

BANDON RECORDER.

THE TRAMP'S PARLOR CAR.

A pre-empted home from which he is often dislodged.

A casual observer might wonder why the rods bolted through the timbers at either end are placed under freight cars. They are not put there for hobos to ride on, but to stiffen the floor of the car. Sometimes there are four, two close together on each side, but more often there are six, separated by equal distances.

At the center, where the rods are ridden, there is often room between them and the bottom of the car for a man to sit almost upright, though with his head bowed forward, but where there are six rods the hobo usually lies across them like a streak on a gridiron. While the train is moving slowly it is easy as a rule to drive him off by throwing coal or rocks at him. If it is going very fast, there is danger of killing him, and that is likely to get the brakeman in trouble (from ten years to life is customary).

There is one other way of removing a hobo from the rods under a freight car. The brakeman must be a man of steady nerve, quickness and physical strength; also he must know exactly where the hobo is before he comes off the top to get him. Dropping from the train a car or two ahead of the one under which the man is riding, the brakeman has time to brace himself before that car reaches him (the train should be moving only slowly); then he seizes the hobo by the coat collar or by his arms. The motion of the train does the rest, and the hobo is dropped on the ground. —Leslie's Weekly.

Parasite For Plaster Patches.

Plaster patches were introduced in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady who in this manner ingeniously concealed a wen on her neck. They became such a craze and were carried to such exaggerated lengths that they were finally lampooned out of sight. The men, as well as the women, stuck themselves over with these beauty spots. No lady of fashion considered her toilet complete until she was equipped with her little box of patches cut in her favorite design. If one happened to come off in company, she hurriedly replaced it with a fresh one from the box.

At length patching in England went so far that party spirit was symbolized by the position of the patches. A letter in the paper on June 2, 1711, tells of a visit to the Haymarket and the discovery by the writer of three classes of women in the boxes all differently patched. Upon inquiry he discovered that those who patched on the right side of the forehead were Whigs and those who favored the left were Tories, while those who patched indifferently on either side were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves.—Harper's Weekly.

Augusta Daly's Wit.

An actor who knew Augusta Daly well told this story of the great theatrical manager's ready wit: "We both chanced to be depositors in and victims of a bank which suspended payment. Like others, when the news of the disaster became known we hurried off to the bank to pick up what information we could, and coming down the street from the bank to my street Mr. Daly's foot caught in the mat, and, with some difficulty, he managed to save himself from falling. I was entering the building, and, seeing the mishap, I ran up to him saying: "I hope you have not hurt yourself." "Oh, no; thank you," he replied. "I only lost my balance."

The Skin of My Teeth.

In the book of Job appears the sentence, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth," which is modernized "by the skin of my teeth" and gives the idea of a narrow escape, one so close as to be just by the thickness of the skin on the teeth, which is so thin that no microscopist has yet been able to find it. "To cast in the teeth" means to throw defiant reproaches or insults spitefully, as one would cast a stone at the exposed teeth of a snarling dog. "Tooth and nail" denotes the manner of an action full of frenzied fury, typified by biting and scratching, as when two belligerent cats make the fur fly.

A Diligent Police Official.

A man who was "wanted" in Russia had been photographed in six different positions, and the pictures were duly circulated among the police departments. The chief of one of these wrote to headquarters a few days after the issue of the set of portraits and stated: "I have duly received the portrait of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them, and the sixth is under observation and will be secured shortly."

According to Gunter.

The phrase "according to Gunter" remains in our language as a perpetual memory of Gunter, the English mathematician, who was born in 1581 and died in 1628. Almost to the present time the works of Gunter were considered standard. He was the inventor of the surveyor's chain, of the logarithmic line, of the quadrant, of the scale bearing life-expectancy and anything in mathematics to be right must be "according to Gunter."

His Dyspepsia.

"You say you take salt at lunch every day?" "Yes." "Well, you ought not to have dyspepsia." "But, you see, I spend twenty-five of those minutes deciding what I want to eat."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

He Belled It Down.

A beginner in newspaper work in a southern town who occasionally "sent stuff" to one of the New York dailies picked up what seemed to him a "big story." Hurrying to the telegraph office he "queried" the telegraph editor: "Column story on so and so. Shall I send?" The reply was brief and prompt, but to the enthusiast unsatisfactory. "Send 000 words," was all it said. "Can't be told in less than 1,200," he wired back. Before long the reply came: "Story of creation of world told in 600. Try it."—New York Post.

POLLY LARKIN.

Young ladies must be scarce in Nevada county. A few weeks ago two young men, residents of the town, advertised for wives, with the result that they are very happily married and are the envy of all the rest of the miserable old bachelors. The success of their fellow workmen led six other young men to enter the ranks of the bachelors by advertising in the Grass Valley Union-Herald for wives to share their lot, "for richer, for poorer; for better, for worse." While the young men would not allow their names to be published they are known to be prosperous and possessed of abundant means and can amply able to provide for their wives. You Bet is located in the heart of the mountains. Mining is the chief industry, but there is one serious drawback, there are but few women in the vicinity. "Carry the news to Mary," for here is another man advertising for a wife to share his joys and sorrows, and according to his own statement he is no trifter. The postmaster of San Francisco has received a manly, straight-forward letter from Stephen Ash, of Melitta, Sonoma county, Cal., in which he says: "Having read in the San Francisco papers that you have been the recipient of numerous letters from Eastern girls desiring husbands, would you kindly give me the address of one or two of the girls who are looking for husbands. I am a stone cutter by trade, with steady work and good wages. Enclosed find stamp for reply." The postmaster sent him the addresses of a number of women from Detroit, Troy and other cities who have written him in reply to the story circulated through the East that five hundred Tacoma men were desirous of obtaining wives from the far East. Now, Polly would like to know what is the matter with California with all its cities, towns and villages, with their wealth of pretty and attractive native daughters who would make charming wives and preside admirably over their homes? What possesses these young men to go far away from home for the queen of the heartstone?

"Yes," said the undertaker, "the fashion changes in funerals and wearing apparel for mourning, just as it does for anything else. Come in and see the latest things we have in coffin. Now this pearl gray casket has just been prepared to send out for the wife of a very wealthy man on C— street. Money does not count with him and we have orders to spare no expense. The gray cloth covering the casket cost four dollars a yard, the white satin lining three dollars a yard, and the lace about the pillow a dollar and a half a yard. You see all of the unpleasant feelings and experiences when usually looking at a casket disappears. It is so constructed that one side lets down and the ends are thrown out so that it looks like the occupant is reclining on a little bed of tufted satin. When the form is placed in the casket a dainty lace canopy is erected over her. Thus, you see, only the most pleasing thoughts remain in regard to one who is sleeping her last sleep. Colored flowers and ribbons are used much more than they used to be. In days gone by, everyone thought that only white flowers and white ribbon could be used, and now it is everything from violet to pink and every color. In Hawaii, you know, the brightest orange is used at funerals, and a whole quarant of it made of paper, or some queer substance, is laid entirely around the coffin lid."

"For young children or babies we usually use white caskets, white hearse drawn by white horses with the trappings all of white, although the other day a gentleman who was to lay his little six-year-old daughter away chose a light pink plush for the little casket and had it lined with creamy satin. For younger people we use either white, lavender or gray cloth; for elderly people gray, black and purple, the latter most frequently for some distinguished person. Some people won't have anything else but a metallic casket too, others who can well afford it too, nothing but the cheapest wooden caskets, varnished and with iron handles. The styles have even changed in announcing that it is a house of mourning by the crape on the door. That is so old-fashioned that you seldom ever see it now. It gave place to stiff black rosettes and long ends of cloth hanging on the door for elderly people, black and white combined for the middle-aged and pure white for the young people. That eventually gave way to a pretty, graceful bow-knot of illusion and ribbons. Now when a baby passes away we tie two or three rosebuds with white illusion and long streamers and hang it on the door. White or daintily-colored flowers with white illusion and ribbons for the young, and the same colored flowers tied with lavender or purple for the older people who have passed away. We no longer darken up a room when the quiet sleeper is resting until it looks like a tomb, but we let in the air and sunshine. Neither do we cover the pictures on the walls in crape or turn them to the wall, as has been done in days gone by. People feel just as badly as they ever did, but there is no need of casting a greater gloom over them when you can just as well make them remember that this is not all of life, but there is a resurrection coming. As it was in days gone by people could not look much farther than the tomb, it was all so doleful, dark and dismal. There is a new fad in mourning apparel, too. I suppose you have noticed it. Many people, instead of wearing a deep mourning veil and all the rest of the paraphernalia, don't make any change

A COMEDIAN'S TRICK.

Many amusing stories are told of Joe Haines, a comedian of the times of Haines, II, sometimes called "Count" Haines. He said that he was arrested one morning by two bailiffs for a debt of £20, when he saw a bishop to whom he was related passing along in his coach. With ready resource he immediately saw a loophole for escape, and, turning to the men, he said, "Let me speak to his lordship, to whom I am well known, and he will pay the debt and your charges into the hands of the bailiffs, thought they might venture this, as they were within two or three yards of the coach, and acceded to the request. Joe boldly advanced and took off his hat to the bishop. His lordship ordered the coach to stop, when Joe whispered to the divine that the two men were suffering from such scruples of conscience that he feared they would hang themselves if invited to his house and promise to satisfy them. The bishop agreed, and, calling to the bailiffs, he said, "You two men come to me tomorrow morning, and I will satisfy you."

The men bowed and went away pleased, and early the next day waited on his lordship, who, when they were ushered in, said, "Well, my men, what are your scruples?" "Scruples?" replied one of them. "We have no scruples. We are bailiffs, my lord, who yesterday arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for a debt of £20, and your lordship kindly promised to satisfy us."

The trick was strange, but the result was strange, for his lordship, either appreciating his cleverness or considering himself bound by the promise he had unthinkingly given, there and then settled with the men in full.

THE BULGARIAN.

A Peculiar Fellow. He is Either a Soldier or a Peasant.

It is a strange country of contrasts, Bulgaria that people have so long watched as a danger spot. The peasant is a heavily built fellow, with a Kalmit nose if he happens to be pure bred from the original Samoyede stock, which is not likely. His language has become Slavie, which means a language in which "beefsteak" is "mpih-tek" and "omelet souffle" is "omlet cuphie."

The Bulgarian is a peasant or a soldier. He knows no other trade. As a farmer the sheep is all in all to him, food and clothing and companionship, says a writer in The Era. He lives in a hovel, does not understand why he should be taxed and makes his women slave in the field. He is called close-fisted, churlish and suspicious and has some of the virtues that often go with those qualities.

When Bulgaria became practically free of the sultan, there were many Turks left in the country. These are gradually being crowded out, but there is still a mosque in the Sultan's Sofa, and in the palace of the sultan, or parliament, where the members have better accommodations than the lords of Britain on the Thames embankment, some twenty Turkish deputies always sit together and exert an influence that they never could do in their own land by voting and by speaking.

Every Saturday the members of the sultan are paid at the rate of 15 francs a day, all in silver five franc pieces. These peasant lawmakers knock it up in handkerchiefs, grin slowly and shake the jingling pieces playfully in one another's faces. They are playing at statesmanship yet, but fairly well upon the whole.

Functions of Fruit.

The Medicine Brief thus summarizes the various uses of fruit in relieving distressed conditions of the body. The list is worth keeping: Under the category of laxatives, oranges, figs, tamarinds, prunes, mulberries, dates, nectarines and plums may be included. Pomegranates, cranberries, blackberries, sunac berries, dewberries, raspberries, barberries, quinces, pears, wild cherries and medlars are astringents. Grapes, peaches, strawberries, huckleberries, prickly pears, black currants and melon seeds are diuretics. Gooseberries, red and white currants, pumpkins and melons are refrigerants. Lemons, limes and apples are stomachic sedatives.

The Rest Cure.

Quiet and warmth are the medicines of the four footed philosopher. If a dog is ailing, he rolls himself into a ball in a warm corner and eats little or nothing till he is well. Many times rest is the only medicine needed by the sick, but we seldom follow this example. The biped loses the instinct of the animal. He fumes, frets, takes stimulants and medicaments and gives no chance to the recuperative forces of nature.—Philadelphia Record.

Damascus Olive Groves.

There is an ancient custom under which the olive groves around Damascus are guarded by official watchmen to prevent the trees being stripped of their fruit. But on a certain date the governor or some magistrate issues a proclamation warning all owners of olive trees that they must pick their fruit, for after a certain date it becomes public property. If a farmer has his crop only half gathered when that date arrives, the public will gather it for him.

Poison of the Scorpion.

It is said to be a remarkable fact that the poison of the scorpion gradually loses its effect upon a human being and that man suffers less and less each time he is stung. One bold philosopher, it is related, had the courage to follow out this principle to the furthest extent and made scorpions sting him repeatedly until he had become poison proof and suffered but little inconvenience beyond the transient pain of the puncture.

The Grumpy Bachelor.

A wealthy gentleman who owns a country seat on one occasion nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them—an old bachelor—wrote as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow."—Tit-Bits.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

The subject of a new public building to be located on the square bounded by Jackson place, Seventeenth and H streets and Pennsylvania avenue, just north of the state, war and navy department building, is under discussion by the senate committee on public buildings and grounds. Senator Fairbanks, the chairman of this committee, some time ago introduced a bill in the senate providing for a building on this site for the departments of state and justice. That bill has been under discussion, and it has already been decided by the committee that such a building should contain offices for the president of the United States, so that it will probably be styled the executive, state and justice building.

The square just north of Pennsylvania avenue, between Jackson place and Seventeenth street, is regarded as admirably suited for a building in which the offices of the president can be located. It is contemplated to construct between the building and the White House a tunnel, so that when the president desires he can pass from his office to his home without going out of doors. This tunnel will be lighted by electricity and ornamented in such a way that it will appear, in fact, no different from a beautiful corridor in the building.

After White House Hats.

A new rat catcher has come to town bent on exterminating the rats at the White House. He's willing to work by the day, job or scalp. His killing records: "W. B. Linticum, Professional Rat Catcher, All Work Guaranteed." Linticum, who came here from Baltimore, is a constituent of Representative Wachter. He saw Mr. Wachter and offered to send at once for his "instruments"—eleven ferrets and five dogs.

"For heaven's sake, don't bring them to the capitol!" pleaded Mr. Wachter, who at once wrote Secretary Cortelyou asking that the president consider Maryland in distributing any patronage connected with the rat killing industry.

Linticum claims to be the champion rat killer of the world. He estimates that he has exterminated more than a million rats. "I could clean out that White House in a few days," he said. Linticum will remain in town until he hears from Secretary Cortelyou.

An Unconventional President.

The other day the president paralyzed some old conservatives by being seen in the street playing ball with some boys. The president didn't know who the boys were, and it did not make the slightest difference to him. They were having a fine time when he came along, and the sight of their joy was too much for him. He promptly asked to be let in, and the first thing the boys knew they were playing ball with a president of the United States who did not approve of the particular game they affected and began teaching them a new one. For ten minutes he delighted them and apparently himself and then went on his way, while the youngsters cheered him off.

It is that sort of thing that astonishes old-fashioned Washington until it is holding its breath in wonder. They never saw the like before, and it filled in the face of anything else they ever heard of, and nothing but the president's personal popularity saves him from severe criticism.

His pet expressions also come in for much comment, as many of them are those popular as a rule among country folk and rarely heard in the city. He elicited some persons who were with him in the cabinet room the other day by exclaiming, "By gosh!" and in the space of two hours he had used it a number of times, interspersed by "land sakes," to which was sometimes added "alvay."

Elkins' Luck.

The elevator conductor heard three bells. It was the senatorial signal. At the same instant came another three bells. The man glanced at the indicator and saw that one signal came from the basement and the other from the top floor. It was evident that two senators, one at each end of the shaft, were in a hurry to get to the senate to answer the roll call.

The elevator cage was between the two extremes. The man at the rope did not hesitate. Taking a coin out of his pocket, he gave it a spin and covered it with his foot. "Heads up, tails down!" he said.

The coin had fallen head upward. The elevator ascended to the top story, and that is why Senator Elkins reached the senate chamber ahead of Senator Quarles.

District Wants Loan.

Congress will be asked to lend the District \$11,000,000 for necessary public improvements. The list of items embraces a filtration reservoir for Potomac water, a complete system of sewage disposal, improvements of the streets, roads and highways of the District and the reclamation of the Anacostia flats and their conversion into a public park.

Give the Humble Goose A Show.

The government printing office turned out senate bill No. 65, introduced by Mr. Hale, with its title reading, "A bill providing for the retirement of petty officers and enlisted men of the navy."

No Deformed Chinaman.

"Did you ever see a deformed or crippled Chinaman?" asked a gentleman. There was a negative reply, and the questioner continued: "I don't think you ever will. If a Chinese child is born deformed, it is made away with as soon as possible. Just how the babe is killed I do not know, but it is never permitted to live. You may travel all over the world and you will never see a crippled Chinaman. When an accident befalls one of them, he is made away with too. This is a part of their religion, and they adhere to it."

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

The subject of a new public building to be located on the square bounded by Jackson place, Seventeenth and H streets and Pennsylvania avenue, just north of the state, war and navy department building, is under discussion by the senate committee on public buildings and grounds. Senator Fairbanks, the chairman of this committee, some time ago introduced a bill in the senate providing for a building on this site for the departments of state and justice. That bill has been under discussion, and it has already been decided by the committee that such a building should contain offices for the president of the United States, so that it will probably be styled the executive, state and justice building.

The square just north of Pennsylvania avenue, between Jackson place and Seventeenth street, is regarded as admirably suited for a building in which the offices of the president can be located. It is contemplated to construct between the building and the White House a tunnel, so that when the president desires he can pass from his office to his home without going out of doors. This tunnel will be lighted by electricity and ornamented in such a way that it will appear, in fact, no different from a beautiful corridor in the building.

After White House Hats.

A new rat catcher has come to town bent on exterminating the rats at the White House. He's willing to work by the day, job or scalp. His killing records: "W. B. Linticum, Professional Rat Catcher, All Work Guaranteed." Linticum, who came here from Baltimore, is a constituent of Representative Wachter. He saw Mr. Wachter and offered to send at once for his "instruments"—eleven ferrets and five dogs.

"For heaven's sake, don't bring them to the capitol!" pleaded Mr. Wachter, who at once wrote Secretary Cortelyou asking that the president consider Maryland in distributing any patronage connected with the rat killing industry.

Linticum claims to be the champion rat killer of the world. He estimates that he has exterminated more than a million rats. "I could clean out that White House in a few days," he said. Linticum will remain in town until he hears from Secretary Cortelyou.

An Unconventional President.

The other day the president paralyzed some old conservatives by being seen in the street playing ball with some boys. The president didn't know who the boys were, and it did not make the slightest difference to him. They were having a fine time when he came along, and the sight of their joy was too much for him. He promptly asked to be let in, and the first thing the boys knew they were playing ball with a president of the United States who did not approve of the particular game they affected and began teaching them a new one. For ten minutes he delighted them and apparently himself and then went on his way, while the youngsters cheered him off.

It is that sort of thing that astonishes old-fashioned Washington until it is holding its breath in wonder. They never saw the like before, and it filled in the face of anything else they ever heard of, and nothing but the president's personal popularity saves him from severe criticism.

His pet expressions also come in for much comment, as many of them are those popular as a rule among country folk and rarely heard in the city. He elicited some persons who were with him in the cabinet room the other day by exclaiming, "By gosh!" and in the space of two hours he had used it a number of times, interspersed by "land sakes," to which was sometimes added "alvay."

Elkins' Luck.

The elevator conductor heard three bells. It was the senatorial signal. At the same instant came another three bells. The man glanced at the indicator and saw that one signal came from the basement and the other from the top floor. It was evident that two senators, one at each end of the shaft, were in a hurry to get to the senate to answer the roll call.

The elevator cage was between the two extremes. The man at the rope did not hesitate. Taking a coin out of his pocket, he gave it a spin and covered it with his foot. "Heads up, tails down!" he said.

The coin had fallen head upward. The elevator ascended to the top story, and that is why Senator Elkins reached the senate chamber ahead of Senator Quarles.

District Wants Loan.

Congress will be asked to lend the District \$11,000,000 for necessary public improvements. The list of items embraces a filtration reservoir for Potomac water, a complete system of sewage disposal, improvements of the streets, roads and highways of the District and the reclamation of the Anacostia flats and their conversion into a public park.

Give the Humble Goose A Show.

The government printing office turned out senate bill No. 65, introduced by Mr. Hale, with its title reading, "A bill providing for the retirement of petty officers and enlisted men of the navy."

No Deformed Chinaman.

"Did you ever see a deformed or crippled Chinaman?" asked a gentleman. There was a negative reply, and the questioner continued: "I don't think you ever will. If a Chinese child is born deformed, it is made away with as soon as possible. Just how the babe is killed I do not know, but it is never permitted to live. You may travel all over the world and you will never see a crippled Chinaman. When an accident befalls one of them, he is made away with too. This is a part of their religion, and they adhere to it."

NEW SHORT STORIES

Justice Gray Not a Bird.

No one who sees Justice Gray of the United States supreme court sitting solemnly upon the bench or walking with grave and dignified mien up Pennsylvania avenue after the court has adjourned would believe that he is susceptible to humor. In fact, throughout his long service on the bench only one instance is recorded where he deigned to exhibit a jocular mood.

It was the day when Judson L. Harmon, then attorney general, was making an argument before the court. He had occasion to display a map showing the locality in which the land in dispute was situated and held it up for the inspection of the court. It was a very small map and difficult to see from the bench. Mr. Harmon referred to it as "a birds-eye view."

Justice Gray squinted his eyes in the effort to discern the map. "Mr. Attorney General," he said in despair, "I regret to tell you that I am not a bird."

And then the justice, chuckling over the outburst, sank back in his seat and watched the attorney general fold up the tiny map.

No Choice.

Representative Cannon began his political career by running for the position of state's attorney in his town. His opponent was another young lawyer who, like Cannon, had not made much headway in the practice of law, but both candidates went upon the stump and promised to do great things if elected.

One day, as the rival candidates went down the street together, they were joined by the judge of the court. He stepped in between them, taking each young man by the arm.

Wanted to File a Claim.

Into Senator Warren's committee room the other day came a lady well dressed and apparently intelligent. "This is the committee on claims?" she said inquiringly.

"Yes, madam," replied the clerk. "I am thinking of going out to Washington or Oregon," remarked the lady, "and I want to file a claim for 100 acres of good land."

The clerk of the committee was compelled to explain to the visitor that she had come to the wrong place and that the claims which congress settled were simply debts against the government. —Washington Post.

An Ambitious Boy.

President Morgan G. Bulkeley of the Etna Life Insurance company and ex-governor of Connecticut tells the following story of his son: One day while governor he was in conference with some of his friends when his son came in, and one of the men remarked, "Well, governor, I suppose you expect this youngster to be either president of the United States or president of the Etna Life Insurance company."

"Which would you rather be, bub," the governor asked, "president of the United States or president of the Etna?"

After some hesitation the answer came: "I don't want to be either, dad. I want to be a locomotive engineer."

Jail Before Latin.

When the Prince of Wales received his degree of LL. D. from Cambridge, the public orator of the university delivered a lengthy Latin oration, but his royal highness read his reply in English. After the ceremony was over the prince—then the Duke of York—told a friend that he was blessed if he understood a word of what the public orator said.

A Story Appropos.

Former Fire Commissioner William C. Bryant, manager of the Brooklyn Times and secretary of the American Newspaper Publishers' association, was the first speaker at a dinner on board the Kronprinz Wilhelm a few days ago. He said he expected to be called upon to speak, but not so early in the proceedings. The occasion recalled to him the epitaph on the monument erected to a twenty-eight-year-old man in Connecticut, which read, "I expected this, but not so soon."

The Little Garden.

There is much comfort to be found in a garden. I have watched a poor woman at a little box of flowers at a window, growing radiant with happiness as each bud blossomed and smiled upon her gentle hand. Water your little garden and tend it well. A little love for sunlight, a little sympathy for rain, and the garden of the heart may bloom with beautiful deeds and fragrant thoughts. Though the beauty of the rose is brief, yet the perfume may be preserved, like the memory of a kiss, forever.—Schoolmaster.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

A Remarkable Spring.

As a part of the water resources of the country the United States geological survey is studying the wonderful Florida springs and lakes from which most of the rivers of the state have their rise.

Kingsmen spring, in Polk county, is one of these. The water has a temperature of 70 degrees F. and is strongly impregnated with sulphur, iron and other ingredients that characterize artesian waters in that region. The spring is evidently a natural artesian well.

The water all comes from one point, gushing up vertically with great force through a circular orifice in the bottom of the basin, and, although the basin is thirty feet deep or more, the force is so great that the water directly over the orifice is considerably higher than the surface of the lake at the banks.

While swimming in this delightful pool it is found to be exceedingly difficult to keep in a position over this spring and impossible to sink in the water at that point. The outflow of the spring, as measured by the hydrographers of the geological survey, was found to be 14,000 gallons each minute.

Duties of a Guest.

A guest's obligation begins with the reception of the invitation. It should be either readily and courteously accepted or promptly and courteously declined.

Nothing is more trying to the patience of the hostess and to the temper of the cook than a belated dinner guest. Perhaps no invitation once accepted should be more strictly kept than this one to dine. A guest should be at the hostess' house five minutes before the hour appointed, and to use another's expression, "Nothing but death should hinder."

We should go to any function resolved to be entertaining and easily entertained. An appreciative, responsive, animated guest lifts part of the responsibility from a hostess. If our dinner partner bores us, we can pretend to be interested, and thus show our good breeding and compliment both him and our hostess.—Woman's Home Companion.

An Odd Draft.

A pretty anecdote comes from Brussels illustrating the generous spirit of a banker of that city.

The banker is fond of outdoor exercise. As an exhibition of his skill in skating he made his autograph on the ice in a very artistic manner. Some gentlemen, having admired his signature, proceeded to write above it as follows: "On demand I promise to pay for the benefit of the poor the sum of 5,000 marks."

They sawed out the block of ice and, having called a cab, proceeded to the bank and carried the frozen note of hand-foot, we mean—to the cashier's counter.

The cold temperature happily prevented the melting away of the icy draft, and the banker, having been appealed to, ordered it to be paid.

An American City in England.

Near Manchester, England, there is rapidly being built a new town that will be the home of some 7,000 workmen. The town is unique for England in that it is being built upon strict American lines. The Weston house interests are at the back of the work, for their large electrical plant is located near by, and the inhabitants of the town will be employed in the works. About 1,000 houses have already been erected. The streets are being laid out after the American plan and instead of being named in the English fashion are being numbered consecutively. Both the streets and houses will be lighted by electricity. American ideas of the work of building in charge, and the whole enterprise is a marvel to the Britisher.—Municipal Journal and Engineer.

A Unique Notice.

The Axtell (Kan.) Anchor recently printed the following unique notice: "We wish to bring to the notice of the friends of A. L. Gilland that his physician has cautioned him against any sudden starts or jerks. It has been the custom many times when greeting the old gentleman to take advantage of his extreme ticklishness. The surgeons say that a man of his nature, after undergoing such a critical surgical operation, would be liable to be badly injured by a sudden start. Therefore his friends should not greet him in the old way by poking their finger in his ribs."

The Home of Mrs. Gamp.

Perhaps nothing makes one realize more the extent to which London must have changed during the past thirty or forty years than the disappearance after another of Dickens landmarks. Take, for instance, some of the recent demolitions which have been brought about by the county council's scheme for a Strand to Holborn thoroughfare. Only a few weeks ago the writer went to look once again at the barber's shop in Kingsgate street, Highbury, where Mrs. Gamp was wont to dwell. The whole of Kingsgate street has now disappeared.—Temple Magazine.

Needs of Southern Negroes.