

BANDON RECORDER.

HOW TO BOIL WATER.

An Important Point When the Coffee Is Being Made.

"To boil water is the simplest thing in the world," said the steward at one of the leading hotels of Washington, "but how to boil it is quite another thing. I believe we have the name of having the best coffee of any hotel in this city. Of course we use good coffee, but let me tell you, much of the praise is due to the fact that the water with which to make the coffee has been properly boiled. The secret in boiling water is just this: Always use fresh water and let the kettle be warm before the cold, sparkling fluid is put into it. The fire should be quick, so that the water will boil at once, and the water should be removed from the fire the instant boiling point is reached and poured upon the coffee or tea or whatever beverage is in demand immediately. So many people make the mistake of permitting the kettle to remain over the fire, where the water steams and simmers away, wasting the good water in vapor. Those who drink hot water before breakfast, as many do, should insist on the use of fresh water and having it served as soon as boiled."

Doctors say, however, that to kill germs in suspicious water boiling should last about five minutes.—Washington Post.

Maneuvering in Public Places.
Cleanliness may be next to godliness but the persons who maneuver their nails in the elevated trains and street cars win their way to paradise at the cost of endangering the salvation of others. Hundreds who wish to make a presentable appearance at their offices and places of business use the cars of the elevated and surface systems as places in which to complete their toilet.

A man will pull a knife from his pocket and proceed to remove the grit from beneath his finger nails. When he completes his operation he looks around with the air of one who thinks he should be commended for his habits of personal neatness. He wonders why many persons glare at him from over the tops of their papers in such a disgusted manner. He does not realize they have put him down for a consummate bore who should be confined in a separate compartment.—New York Press.

A Giant of the Deep.

The American Museum of Natural History in New York has what is believed to be the largest whale ever exhibited on land. It is a female finback sixty-eight and a half feet in length. Its body in life was thirty feet in circumference. It is estimated that at least fifty men could be inclosed within the interior of this gigantic animal. The full grown right whale, which is the species usually hunted for its blubber and whalebone, averages from forty-five to fifty feet only in length. The whale whose skeleton is to adorn the museum was washed ashore dead near Forked river, New Jersey, last November. Scientific theory avers that the ancestors of the whales were terrestrial or land mammals which gradually became aquatic in their way of living.

Curious Cossack Customs.

Many queer customs and usages are prevalent among the Cossacks of the Don. No man changes his clothing on a Monday. If he did it is believed that he would suffer from a severe skin disease. On Thursday no fat or flesh must be pickled or corned. If any one neglected this the meat would be full of worms in a fortnight. Wool is not spun on a holiday, else the cattle will sicken and die. A hen is always given an uneven number of eggs to hatch, never an even number. Bones left from a dinner at a funeral are thrown into the river, else the dead will appear to the living in fearful shape. And at the same meal no one dare cut bread; it must always be broken.

Something Wrong.

An Australian auctioneer who was reputed to have more education than professional ability was endeavoring to sell some cattle to an audience of farm hands. "Gentlemen," he began, "I have a particularly nice lot of heifers and bullocks, and I may say that the heifers predominate."

He was interrupted by a very agricultural voice from the crowd. "I thought there was something wrong with 'em,'" it said, "or you wouldn't have to 'em'."

One Particular Reason.

"My dear," said Mrs. Cawker to her daughter, "when you are at Mrs. Cumso's this afternoon I hope you won't think of repeating that bit of gossip about Mrs. Gifflye that Mrs. Fosdick told us this afternoon."

"Why, mamma?"
"Well, because it would be ungentlemanly and unkind, and I don't think Mrs. Gifflye would like it told, and, besides, I want to tell it to Mrs. Cumso myself."

Safety in Numbers.

Brannigan—Come home an' teck supper wid me, Flannigan.

Flannigan—Shure it's past yer supper time now. Yer wife 'll be mad as a hatter.

Brannigan—That's jist it; she can't lick the two of us.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Why He Objected.

He—I wouldn't want any one to marry me out of pity.

She—But they say pity is akin to love.

He—Well, I never could stand for poor relations.—Brooklyn Life.

Don't Break Down a Boy's Pluck with a Broomstick.

There is a better way. You cannot educate the mind with a club.—Schoolmaster.

He Helped For It.

Disatisfied Guest—Your cook doesn't put less red pepper in his dishes, I shall have to quit coming here. I can't stand it.

Proprietor of Restaurant—Good heavens! I pay my chef \$5,000 a year, and he'd leave me in a minute if I found fault with his cooking. Try and learn to like red pepper, can't you?—Chicago Tribune.

POLLY LARKIN.

"Yes," said the guide as we continued our way through the dark alleys and narrow streets of Chinatown. "I could tell you incidents enough to make an interesting book of the ins and outs of this city of the Mongolians. Did you see that forlorn looking fellow we passed at the last corner who asked me for a dime? I have helped that man scores of times, if you call giving alms helping—I don't. It encourages a man to cultivate the habits of a vagabond. Give him work to do and pay him for it. That is the only charitable way of dealing with these fellows who have lost all the honor and manliness they ever had in these low dives that infest San Francisco. You wouldn't believe that he belonged to a wealthy and respectable family in New York, but he does, and he is the only son. They don't know where he is, and they have advertised for him and done everything they could to trace the young reprobate. He has sunk so low now that I doubt whether they will ever hear of him again. When he dies he will go to the potter's field unless some one who knows his history will notify his parents with the expectation of being rewarded. It is better for their own peace of mind that he should go to the potter's field and lie in an unmarked grave. He ran away from home for a fancied wrong or an injustice which he was smarting under. There must have been a common streak in him, however, for from the time he landed here he commenced going to the dogs. He is finely educated, a good musician, and for a long time he played in the dance halls of an evening. He is so low down that he cannot get even that to do. At first he held his head high up among the ranks of the people he mingled with in these low down resorts; but he was a 'jolly good fellow' with the rest. Now there is no lower being here than this hair of a well-known New York merchant. He goes from office to office in the downtown places of business displaying a repulsive sore on his arm that he has made by pouring a strong acid on it. The pain is excruciating, but it is nothing to the gnawing pain he endures in his craving for morphine and opium. His plea is that he is trying to get enough money to get home to his mother, that the hospital is crowded and he cannot afford to pay for medical treatment. People will turn away in disgust from this loathsome-looking arm, but many will at the same time hand him out a dime or a quarter more to get rid of him than through pity. Another place he goes in the tiffs of having been terribly injured in a logging camp and of having tramped and stolen rides to get to the city to his mother only to find that she had died while he was away. This tale of woe nearly always brings a few dimes, for he insists that he doesn't want the money for nothing, but wishes to work for it. He tells how hungry he is, not having had a bite to eat in two days and that he has slept on the ground in one of the plazas since his arrival in the city. He knows full well that no one who believes his story is going to let him do a stroke of work with that dreadful-looking arm. The dime he gets does not go for a cup of hot coffee and a sandwich, which would do his emaciated body some good, but he haetens off for the hypodermic injection of morphine that has left repulsive looking sores, or for the opium smoke. He forgets that he is hungry and homeless for the time being; forgets that he is an outcast and looked upon as a loathsome mortal who had better be dead than alive. For a brief time he wanders in the delightful oblivion of all things that have gone to make up his sad and checkered life and is dreaming in the poppy-fields. When he wakes he will go skulking along the street avoiding the police, of whom he is in mortal terror. He has been sent up time and again as a vagrant. He would rather face death, for he suffers indescribable torture during his incarceration in jail from his hunger for the opiates, which are of course withheld from him. He is only one of those wretched mortals who infest this section of the city. There goes another skulking along like a thief in the night. He is talented, a fine artist, until the opium king claimed him for his own. See that little fellow, not yet out of his teens, he is another. Staying out late at night with a 'gang of the boys,' as he termed it, ruined his life. The 'gang' have all gone the pace that kills.

"Probably you don't realize it, but family physicians who prescribe opiates—like opium and morphine—start many a poor mortal on the downward path. In many instances it is unavoidable, for the patient could not endure the great agony that racks their bodies. Then again, the patient hasn't enough will power to let it alone after the doctor has ordered the drug stopped, but will manage to get it in one way or another. One of the saddest cases in this section is a little woman who is a total wreck. Her father was at one time Governor of one of the Eastern States. She was raised in luxury, was the idol of her family and a bright and shining light in the realm of society. In fact, every wish was gratified except one. She was in love with a young man who was working for a small salary, and her parents would not consent to her marrying him. Finally the father forbade him the house. She rebelled at first, but finally apparently gave in to the stern decree. She was only hiding her time, however, and when her parents had relaxed their vigilance that she was no longer watched both at home and abroad, eloped with the young man of her choice. They went to a distant town and were married

and the parents notified. The only reply she ever received was from her father notifying her that she was no longer a child of his and that he had disinherited her. She wrote to her mother but received no reply. Fortune favored the young couple and her husband was finally able to work his way up from a clerkship to the management of a little business of his own. Everything prospered with them and they were happy and content until a fire broke out in the town which swept everything before it. One of their little children never escaped from the house, and the father, discovering at the last minute the absence of the child, rushed into the burning building. When found the child was clasped in his arms and both burned to a crisp.

"Husband and child dead, the home and property swept away and left destitute, she became almost crazed with grief. Brain fever set in and for weeks she lay in the shadow of death, then she came slowly back to life and misery only to find that the one tie that had bound her to this earth, her other child, had succumbed to fever and passed away while she lay raving in the hospital. Thinking that only a change would ever restore her to health, friends in the little town, knowing her sad history, took up a subscription and sent her to California. Here she soon exhausted the funds that had been given her, but found sewing to do. She was troubled with insomnia, and morphine was given her until she realized the fact one day that the appetite for the drug had grown until she had become a slave to it. She tried to break herself of the habit and suffered tortures only to go back to it. All her efforts were in vain. Finally she gave up the contest against the drug, and since then her downfall has been rapid enough. It is drugs or liquor, one or the other, until she gets in the clutches of the law and is sent to jail to serve her sentence for vagrancy and to sober up. During that time the drug gets out of her system and then conscience wakes up and her remorse for her ill-spent life is agonizing. Again and again she promises herself to do better, but when the door swings open to let her out the old appetite appears again to torment her like a demon and she falls. A little Salvation Army lassie has done much for poor 'Old Mag,' as she is called, for no one knows her real name, and has kept her straight for weeks at a time. But she will escape from her watchful eye, and the next thing she knows poor old Mag is down deep in her degradation and the ever faithful little lassie hunts her up, soothes and encourages her by turns and sends her to the shelter again to sober up. In her sober moments no one can sing the old gospel hymns with more emphasis and more sweetness than old Mag. She feels every word of them, but she is doomed to misery, a low life in this world and then the potter's field—the six feet of earth that makes us one size."

BRIEF REVIEW

Lived With the Dead.

An extremely eccentric personage has passed away at Colyton, Devonshire, in the death of Henry de Spencer Kingdon, says the London Express. He was in his eighty-seventh year, and for many years past had led a most secluded life. A great collector of curios, his house was stored with remarkable things of all kinds. His notoriety, however, was gained by the fact that he kept with him the bodies of his mother and wife, refusing to allow them to be buried in the orthodox way. His mother died forty years ago, and her body was embalmed and has ever since been kept in the room in which Mr. Kingdon stored his curios. His wife died fifteen years ago, was embalmed, placed in a leaden coffin, and has since reposed in the greenhouse. Mr. Kingdon desired that his mother and wife should be buried on the same day as himself, and some years ago he built a mausoleum in the cemetery, with three sarcophagi, one for the reception of each body. The deceased was eccentric in other ways. He was well known twenty years ago as a successful breeder of mastiffs, and such was the affection which he entertained for his pets that he once paid one of the leading London physicians a very large sum to come down and see one of the animals which was ill.

A Unique Paper.

In the frozen northland, almost within the Arctic circle, W. T. Lopp is looking after his publication, the Eskimo Bulletin. It is published at Cape Prince of Wales, and the Bulletin is issued but once every twelve months. Indeed, under the head of the paper is the announcement, "The only yearly paper in the world."

Vandals in Havana are destroying the famous old city wall at the Panta, and its surroundings known as La Fosca, where the reconcentrados of General Weyler were herded together. The wall between Zuleta and Monserrate streets is being torn down for removal, the blocks of granite being used for building stone.

The lead in black lead pencils is now made from coke. It is ground and mixed with iron ore and chemicals and subjected to pressure under great heat.

As a self-inflicted atonement for sins committed thirty years ago a Moscow beggar has ever since worn an iron chain from which two heavy weights depend.

The entire commercial wealth of India is 300,000,000 inhabitants is in the hands of 90,000 Parsees and Rajahs.

It costs 2 cents to try a breakfast by electricity and 10 cents to cook a dinner.

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

They Are Oftentimes the Cause of Collisions at Sea.

Speaking of collisions at sea, a sea captain recently said:
"I think I can explain the cause of many collisions which otherwise seem to be green and red are complementary colors. Every ship under way carries at night a red light burning on her left or port side and a green light burning on her right or starboard side. Yet vessels go crashing into each other upon nights when these lights must be plainly visible from their decks. And when the case comes up in court and an effort is made to establish the blame of the accident, honest men swear directly opposite to each other and believe they are telling the truth."

"The captain of one ship, for instance, will swear that he saw a red light on his port bow and held his course. A little later he saw a green light there, starboarded his helm, and the collision followed. The men on the other ship swear that where the captain says he saw a green light a red light was burning."
"Now, how does this happen? It happens this way: The captain looks for a while intently at the red light on the other vessel. Then for some reason he changes his line of vision, probably due to a bulging sail above the light, and, lo, he sees at once a green light, shifts his helm, and, crash, he goes into her! He really does not see any light at all when he looks at the sail, but an optical illusion makes him think he does."

"Try it yourself. Just gaze intently at a bright red, round object for a while and then suddenly look at a blank white wall. A green spot will appear to you. Winking the eyes will hasten its appearance."—New York Press.

PLANTS THAT CLIMB.

Peccolities of Their Leaves and Their Modes of Movement.

It is in the twining plants, such as bryony and hop, and the tendrils bear, like vetches, that we find the highest development of the climbing habit. These plants live upon unusual conditions. In order to gain the light they must seek rather than avoid overhanging foliage, and so we find the vetches, instead of turning away from the shadow toward the light, like most of their neighbors, boldly pushing up into the center of a bush to burst into blossom amid its upper branches far above their less daring neighbors.

But it is in the leaves of these plants that we find the most remarkable modifications adapting them to a climbing habit. The leaves of the vetches and vetchlings are pinnate—they bear a number of opposite ovate leaflets. The tip of the leaf stalk and the uppermost part of the pinnae are in the climbing species changed into tendrils—sensitive, twining, whiplike structures—which exhibit remarkable features. If the slightly curved, extended tendril of a young vine of pea or vetch be watched carefully it will be found that it is slowly but incessantly moving round and round in a circle. If the tendril comes into contact with a twig it bends toward it and eventually takes several turns around it. Even a slight temporary irritation is sufficient to cause a bending toward any side.

Finally the tendril becomes woody and strong and forms a secure anchor cable for the plant. Not only does the young tendril rotate, but the whole leaf on which it is borne is in constant motion. The shoot to which the leaf belongs is rotating also, so that the tendril is sweeping the air with a complicated motion, in the course of which it is almost sure to strike against some object or twig in the surrounding vegetation.—Knowledge.

A Fool's Retort.

One day at the court of Ferdinand II, a silly courtier fancied that he could amuse those present by his frivolities, which prompted Jonas, Ferdinand's favorite fool, to answer him according to his folly. But he so enraged the courtier that he shouted: "Fellow, be silent! I never stoop to talk with a fool."

"Well, I do," retorted Jonas, "and therefore be good enough to listen to me in your turn."

Madeira Island Roads.

In the whole of the Madeira islands there are no wheeled vehicles, for the roads are too rough and mountainous. There are a few heavy sledges drawn by bullocks, but the favorite modes of locomotion are hammocks slung on poles and borne by natives and basket sledges. The latter are used for descending the mountains and are skillfully guided by a runner behind.

Opportunities.

However a man is gifted, whether for activity, for thought or for charity, there lies around him a world of opportunity. So far behind are we socially, morally, intellectually, that one might be forgiven if he supposed the world were made but yesterday and nothing had yet been done. Does not ambition fire us to help the despairing, starving, sinking people around us? If a few more years be added to our life, would we not strive to put something right, to sweep out some little corner, to awaken some soul to see and rejoice in the growing light?—Good Words.

Bird Superstitions.

In many parts of England there are curious superstitions about birds. The stonechat, for instance, is believed to be continually chatting with the evil one, so it is held in bad repute, and as the raven commonly impersonates his sable majesty it is ranked in the same category of evil birds. Sometimes, however, the raven's appearance, so it is held, forebodes a death.

Rational Conclusions.

"Ef dey's milk in paradise dey mus' have cows dar," said Brother Williams, "en ef dey got honey dar dey mus' have bees, en whar bees is dey's blossoms, en whar blossoms is dey's always watermillons in season, bress de Lawd!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Dividing the Book.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, who had been describing a war ship to the class, "how is the deck divided?"
"A deck is divided," replied the bright boy, "into spades, hearts, diamonds and clubs."—Philadelphia Press.

THE KNOCK OUT BLOW.

Effects Produced by the Puffblow Jet on the Jaw.

All boxers know the knock out blow on the point of the jaw, and not a few have lively recollections of what it feels like, but probably not one in a hundred has any idea why the trick has such effective and to the performer valuable results. The generally accepted theory was that the impact traveled direct through the socket of the jaw to the bony envelope of the brain, which was stunned by the shock, but Mr. J. G. Duncanson, writing in the British Medical Journal, suggests another reason.

In the ear is a set of canals filled with fluid and lined with a delicate arrangement of nerves. The action set up by the motion of this fluid on the nerves plays an all important part in the process of balancing the body. A sudden and violent rotation of the head produces a correspondingly violent motion of the fluid. The knock out blow plants a little to one side of the jaw in a somewhat slanting direction causes such a rotation, the muscles which regulate the turning of the head being comparatively weak, and the result is a complete loss of the power of balance and generally of consciousness also.

How Some Nurses Are Abused.

A young nurse of my acquaintance was found early one morning unconscious on the entry floor. Upon inquiry the doctor learned that from Monday morning till Thursday night she had been without sleep or even enough time off to bathe and change her clothes. Of course she was extremely foolish to permit such a thing on the patient's account as well as her own, but it was her first private case, and, feeling shy about obtruding personal wants in a time of general stress, she had relied on coffee and determination to pull her through. The state joke, "Why, do you have to sleep? I thought you were trained!" unfortunately contains not a grain of exaggeration. I have gone to a house where after a day's nursing, a night spent in sponging a typhoid patient, at 10 o'clock on the morning of the second day a nurse was still in charge. No one had given her night lunch, breakfast or even a cup of coffee. She had been on duty for twenty-six straight hours, working strenuously all the time. Not a member of the household seemed equal to taking her place or indeed dreamed of the necessity of doing so. Later it was rumored that this girl had become intemperate.—Mary Moss in Atlantic.

Book Publishing in the Middle Ages.

When in the middle ages an author at any European university desired to publish his thoughts his book was read over twice in the presence of the authorities and if approved might be copied and exposed for sale, a practice in which the germs for state licensing may be readily distinguished. It was evidently necessary, however, to keep a strict watch over the persons employed in this business, and the statutes of the University of Paris show that the booksellers were subjected to a very severe discipline. They were obliged to keep a list of the books they sold and to exhibit their scale of charges, and they were forbidden to purchase any manuscript till it had been duly approved by the authorities and publicly exposed to view for four days.

Stoves of the Middle Ages.

The stoves of the middle ages and of the era of the Roman empire and throughout Germany and Scandinavia generally were built of brick, tiles or similar material and were so large as to be stationary, sometimes taking up the whole side of a room, and in the latter country in winter the couches and blankets were spread thereon and the family used them in lieu of the beds of subsequent years. The fire was built at the bottom, and the heat and smoke passed through various flues, distributing warmth, before they made their exit to the chimney. Some of them were faced with porcelain and were highly ornamental.

An Organ in the Tenth Century.

Wolston speaks of an organ containing 400 pipes which was erected in the tenth century in England. This instrument was blown by "thirteen separate pairs of bellows." It also contained a large keyboard. There are drawings of that period extant which represent the organ as an instrument having but few pipes, blown by two or three persons and usually performed by a monk. The keys, which were played upon by hard blows of the fist, were very clumsy and from four to six inches broad.

About the end of the eleventh century semitones were introduced into the keyboard, but to all appearances its compass did not extend beyond three octaves. The introduction of pedals in 1490 by Bernhard—giving a compass B flat to A—was another important contribution to the instrument. These were merely small pieces of wood operated by the toe of the player.

Work For His Sheep.

A resident of London with a taste for devilry found himself recently in a remote west of England village, where a sheep was killed about once a week. Not knowing that mutton was a luxury and kidneys, for obvious reasons, therefore, a rarity, he presented himself day after day at the village butcher's with the same request for his favorite breakfast dish. The butcher, looking upon his customer as a lunatic, bore it as long as he could, but on the fifth day said indignantly, "If you think, young man, that my sheep have nothing better to do than to lay kidneys for your breakfast you are mortal mistook!"—London Answers.

Lucky Choice.

Mrs. Crawford—She married a carpenter.
Mrs. Crabshaw—Isn't that just lovely! Now she can have shaves put up whenever she wishes without having to ask the landlord over and over again.—Puck.

Too Many Z's.

Mother—You are at the bottom of the spelling class again, are you, Dorothy?
Dorothy—Yes, mamma.
"How did that happen?"
"I got too many Z's in 'scissors.'"—Boston Globe.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

The Busy Season.

In the spring a thinner shadow haunts the young man's pocketbook, and he casts upon each nickel a lean and hungry look. In the spring a brighter yellow blush is on the butter-line and boards are suspicious of the azure tinted cream. In the spring the festive angler from the ground extracts a worm and with fondish glee impales it on a hook that makes it squirm. In the spring a woman's fancy turns to thoughts of stylish hats, while her weary, careworn husband thinks a lot and murmurs "Rats!" In the spring the jolly farmer with a chuckle doth begin painting letters on a shingle, "Summer Boarders Taken In." The bunko man gets busy—the kite is on the string—thus we realize there's always something doing in the spring.—Chicago News.

What He Lost.

Shakespeare was reading the latest news.
"Here's a fellow getting a dollar a word!" he exclaimed.
"Too bad," returned Johnson. "Just think what I'd have got at that rate!"
Determined to have the last word anyway, he returned to his dictionary.—Judge.

Expectations of a Windfall.

"Dear," said the physician's wife "when can you let me have \$10?"
"Well," replied the medical man, "I hope to cash a draft shortly, and then—"
"Cash a draft? What draft?"
"The one I saw Mrs. Jenkins sitting in this morning."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Method.

"Have you any evidence against the prisoner?"
"None," answered the detective.
"Then why did you arrest him?"
"It's a great idea of my own. When the real criminal sees an innocent man in trouble, maybe he'll come forward and confess."—Washington Star.

Not Conducive to Repose.

Baldy—Dis spring wedder is too awful, ain't it?
Restful—Yes, too blasted invigorating!
Aronson—Her interest.
Miss Citygirl—What are you planting, Uncle Hiram?
Uncle Hiram—Salad, miss.
Miss Citygirl—Oh, how interesting! Now do tell me, which is the chicken salad and which the lobster?—Philadelphia Record.

In Their Absence.

"That reminds me," said Barnes at the height of the street fight. "Why are the police like electricity?"
"Give it up," said the chorus.
"Because," said Barnes, "it is an unseen force."—Boston Transcript.

Natural Deduction.

Little Mae—is a man who hunts rats called a ratler, ma?
"I suppose so, my dear."
Little Mae—Then a woman who hunts moths must be a mother, ain't she, ma?—Brooklyn Eagle.

Large Heads.

"Why in the world is that latter buying hats of such extraordinary sizes?"
"Oh, he has a store in a town where a great many college boys graduate."—Chicago News.

Criticism.

Footie Lighte—What is the effect when a critic "roasts" you?
Sue Brette—Why, it makes my blood boil.—Yonkers Statesman.

Right Up With the Crowd.

"Is your minister progressive, Mrs. Paymore?"
"Oh, yes! He wears a sweater."—Washington Post.

A Bull Market.

Rooster, Jr.—What's the matter, pap? You look downhearted.
Rooster, Sr.—I'm short on corn.—Boston Herald.

An Early View.

Man is the rhythm, woman the rhyme. Weaving together the poem of time, Life's ever continuing ode.
He clears of briars and shows her the way. Leads her and guides her through night and through day. While she strews with roses the road.
He seeks the measure, suttin the thought, Labor with laurel and thorn crowns a fraught. Leaving it polished and terse.
Here is to follow, to watch and to bese. With a smile and a kiss and a heart load of cheer. For rhyme at the end of each verse!
And when thus the measure's attained by the rhyme.
(A wedding is blest by the church bells' chime).
Then life is a poem of gold.
But often the rhythm falls ever to halt Its musical mate through the length of the tale.
And blank verse is prosy and cold.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Curing a Snake Bite.

This is how the Indians of Central America cure a snake bite: They pin the unlucky patient to the ground and wind strong crows above and below the bite until they cut into the flesh. Then they apply a live coal to the wound to cauterize it and follow that up by rubbing in a mixture of chewed tobacco and crushed garlic. By this time the victim is nearly mad with pain and ready to kill everybody in sight, especially when he finds, as he often does, that the snake was not venomous.

Injuries.

Parent—is blowing a French horn likely to result in injury to my boy?
Doctor—You can be sure it is, sir, if he blows it near my house and I catch him.—Chimes.

Stick Up.

"Stick to me," said the wall paper to the paste, "and we'll hang together."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Justice Discards Party, Friendship and Kindred, and is therefore represented as blind.—Addison.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

Gelatin stiffened jellies contain 95 per cent water.

The greatest ranching country of the Canadian northwest is Alberta.

The London Times pays its Berlin correspondent \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year.

In the United States one death in every sixty-five is either murder or suicide.

London has over thirty King streets and the same number of Queen streets or roads.

Mining companies in the United States last year paid \$150,000,000 in dividends.

Five hundred and two patents have been taken out by women in Germany since 1877.

It has often happened that cables have been destroyed by submarine earthquakes.

Switzerland is to have still another connection with Italy, an electric railway from Coire to Arosa.

Four times as many passengers were carried by trolley roads as by steam roads in Massachusetts in 1902.

The house in which Robert Burns died at Dumfries is now let as a dwelling place at a rent of \$95 a year.

At New Romney, Kent, England, a set of ancient stocks has been discovered in a cellar of the courthouse.

The total of bequests and gifts made in 1902 to educational and other institutions in this country was \$85,000,000.

The Halifax school board wishes to discontinue teaching infants sewing on the ground that it causes defective vision.

Of every thousand men accepted for the United States army last year 33.44 were born in Germany and 24.78 in Ireland.

About 100 years ago the use of starch for stiffening the frills round the neck was considered highly reprehensible, if not positively sinful.

A monument designed by Newton Thorp and to cost \$45,000 is to be erected in San Francisco in commemoration of Dewey's victory at Manila.

Recent British experience is claimed to show that propeller blades of circular shape have a much more powerful grip of the water than those of oval form.

The shah, who inherited 1,000 wives from his father, has reduced his harem from 1,700 to 60, "an astounding innovation," as no previous shah has had under 1,500.