

BANDON RECORDER.

GAVE HIM HIS OWN WAY.

And Then the Customer Brought the Shoe Clerk to Dinner. "Now, there," said the shoe salesman, "is just what you want."

Jonah and the Whale. There is nothing in the original texts of the Bible to show that the creature which we are told swallowed Jonah was really the same animal we call a "whale" in this day and age of the world.

She Pricked Her Finger. A maid employed by a prominent New York family came to her mistress with tears in her eyes not many days after she had been in the household and said that she had pricked her finger with a table fork.

The Java Mangosteen. "The most delicious of all the fruits of Java," writes a correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, "is the mangosteen. For years an enormous reward awaited the man who would bring a basket to the court of Holland, but unfortunately the fruit is too perishable, and to taste it you must go to the country where it grows."

James Settled It. Two boys in a rural Scotch district were one day discussing what sign it was when the cuckoo is heard for the first time in the year. One of them said it was a sign of getting married, while the other said it was a sign that you were going to be rich.

Scottish Thrift. The ferryboat was well on her way when a violent storm arose, and fears were entertained for her safety. The ferryman and his mate, both Scotchmen, held a consultation, and after a short debate the ferryman turned to his passengers and remarked anxiously:

Mistletoe. The prettiest thing about mistletoe is its milky white opalescent berries. The stems and foliage seem to betray the parasite nature of the plant in their unwholesome shade of green, a peculiarly unwholesome shade characterizing the stems. It is an uncanny sort of plant. Most parasites are. Is there anything more positively ghostlike than the plant we know as Indian pipe (monotropa)?

A Gentle Blow. "Remember, my dear brethren," said the minister, "that charity covereth a multitude of sins. I hope you'll be unusually generous in your offering this morning."—Detroit Free Press.

POLLY LARKIN.

"What makes you dig and delve and always be trying to accomplish something when you have been disappointed so many times? Why don't you take things easy, be a sort of 'happy-go-lucky,' like I am? Take a novel—something light that won't tax your brain—throw yourself down on a couch or in a hammock and read and sleep and dream as you feel like; or take a stroll down town and chat with the different ones you meet and look into the show windows and, if your conscience will allow you to do it, you are so precise and blessed, unfortunately, with such a great big bump of pity for unfortunate humanity, you can while away time by looking at things in the stores even if you haven't a cent of money in your purse; just put in some keys and the like to make it jingle and you'll have the clerks' dancing attendance, pulling down this article and that until the counters are piled with lovely things that you can look over at your leisure, for remember you're only killing time. You are a simpleton to kill yourself with work, worry and anxiety, instead of taking things easy. Why can't you remember that you have only one life to live, and make up your mind to get the cream and leave the skimmed milk for somebody else? What is that old adage, 'laugh, dance and be merry, for tomorrow we die'? That's just what I think, and I'm going to get the brightest and best in life while this merry old world wags on, and when my time comes (and I hope it will be a long time coming) I'll answer the summons reluctantly, for this land is fair enough for me. Presto—your time now to express yourself. Didn't dare let you have the floor before, for I know you can talk for hours and not let me get in a word edge-wise. I've had my say, now what have you got to say in excuse for this humdrum life you are leading, never taking into consideration that 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'"

"What have I got to say in answer to this tirade?" laughed her friend who had been the target of all her remarks, "just this, that I'd rather wear out than rust out any day. You butterfly existence wouldn't suit me at all. I may be a hopeless failure at my chosen work, but I will die trying. I know I have met with failures time and again, but it is a long lane that has no turning, and if persistent effort will accomplish what I have set my heart upon, then I can wait patiently for the tide to turn. I will own that there have been days when my heart has been filled with bitterness when one failure was followed by another. But there is one thing I have to be thankful for, I never get so despondent that the little star of hope, which is always serenely burning in my heart, will not presently pierce the gloom with its cheerful light and encourage me to go on. I can't afford to falter, but must push on, knowing no such word as fail."

"Your life wouldn't suit me at all. It is entirely too frivolous. You never read anything that is worth glancing at. In fact it is so trashy that it is not worth while remembering, and it is better so, for such cheap sentimental stories should go in one ear and out the other. Now, I am going to return the compliment; why don't you improve your time by reading only the best of books, something that will lift you out of your common every-day self and tend to give you loftier and higher ambitions than parading the streets, jingling keys in an empty pocket-book, staring in show-windows and annoying clerks who have enough without that to try their souls every day? Do you know a lift of this kind makes us selfish and extremely unthoughtful of others? Don't stop me, you started this sermon, and remember I listened patiently until you got through yours. Why can't you scatter seeds of kindness that will blossom and bring forth fruit instead of thorns, briars and nettles? Your deeds can leave a memory as sweet as the fragrance of violets and as beautiful as the dainty forget-me-nots, wherein are mirrored the azure of Heaven's own blue. You can be as true as steel if you want to, and beloved by all, and yet you are as fickle as the morning mist. You are not stable enough for your own good. They'd say some when you will see it all as I have pictured it to you, mirrored in the past, and you will regret the mispent days; and you are one of the natures that will live in the shadow of regret instead of making the past a sealed book and turning your best energies towards bettering the present and future. You will gaze back on the setting sun long after its glories have faded into the dull gray of the night, instead of facing the rising sun with a resolute heart and a determination to do better. There is much that is noble and lovable in you, but the trouble is that you keep your good qualities in the background. Now is a good time to make better resolves, so turn over a new leaf and show your own true self." "Dear me, in the many years of happy summers that have fallen to my lot I never received a lecture like that. You have made me out in such hideous colors that I am tempted to sing: 'There is a happy land far, far away,' but I will think seriously of turning over that leaf, as pure as innocence, and begin again," replied the young lady, laughing good-humoredly.

Did you ever hear the expression "clerk-worrying"? This, it seems, is a common expression used by ladies who enter a store with no intention of buying, but merely to kill time. They will ask for this article and that, and go from one department to another, requesting the tired clerks to cover the counters with an array of goods, which they will carefully handle, throw down all tumbled over so that they must all be dutifully and neatly arranged again, ask numerous needless questions and walk out, leaving the salesgirls indignant, but helpless to ward off future attacks of the "time-killers". They must be obliging and courteous to customers, although they are sometimes treated beyond endurance. If you should retrace with the "time-killers", or, to use their own expression, "clerk-worryers", they would say calmly: "That's what they are there for, ain't it? It's their business to show goods. Then what are they complaining about?" They don't stop to think that while the accommodating girls are wasting time on the "fashionable deadheads" (they wouldn't be allowed to waste time on the parties with the slender purse, nor would they be so inhuman as to expect it), they are losing cash customers; that means a good deal to one who wishes to send in a good account at the close of the day. "Clerk-worryers" is an ugly and unfeeling expression, quite as bad as "fashionable deadheads" and "time-killers", but they all belong in the same catalogue.

To a Flemish artist belongs the credit of producing what is said to be the smallest painting in the world. It is a picture of a miller mounting the stairs of his mill, and carrying a sack of grain on his back. The mill is depicted as standing near a terrace. Close at hand are the horse and cart, with a few groups of peasants idling in the road nearby. All this is painted on a smooth side of a grain of ordinary white corn. It is necessary to examine it under a microscope and it is drawn with perfect accuracy. Polly has seen a one-handed man—and only two fingers, the index and the middle finger left on the hand—take an ordinary pen and write the "Lord's Prayer" in the space only as big as a dime. How he managed it was a wonder, but every letter was carefully shaded and it was beautifully written.

Cherries for Birds. I have made it a practice in planting cherry orchards to put in a quantity of trees of the early varieties of sweet cherries, says a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker. These trees are given up entirely to birds. We never pick them and never allow a bird to be frightened away from the trees. They live upon these, and by the time our more valuable cherries are ripe we have no trouble from the robins. There will not be even 2 per cent of these cherries picked or damaged by the birds. If every one would make it a point to put in a few extra trees of these early, juicy, sweet cherries, they would have little trouble with their more valuable varieties. Rather than kill off the birds, I would plant cherries and give them the entire crop. It is one of the great drawbacks of fruit culture to-day that we have so few birds inhabiting our orchards, in consequence of which we are forced to carry out the expensive process of spraying, without which, comparatively little fruit of value could be produced. It is a great mistake on the part of fruit-growers to kill off the birds and I find it not only economical to plant cherry trees for them, but that it brings larger numbers to my place, and they are very helpful in keeping down many insects that are not destroyed by spraying.

The Inventor of Champagne. It may be doubted if people have ever reflected upon their indebtedness to the monastic orders in the matter of concocting drinks. Chateauze liqueur carries its origin in its title; so, more or less, does that other liquor, Benedictine, but of all the thousands who annually quaff champagne and pronounce it good, how many could tell that it is the invention of an old Benedictine monk, who 200 years ago, had the idea of blending all the different grapes of the Champagne district in order to secure the highest delicacy and body. The result was what all the world now knows as champagne. Of this beneficent soul it is related that when old and blind he could still distinguish between grapes of different vineyards by the touch.

ANKS OF FACTS.

There is a Difference Between Information and Knowledge. A great many people mistake information for knowledge. What a man most needs is not that he may be possessed of an accumulation of facts, but that he may know where to look for the facts when he wants them. We all know the unpleasant individual who is continually seeking information. You show him about your city and he asks: "How many miles of street railway have you in your city?" "What is the price of ice here this summer?" "How many churches are there here?" "How long has that building been standing?" etc., ad nauseam. You don't know and wonder why he wants to. You know where you can find out, and that is enough for you.

And then there is that equally disagreeable person who actually seems to be a tank of facts. He has more information than anything else and delights in asking you most extraordinary questions. When you confess your ignorance, he will look upon you with pity and exclaim, "What don't you know?" and then tell you when you don't want to know at all. For example, he is much surprised because you don't know how long the Amazon river is. He permits you—nay, he insists—that you should guess, only that he may the better humiliate you. His brain is so incumbered with facts that it is almost useless. Life is too short for a man to try to constitute himself a library of universal knowledge when he has no such knowledge at all ready to hand when it is needed.—Manchester Union.

Speaking Italian. A piece of parliamentary repartee quite as good as the famous retorts in the house of commons and our congress comes from a New England university. Two students ranged against each other in debate grew very warm and took to commenting on each other's words. And then, in most cases, one spoke with much emphasis, letting the stress of his voice fall explosively on certain passages.

How Victor Hugo Worked. Victor Hugo always wrote standing at a high desk especially constructed for him, throwing off sheet after sheet quite as fast as he could. It would be quite snowed up in leaves of foolscap. He often rose in the middle of the night to note down an idea or a verse. He got up for the day usually at 6 o'clock and would devote from six to eight hours per diem to his work. He made but few corrections, his poems being thought out complete in his brain before he put pen to paper. It is a well known fact that he indulged in the arduous task of composition while traversing the streets of Paris on the top of an omnibus. When working out some great conception, he would spend hours in this way.

A Tough Steak. "On the other side of the Rio Grande," said a traveler, "meat is cheap, but the best cuts of Mexican beef are tougher than rhinoceros hide. When I first went to Mexico, I ordered a tenderloin at a hotel in Durango, but I couldn't cut it to save my neck. I told the waiter it wouldn't do, and he removed it." "Presently, however, he returned, accompanied by the proprietor of the hotel, and laid the platter on the table. 'What's the matter with the steak?' asked the hotel man in Spanish. 'Tough,' said I. 'Why, I can hardly stick a fork into it—much less a knife.' 'Mine host flapped it over with the flat of the knife and eyed it dubiously. 'I'm sorry,' he said, 'but it's the best in the house. At any rate, I can't take it back. It's best.'"

The Kadiak and the Rascal. Ever to the adventures of a down-right swindler who hung about his court at Cairo and afterward pursued his wanderings ismail extended a good natured, half contemptuous patronage. He liked a rogue far better than a fool. Once, when he had formally forbidden his door to a flagrant offender, the man, who knew his character, got a ladder and climbed into the viceroys' room, remarking, "I have obeyed your highness' commands and have crossed your threshold by the window and not by the door." The humor of the thing at once appealed to Ismail, and the offender was reinstated in his favor.—Atheneum.

The Kadiak Bear. The largest-known living carnivorous animal is the Kadiak bear. Although the fattest creature in the western continent, the Kadiak bear has the most limited habitat of any animal in the world. The island of Kadiak, just off the western coast of Alaska, is the only place where it is found. The largest one killed by a white man measured fifteen feet in length and was six feet high at the shoulders. Standing upon his hind legs, this monster would tower nearly twenty feet in the air.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Saving His Mate. On one occasion at a crowded performance at the Royal theater in Sydney, N. S. W., a number of years ago a couple of sailors who had been drinking were seated in the gallery. One lost his balance and fell into the stalls. The other immediately cried, "Man overboard!" and dived after his companion. With the proverbial luck of drunken sailors the first escaped with a broken leg and the second without a scratch.

Where the Shoe Pinched. Valet—Doctor, don't you find that master is growing terribly thin? Doctor—No harm in that, friend. He was getting too fat. He will be much better in health when he is thinner. Valet (disappointed)—Very likely, only I shan't be able to wear his clothes.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

A Mysterious Assassination Plot. "One of the sealed tragedies, which it now seems will never be unsealed, is the attempted assassination of President Diaz of Mexico," said Mr. George Babcock of the City of Mexico. "The details of the affair were never made public, but I happened to be in close touch with some inside officials at the time and got as much of the story as any one ever knew. A fellow named Arroya tried to stab Diaz on the plaza in front of the government building one afternoon. He did not reach the president, but was captured and incarcerated. Three days later, while he was waiting investigation and trial, he was bound to a board and stabbed to death, by whom it was never discovered."

Retentive "Imprisonment." The sentence of two and a quarter years' imprisonment in a fortress which has been passed on the German officer Lieutenant Thieme, who lately shot dead a student of Jena in a duel, is by no means so severe as it looks. "Festungs-arrest" in Germany is a comparatively pleasant affair. The offenders have an agreeable barrack room placed at their disposal, from which they can emerge at stated hours and enjoy a penitential walk about the confines of the fortress, and they may have a servant to wait upon them. "There are few officers thus 'incarcerated' who do not relish the change from the disciplinary rigor of the barrack yard to the delightful promenade afforded them within the precincts of such picturesquely situated fortresses as Koenigsstein on the Elbe, or Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine, where they are deprived of almost no privileges save the empty one of wearing their swords. And then, too, in most cases about five-sevenths of their nominal 'time' is always remitted them, especially in cases of dueling, when they resume their career in a new garrison.—London Chronicle.

Criminal Jewelry. In accordance with French custom, there has just been a curious sale by auction in Paris. The objects disposed of consisted mainly of jewelry consisting of bracelets, necklaces, earrings, and other articles, which had been found on convicted criminals and unclaimed by any person with a legal title to the property. In proclaiming the virtues of the articles offered to the public the auctioneer was able to uncannily dwell on the circumstances that a particular ring had encircled the finger of an assassin on the day of the commission of his crime and that a necklace had been habitually worn by an interesting lady sent to penal servitude. It has been found that most of these jewels, being limitations merely of precious metals and stones, would fetch next to nothing if sold in the ordinary way, but by appealing to the imagination of the morbid in connection with criminals and crime they invariably realize fancy prices and add to the state exchequer.—London Tatler.

Signal For All Nations. For some time a novel alarm signal has been in use on the Alps, and so successful has it proved that several European journals are now suggesting that it be made international instead of merely local. The signal consists of a shout or whistle or a gunshot, which must be repeated six times. A traveler who loses his way on the Alps can also give the alarm by brandishing a lighted lantern six times at regular intervals. The essential feature of the signal is that the shout or the whistle or the gunshot must be repeated six times—no more and no less. Before, however, he goes to the assistance of the person in need he must let him know that his appeal for help has been heard, and this he is to do either by shouting or whistling three times or by firing three shots.

To Launder Their Trousers. The white trousers of the West Pointers are giving the authorities of the Military Academy a good deal of trouble. It is found that it will be necessary to make some special provision for the means to keep such garments in the best condition. It is proposed to spend, as soon as congress will appropriate the money, about a thousand dollars in the purchase of laundry machinery, including two ironers, one starch separator and one starch tumbling machine. The use of this machinery will save time and labor in the ironing of the 2,000 pairs of white trousers which must be done each week.

Hoarding Los Angeles. "If Los Angeles keeps up its present pace, in less than two decades it will have gone ahead of San Francisco in population," says a resident of that city. "The building permits now aggregate a weekly construction of \$300,000, and there isn't enough building material or men to carry on the work. The completion of an interoceanic canal will make our town the metropolis of the coast. We will then be able to get our fruits through to New York in fourteen days instead of twenty-eight, as at present."

An Energetic Retort. "My tastes," said the extravagant son, "are inherited." "Yes," retorted the angry father; "everything you have is inherited. You haven't gumption enough to acquire even a taste by individual effort."—Chicago Post.

"Hope Springs Eternal." Many a man who thought yesterday that all was lost has a more hopeful view of life this morning. The world will be normal by tomorrow.—St. Paul Globe.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Had Often Paid For It. Edouard de Reszke is telling a story which he seems to relish mightily, says the New York Times, even though the joke is upon himself and his distinguished brother. It was during their last season in Paris together. In their apartments at a certain hotel the brothers often practiced slinging together of mornings. One day while thus engaged they were annoyed by a loud hammering on the wall of the apartment adjoining theirs. Thinking their neighbors were hanging pictures, they tried to sing on.

When the racket had continued with unabated vigor for about ten minutes, however, it began to grow intolerable. The brothers paused to consider the question. Then they noticed that the noise had stopped. Instantly they recommenced their practice, encouraged to hope for peace. In another moment, however, the sound of hammering again broke in upon their singing, this time so loudly as to seriously interfere with good results. After persevering against the disturbance for some minutes longer Jean descended to the office to ask if the repairs could not be made at some other time.

Returned After Many Days. Irving Bachelier, the author, speaking recently of the surprising manner in which the faculty of attaching faces and names occasionally manifests itself, recited an interesting experience of his own. "I was going down the street a few days ago," he said, "when I came face

DISTRESSING ASTHMA.

To Be Cured This Disease Must Be Fought in Early Stages. In popular usage asthma is a term employed to describe a well known condition, yet it is significant of the broadened knowledge of disease in general that, as a distinct disease, the name is applied in a more and more restricted sense by physicians.

For example, the asthma of which Dr. Johnson complains in his later years, as recorded by Roswell, is so clearly set forth by the faithful biographer that the modern physician is even now able to determine that an affection of the heart was responsible for it.

Asthma is often a family affection and is frequently traceable to parents, grandparents or great-grandparents. Most sufferers are of an excitable, emotional or nervous temperament. It bears a rather striking analogy to epilepsy in that its attacks are characterized by suddenness and influenced by strong emotions, like fear or grief, and not infrequently occur at night, when the sufferer may be plunged from deep sleep into an attack. In both diseases excitement during the day is often followed by attacks.

Physicians believe, however, that a high strung organization alone is not sufficient to develop the disorder, but that some other source of irritation must be added—that is, some faulty state of the system elsewhere, like disease of the digestive tract, harmful factors circulating in the blood, obstacles to free breathing in the nose and others.

Whatever may be the source they must be dealt with energetically and at an early stage, since long standing cases of asthma invariably develop changes in the lungs and heart which are permanent. The disease can then be dealt with only by measures aimed at palliating and cutting short the separate attacks and with no reasonable hope of an actual, permanent cure.

For the young sufferer and for those in the early attacks of asthma the writer would emphasize the necessity of a thorough search for and the removal of any and every error in hygienic living in order to avoid the suffering of the chronic asthmatic and the further diseases which it brings in its train.—Youth's Companion.

COMPLETED PROVERBS. "Labor overcometh all things," even the laborer. "Only that which is honestly got is gain," the rest is velvet. "Ignorance is the mother of impudence," no father is named. "Let a child have its will, and it will not cry," but its parents will. "Pity is akin to love," but kinship does not always signify friendship. "Whate'er is best administered is best" for the one who administers. "Employment brings enjoyment" when it brings the means to enjoy. "Possession is nine points of the law" and frequently all the profits. "A man who will not flee will make his foes flee," but what if his foes be made of the same metal? "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," is the cry of those who are well in front.

A Turquoise Peculiarity. About one woman in three cannot wear turquoise without turning green. Some turquoise will turn green after being worn by any woman. Jewellers of the first class guarantee to replace turquoise if they turn green, and the annual cost of the replacements is stupendous. One jewel house has tried the experiment of having all its employees go around with dozens of turquoise strapped next to their skin to try to detect the green ones, but even when they have passed this test some of them will be brought back by customers, having turned a hideous green. No reason is known for the changing of color.

Moody and the Questionable Book. Some one asked the late Dwight L. Moody if he had read a certain book. He replied: "No; I have had it in my hand. At least I have had it on good authority." The friend said, "But wouldn't it be well for you to read it for yourself?" "No," said Mr. Moody. "If I take poison in my stomach, the doctor has to come with a stomach pump to take it out. Why should I take poison in my mind? I might never be able to get it out."—Margaret Bottoms in Ladies' Home Journal.

On Proper Vaccination. It should be made clear that proper vaccination is the only known method of specific value in conferring immunity from smallpox. The comparatively short duration of this immunity should be insisted upon, and a simple, intelligible description of the ordinary course of a proper vaccination should be added. It would be extremely useful, in view of the wide diffusion of anti-vaccination literature, to make the frank admission that in the days of arm to arm vaccination accidental inoculation with other diseases, although extremely unlikely, was theoretically possible, but that the modern method of glycerinated calf lymph has now destroyed even the remote possibility of such intrinsic danger.—Saturday Review.

Extreme Cravity. Employer—Mr. Slack, would you like to have an increase in salary? Employee—Would I? I should say I would! Employer—Well, let me tell you, then, that unless you get down here earlier and work a great deal harder you'll never get it in this world.—Chicago News.

His Fall. Customer—I understand that your chef has been discharged. Waiter—Yes, sir. He has gone to a place where they call him a cook.

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