautiful willow tree, intending to plant it in America when he should comfortably settle down on lands confiscated from the conquered Americans. The young officer, disappointed in these expectations, gave his willow twig, wrapped in oil silk, to John Parke Custis, Mrs. Washington's son, who planted it on his Arlington estate, in Virginia. It thrived and became the progenitor of all our willow trees.

If boys could learn at school all about education, that would only leave them very dull persons. The object of their education at school is to give boys mental alertness and an eternal curiosity, and its real test is whether it leaves them always saying to themselves, "Why?" It is not to know whether you have ever thought about it, but all the great discoveries of the world have come because some one has asked that question. The records of industry show nothing more clearly than that all real mental skill depends on asking questions. The answer is sure to follow. The real mental capacity is not displayed by the man who answers the question, but by the man who asks it.—Bishop Creighton's "Thoughts on Education."

Nervous parent—Stop! Haven't I told you the last fifty times I had to correct you for that I wouldn't speak to you again about it?—Los Angeles Herald.

The desire to get something for nothing makes men pay something for nothing.

Kentucky negroes consider that the caterpillar brings fever.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

The Lost Sixteenth of a Second. If one grain of sand on the shore of the ocean were lost and scientists were to spend years in trying to find it, they would be attempting a task resembling that to which leading astronomers of England and France are now devoting themselves.

One-sixteenth of a second is missing, and no one can tell where it has gone. Between the sun's time as recorded at Greenwich and as understood at Paris there is that brief and seemingly unimportant discrepancy. No expense is being spared to trace the missing fraction. A special building has been erected at Paris, costly instruments installed, a corps of mathematicians engaged and a process that may take years to complete has been commenced. The inaccuracy is more important than will appear to the lay mind. Longitude is calculated on the basis of Greenwich time. It determines the boundaries of many countries. A slight variation of time may change the nationality of thousands of people. The pursuit of the missing fraction of a second is therefore of worldwide importance. We shall all be much relieved when it has been found, for then not a grain of the sands of time will be missing.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Tribe of Eskimos Found. The remnant of a remarkable and hitherto lost tribe of Eskimos has recently been discovered on Southampton island, at the extreme north end of Hudson bay. It is said that until recently these people have never had an opportunity of seeing a white man. Their huts are built of the great jaws of whales, covered with skins. In the middle is an elevation, on which is a stone lamp used for lighting, heating, cooking, melting snow and drying clothes. The lamp is only a dish of whole oil, in which is a wick of dry moss. Indeed the whale is the chief means by which these people live, the bones being utilized for making plates, cups and sledges, but they also use sledges of walrus tusks, with deer antlers for crosspieces. The tribe is almost extinct, as only some sixteen are left. They speak a dialect peculiar to themselves and are very daring hunters.

A Tender Hearted Girl. Softer than swansdown was her heart, more tender than spring tints in the sky. She could not bear to give pain to any living thing. As they walked through the woods such was his love that he went first and brushed away the spitter weeds with his face.

All about them lay the beauties of nature and the habitations of civilization. "See!" he cried, pointing to a forest giant. "See!"

And on it she saw a graven heart with their names cut inside it. "Oh, cruel, cruel!" she wept. "Our engagement is broken. I would not marry a monster who thus inflicts pain on—"

"What!" he cried. "What have I done that is so cruel?" "You have cut a live oak tree!"

Storn cannons are very common in Italy now along the southern slopes of the Alps, where damage from hail-storms during harvest time is always imminent, says the Argonaut. They are the invention of a Padua firm. They look like a huge megaphone, and are set, with their wide mouths gaping skyward, beside little houses that look like sentry boxes. When they are fired, they boom like "sure enough" cannons, but instead of a ball or shell they eject a stream of water, which is larger as it ascends until at last before it breaks it is big enough to surround a ten acre field. Instead of hail only rain falls when the guns are used, and damage to crops is prevented.

Misdirected Mail. The postoffice department has prepared a set of statistics, says the Springfield Republican, which amount to an indictment against every fourth person in the country for misdirecting mail. The department handled 19,954,437 pieces of mail last year which were wrongly or imperfectly directed. Nearly 10,000,000 of these were either forwarded with correct addresses or returned to the sender. The money taken from the letters that found their way to the dearer proper office and for which no owners could be found, together with the amount realized from the auction sale of unclaimed articles accumulated in the office, aggregated \$18,458.83.

"Tapping" the Telephone. In Stockholm almost every household is "on the telephone," and practically every kind of business is discussed by means of the instrument. This fact has been turned to account by the police authorities in a curious way. The creditors of a business man who had serious doubts of his integrity employed a detective to obtain information about him. The detective "tapped" the telephone wire from a house at which the suspect was staying and overheard many private conversations. The action of the detective, however, aroused considerable indignation among the community.

The Costermonger. The costermonger has found an apology in the London Lancet. It is his business to watch the markets and to buy extensively when there is a glut and to distribute the purchases as quickly as possible. He thus prevents the wholesale destruction of perishable goods, and he also discourages the inclination of small shopkeepers to make extortionate charges.

To Rest His Eyes. The people who quit reading "just to rest their eyes" might take a hint by inference from the reply made by an old Mississippi illiterate. A passing man found him apparently deeply interested in a paper.

On looking close it became apparent that his paper was upside down, and he was asked forthwith why he held it thus. His reply almost knocked the questioner out. It was: "Just to rest my eyes!"—Kansas City Independent.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Senator Hanna's Power. A good story was told of Senator Hanna's power by a well known member of congress who accompanied him from Cleveland to Washington. Several senators and representatives were on the train, and in the same sleeping car were several members of the Bonded Warehouse association. The whole party got out at Pittsburg for an airing, and while they were walking up and down the station platform their train pulled out and away. When it finally dawned upon them that their sleeping car had really gone, the members of the Bonded Warehouse association became exceedingly excited and hurried to the office of the division superintendent of the Pullman company.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," said the superintendent, "but that train should have left you, but that I can do is to give you accommodations in a chair car from here to Altoona. There you will be able to get a sleeping car through to Washington."

"What time can we get to bed?" was asked. "One o'clock."

"That will never do," said one of the party. "Our tickets call for sleeping car accommodations from Cleveland to Washington, and we must have them."

"Can't be done, gentlemen," said the superintendent. "Very sorry, but it is absolutely impossible."

"But Senator Hanna? Is he left?" "He is."

"Gentlemen, be seated. I will see what can be done."

In five minutes one of the best sleeping cars in the Pullman service was ready, and the party came on to Washington rejoicing.

Took Him For a "Pug." The late Justice Gray was a man of austere manner and not the subject one would choose for a practical joke, but none the less he was ready to enjoy a joke on himself and to tell it. This is one of his stories. About the time that John L. Sullivan was at the zenith of his glory Mr. Gray was traveling in the west and compelled, through missing a connection, to wait an hour or more at a little junction town in Kansas. As he strolled back

FACTS IN FEW LINES

A ginseng trust has been formed in Japan. There are 9,000 boys in the British navy, including 6,200 under training. Millions of muskels have recently been washed ashore near Swansea, Wales.

In Berlin 833 public buildings are owned by the state and 467 by the municipality. Bicycles are taxed in Vancouver, B. C., the municipal revenue from that source last year being \$57.

Perth, Cumberland, England, is lit by electricity, power being obtained from the river Kanow. Wire screens are now placed in the tramway cars at New Orleans to separate negroes from white passengers.

While 3,500 coal cutting machines are used in United States mines, there are less than 400 such machines in British collieries.

Her puppy having died, a fox terrier at Twickenham is now contentedly acting as foster mother to a couple of young kittens.

Under light anesthesia ammonia applied to a cat's nose will cause a car dose inhibition and a rise of blood pressure. In rabbits the effect is the same.

Bullets shot in military target practice nowadays are caught on an inclined surface made of sheet iron back of the target, are仁cited and become bullets again.

In Worcestershire, England, 490 women are engaged making anchors, while 703 others, make needles and 1,044 nails. Nearly all are married women or widows.

By order of the Japanese emperor wooden legs have just been distributed to the seven named survivors of the Aomori disaster, when 200 Japanese soldiers were frozen to death.

Reports from Manitoba show an immense increase in the production of wheat in that section. This must to a greater or lesser extent affect the production of this grain in the United States.

The decision of the directors of the theater at Halle, in Germany, to distinguish by means of red and white advertising posters between plays that are fit for young persons to witness and those that are not is causing some amusement.

As a model a Munich sculptor has hired a full grown lion from a menagerie. The animal eats twelve pounds of horseflesh daily and drinks ten gallons of milk. The cost of its food and its keeper's pay is \$10 a day. The menagerie is to receive \$1,500 if the lion dies.

According to the statistical register of South Australia, Germany supplies considerably more than half of the foreigners who take out papers of naturalization. Out of a total of 3,761 the Germans numbered 2,004. China came next, with 284; then Scandinavia, 270, and Austria, 115.

An international agreement for the protection of birds that are useful to agriculture was signed at Paris this year by representatives of Belgium, France, Switzerland, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, Austria-Hungary, Greece and the principalities of Monaco, Liechtenstein and Luxemburg.

The Kaiser has had a carriage built from his own designs for use for his correspondence on the field. It is drawn by six horses and is always near at hand. Writing material is stored in drawers, and by letting down a panel a convenient writing table is formed. It has a roof and canvas sides, permitting its use in all weathers.

A typewriter for the pocket is one of the latest bits of American ingenuity specially designed to meet the requirements of journalists and authors who need to take notes under conditions where a pencil and paper would not be convenient. It may be worked without removing the hands from the pocket. It is four inches long by three inches wide.

In a dispatch from Moscow the correspondent of the London Daily Mail says that a Dr. Koulatke has succeeded in his experiments in reanimating the heart of an infant which he had extracted from a child who had died twenty-four hours previously. The heart beat with regularity for one hour. Dr. Koulatke hopes to discover why assist in reanimation in cases of death by drowning.

It has been suggested that a memorial window be placed in Westminster abbey in honor of the late Duke of Westminster. Considerable indignation protest is being heard on the ground that such honor should be reserved for really great men. One critic says: "He was merely a good average duke of a kind that we breed as easily as we breed good average grocers. It is intolerable that Westminster abbey should be spoiled to do him posthumous honor."

The bulk of the British preserves is made in London. A reliable estimate gives the weekly output by London makers as 500 to 600 tons, and this output is annually increasing. Taking the average net profit at \$20 per ton, the total profit amounts to about \$11,000 per week, or nearly \$600,000 per annum. This very safe estimate does not include the profits accruing from confectionery, candied peel, sauces and other confections manufactured by nearly all English preserving firms.

After working for thirty-two years William S. Hughes, a New York machinist, perfected a smoke consuming device for locomotives and other engine boilers. Hughes had no capital to back his invention, but succeeded in having it brought to the notice of Cornelius Vanderbilt. The millionaire mechanic had the device tested on an elevated train locomotive under his personal inspection, making a trip from the Battery to Harlem. Mr. Vanderbilt has decided to aid Hughes in the matter.

In His Father's Footsteps. Blinks—Did Smith's father leave him anything? Jinks—Only his debts. Blinks—How is Smith getting along? Jinks—Well, he has greatly increased his inheritance.—Baltimore American.

Ability. Tomson—Johnson has no ability of any kind. Jackson—Nonsense. Why, he can ask you for a loan in such a way that you thank your lucky stars for the opportunity to accommodate him.

Browning. Browning loaned Lord Coleridge one of his works to read, and afterward, meeting the poet, the lord chief justice said to him: "What I could understand I heartily admired, and I am sure ought to be immortal. But as to much of it I really could not tell whether I admired it or not, because for the life of me I could not understand it."

Browning replied, "If a reader of your caliber understands 10 per cent of what I write, I think I ought to be content."

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A certain well known Bostonian is an enthusiastic Yale man and in college was a member of the glee club and was famous for his yodel, which was fearless and ear piercing. While on a shooting trip in the west a classmate in the party, remembering this accomplishment when it was reported that the guide was from Switzerland, said one night, as they were smoking around the campfire: "Jack, give us a yodel as you did in college. The guide will appreciate it."

And Jack yodeled with a strength and brilliancy never before equaled at a concert or "on the fence." After the air was again at rest and the frightened animals afar off had plucked up courage enough to stop running, the classmate said to the guide: "Pfeffer, doesn't that make you homesick?"

The weeping willow tree came to America through the medium of Alexander Pope's poem, "The willow tree on the banks of the Thames at his Twickenham villa. The twig came to him in a box of figs sent from Smyrna by a friend who had lost all in the south sea bubble and had gone to that distant land to recoup his fortunes. A young British officer who came to Boston with the army to crush the rebellion of the American colonies brought with him a twig from Pope's now beautiful willow tree, intending to plant it in America when he should comfortably settle down on lands confiscated from the conquered Americans. The young officer, disappointed in these expectations, gave his willow twig, wrapped in oil silk, to John Parke Custis, Mrs. Washington's son, who planted it on his Arlington estate, in Virginia. It thrived and became the progenitor of all our willow trees.