

BANDON RECORDER.

PUZZLES IN SPELLING.

They Are Liable to Catch You in a Most Mysterious Way.

What queer quirk a good and obedient mind will sometimes take! A clergyman of exceptional scholarly attainments tells me that he once wrote what he at the moment conceived to be the word "righteous." The nature of his calling ought to suggest that of all words this one should be among the most familiar to him, and indeed it was. Yet when he had written it it did not look right. After puzzling over it for some time he concluded that it must end with "ous" instead of "eous," as he had written it. Finally in a mental muddle he went to his unabridged dictionary, but was amazed at finding no such word there. Deferring further search for the nonce, he completed his letter and then opened the dictionary again. This time he found the word all right and in its proper place, a fact which, he said, would have been a warning to him if he had been a drinking man.

The explanation of it was that by some unaccountable freak he had got it into his muddle that it was spelled "riteous." He had spelled it so in his letter and had of course looked on the wrong page of the dictionary for it in the first instance. By the time he looked again the crochets were out of his mind, and he knew how to spell the word as well as Webster did.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Scholarly Men and the Pulpit. If scholarly men more and more reject the church as the means by which they will influence opinion and conduct and replace it by educational, editorial and administrative agencies, the next century may be altogether guided in its intellectual decisions and in those of its actions which depend on intellectual judgments by forces outside the church. Our grandfathers looked to the minister for advice not only upon religious beliefs and moral practice, but also upon most matters outside their own direct acquaintance. The minister prescribed for the education of sons, solved social problems and acted as the source and judge of truth in matters of general knowledge. Our sons seem likely to regard the ministry as a body of men fitted to deal with men's religious welfare, but less fitted to be generous mentors in others. The direction of the people in other than purely religious activities may pass wholly out of the hands of the church.—Professor E. L. Thorndike in Century.

A Tragic Wedding Ring. A tragic story of a forgotten wedding ring is told in the "Lives of the Lindsays." He should have been at church when Colin Lindsay, the young Earl of Balcarrais, was quietly eating his breakfast in nightgown and slippers. Reminded that Mauritania of Nassau was waiting for him at the altar, he hurried to church, but forgot the ring. A friend present gave him placed on the bride's finger.

After the ceremony was over the countess glanced at her hand and beheld a grinning death's head on her ring. She fainted away, and the omen made such an impression on her that on recovering she declared she was destined to die within a year, a presentiment that probably brought about its own fulfillment, for in a few months the careless Colin was a widower.

Irritation and Pain. A sharp definition should be drawn between irritation and pain. Irritation is not pain, but only a frequent cause of it. Thus a crumb lodged in the larynx nets irritation and prolonged coughing, which often result in actual pain. So, too, a speck of dust in the eye sets up violent irritation and inflammation, followed by acute pain. Of the surface of the body the finger tips and the end of the tongue are most sensitive—for instance, a burn on the fingers is much more painful than one on the back would be, while one on the tongue would be merely painful still. Deep wounds are not painful, as a rule, save as regards the surface injury.

Camera Shows Twins to Be Unlike. It is a curiosity of photography that two persons who look alike in the flesh look entirely unlike in a picture. A photographer. "I saw that peculiarity of the human countenance strangely exemplified in the case of two girls whom I photographed a few weeks ago. The girls were twins. Each was the dead image of the other, and I felt positively uncanny when posing them, for I expected the result to be two pictured faces startlingly alike. But they did not turn out so. The features were the same, to be sure, but in the photographic process the underlying expression had been brought to the fore and had given to each girl an individuality of her own which diminished the resemblance wonderfully.

I have noticed the same peculiarity in other cases of photographing doublets, although never in so pronounced a degree. To some faces expression counts for much more than feature, even in photography, and although the cheeks, nose and mouth may be cast in the same mold, the camera gives results widely different."—New York Press.

The Picture. Ethel—What do you think of this landscape, aunt? Aunt Hannah—Well—er—I don't think so much of the trees, but that grapevine is pretty good. Ethel—Grapevine? Why, dear, that is the artist's signature.—Philadelphia Record.

The Spade and the Rake. Cora—I think mother is altogether too outspoken in her criticism of my husband's actions. Mildred—Yes; it's not always wise to call a spade a spade. Cora—No, nor a rake a rake.—Brooklyn Life.

The Very Good Man. "He's forever prating about what his conscience tells him. What does his conscience tell him, anyway?" "It usually tells him apparently what awful sinners his neighbors are."—Philadelphia Press.

THE LAU MELOMEO.

How Hawaiian Natives Go After the Finny Tribe.

"Lau melomeo" is the name of a decoy used by the native fishermen of Hawaii. It is made of the hardest wood to be found on the islands and is carved and rubbed till it assumes the shape of a club with a little knob at the smaller end, to which the line is tied.

The club is from one to three feet long. A village sorcerer performs certain rites over it over a sacred fire. After this is done the club is magic, and the fisherman must be extremely careful of it. If a woman should step over it or enter a canoe in which it lies, the club would lose all its power and would be useless ever afterward.

After the club has been charmed the fisherman mixes candlenut and coconut meat, bakes it and ties the mixture in a wrapper of coconut fiber.

At the fishing grounds the club is covered with the oily juice of the stuff and is then lowered carefully to the bottom. The scent of the baked nut meat attracts certain kinds of fish, which soon gather and begin to nibble at the club. As soon as enough fish are around the decoy a small bag shaped net is lowered very gently until its mouth is just over the club. The latter is then pulled up carefully and cunningly till it is within the bag. The fish are so eager for the stuff with which the club is covered that they follow it into the net without fear. As soon as all the fish are in it a fisherman dives and closes the mouth of the net, whereupon the rest haul it up quickly.—Washington Post.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The Duke of Wellington's Experience With a Murderous Maniac.

One day as the Duke of Wellington sat writing at his library table quite suddenly his door was opened and a young, unknown man who, with a cane and a camping outfit, were likewise seeking backward experience. He came upon one of them baking bread in a portable aluminium oven before a smoldering log fire.

Like roast pig, the origin of throwing rice at weddings is Chinese, and the legend is scarcely less worthy of Charles Lamb: "A famous sorcerer named Chao became jealous of the power of another sorcerer, a woman, and, conceiving a plan to destroy her, he persuaded her parents to bestow her upon his supposed son. The crafty Chao chose the most unlucky day for the wedding, the day when the 'Golden Pheasant' was in the ascendant, so that when the bride entered the red chair the spirit bird would destroy her with his powerful beak. But Peachblossom gave directions to have rice thrown out at the door, and she passed out unharmed while the spirit bird was devouring it."

Crushing a Bore. John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, once in describing the usages of the Quakers in regard to "speaking in meetings" said that sometimes the voluntary remarks were not quite to the edification of the meeting. It once happened that a certain George C. grew rather wearisome in his exhortations, and his prudent brethren, after solemn consultation, passed the following resolution: "It is the sense of this meeting that George C. be advised to remain silent until such time as the Lord shall speak through him more to our satisfaction and profit."

The Throat and Tonsils. A simple gargle for a sore throat may be made by adding fifteen drops of refined carbolic acid to a quart of water. Remember to shake thoroughly before using—otherwise it will be useless—and gargle four or five times a day. In case of swollen tonsils a teaspoonful of powdered tannin dissolved in a tumbler of water forms an excellent gargle, which should be used every two hours. A gargle of permanganate of potash, not too strong, is also excellent for use in cases of mild sore throat.

When Pens Were First Used. About the year 900 A. D. pens made of quills were introduced. This is shown by the fact that the word pen, a quill, is not found, it is claimed, in any work bearing an earlier date. Previous to that time the word calamus, signifying a reed, was exclusively employed as a designation for the vehicle used in transferring the ink to the parchment or other surface selected by the writers of that early age. Steel pens first came into use in 1803, and about twenty-two years later those composed of gold made their appearance.

Preparations. "Is you got a razor you could lend me to shave nerser?" asked Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Tze gwine to de pahy tonight?" "What's de matter wif yoh own razor?" "Well, you see, I jes' got it stropped up fine this afternoon, an' I hates to dull de edge."—Washington Star.

Lead Talk. "Henry, what does it mean in this historical novel when it says 'Our guns talked back to the enemy'?" "Why, they had Parrott guns in those days, my love."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Complimentary. He (at the art exhibition)—Well, how do you like Brown's picture? She—That one? Why, I thought it was yours! Very bad, isn't it?—Punch.

The Only Disagreeable Part. It is only the first half of any job that is disagreeable. The second half is worse.

HIS PRIZE ROSES.

A Little Secret That Was Confided to the Wrong Man.

An amusing incident is reported in connection with a small flower show in the north of England. One of the cottage roses—was open only to the cottage gardeners within a certain radius, and the winner turned up in a laborer when we call Sandy. The lucky individual was in high feather and hung about near his exhibit all the afternoon receiving the congratulations of his friends.

"Beautiful roses," remarked a well-dressed stranger to Sandy. "They tell me, however, that if Briggs had been qualified to enter he would have beaten you."

Now, Briggs was the rose grower par excellence in the neighborhood; but, unfortunately for him, he was just outside the radius.

"Briggs be hanged!" ejaculated Sandy. "He ain't got no better roses than them!"

"That's nonsense!" retorted the stranger. "Briggs' roses are the talk of the district."

Sandy still stuck to his point and became quite confidential. "Between you and me," he whispered eventually, "Briggs ain't got no better roses than them, 'cos them's his! He couldn't enter himself, so he gave me the pick of his garden."

The stranger was satisfied, and it was only afterward that Sandy discovered his secret to a member of the show committee.—London Tit-Bits.

A Woodland Echo. As became the idle man having the time of his life in the primeval forests of the Temagami reserve in Canada, the clerk of the New York court of special sessions was graciously inclined to instruct the workers in camp. These, says the New York Tribune, were two young, unknown men who, with a canoe and a camping outfit, were likewise seeking backward experience.

He came upon one of them baking bread in a portable aluminium oven before a smoldering log fire.

"Ah," said the clerk, assuming a re-clothing of graceful ease, "baking bread, I see."

"Yes, it doesn't come up for a cent."

"You see," continued the clerk, with rising wisdom, "the baking powder, which contains cream of tartar, liberates when heated a certain amount of carbonic acid gas, which—"

"Oh, don't talk shop!" interrupted the cook. "I hate it out here!"

"Oh, you do?" the clerk observed, astonished. "What business are you in, may I ask?"

"I'm an assistant professor of chemistry at Yale."

Throwing Rice at Weddings. Like roast pig, the origin of throwing rice at weddings is Chinese, and the legend is scarcely less worthy of Charles Lamb: "A famous sorcerer named Chao became jealous of the power of another sorcerer, a woman, and, conceiving a plan to destroy her, he persuaded her parents to bestow her upon his supposed son. The crafty Chao chose the most unlucky day for the wedding, the day when the 'Golden Pheasant' was in the ascendant, so that when the bride entered the red chair the spirit bird would destroy her with his powerful beak. But Peachblossom gave directions to have rice thrown out at the door, and she passed out unharmed while the spirit bird was devouring it."

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HUMOR OF THE HOUR

A Bright Boy.

Mrs. Benham—That boy of ours has no reverence, no bump of veneration. Benham—That so?

Mrs. Benham—Yes, it is so. You know the picture we sent away as a wedding present yesterday?

Benham—Yes, what of it? Mrs. Benham—I told Charlie to pack it in a box, supposing, of course, that he would use some of the old packing paper so abundantly scattered about the house. Well, I went out of the room for a minute, and when I came back he was tearing up a copy of Longfellow's poems and using the leaves for packing paper. What do you think of that?

Benham—I think the boy knew his business. Mrs. Benham—How do you make that out?

Benham—He probably knew there was "Excelsior" in it.—New York Times.

Between Friends. Mayne—I hear you are going to be married. Edyth—Again? Why, I've never been tied up as yet.

Mayne—No, but I can't recall the number of times you were "going to be."—Chicago News.

Change of Tune.



"Such a dear, good little boy!"

Change of Tune.



"Here we go!"

Change of Tune.



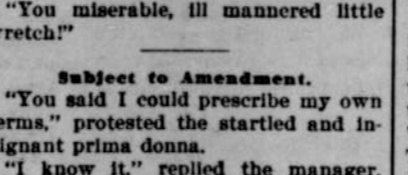
"You miserable, ill-mannered little wretch!"

Change of Tune.



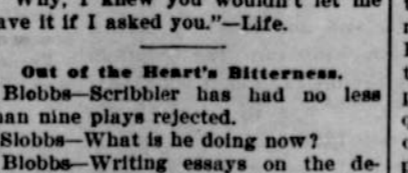
Subject to Amendment. "You said I could prescribe my own terms," protested the startled and indignant prima donna. "I know it," replied the manager, who had cut her figures in half, "but I didn't say I'd follow your prescription."

Change of Tune.



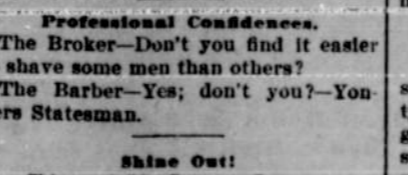
A Case of Necessity. "Why, all my money's gone!" "Yes, I took it, dear." "What under heavens did you do that for?" "Why, I knew you wouldn't let me have it if I asked you."—Life.

Change of Tune.



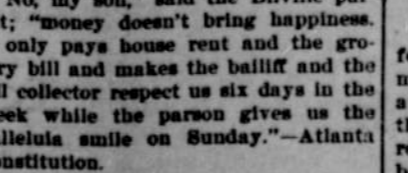
Out of the Heart's Bitterness. Blotbe—Scrubble has had no less than nine plays rejected. Slobbe—What is he doing now? Blotbe—Writing essays on the decline of the drama.—Philadelphia Record.

Change of Tune.



Troubles of the Rich. Mrs. Cobwigger—What can you do about being rich as I am? Mrs. Muechrich—I have to eat everything when it's out of season and not fit to eat.—Town Topics.

Change of Tune.



Professional Confidences. The Broker—Don't you find it easier to shave some men than others? The Barber—Yes; don't you?—Youkers Statesman.

Change of Tune.



A STALLION FIGHT.

Battle Royal Between a Thoroughbred and a Wild Buckskin.

A contest between two stallions, one the leader of a wild band, the other a Kentucky thoroughbred that had run wild, is thus described by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine."

Again the buckskin stallion charged, ears back, eyes gleaming wickedly and snorting defiantly. This time the black stood his ground until the buckskin's teeth scapped savagely within a few inches of his throat. Just in time did he rear and swerve. Twice more for the paddock raised black was slow to understand such behavior—the buckskin charged. Then the black was roused into aggressiveness.

There ensued such a battle as would have brought delight to the brute soul of a Nero. With four feet and teeth the two stallions engaged, circling madly about on their hind legs, tearing up great clods of turf, biting and striking as opportunity offered. At last, by a quick, desperate rush, the buckskin caught the thoroughbred fairly by the throat. Here the affair would have ended had not the black stallion, rearing suddenly on his muscle ridged haunches and lifting his opponent's fore quarters clear of the ground, the struggle from a discreet distance now came galloping in, whinnying in friendly fashion.

Black Eagle had won his first fight. He had won the leadership. By right of might he was now chief of this free company of plains rangers. It was for him to lead whither he chose, to pick the place and hour of grazing, the time for watering and his to guard his companions from all dangers.

As for the buckskin stallion, there remained for him the choice of humbly following the new leader or of limping off alone to try to raise a new band. Being a worthy descendant of the chargers which the men of Cortes rode so fearlessly into the wilds of the new world, he chose the latter course and, having regained his senses, galloped stately toward the north, his bruised head lowered in defeat.

WE MUST GROW OR DIE.

Constant Study Is Necessary to Keep Pace With the Times.

A passion for growth, a yearning for a larger life, is characteristic of all great souls. A man is measured by his power to grow, to become larger, broader, nobler. The intensity of his desire to reach out and up defines his capacity for development.

Any one, young or old, possessed by a passion for growth is constantly adding to his knowledge, always pushing his horizon a little further. Every day he gains additional wisdom, every night he is a little larger than he was in the morning. He keeps growing as long as he lives. Even in old age he is still stretching out for larger things, reaching up to greater heights.

We often find plants and trees that are not fully developed, but have reached the limit of their growth. They cannot be made to respond to the wooing of enriched soil or copious water. The power for the extension of cell life seems to have departed.

There are many human plants of similar nature. Early in life they settle into grooves, from which nothing can displace them. They are dead to enterprise, to advancement along any line. New movements, new systems of business, larger conceptions of life and similar things in the living, moving present do not appeal to them. Immovably bound to the past, they can stop only just so far the way, only so far that way. There is no further growth, no more progress for them. They have reached their goal.

Employees often think that they are kept back designedly and that others less deserving are pushed ahead of them, when the real trouble is with themselves. They have ceased to grow. They continue to move in a circle. They have not kept pace with the trend of the times.

"Forward" is the bugle call of the twentieth century. The young man or woman or the old man or woman who has ceased to grow is to be pitied. Life holds nothing more for either.—Success.

A Medieval Survival.

It may interest some of your readers to know that the archaic method of reckoning by tallies is still in vogue in Pau. While there I saw a bundle of tally sticks (there called tallies) suspended in a baker's shop, and on inquiry I found that most of the poorer country people thus registered their purchases until they were able to pay. The tally stick is cut down the center, the baker and purchaser each retaining a half, and when a loaf is sold the two halves are fitted together, and a notch is made across them, the purchaser thus keeping an exact check upon the baker's score. Upon any payment being made a corresponding number of notches are shaved off.—London Athenaeum.

Smoker's Heart.

Smoking, as a rule, agrees with persons for many years, perhaps for twenty years and longer, although by degrees signs of a fine flavor are discernible, but all at once, without any assignable cause, troubles are experienced with the heart, which rapidly increase and compel the sufferer to call in the help of a medical man. The age at which disturbances of the heart become pronounced varies very much. It is but rare that patients are under thirty years of age; they are mostly between forty and sixty years old.

Dogmatism.

A pretty snub delivered by a professor to a young and very dogmatic undergraduate is refurbished in a work of fiction. "Dogmatism," said the don sadly, "is puppyism which has reached maturity. It may similarly be said of dog latin that it is chiefly used by pups."—London Globe.

A Shocking Drinker.

The Girl—Does he drink so terribly? The Guy—Yes, indeed; pours it out into his saucer.—Kansas City Independent.

SOME OLD THEATERS.

Playhouses That Flourished in Ancient Rome and Rome.

You may wonder what there could be injurious to public morality in a theater made of stone. Consul P. Cornelius Scipio Nasella knew, but history doesn't tell. The first attempt to build a stone theater in Rome was made a short time before he was elevated to his office. It was sanctioned by the censors and was nearing completion when Scipio persuaded the senate to command it to be pulled down, advancing as his reason solicitude for public morality.

The Romans did not possess a regular stone theater until a very late period, and, although dramatic representations were very popular in early times, it appears that a wooden stage was created when necessary and was afterward pulled down again, and the plays of Plautus and Terence were performed on such temporary scaffolds. In the meanwhile many of the neighboring towns of Rome had their stone theaters, as the introduction of Greek customs and manners was less strongly opposed in them than in the city of Rome itself. Wooden theaters, adorned with the most profuse magnificence, were erected at Rome even during the last period of the republic.

A magnificent wooden theater planned by M. Emilius Scaurus was built in his adulescence 58 B. C. Its scene consisted of three stories, and the lower of them was made of white marble, the middle one of glass and the upper one of gilt wood. The caeca contained 80,000 spectators. In 55 B. C. Ca. Pompey built the first stone theater at Rome, near the Campus Martius. It was of great beauty and is said to have been built after the model of that of Mytilene. It contained 40,000 spectators.

C. Curio built in 50 B. C. two magnificent wooden theaters close by one another, which might be changed into one amphitheater. After the time of Pompey, however, other stone theaters were erected, as the theater of Marcellus, which was built by Augustus and called after his nephew Marcellus, and that of Balbus, whence Suetonius used the expression, "Per trina theatra."—Cincinnati Commercial.

APHORISMS.

Patient waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will.—Collier.

Both man and woman kind belie their nature when they are not kind.—Bailey.

Duty and today are ours; results and futurity belong to God.—Horace Greeley.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—Napoleon.

The more you speak of yourself the more you are likely to lie.—Zimmerman.

The wise are polite' all the world over; fools are polite only at home.—Bacon.

A laugh to be joyous must flow from a joyous heart; for without kindness there can be no true joy.—Carlyle.

A great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wise, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.—Addison.

FOUR WAYS TO HEALTH.

Hygienic living demands imperative-ly the absolute purity of the four following necessities: Air, water, food and thoughts. Grant these, you have the constituents out of which nature formulates such a perfect creature that the inward purity seems to lend a radiance to the personality. It is not simply a few breaths of fresh air a half dozen times a day that a woman needs, but a continuous supply, and just as the greater part of women are half starved for fresh air, so they are also stunted, often from ignorance than necessity, in the quantity of water the body requires to keep it clean and healthy. Pleasure of a pure, elevating nature has come to be recognized as having a distinctly therapeutic office and hence to be one of those factors which merit the same consideration and attention as other necessities in a well ordered life.

Creed Made No Difference.

One night not long since a watchman found one of the most respectable citizens of his town roaming the streets in his nightgrobe. The officer promptly placed the man under arrest and directed his steps toward the city bastille. A rather rude jolt at a street crossing woke the citizen up. He at once became aware that he was being piloted by the policeman, and a few moments of observation convinced him that he was not going toward home. Then he spoke.

"What are you doing with me, Tom?" inquired the man.

"Oh, I've got you for walking around the streets in your nightgrobe," said the officer. "That's against the law, you know."

"You are not going to lock me up?" said the citizen in astonishment. "Why don't you know I am a somnambulist?"

"I don't care what church you belong to," retorted Tom; "you're out on the street in clothes not fit to be seen, and in you go."

And in he went until friends brought street clothing and got him out in the morning.—Chicago Chronicle.

Caged Birds Live Longer.

Many people decline against the cruelty of keeping birds in cages, but it is a well proved truth that cage birds live about six times as long as a wild bird, and the bird invariably becomes so fond of its owner and its surroundings that when the cage is thrown open it will not fly away. It suffers so little from solitude that if a prospective mate is introduced it sits her on the head at first for her impudence in daring to intrude into a private apartment.

Bird Superstitions.

According to a superstition which holds sway in some parts of Ireland, the sedge warblers possess the souls of unbaptized babes and sing their sorrow at the midnight hour, while the linnet, yellow hammer and finch sing their plaintive and tender songs to departed friends not yet relieved from purgatorial pains. The bittern is their herald at night.—Irish Times.

Her Theory.

"Do you believe men's souls go into animals after death?" he asked. "Well, I sometimes think perhaps they do," she answered. "There are some dogs who wouldn't be as mean as they are if it were not for an influence of some kind inside of them."—Chicago Tribune.

A Fair Deduction.

Miss Verisoph—Why do you say that Miss van Million, who is to be married today, is so plain? Do you know her by sight? Miss Verisoph—No; but I notice that the papers have printed only the picture of her future husband.—Judge.

THE BROAD JUMPER.

His Training Must Be Systematic to Get the Best Results.

Every schoolboy thinks that he can broad jump, and so he can to a certain degree. But this event is one which should be gone at systematically to get the best results. The jumper should get first carefully notice his stride on going up to the take off, so that he can mark off a distance—say twenty-five yards back—and by stepping on this mark with one of his feet as he runs by he will be sure to strike the take off when he comes to it. The jumper cannot be sure of getting his best efforts into his jump unless he is practically sure of hitting the take off. After this has been acquired the athlete can get to work.

In this run the jumper's highest speed should be reached at about ten or twelve feet before the take off, so that he can gather himself for the jump. After leaving the take off he should shoot out and up. He must have elevation or his efforts will be in vain. He should go into the air at an angle of at least forty-five degrees. A good way to get this elevation is by placing a hurdle in the jumping pit and jumping over it. The jumper should gather himself together as he goes through the air, and at the finish, just before alighting, he should force himself on by a spasmodic effort with his arms and body. The legs will strike the ground at the farthest possible distance. Practice will show how far out the feet can be thrown without the athlete's falling back into the pit. It must be remembered that the greater the speed the farther out the feet can be thrown with safety. A great deal of practice is necessary to become a good broad jumper, but this is an event which it is not well to practice too frequently, as it is very hard on the legs. The broad jumper will therefore not expect to get at his best during his first season.—G. W. Orton in St. Nicholas.

TRAGEDY OF ANIMAL LIFE.

Something Pathetic in the Career of the Passenger Pigeon.

To him who knows the story of the passenger pigeon this group of beautiful, grayish brown birds with the iridescent golden sheen upon their breasts is the last word of a tragedy of animal life. America was once the land of the wild pigeon. Early American writers are full of references to it. Alexander Wilson, the father of American ornithology, estimated that a flock seen by him in 1808 contained over 2,000,000 individuals. It stretched from the horizon to the horizon, as far as the eye could see, and would cover four hours in passing a given point. He saw a great colony forty miles long and several miles in width.