

BANDON RECORDER.

PAINTING THE WORLD.

Indian Legend of the Way Spring Came into Existence.

Once, long before there were men in the world, all the earth was covered with snow and ice.

White and frozen lay the rivers and the seas; white and frozen lay the plains. The mountains stood tall and dead, like ghosts in white gowns.

In his arms he bore sprays of apple blossoms and the first flowers—crocus, anemones and violets, red, pink, blue, purple, violet and yellow.

The first animal to greet the spring was the white rabbit. The spring ever since then all white rabbits have red eyes.

Then the spring dropped a blue violet on a white bird, the first bird to greet the spring, and that is the way the bluebird was made.

So the spring went through the world. Wherever he passed the earth became green. He tossed the blossoms on the frozen seas, and the ice melted, and the fish became painted with all the tint of his flowers.

Only the high mountains would not bow to the spring. So their summits remain white and dead, for they would let the spring paint only the sides.

The snow owls and the white geese and the polar bears fled from the spring, so they, too, remain white to this day.

POLLY LARKIN.

PAINTING THE WORLD.

There has been a great deal of talk within the past few months of removing Chinatown from its present location, which covers blocks of one of the most valuable business sections in San Francisco, purifying the locality and throwing it open for business purposes.

It would be a good thing for the city, and yet it would remove the Mecca of all tourists who through into the city of the Golden Gate. All of the places of interest to sightseers are second in importance when compared with Chinatown, which is thronged night and day by these denizens of the flowery kingdom.

It is as thickly populated under the ground as it is in the overcrowded buildings above. They are packed in like sardines in a box, disregarding the sanitary laws that are laid down for them and which would be punished to the full extent of the law if it was broken in any other section than Chinatown.

The Chinese merchants take in hundreds of dollars from tourists, who pay the most extravagant prices for many articles, in fact, almost double the amount they are worth, and yet never question or attempt to jew the wily Chinese merchant down.

This same Chinatown, with its Oriental restaurants and opium dens, has been the downfall of many young men, mere boys when they visited the place and "hit the pipe" for the first time just to experience the sensation. The boys were not the only ones who allowed their curiosity to get the best of them.

For years past it has been an acknowledged fact that girls, some of them belonging to some of the best and most respected families of the city, have fallen victims to the pipe that brings them oblivion. They only tried smoking the opium in a spirit of fun, but it was their downfall.

"I have a little story to tell you, Polly," said a friend the other day, "and it is sad enough to wring tears from your eyes. I went through Chinatown the other night with a friend. We were accompanied by a guide who was well fed and consequently exerted himself to show us all the sights, and we certainly saw the lights and shadows of Chinatown. We saw things to admire, wonder at and make a study of. We saw also things that would make you shudder and question why such things should occur in a big city and in a portion of the town patrolled by numerous policemen.

"Come and I will show you a white slave," said the guide. "Not the kind of slave you may picture to yourself, but a slave to opium." Threading his way through dark, ill-smelling passageways, he at last ascended a pair of rickety steps, we following closely behind him, fearing every minute we would make some mistake in the dark or run into a high-binder or hatchet-man. The guide laughed at our fears in regard to the two deadly factions, who hate each other so keenly that they are ever ready to plunge a knife into the back or send a pistol ball through the heart of their rivals, or enemies as they term them. "Now step this way," and he crossed hastily through a hall dimly lighted into a small restaurant handsomely fitted up in black ebony furniture. He ordered tea for three, and presently a Chinaman appeared bringing trays with a variety of small cakes, some preserved ginger, nuts and other Chinese delicacies. The tea was placed in the cups and boiling water poured over the fragrant leaves, a little cover which just fitted over the top of the cup enclosed it for a few minutes, and the best cup of tea I ever tasted was ready. Again and again they filled up the cups with the boiling water, pouring it over the same leaves, and yet the last was every bit as good as the first. It was a higher grade of tea than we ever get in the stores. Having finished he paid the bill and placed an extra coin in the hand of the wily Mongolian. "A tip goes a long way with a Chinaman," said the guide as he led the way into another apartment. Here four Chinamen were sitting around an ebony-carved table gambling, all showing the effects of an opium smoke. They glanced up as we came in, but went on with their playing seemingly oblivious of our presence. Turning to a sort of alcove in the room the guide pulled aside the richly embroidered silken draperies, revealing on a sort of couch of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl in fanciful design reclined two Chinamen and a beautiful white girl with a mass of golden hair. One Chinaman and the girl, who was about 23 years of age, had succumbed to the drug and were doubtless dreaming of the poppy-fields. The girl was smiling in her sleep. The other Chinaman was in the act of re-lighting his pipe with the opium which stood on a little tabourette at his side. It did not take many whiffs to place him in the drunken stupor of his companions. We watched him as the drug was taking effect. The look of stupid indifference on his face changed to a crafty expression, the almond shaped eyes narrowed more and more, a smile of perfect contentment, and the man was also roaming in the poppy-fields.

"Behold the white slave," said our guide. "You wouldn't believe it, but she belongs to one of the best and most respected families. This is dreadful. What are her parents and friends thinking about to allow such a thing to continue?" I said, shuddering at the sickening sight. "They don't know it yet," replied the guide. "She is comparatively a new beginner. She came in here with a party of friends one night who were taking in the sights of Chinatown and in a spirit of fun all concluded that

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

A Typical Russian Prison.

An interesting description has been published in a Vienna newspaper of a monastery at Soudal, in the Russian province of Vladimir, which is used as a prison for priests and laymen who are guilty of religious offenses. Prisoners are only sent to Soudal by special decree of the czar, who, however, accepts the advice of M. Pobedonozoff, the procurator of the holy synod of the Orthodox Greek church. At present there are about 210 prisoners there, and they include 2 princes, 1 count, 2 barons, 1 general, 4 bishops, 16 common soldiers, 52 officers, 124 priests and laborers. They are treated with severity and undergo solitary confinement in gloomy cells. Many prisoners become insane after a brief period, while the weaker ones soon die from want of light, air and proper nourishment. The prisoners most recently sentenced is a priest named Ovetkoff, and the offenses for which he was sent there are typical. Ovetkoff disputed the rights of the synod's right to rule absolutely over the church as a whole and advocated the formation of a council of clergy to advise and to a certain extent control the synod. This sufficed to bring about his sentence to life imprisonment at Soudal.—London Express.

Passing of the Osgood Hedge. The Osgood hedges which border thousands of Illinois farms are gradually disappearing. This hedge, introduced a half century ago by Professor J. B. Turner of Jacksonville, became very popular and for many years was a favorite fence not only with farmers, but with land owners in the smaller towns and with the railroad companies.

The high price of fence posts and lumber made the Osgood hedge an economical fence also, and in spite of its faults it gradually became extensively used. It held its own until wire fencing appeared. Then it became evident that the Osgood was doomed. Wire fencing was more effective, was cheaper, took up less room and required less care. The railroads began grubbing up their hedges and substituting wire. The farmers followed their lead, and where there used to be miles of hedge there are only rods of it now.

The Osgood is still used for windbreaks, but owing to the fact it is injurious to vegetation near it is becoming a fixed idea it will probably soon be abandoned entirely.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Canada's New Railroad. The Canadian Pacific railroad, which seemed a quarter of a century ago an extravagant folly, has been outgrown. Now Canada is figuring on two or three more transcontinental lines, the most promising of which, the Transcanada, is described by Mr. E. T. D. Chambers in the Review of Reviews.

The new road will run from Quebec, Chiboutini and Montreal through the northern wheat and timber belts to Port Simpson, B. C. It will be the shortest route across the continent, only 2,830 miles from Atlantic to Pacific tide water, and will save over 2,000 miles between Liverpool and Yokohama as compared with the route via New York and San Francisco. It will tap the James bay and Hudson bay trade and the mineral country of northern Ontario. Although it runs far north, the climate all along the line is said to be comparatively mild—for Canada.

The weariness that always follows a great war is stealing over England. The burden of empire is making itself felt. A profound distrust of the capacity of their rulers agitates the masses. Consols, which a few years ago stood at 115, are now at 91 and in all probability will fall still lower before long. One-sixteenth of every man's income is claimed by the income tax. And all the time this appalling increase of expenditure continues the strain grows yearly greater and the demands on the exchequer multiply with each fresh session of parliament. Where will it all end? The country asks the question with feverish anxiety, but without receiving any very satisfactory response. It is haunted by specters of an immensely widened basis of taxation, of a further inability to bear the pace of socialism and much else.—Harper's Weekly.

A Clever Robbery. A daring jewel robbery has been perpetrated in St. Petersburg. A carriage bearing the arms of a member of the imperial family drew up before the shop of a leading jeweler, and a footman wearing a court liverly entered the shop and said that the Grand Duchess Xenia desired to see a collection of jewels from which she could choose that pleased her best. The jeweler packed up jewels to the value of about £25,000 and handed them over to the domestic to be taken to the grand duchess. Hours passed without any reply coming from the palace, and when the anxious jeweler ventured to send to ask what had become of his jewels he learned that the grand duchess knew nothing of the whole transaction. No traces of the thieves have been found.

END OF THE HACKNEY.

How He is Worn Out in the Service of Society.

The prancing, high stepping hackneys that draw the shiny carriages of the rich are often driven the pace that kills. In "Horses Nine" Sewell Ford tells the story of such a horse and his mate and how they were worn out. The author says: Seeing them come down the street, heads tossing, pole chains jingling, the crest and monogram of the house of Jerry glistening in a quarter cloth and rosette, their polished hoofs seeming barely to touch the asphalt, you might have thought their lot one to be envied. But Bonfire knew better.

He curved his neck and threw his hoofs high, whether his muscles ached or no; in winter he stamped to keep warm, in summer to dislodge the flies; he did his work faithfully, early or late, in cold and in heat, and all this because he was a son of Sir Bardolph and for the reason that it was his nature to. Had it been put upon him he would have worked in harness until he dropped, prancing his best to the last.

No supreme test, however, was ever brought to the endurance and willingness of Bonfire. They just kept him on the pole, nerve tense, muscles strained, until he began to lose form. His action no longer had that grace and abandon which so pleased Mrs. Jerry when she first saw him. Long standing in the cold numbs the muscles. It robs the legs of their spring. Ermengarde starts as she made when they are called from line after an hour's waiting, finish the business. Try as he might Bonfire could not step so high, could not carry a perfect crest. His neck had lost its roundness, in his rump a crease had appeared.

At last the inevitable happened. Two young hackneys, plump of neck, round of quarter, springy of knee and back, were brought to the stable. Bonfire and his mate were led out of their old stalls to return no more. They had been worn out in the service and cast aside like a pair of old gloves.

Postal Oddities. With one exception there has been a deficit in postal revenues every year since 1835. Thousands of letters are mailed every day without the vestige of an address to indicate for whom they are intended. Mail matter of any kind addressed in a vague and indefinite way, such as to "the most prominent physician," etc., is not deliverable. Benjamin Franklin, first postmaster general, boasted that under his administration all the cities of the country had been provided with a weekly mail. One may mail a letter destined for foreign parts without preparation of postage. It will go forward to destination, and the recipient will be required to pay double rates for the privilege of reading it if he values it sufficiently. At the Chicago post office a record is kept of the different ways of spelling the name of that city on mail addresses. At last accounts 280 varieties had been tabulated. Among the less intricate of these are Zazoo, Jagjago, Hippalo, Jaljilo and Chachicho.

Work Done While Asleep. Cabanis tells us that Franklin on several occasions mentioned to him that he had been assisted by dreams in the conduct of affairs in which he was engaged. Condillac states that while writing his "Course of Studies" he was frequently obliged to leave a chapter incomplete and retire to bed, and on awaking he found it, on more than one occasion, finished in his head. The most remarkable testimony of this kind is perhaps that of Sir Thomas Browne, who declared that, if it were possible, he would prefer to carry on his studies in his dreams, so much more efficient were his faculties of mind when his body was asleep.

Hysteria in Dogs. Nerves are the disease of the present day among human beings, but I did not know till recently that hysteria is also a malady of dogs. A friend of mine owned a dog which suddenly one day was seized with an attack of nerves. Since then it has been very ill, wandering incessantly round and round the room, refusing food, but still recognizing its owner. Another little dog suffered from hysteria in consequence of fright from railway traveling, and it really seems as though civilization, in rendering dogs more delicate and more susceptible, had done them a distinct physical injury.—London Graphic.

Work Planned Out. "That was a pleasant gentleman you introduced to me." "Yes; he has some excellent qualities. I am going to make something of him if I can let me." "You make something of him? Why, he looks old enough to be your father." "He is old enough. That's what I'm going to make of him—a father-in-law."—Kansas City Journal.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

Sure Cure For Heart Disease.

One of the most remarkable cases of mistaken identity ever brought to the attention of the national government is revealed in a letter which has come to the interior department. The letter is addressed to a former assistant secretary of the interior, although the latter official has been out of office ever since the Cleveland administration. The writer confounded this official with a local poet of the same name in central Pennsylvania; hence the request sent to Washington. The letter follows: Dear friend and statesman: Irite you the earliest date to be so kind as to do a grate favor. I had tried all kinds of patent medicine for hart disease an no avale. I red yure little Pome on hart disease Commence.

"The hart wich ad tumultus beata, with throbs of keesest pain, will off recover its defeats. Thro natura sweat refrane." I haf never tride a Injun dokter but haf took all cond of erbs I now ast you to sen by return male 2 bottles of you modis—nature sweat refrane. Sen to Alex. K—, C— Postoffice, Penn. N. R.—I will sen Prize by return male. —New York Tribune.

Freemasons. Ermengarde—If you were going to propose to a girl, Mr. Blacque, what would you say? Mr. Blacque—I should say: "You are the one woman in the world for me. I love you with a consuming madness. Be mine!" Ermengarde—How beautiful! Mr. Blacque—And if a man proposed to you like that, Miss Ermengarde, what would you say? Ermengarde—I should say: "Take me, beloved. I am all yours!" Then these two crafty beings drifted away from impersonalities and got down to business.—New Yorker.

Not For His Reading. "Do you choose for yourself the books you read, my boy?" "Sure." "But how do you know what to avoid?" "Oh, I've got all their names here." "Their names?" "You bet. It's in this list of 100 best books for boys to read."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Status. "Willie, I suppose you've been a good little boy." "So, I haven't." "Why, I hope you haven't been very bad." "Oh, no; just comfortable." Had Good Reason. Dolly—Gracious! Why does Mrs. De Styles always refer to Mr. De Styles as her "late husband" when every one knows her husband is alive? Polly—The reason she calls him her late husband is because of the late hours he wanders home in the morning.—Baltimore Herald.

Feeless Information. Mr. Tytephist (at the club)—By the way, doc, what is good for indigestion? Doctor (fellow clubman)—Well, a Welsh rabbit is sometimes good for about three days of it.—Chicago Tribune. Undone by Their Loss. "Why did the people turn against that divine healer who had such a following down here a year or two ago?" "It was a case of hard luck with him. He had a little accident with some kerosene and lost his long white whiskers."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Proper Heading. "What kind of a heading shall I put over this account of the electrocution?" asked the assistant. "I should think 'Current News' would be about right," the new editor answered.—Brooklyn Eagle. Accused For. Mrs. Younghusband—Did you know that I might have married Tom Goodacre? Mr. Younghusband—En-no; but I have noticed he looks thankful every time he sees me.—Judge. Baby Brakeman. Mrs. Z.—Listen, George—the baby is saying, "Ooo-goo-ja-bo-oo-goo!" What does it remind you of? Mr. Z.—It's! Reminds me of a brakeman calling out stations.—Philadelphia Record.

Ladies First. Magistrate—Next case. Who've we got now? Constable—Dick Buggina, alias "Bull." Magistrate—Ladies first. Let Allice Bull take the stand.—Philadelphia Press. Inane. "Is this the cracked wheat, Jane?" "I dun know, mum. I ain't looked at it or tched it, an' if it's cracked it wuz cracked afore I come here."—New York Observer. In a Kitchell. "Success" is spelled with seven letters. Of the seven only one is found in "fame" and one in "money," but three are found in "happiness."—New York World. Advertisement. Editor—Does it pay to advertise in my paper? Well, I should say it does. Look at Smith, the grocer, for instance. He advertised for a boy last week, and the very next day Mrs. Smith had twins—both boys. Advertiser.

CHURCHES OF MEXICO.

They Are Great Curiosities from an Architectural Standpoint.

From an architectural standpoint the churches of Mexico are the most wonderful churches in the world. Architects from all over the world have been astonished and puzzled by the miracles in stone. There are great arches and domes composed entirely of small pieces of stone cemented together. According to all the rules of construction, these arches and domes could not have been built in the first place, and in the second would not hold together for a minute, yet they are there and are as solid as though built of steel.

It remained for an assayer from Denver who had settled in northern Mexico to solve the mystery. He cultivated the friendship of a priest and persuaded him to aid in his investigations. Together they went through the dusty records stored in the church vaults, which run back for two or three centuries, and there they found what appears to be a truthful and very plausible explanation of the wonderful feats of architecture.

It was recorded that when one tier of stone was laid about the base of the building earth was carried and heaped up to the level of the highest stones; another tier was then added and more earth piled up on each side of it. This process was repeated until the dome and arches were reached. Then the earth was rounded off to the desired shape and the stone cemented together on the surface of the ground. When sufficient time had elapsed for the mortar to set and become as hard as the stone itself, the workmen dug out the dirt from the church, and it was ready for the finishing touches.

Last year two crafty beings cheap and plentiful in those days to perform such a stupendous task, and there is ample reason to believe that it was cheap and plentiful.—Washington Star.

HURRIED THE WORK. Peculiar Experience of a Turkish Literary Man. Once upon a time a certain Turkish literary man living in Constantinople arranged to translate for a daily newspaper a novel, then popular in England. Each day he rendered a sufficient part of it into the Turkish language to fill the space reserved for it. One day his peaceful home was entered by the police, who peremptorily arrested the man of letters and dragged him off to prison. No explanation was given for his arrest, the novel reflected in no way against the politics of the state, and he had broken no laws. He was not even given time to bid farewell to his family, but he was commanded to bring the work under translation with him. Arrived at the prison, he was given pleasant quarters, good food and drink and sternly commanded to complete his task. So for several days the frightened translator worked arduously, says Town and Country.

When the work was done, he was, to his astonishment, instantly liberated and presented with a large sum of money. Upon further inquiry as to his treatment it was explained that the sultan had become interested in the story as it appeared from day to day and was too impatient to wait for the end. He wanted to read all the rest of it at once! Truly, there are certain advantages in being a sultan.

The Tallest People. In a comparative table of stature, arranged according to nationalities, the United States Indian stands higher than any other race of the world, though the Patagonian runs him very close. The white citizen comes next. The United States negro ranks fourteenth in the scale, and of all the countries of the world considered the Portuguese are found to be the shortest. It has always been proverbial among anatomists that blond nations are greater than their darker neighbors. This is due to the geological positions of the blond races. They are characteristic of the north and on account of the lower degree of temperature are induced to take more exercise, which throws them more in the open air. At the top of the list of countries, arranged in order of stature, the first seven after the United States white men are Norway, Scotland, British America, Sweden, Ireland, Denmark and Holland, all northern nations.—Detroit Tribune.

Naming a Yacht. The naming of a book is no holiday task, and authors particularly proud of a title are tolerably sure to discover that it has been already used. But the naming of a yacht is almost a greater perplexity. Plagiarism may in this case result in practical confusion carrying the most awkward consequences, and not all titles to which, in search of variety, recourse has already been had are satisfactory from all points of view. Not long ago, for instance, a very grave British cabinet minister, perhaps wishing for once to be sprightly, called his yacht Flirt. He had not consulted his family, who were, however, quite sure, he thought, to delight in his outburst of gaiety. However, his daughters naturally remarked how very disagreeable it would be to go ashore with that label around their hats.

Copper Came From Cyprus. The word copper is generally admitted to be derived from Cyprus, as it was from that island that the ancient Romans first procured their supply. In those remote days Cyprus and Rhodes were the great copper districts, and even in our own day new discoveries of copper ore, especially the beautiful blue and green ores, from which the metal is so much more easily obtained than from the copper pyrites and other sulphureted ores of Cornwall, are made nearly every year in the islands of the Mediterranean.—Chambers' Journal. Real Enjoyment. "I suppose," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that you have arranged to attend the grand opera?" "Oh, yes," replied her hostess. "Joseph says there's nothin' like grand opera to show real culture, so he's bought a box for every night, and we're going to take Daisy's German teacher with us to explain what they're sayin'."—Chicago Record-Herald.



Editor—Does it pay to advertise in my paper? Well, I should say it does. Look at Smith, the grocer, for instance. He advertised for a boy last week, and the very next day Mrs. Smith had twins—both boys.