

BANDON RECORDER.

NOT A LOVE KNOT.

Embarrassing Experience of a Woman in a Street Car. A handsomely dressed lady riding recently in a crowded Amsterdam avenue car was fortunate enough to have a seat, but when nearing her destination she noticed that the lacing of her shoe was unfastened. It was the work of a moment, but a very trying moment, to stoop down and knot it securely. When this was accomplished, her hat fell readjusted and her gloves once more carefully put on, it was time to signal the conductor. This she did and after two vain attempts to rise looked around indignantly to find the cause of her retarded movements. She came face to face with a very irate gentleman who had been sitting next to her.

STOCKTON'S KIND HEART.

The Author's Profound Respect For the Feelings of Others. In the old days when Frank R. Stockton was my associate in editing Heath and Home he invented or created a Marcus Aurelius in his own person of an imaginary office boy. Every week he would fill a column or two with a grotesque account of the doings and sayings of his fictitious Marcus Aurelius. At last the worm turned. Our actual office boy, a youth of unusual seriousness, requested him to stop the Marcus Aurelius humor.

The Effects of Artillery. It has long been a commonplace that the effects of artillery are mainly "moral," but for all that the introduction of new explosives, lyddite especially, and of quicker firing guns had insensibly revived the belief in the great material value of artillery. It would be gratuitous to say that artillery has had a great downfall in general estimation—among those who have always taken a sane view of its uses we do not think it has—but we may fairly say that relatively to artillery the rifle has gained in reputation. We know now that lyddite, although it may make short work of a mahl's tomb, is of little use against earthworks, especially when it falls on very soft ground, and that the stories of men whose senses left them and whose teeth shook in their heads because they happened to be within a quarter of a mile of an explosion of lyddite were mere moonshine.—Spectator.

Tracing Responsibility. A woman bought a cloth skirt ready made of a reputable firm. After wearing it for several days she discovered damaged spots in the front breadth. She took it back to the shop where she had bought it and was told that the error would be corrected for. "It is not our fault, however," said the foreman, "and we will have to send it to the factory from which we bought it. It is up to them to make it good."

A Feature of His Business. "I thought she was a woman of unbreakable will," said the man with the bottled coat. "And so she was," said the man with the incandescent whiskers. "Yet you tell me that she is completely subservient to her husband," went on the first man.

Royal Repartee. It is related that once, when the Earl of Lauderdale was at dinner with King Charles, he remarked to the king: "There is a good saying that fools make feasts and wise men eat them."

Innocent Girl. Sarcastic Father—Julia, that young man Smily has been here three nights in succession, and it has been nearly midnight when he left. Hadn't you better invite him to bring his trunk and make his home with us?

Leading Him On. He—Would your mother let you go to the theater without a chaperon? She—Not unless I was engaged.—Brooklyn Life.

POLLY LARKIN.

Little do we realize when we are going about shivering and complaining of the cold in our own genial California climate, where the cold never reaches a point where it cannot be borne with comparative comfort, of the distress and horrors in Eastern cities where people are freezing to death every day and with a fuel famine staring them in the face, and yet with the knowledge that there is enough coal to relieve them of their distress if grasping men, totally oblivious of suffering humanity and the harvest of death, were not withholding that which means life, comfort and happiness to a suffering people. The indifference is almost beyond belief and the horrible truth is chronicled in the Eastern cities every day and flashed over the wires to astonish the world that in this age of civilization and in a Christian land such a sad state of affairs should exist. This struggle for the almighty dollar blinds them to the terrible state of affairs, and they ease their guilty conscience by stating that the coal strikes are to blame for the whole trouble; that there would have been plenty of coal if they had attended to business or let men who were willing to work alone. They may feel regret for the people who have to suffer because of the long-protracted coal strike, but for the strikers and their families not a grain of pity is bestowed. They are reaping their own harvest, let them feel the weight of the distress that follows in its wake. It is a terrible calamity that has spread its vampire wings over an innocent people, and in such an emergency it seems that the Government should be able to confiscate every ton of coal until the cold wave has passed and deal it out to the needy. Plenty of men were abundantly able to pay for the coal, but it was not to be had at any price. Men who would have scorned to be dishonest before now did not hesitate to steal coal or anything else that would keep the spark of life from going out in their suffering families.

People died in their homes and on the streets, and the suffering was something frightful. It was one of the times in the history of man when money didn't count. In one city preachers, lawyers, editors, merchants, in fact the most influential people in the place, banded together with the poor and needy and took forcible possession of sixteen carloads of coal, which was distributed even to the coal dust. The railroad employees were powerless to prevent the determined crowd of men from accomplishing their purpose, and I don't doubt but at heart they were glad that it went to relieve the intense suffering in the town. In one place the jails were filled with people in all standard forms of crime, arrested for stealing coal, and when they were brought up for trial the judge dismissed the cases and told the police officers that they were not to arrest man, woman or child for the theft of coal or any other fuel, for they would not be prosecuted. Would that there were more like him when it comes to dealing out justice, but they are few and far between. A wealthy woman's house was ransacked during her absence and every stick of fuel, every particle of coal, removed from her house, while jewelry, money and silverware of great value were un molested. It was the fuel that kept life in them they wanted, that and nothing more. Of what use were diamonds and rubies and other priceless gems when their families were freezing to death? A sack of coal was more precious than the most costly gems. This coal famine and all of its accompanying horrors is a black page in our history that can never be blotted out, and the sacrifice of the scores of lives can be laid at the doors of the managers of the coal combinations. The grim reaper could extend the hand of good-fellowship to these men, for they have been wonderfully helpful to him in gathering in his harvest of death.

The oldest weather in California would be like a breath of balmy spring to the Easterners who are bound in the fetters of ice and snow. We are in the midst of fruits and flowers and an abundance of fresh vegetables all at modest prices, for the poorest families are not denied these luxuries. The fish markets are teeming with fresh fish of many kinds, crabs, lobsters, oysters and clams, and our meat markets filled with the choicest of meats. If there is a case of destitution in our midst the attention of the public need only be called to the sad state of affairs and people vie with each other to help the unfortunate. California is a good country to live in and its people are generous and whole-souled, and there is no danger of fuel or other famines to strike terror to the hearts of its people and paralyze its business interests.

The greatest rest comes from freedom of mind. We can keep our minds free if we will but learn how. Let them take up one thing at a time and be content. The Indus, the second sacred river of India, is 1700 miles long. Its waters have always been considered almost as holy as those of the Ganges. Over a thousand bunches of grapes have appeared on a vine now growing near Boren, in the Tyrol.

Somebody figures that there are 1,437 remedies for rheumatism. But it gets there just the same. By refusing to listen to secrets one is saved unlimited trouble. Some people take care of their money and neglect their stomachs.

THE MATRON'S SPEECH.

eloquence that quelled a riot in a Military Hospital. In the "Memories of a Hospital Matron" a writer in the Atlantic Monthly, who was head of a Confederate hospital during the war, relates this exciting incident:

"Our steward, a meek little man, came to me one day, pale with-fright, and said that the convalescents had stormed the bakery, taken out the half cooked bread and scattered it about the yard, beaten the baker and threatened to hang the steward. I hurried to the scene to throw myself into the breach before the surgeon should arrive with the guard and arrest the offenders. I found the new bakery, built on the ground and 200 excited men clamoring for the bread which they declared, the steward withheld from them from meanness or stole for his own benefit. "And what do you say of the matron? I asked, rushing among them. "Do you think that she, through whose hands the bread must pass, is a party to the theft? Do you accuse me, who have nursed you through months of illness, making you chicken soup when we had not seen a chicken for a year, forcing an old broastone to do duty for months for those unreasonable fellows who wanted to see the chicken; me, who gave you a greater variety in peas than was ever known before and who lately stewed your rats when the cook refused to touch them? And this is your gratitude! You tear down my bakehouse, beat my baker and want to hang my steward?"

To my surprise the angry men laughed and cheered. A few days later there came to me a committee of two sheepish looking fellows to ask my acceptance of a ring. Each of the poor men had subscribed something from his pittance, and their old enemy, the steward, had been sent to town to make the purchase. Accompanying the ring was a bit of dirty paper on which was written, "For our chief matron, in honor of her brave conduct on the day of the bread riot."

The veterinarian was vaccinating a big Newfoundland dog. The animal was muzzled and an assistant held its head, says the Philadelphia Record. A space the size of a silver dollar was shaved clean on its back, and here the virus was being applied. "I choose this spot to work on," said the surgeon, "because the dog can't scratch himself here. If I vaccinated him on the leg he would be apt to irritate the wound and make it very sore. The vaccination of dogs is new," he went on, "but it is a very good thing. I wonder that it was never tried before this year. Many valuable dogs have died from time to time of smallpox. There have, indeed been cases where whole packs of hounds have contracted the disease, and their killing has been necessary. I advocate every pup's vaccination. When dogs take smallpox they take it badly. Their death is nearly always bound to follow. When they recover they are not disfigured, their hair hiding the pockmarks, but they so seldom recover that this fact hardly counts for much. Vaccination is the thing for valuable dogs."

Birds' Nests and Cocoons. The wanderer afield in winter will observe many secrets of the birds and insects, says Country Life of America. In the trees and bushes you may find where the vireo had her nest in June and where the yellow warbler dwelt in peace and seclusion. Every thicket and strip of woodland has something of this nature to tell. And for sharp eyes there is most—the present abiding places of a great host of the insect world. You will find cocoons, apparently withered leaves hanging from the twigs of wild cherry trees, little silken bundles bound fast to the stems of stout weeds or slender saplings, cottony little packages on the under side of old rails. In fact there is almost no end to the places you will find them, or the queer shapes they will be in when once you have trained your eyes to see and recognize them. A collection of cocoons will afford many hours of pleasure and delightful surprises when the sleeping tenants begin to waken in the spring.

A remarkable specimen of street naming in Toledo, the ancient capital of Spain, is cited by a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. It is called "Calle del Diablo Pertercia al Ayuntamiento," or in English, "The Devil-Belongs-to-the-Municipal-Council-street."

A novelty in footwear is to be seen in the window of a Strand (London) boot-maker. This is a pair of boots made of donkey hide, tanned in Spain. It is stated that they are the only pair of the kind in London. The greatest rest comes from freedom of mind. We can keep our minds free if we will but learn how. Let them take up one thing at a time and be content.

Second Pianist—Splendid! There were two men, three women and a boy. The boy, I afterward learned, was employed about the place, and the two men came in for shelter, as it was raining at the time, but the three women were all right. They came to hear me, I know, for I gave them the passes myself.—Boston Transcript.

Casey—You're looking pretty bad this mornin', but ye seem happy enough. Cassidy—Indade O! am. It makes me feel great to think of the turkie too'ache O! had last night. Casey—Purby should that make ye so happy? Cassidy—Bekase O! haven't got it this mornin', that's phwly.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Dodging "Women." A curious story of a wealthy old recluse is told by a correspondent in Household Words.

Not a hundred miles from London and about five miles from a railway station, he says, stands a large house in beautiful grounds. Two rooms only in this house are occupied, one by the owner and the other by his servant. The staircase is never used, and communication between the two rooms is by a hole in the floor and a rope ladder. The owner's meals when cooked are passed up through this hole.

The chief peculiarity, however, of this eccentric being is that twice a week, late at night, he comes down his rope ladder dressed as a tramp. He walks the five miles to the station referred to, where he has a private room. Here he changes his clothes, emerges in full evening dress and goes by the last train up to London. It has been ascertained that he then takes a cab to one of the big clubs in the neighborhood of Pall Mall. What he does at the club is not known, but he returns by the first (newspaper) train in the morning, when he repairs to his room at the station, puts on the tramp's clothes again and returns to his house, where he resumes his peculiar mode of life.

He has never been known to speak to any one in the village, and no one can give a reason for his quaint behavior, but local gossip has it that he was filled as a young man and vowed that he would never again speak to a woman, nor so far as he could avoid it, look at one again.

The editor of Household Words vouches for the veracity of his correspondent.—London Mail.

Thought It Was Tax on Babies. Female suffrage sometimes leads to amusing mistakes. A candidate at a recent election in Australia, where the women have votes, tells a story in this connection. The constituency was a seaport town, and one of the burning issues before the electors was the question of herbage rates. A woman voter came to him and asked whether he was in favor of imposing these herbage rates, because if he was she would take good care that neither her husband nor herself would vote for him. A little discussion of the matter revealed the fact that the woman was under the impression that the question of herbage rates related to a poll tax on babies. That candidate now doubts whether the average female voter is not under a delusion, or, perhaps, say, a spell.

A Wild Disappoinment. "I don't suppose it is generally known, but nevertheless it is a fact that the ladies are great consumers of peanuts," remarked the proprietor of a fruit stand located on a prominent downtown street corner. "I am somewhat of an observer and have been forced to take note of this particular feature of my business. "Nearly every night belated husbands stop here and load their outer pockets with the festive goober, the purchase of less than two bags being an exception. To my mind the peanut trade has made serious inroads upon the dried oyster business, for my regular customers tell me that their wives prefer warm goobers to bivalves done up in cracker crumbs for a late supper."—Washington Star.

"Land of the Fan God." It is interesting to know that Oklahoma, with its possibilities of statehood, is known locally as "The Land of the Fan God." Just why the adjective is not applied, in fact is so puzzling that a number of correspondents are concerned about the question. The government or habitually uses the phrase, but one writer says: "Governor Ferguson is not alone in his habitual use of this phrase, for every one of the territory's governors, from Steele down has delighted to use it. And so, too, has nearly every other citizen of the territory. But whether or not one of the governors, or any other citizen, has understood just what it meant I am in doubt."

Didn't Know About Cashboys. Uncle Podunk (shopping in town, to saleswoman)—How much for them socks? Saleswoman—Twenty-five cents a pair. Uncle Podunk (putting his hand in his pocket)—All right. Gimme a pair. Saleswoman—Yes, sir. Cash, here! C-a-a-a-h!

Uncle Podunk—Thunder and mud, woman! Ye needn't bother it so darn loud! I know it's cash here, an' ain't I feelin' fit as fast as I kin?—New York Times.

Quickhands. Quickhands have a horrible fascination for writers and readers of fiction, and the reality is every bit as bad as fancy paints it. One of the most remarkable quicksand accidents occurred years ago in New Zealand. Two prospectors were wading across the mouth of a small stream running into the sea in the north island of New Zealand. Both stepped into a quicksand. One who merely touched the edge of it got loose. The other sank rapidly and, in spite of his companion's efforts, was sucked under. When an attempt was made to recover the body, it was found that the sand was curiously rich in gold. From a single ton of it \$300 worth of gold was washed.—Pearson's.

His Audience. First Pianist—Did you have much of an audience at your recital yesterday afternoon? Second Pianist—Splendid! There were two men, three women and a boy. The boy, I afterward learned, was employed about the place, and the two men came in for shelter, as it was raining at the time, but the three women were all right. They came to hear me, I know, for I gave them the passes myself.—Boston Transcript.

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NEW SHORT STORIES

Formal Preliminaries. M. E. Ingalls, prominent in railroad affairs in the middle west, has a rule that callers must send in their names from an outer office and await his summons if he desires to admit them. It is told of him that not a great while ago the rule was ignored by a stranger, who swung wide the door, let it close with a bang and jerkily asked:

"Ingalls in?" "I am Mr. Ingalls," replied the railroad man, his cholera rising. "So?" queried the stranger. "Letter for you." And he handed over an envelope. When Mr. Ingalls read the contents, he appeared surprised and asked: "Do you know what this says?" "Yes," replied the stranger. "Station agent in our town said you'd give me a job if I brought that to you."

"Indeed!" commented Ingalls ironically. "Well, do you not think your chances would be better if you at least knocked before entering and asked for 'Mr. Ingalls instead of merely 'Ingalls'?" The stranger looked discomfited, reached for the letter and slowly left. Before Ingalls recovered from his surprise there was a knock on the door, and, responding to his "Come in," the stranger re-entered softly, removed his hat and gently inquired: "Is Mr. Ingalls in, sir?" The magnate, deeply impressed with the fact that his little lecture had produced quick results, said cheerily: "Yes, my friend, I am here. What can I do for you?"

"Do for me?" came the answer. Then, louder: "Do for me? You can go to the devil for me, you baldheaded little duffer! That's what you can do!" And he departed, slamming the door.

One He Couldn't Imitate. Charles Hallock is noted for his ability to imitate the mannerisms and tricks of speech of his various friends. "I have been reading the delightful memoirs of Jules Janin, who was a clever critic," he observed recently, "and I am lost in admiration of Olivier, the famous French actor. It seems he possessed incredible powers of mimicry, and, according to Janin, he could assume the voice, gesture and facial expression of any person he chanced to meet. One day he called on his tailor to ask him for a little more time on an account that had been running for three years. At that moment he saw a customer enter the shop and pay for several articles of clothing which were immediately delivered. Then the actor heaved a deep sigh of pain.

"What is the matter with you?" inquired the tailor. "Alas!" replied Olivier, "there is a man I shall never be able to imitate!"—New York Times.

Forgot the Coal Hole. Senators and members of congress have been having great fun with the president's new business quarters since they returned to Washington for the session. During the summer they read a great deal about the structure and how art was concealed in art in the making of a harmonious exterior and interior. In front of the main entrance of the president's building there is a coal hole. At the same door stands a galvanized garbage can which serves as an umbrella holder. The architects had forgotten all about the coal hole until it was too late to put it elsewhere than in the most conspicuous place, and the umbrella holder was totally unprovided for until one of the doorkeepers thought of the garbage can.

"I never knew how much art concealed by art there was in my district until I called on the president," said Congressman Sulzer, who represents a poor district in New York. "Why, almost every house in my district has a garbage can at the front door, and we are so proud of our coal holes that frequently we don't cover them up."—Chicago Tribune.

Another Speech Due. John Wesley Gaines, representative from Tennessee, gets by the Congressional Record more times than any other man in the house. Mr. Gaines makes a speech or asks a question on every possible occasion. A constituent asked a page to bring Mr. Gaines out to the lobby. "Can't do it," said the boy. "Because he's only spoken six times this afternoon, and he's due to make another speech in a minute."—Washington Star.

The Curious Crowd. "They're raising a safe into the tenth story next door." "Yes, and there are a lot of people down below who don't seem to realize that the safe side of the street is the side directly opposite to the safe's side."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard.

Customer—The metal in that knife you sold me is as soft as putty. It got dull the first time I used it. Dealer—Yes, but think how easy it will be to sharpen.—New York Weekly.

Hard Luck. She—Because I cannot marry you do not be disheartened. You must face the world bravely. He—It isn't a question of the world; I've got to face my creditors.

All in the Draw. Wigg—Many a woman discovers that she has married the wrong man. Wagg—Well, I've heard that marriage sometimes makes another man of a fellow.—Philadelphia Record.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

The nightly attendance at the London theaters averages 54,000 persons. Upward of 4,000 British postoffice employees served in the South African campaign.

Taxes on foreign visitors and residents are proposed in the Vaud canton, Switzerland. The bulk of the cranberries of this country come from the part of eastern Massachusetts which lies near Cape Cod.

Several agents have been sent to South Africa by the Hungarian government to study the commercial situation. By applying glucose or glycerin to their roots a French scientist declares that he has been able to stimulate the growth of plants.

At Plintz, near Dresden, is the largest camellia in Europe. It is 160 years old, about fifty feet high and has 50,000 blossoms each season. When the New York postoffice was built, its annual receipts were \$2,892,037. They are now \$11,670,574. In a few years they will be \$20,000,000.

Forest covers 36 per cent of Russia's total area, or in all 464,500,000 acres. In other words, there are four acres of forest to every inhabitant of Russia. Swiss cowbells have been introduced into the Himalayas as a protection for cattle against tigers. The tigers are said to run as soon as they hear the bells.

To rid themselves of the competition of the cheap products of prison labor Austrian manufacturers want their government to transport convicts beyond the sea. Near Bury St. Edmunds, England, an angler recently caught a pike weighing twenty-three and three-quarter pounds. It was 3 feet 7 1/2 inches long and 20 inches in girth.

The Germans excel every other nation in the preservation, management and development of forests, realizing that they have not only a commercial but a national economic value. The National museum is visited annually by about 250,000 people, and there are now on display in the building more than 5,000,000 objects pertaining to anthropological, biological and geological sciences.

Secretary Langley of the Smithsonian institution in his annual report to congress lays much stress upon the fact that additional space is required to relieve the congested condition of the present museum building. With the approval of the minister of the interior the Austrian league to combat the white slave traffic will establish branches in all the important towns and frontier stations of Austria and take active means to suppress the traffic.

It is possible that Florida phosphate will meet a serious competitor in the recently discovered deposits on Ocean island, northwest of the Solomon islands, which seem to be superior to either Florida or Christmas island phosphate. The Belgian Archeological society reports that in the course of boring near Borningen, Belgium, rock salt was discovered at a depth of 900 feet. It is expected that this discovery will greatly increase the commercial wealth of Belgium.

Last year 2,075 English ships went through the Suez canal, 511 German, 281 French, 230 Netherlands, 138 Austria-Hungarian, 129 Japanese, 57 Japanese, 87 Italian, 35 Spanish, 47 Norwegian, 20 Danish, 40 Turkish and 25 United States. The fruit brick is the latest form of preserve. It is rectangular or disk shaped and done up in oiled tissue paper. The consistency is that of a small gumdrop, and being composed largely of sugar, the flavor of the fruit is retained admirably.

It is reported that the Russian minister of the interior is considering a project for nationalizing the medical profession so that all doctors and chemists would be state officials. A commission has been appointed to collect information on the subject. The aggregate capitalization of the industries in Pittsburg is more than \$2,500,000,000. The production of steel in Pittsburg in 1901 equaled half that of Germany, twice that of France, five times that of Russia or Belgium and twenty-five times that of Spain.

The Chinese of New York are planning to erect a hospital in the Chinatown of that city where their sick may be treated by physicians of their own race. This hospital, if it is established, is to be conducted on the oriental plan and will be a distinct oddity in this country. New York and Louisiana capitalists have combined to construct an irrigating canal sixty-four miles long which will pass through 200,000 acres of rich rice lands and the old belt. An electric road is to be built along the bank. The source of supply is the Atchafalaya river, a branch of the Mississippi.

The Petit Bleu publishes a prediction by the meteorologist Herr Zinger of Prague, who is of the opinion that Martians are probably other West Indian islands will be virtually destroyed by volcanic eruptions in 1903. He points out that the most violent disturbances on record have occurred in years ending with the figure 3. The armament of Fort Shema, consisting of two thirty-eight and two eighteen ton guns, has been condemned as unserviceable. On consideration it was found that the freight of these guns to England would be greater than their present intrinsic value and that they could not be offered for sale in Malta as there are not the requisite tools for breaking them up and utilizing their iron and steel. The four guns were consequently thrown into the sea at Ghar-Iddid, near Fort Shema.

The Philanthropist. George-Paw, wot is a philanthropist? Father—An easy mark, my son.—Ohio State Journal.

It is remarkable how rich a girl's father always becomes in the dispatches right after she has eloped or gone on the stage.—Detroit Free Press.

Nearchus, the admiral of Alexander the Great, noted the growth of the sugar cane in India B. C. 325.

There's a man I shall never be able to imitate!"—New York Times.

Professor Wesley, teacher of philosophy in the University of Michigan, declares that he has made the interesting discovery that girls hear sounds in capable of detection by boys' ears. He said to his class: "In the university laboratories it has been discovered that girls' ears hear a higher range of sounds than do those of boys. Masculine ears have a lower range than feminine, of course, and it is quite possible that they detect lower toned sounds."

Pastor Was Also Fined. At Luchow, in Germany, 129 fathers have been fined a few cents apiece for allowing their children under ten years of age to dance at the harvest festival of a village near by. The village pastor objected to the dancing and reported the case to the police. It was discovered, however, that his children had danced, too, and he was fined with the rest.

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THE COOKBOOK.

To prevent eggs from cracking when they are boiling, place a pin in the saucpan. If you get too much salt in the gravy, a pinch of brown sugar will remedy the saltiness without hurting the gravy in the least.

When onions are of too strong flavor to be pleasant for sauce, boil a turnip with them, but remove it before using the onions. Never fry more than six oysters at once unless you have a very large kettle of fat. If more are cooked, they will soak grease and take a long time to brown.

Don't forget that mincemeat is a great deal better to be made a week or ten days before it is to be used. The spices and cider, etc., have this time to permeate the apple and meat. Peanut salad is an excellent accompaniment for roast duck. Soak a cupful of peanut meats in olive oil, drain and mix lightly with two cupfuls of finely cut celery and a dozen pitted olives. Serve with mayonnaise dressing on lettuce leaves.

Plea For the Wooden Shoe. "We have wisely taken to wearing sandals," says a Philadelphia physician. "I hope that before long we will learn the advantage of the wooden shoe, or sabot. Do you know that a great many diseases are due to leather shoes, due to the wearing all day long of tight leather that is often, in bad weather, water soaked? And do you know that by the wearing of wooden shoes, which keep the feet dry and which do not 'draw,' all those diseases might be avoided? I have several pairs of sabots, and so have my wife and children. They cost about 30 cents a pair and keep the feet dry, without cramping them or making them unhealthily tender. I believe that the wisest thing Americans could do would be to take up the sandals and the sabot, discarding altogether the shoe of leather."

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His Audience. First Pianist—Did you have much of an audience at your recital yesterday afternoon? Second Pianist—Splendid! There were two men, three women and a boy. The boy, I afterward learned, was employed about the place, and the two men came in for shelter, as it was raining at the time, but the three women were all right. They came to hear me, I know, for I gave them the passes myself.—Boston Transcript.

Casey—You're looking pretty bad this mornin', but ye seem happy enough. Cassidy—Indade O! am. It makes me feel great to think of the turkie too'ache O! had last night. Casey—Purby should that make ye so happy? Cassidy—Bekase O! haven't got it this mornin', that's phwly.

CHOICE MISCELLANY Dodging "Women." A curious story of a wealthy old recluse is told by a correspondent in Household Words. Not a hundred miles from London and about five miles from a railway station, he says, stands a large house in beautiful grounds. Two rooms only in this house are occupied, one by the owner and the other by his servant. The staircase is never used, and communication between the two rooms is by a hole in the floor and a rope ladder. The owner's meals when cooked are passed up through this hole. The chief peculiarity, however, of this eccentric being is that twice a week, late at night, he comes down his rope ladder dressed as a tramp. He walks the five miles to the station referred to, where he has a private room. Here he changes his clothes, emerges in full evening dress and goes by the last train up to London. It has been ascertained that he then takes a cab to one of the big clubs in the neighborhood of Pall Mall. What he does at the club is not known, but he returns by the first (newspaper) train in the morning, when he repairs to his room at the station, puts on the tramp's clothes again and returns to his house, where he resumes his peculiar mode of life. He has never been known to speak to any one in the village, and no one can give a reason for his quaint behavior, but local gossip has it that he was filled as a young man and vowed that he would never again speak to a woman, nor so far as he could avoid it, look at one again. The editor of Household Words vouches for the veracity of his correspondent.—London Mail.

Thought It Was Tax on Babies. Female suffrage sometimes leads to amusing mistakes. A candidate at a recent election in Australia, where the women have votes, tells a story in this connection. The constituency was a seaport town, and one of the burning issues before the electors was the question of herbage rates. A woman voter came to him and asked whether he was in favor of imposing these herbage rates, because if he was she would take good care that neither her husband nor herself would vote for him. A little discussion of the matter revealed the fact that the woman was under the impression that the question of herbage rates related to a poll tax on babies. That candidate now doubts whether the average female voter is not under a delusion, or, perhaps, say, a spell. A Wild Disappoinment. "I don't suppose it is generally known, but nevertheless it is a fact that the ladies are great consumers of peanuts," remarked the proprietor of a fruit stand located on a prominent downtown street corner. "I am somewhat of an observer and have been forced to take note of this particular feature of my business. "Nearly every night belated husbands stop here and load their outer pockets with the festive goober, the purchase of less than two bags being an exception. To my mind the peanut trade has made serious inroads upon the dried oyster business, for my regular customers tell me that their wives prefer warm goobers to bivalves done up in cracker crumbs for a late supper."—Washington Star.

"Land of the Fan God." It is interesting to know that Oklahoma, with its possibilities of statehood, is known locally as "The Land of the Fan God." Just why the adjective is not applied, in fact is so puzzling that a number of correspondents are concerned about the question. The government or habitually uses the phrase, but one writer says: "Governor Ferguson is not alone in his habitual use of this phrase, for every one of the territory's governors, from Steele down has delighted to use it. And so, too, has nearly every other citizen of the territory. But whether or not one of the governors, or any other citizen, has understood just what it meant I am in doubt."