

BANDON RECORDER.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Only a Few of These Historic Trees Now Remain.

There are only about 400 cedars of Lebanon now remaining high up on the rocky slopes. Hadrian sculptured his imperial anathema against all who should cut these sacred trees; the Maronite peasants almost worship them and call them the "cedars of the Lord," and a recent governor of the Lebanon has surrounded them by a great wall so that the young shoots may not be injured by roving animals. Yet, century by century, their number grows less.

But if the cedars are few in number these few are of royal blood. They are not the largest of trees, though some of the trunks measure over forty feet around. Their beauty lies in the wide spreading limbs, which often cover a circle 200 or 300 feet in circumference. Some are tall and symmetrical, with beautiful horizontal branches; others are gnarled and knotted, with inviting seats in the great forks and charming beds on the thick foliage of the swaying boughs.

The wood has a sweet odor, is very hard and seldom decays. The vitality of the cedar is remarkable. A dead tree is never seen, except where lightning or the ax has been at work. Often a great length of one tree has grown into a neighbor, and the two are so bound together that it is impossible to say which is the parent trunk. Perhaps the unusual strength and vitality of the cedars are due to their slow growth. When a little sprout hardly waist high is said to be ten or fifteen or twenty years old one cannot help asking, "What must be the age of the great patriarchs of the grove?" It is hard to tell exactly. By the aid of a microscope I have counted more than 700 rings on a bough only thirty inches in diameter. Those who have studied the matter more deeply think that some of these trees must be more than a thousand years old. Indeed, there is nothing wildly improbable in the thought that perhaps the Guardian, for instance, may have been a young tree when Hiram began cutting for the temple at Jerusalem.—Lewis Gaston Leary in Scribner's.

APHORISMS.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature.—Curlye.

Good nature is stronger than tomahawks.—Emerson.

Talebearers are just as bad as tale-makers.—Sberidan.

Almost always the most indigent are the most generous.—Stanislaus.

Those who complain most are most to be complained of.—M. Henry.

True gentleness is native feeling heightened and improved by principle.—Blair.

He that thinks he can afford to be negligent is not far from being poor.—Johnson.

Persistent people begin their success where others end in failure.—Edward Eggleston.

He who commits injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.—Plato.

A friend that you have to buy won't be worth what you pay for him, no matter what that may be.—Frentice.

Some Formal Correspondence.

A matter of fact scribbler in the Cathedral of Berlin once wrote the king of Prussia this brief note:

Sire—I acquaint your majesty, first, that there are wanting books of psalms for the royal family. I acquaint your majesty, second, that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint your majesty, third, that the balustrade next the river, behind the church, is becoming ruinous.

SCHMIDT, Sacrist of the Cathedral.

The reply of the king was not that of a "gracious majesty." It still formally in imitating the style of the scribbler probably was not taken by the receiver as complimentary to him:

I acquaint you, Herr Sacrist Schmidt, first, that those who want to sing may buy books. Second, I acquaint Herr Schmidt that those who want to be warm must buy wood. Third, I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt that I shall not trust any longer to the balustrade next the river. And I acquaint Herr Schmidt, fourth, that I will not have any more correspondence with him.

FREDERICK.

Absent Minded Lord Derby.

Lord Derby could be very absent minded, and once on a time he walked with Lord Clarendon, his opponent, and told him all the secrets of the cabinet. Lord Clarendon listened amazed, but thought it too large an order when he was asked for his advice. It was not for him to counsel his political foes. At this intimation Lord Derby woke up, saying, "Really, I thought all the time I was talking to a colleague!" He had continued, hardly recognizing the fact, a controversy he had been having with other ministers at the foreign office. Of course Lord Clarendon honorably preserved the cabinet secrets, but he told his story against Lord Derby and made a laugh.

His Mistake.

Gushington—I wonder what's the matter with Starr, the tragedian. He never notices me any more.

Crittick—Didn't I hear you tell him his style was very much like Booth's?

Gushington—Yes, but surely—

Crittick—That's where you made your mistake. You should have said Booth's style was like his—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

No Divination Needed.

He—the astrologer described you exactly and said that I would marry you.

She—Don't you think it was a waste of money to consult him?

"Why?"

"I could have told you the same thing myself if you had asked me!"—Stray Stories.

What Did He Mean?

"Have you ever been married?" asked the magistrate.

"No," replied the prisoner at the bar of justice; "but I've been blown up by dynamite."—Philadelphia Record.

The Parson's Comment.

"Yes," said the Billville father, "that boy shall be taught to tell the truth."

"He's mighty young to be sent so far from home!" replied the parson.—Atlanta Constitution.

POLLY LARKIN

Of all the pitiful things in this world, about the saddest and most deplorable is the man or woman who is fast descending the hill of life with nothing laid by for a rainy day. Possibly they have earned good salaries but have lived up to them, forgetting that the time was passing, carrying with it the youth, their energy and ability to work. Perhaps they did not have to work, but were abundantly provided for and had no thought of the future. Mistakes in speculation and business adventures in everyday life turn the tide of prosperity and when they least expect it everything, even to their household effects is swept away, leaving them wholly unprepared for a battle with life. The spending money they gave so recklessly parted with in the days gone by would be to them a fortune now. They don't know the first principles of economy. It is a new experience for them to go into a store and order a few cents worth of this or that where, in the days of their affluence, they have run up big accounts and have simply made their purchase with the order to "charge it." The wealthy who are reduced to poverty are even more to be pitied than those who have been compelled to count their dime and dollars. They seem so perfectly helpless, so at sea as to what they shall turn their hand to. On the other hand those who have toiled, those who have worked since they were mere children and know the value of a dollar, if adversity comes, they will not sit down and bemoan their fate and wonder what they are to do, but will turn resolutely toward building up their fallen fortunes. They may not be very cheerful over the outlook, but they do not intend to sit down and cry over their misfortune, and nine times out of ten they will assume an air of cheerfulness and the world will never know of their bitter disappointment.

An old gray-haired man said to me the other day, "Polly, I have made several fortunes in my lifetime. I made my money easy and I let it slip through my hands like water. I was not far-sighted enough and never questioned my ability to keep up the steady practice with the ready money flowing in and keeping my purse replenished. I seemed to forget that clever young men were applying themselves to the study of law and would, when admitted to the bar, seek successful fields to hang out their shingles, and that while old-time friends would still continue loyal the new generation would seek the clever young lawyers who could make a show and cut a dash by their up-to-date ideas, and would pass by the lawyer who had been counselor and friend to his father, considering him merely an old fogy or a mossback. One day I waked up to the fact that I was really a back number as far as my business was concerned, and of all the money I had made there was not a dollar laid by. I had some bitter reflections about that time. We had lived in the same house for many years and had paid enough rent to have bought it and had enough to call our own in our old age. I was too prosperous and I let that opportunity slip. Well, to sum it all up and make a short story of a long life of mistakes, I am to-day homeless and you might say friendless as far as being able to call on my acquaintances for assistance. I would like to read every young man who is starting out on his business career a story with a moral, and it would only be relating the little, insignificant history of my own life. I would like to impress upon every young person, girls and boys alike, the necessity of laying by something each week. Let them make it their aim in life to have a little bank account of their own, and then when old age comes creeping on it won't bring the horror of being dependent that is so galling to anyone with the least particle of pride. Then he can grow old gracefully, contentedly, happily. My experience should be a warning to all young people and I make it my aim in life to impress upon the young that I come in contact with, the importance of saving. You are at liberty to publish this conversation, Polly, providing you do not use any names," said this silver-haired friend and I do hope all who read it will take warning and profit by my experience."

Another gentleman, who reckons up his fortune in many figures, said not long since when talking on this same subject: "I have plenty of money—enough to make my family live on Easy street for the remainder of their lives. I made my money by hard work and the strictest economy, and can remember distinctly how proud I was when I deposited my first ten dollars in the bank. It was an incentive for greater efforts and I would have gone hungry rather than have drawn one dollar of that account. How I did work to add another ten dollars to that amount. I wasn't getting the best of wages either but I learned to be economical. I remember the day that the idea took possession of me to not only make money but save it. A boy about my own age, whose father was wealthy, came to the same town and finally entered the same district school that I attended. He was dressed in the most up-to-date and expensive clothing. Mine were made-over garments and threadbare. He was overbearing and never refrained from taunting me with being poor on every occasion. Then and there, after some tantalizing remark that made my blood boil with indignation, I made up my mind to work, work, work, and I emphasized the word work each time with clenched hands and flashing eyes. I remember I said to him, 'The day will

come when you will ask me to help you.' How they all laughed at this speech of mine, but I meant it and my prophecy has come true. Not only so, but many times he has asked assistance from me and I have never failed to help him. His old air of bravado has gone, his spirit is broken. Why? The answer is simple enough. Because he never learned to know the value of a dollar. He simply didn't know how to save and became a spendthrift.

"Now, I have a family of two sons and four daughters. It was not necessary for any of them, particularly the girls, ever to turn their hand to any thing. To the boys I gave each a fine cattle ranch and they could have simply overseen the place, had no work to do, and enjoyed themselves as most youths do—society, a little traveling, etc. But they never received a deed to the place until they had begun at the foot of the ladder and worked up to the foremanship. Then, and not till then did I consider them sufficiently up in the business to become the owner of it. The result is that my boys are shrewd business men and will never be caught napping. My daughters, when it comes to business matters, are not far behind them. One is a good stenographer and bookkeeper and she not only clothes and boards herself but has a little bank account of her own. Another one is a music teacher. I gave her the best advantages with the finest musical instructors. The other two daughters are artists and have all they can do. You may deem it strange that, wealthy as I am, I allow my children to work as hard as though they did not have a dime in the world, yet it has been the making of them. The only wrong I can see in it is the fact that they are occupying places probably that some less-fortunate boy or girl should fill. However, every boy and girl must look out for themselves, aim high, save their dollars and cents and know no such word as fail."

BRIEF REVIEW.

Petrie Finds Ten Temples.

Professor Flinders Petrie has given an interesting account of the past season's excavation at Abydos. In the clearance of the old temple sites, which extended over several acres, there were revealed, at a depth of about twenty feet, ten successive temples, ranging in age from 500 to about 5000 B. C., thus enabling the changes through the whole Egyptian history to be seen. The main result, as regards religion, is that Osiris was not the original god of Abydos. The jackal, and then Khentamenti, the god of the West, was honored until the twelfth dynasty. The most striking change is seen about the fourth dynasty, when the temple was abolished, and only a great hearth of burnt offering is found, full of votive clay substitutes for sacrifices. This agrees with the account of Herodotus, that Cheops had closed the temples and forbidden sacrifices. This materialization of history is made more real by the finding of an ivory statuette of Cheops of the finest work.

Preferred Her Cell to Paying Bills.

Mrs. Telka Lessian, a widow, formerly in the carpet business in Williamsburg, on account of ill health was released from the Raymond street jail, Brooklyn, after having been confined as a debt prisoner. Mrs. Lessian was the first woman in the jurisdiction of the United States District Court in the Eastern district to be imprisoned under the bankruptcy law, says the New York Herald. The Court ordered the woman to pay over to her creditors \$2907. She refused, alleging that she had no money. Two years previously she had sold her store for \$10,000.

The March of Improvement.

First we harnessed steam and made it do our work, and now we have bridled that mysterious force called electricity and compel it to labor for us. Could the great Sir Isaac Newton return to earth he would fully realize that he was only a child searching for pebbles upon the sea shore, as he said he was when he was here among us before. No man can predict what science will do in the next century. The last great achievement is that of the immortal Marconi.

Alcohol by New Method.

The Imperial Official of Paris says in a report of the National proceedings of the Agricultural Society, that a new means has been discovered of producing alcohol. As a result of experiments made many years ago by Mr. Barthelot in the chemical analysis of alcohol efforts have been made to perfect and simplify the production that will cost 8 cents per gallon, the alcohol to be of 100 degrees.

A Magazine Recently Started.

In India which promises to answer every objection against felons and to discuss every question against Islam. The Russian Government, while hitherto intolerant of missionaries, gives the Bible itself free of course among the people. It is admitted free of charge and has often been transported free.

Some curious experiments are reported in Italy about the effects of colors on the nerves of sick or insane people. Red has good effect on melancholia and blue on violently insane people.

Ignorance generally prides itself upon its wisdom, while wisdom admits the ignorance of man.

It is not right or fair to expect a teacher to create brains for your child.

Noisy people seldom do much thinking.

WRITER'S THOUGHT CRAMP

The Way the Flood of Inspired Ideas Flows and Flows.

If the fiction writer has his delicious moments, when he tastes the joys which come with the excitement of creative composition—and these he undoubtedly has—also he knows distressing periods of mental apathy.

He has been working away at top speed, full of gladness in that subtle fabric which his pen weaves in the warp and weft of paper and ink. His head is packed with inspired ideas, like a gift box from the gods. His hopes ride high. His ambitions scrape the clouds.

Then something happens. It is not a snap, a break, a crash—nothing so tangible. It is just a ceasing. Abruptly, unexpectedly, all his fine thoughts vanish. No longer is life a country of majestic, white-robed heights and alluring purple-toned valleys. All is flat and gray and bleak.

Just about now, if the writer only knew it, is a most excellent time to go fishing. At last, baffled, discouraged, heart-sick, he sits with his head in his hands, contemplating with foolish self-pity the melancholy spectacle of himself.

But, like drought and food, war and pestilence and all other ills great and small, it passes. And he knows not how or when it goes. Days after he wakes up to find himself, pen in hand, hard at work again. Of its own accord apparently the machine has set itself in motion.—Sewell Ford in The Reader.

Saved Ann a Ducking.

A colonial shrew who was threatened with the ducking stool was once saved by this plea: "I wish to duck Ann Willott to cure her," her defender declared. "Now if she is not cured in the gain in ducking her! And if she is cured all the women who now keep a guard over their tongues through distaste to be likened to such a known, notorious and contemptible scold as Ann will do so no longer; but although it is not like any should become such as she, yet all will scold a little more than they do, the check of her example being removed. Now, it is better that Ann, being a single woman without family to afflict, should go unpunished and unducked, but despatched by all, and wags her tongue as she will, standing there in for the whole town, than that she should be silenced and the tongues of other women run more free."

Stephenson's Birthplace.

In a red tiled two-story house on the road between Newcastle and Hexham, England, was born George Stephenson, the inventor of the first practical locomotive, on June 9, 1781. He earned his first regular money—a shilling a week—for looking after cows, and he was eighteen before he learned to read. The modeling of engines in clay was his favorite occupation as a boy, and when he grew up toward manhood he had charge of engines and displayed his inventive genius in their improvement. At last, in 1813, he produced his first locomotive, which he called a travelling engine. Lord Ravensworth was called a fool for advancing money for the construction of a locomotive. A few years, however, proved that Lord Ravensworth was not so foolish as people supposed, for in 1825 the Stockton and Darlington line was opened for traffic.

The Electrical Current.

The path traversed by a heavy current of electricity in passing through the body is a matter of great importance. The most dangerous is from one hand to the other, because the resistance of the path is low and because the current passes near the heart. Hence it is a good rule in handling live conductors to use but one hand. An important rule to observe in rescuing a person in contact with a live wire and when it is impossible to cut off the current is to push the victim off with one foot. Even should the current pass from one foot to the other through the rescuer the resistance of the path is considerable, and as the current does not pass near the heart serious injury is not likely to result.

Desolate St. Helena.

A recent leading article in the only paper printed on the Napoleonic rock advocates the conversion of St. Helena into a sort of penal settlement as the only mode of salvation. St. Helena had an extraordinary boom of prosperity during the South African war, when thousands of Boer prisoners were isolated there. Now there is no market for the local beef and vegetables, and the agriculturists are in despair. "Their lands are full of weeds, their gardens unplanted."

A Remarkable Hat.

According to a French paper, there is a man in London who possesses a remarkable straw hat. For years past he has followed King Edward about at foreign watering places, and whenever he saw the Prince of Wales, as the king then was, drinking anything through a straw he pounced down upon the straw and added it to his collection. Last year this strange collector had gathered such a bundle of straws that he had a hat made of them.

London's Hospitals.

The total expenditures of all the hospitals of the British metropolis exceed \$5,000,000 a year. More than one half of it is derived from investments and legacies. The other half is obtained from voluntary contributions of the living. Less \$425,000, which is all that the patients pay.

Beyond Belief.

Mr. Hunter (reading)—Huh! This advertisement says "roomy flat to let." Talk about your "condensed life!"

Mr. Hunter—How do you mean?

Mr. Hunter—Well, if it's really a fat it can't be roomy, and if by some miracle it should be a roomy fat it wouldn't be "to let."—Philadelphia Press.

A Revived Topic of Discussion.

"It looks as if we were in for another Napoleonic revival."

"What makes you think so?"

"I understand the Lime and Plaster Club has revived the old debating question, 'Resolved, That Bonaparte is a greater man than Napoleon.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CHOICE MISCELLANY NEW SHORT STORIES

Unlucky Royal Names.

The Christian name of Peter has never been fashionable among royals. England has never had a monarch baptized as Peter, and in other countries the Peters have been unlucky. Peter or Pedro I, emperor of Brazil, abdicated after an uneasy reign, and his son, Pedro II, was driven to Europe by a revolution and died in Paris in 1891. Pedro the Cruel of Castile and Leon was slain by his brother in single combat. Peter the Great of Russia was guilty of frightful excesses. His grandson, Peter II, reigned only three years and died of smallpox at the age of fifteen. Peter III was dethroned and strangled by conspirators. Peter I. of Serbia was already brutal, massacred behind him. John is another name avoided by royals. We had only one John, and the experience was unhappy. In Scotland this was the popular repugnance to the name that when the son of Robert II. ascended the throne he changed his name from John to Robert. Few of the Jameses died in their beds, and the alteration to Charles was not a successful experiment. Edward, George, William and Henry have on the whole been fortunate names for our sovereigns to bear.—London Chronicle.

Making Standard Oil Cans.

Nowhere does the policy of economy which Mr. Rockefeller has worked out show better than in one of the Standard canning works. Several months ago the writer visited the largest of the Standard can factories, the Devoe, on the East river, Long Island City. It has a capacity of 70,000 five gallon cans a day and is probably the largest can factory in the world.

Wagon Loads of Money.

The presses of the bureau of engraving and printing are moving twenty-four hours a day printing money. The run is on new national bank notes. It takes about twenty-five days to prepare new money for the banks so that it will be properly seasoned to go into the hands of the public.

Great Britain's Seagoing Men.

One in every thirty-six of the males over fifteen years of age in the United Kingdom is a seaman in the mercantile marine or a fisherman, according to the report of the board of trade committee, but that by no means represents the proportion of Britons who go to the sea in ships. For the current year the total number of officers and men, active service ratings, provided by the estimates for the royal navy is 127,000, being an increase of 4,000 over the previous year. Taking the two totals this means that one in about every twenty is a sailor, which is an enormously larger percentage than that which any other nation can boast, even with the conscription which supplies the seamen of several continental countries.—London Chronicle.

Then the Band Worked.

Some months after K. as Tommy calls Lord Kitchener, had taken over command from Lord Roberts during the recent war in South Africa he had occasion to visit some blockhouses which were in course of erection just outside one of the leading commercial towns. One, he noticed, had been placed in a rather exposed position, and he therefore ordered trenches and saps to be thrown up at once, in order to strengthen it. Going inside one of the blockhouses—they are all connected by telephone—he rang up the officer commanding a unit in the town, when the following dialogue took place:

K.—Are you there?

C. O.—Yes, sir.

K.—Are you in command of the shire regiment?

C. O.—Yes, sir.

K.—I want a working party, fifty strong, with trenching tools, to be here at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning.

C. O.—I beg your pardon, sir, but my men are all employed on something or other, the majority escorting prisoners down the line.

K.—Oh, I see. Ah, is that a band I hear playing there?

C. O. (hesitating)—Yes, sir.

K.—Oh, it is. What band?

C. O.—Regimental band, sir, playing outside the mess.

K.—Playing at mess? Well—ah—just have those instruments put away for some future occasion, will you, and make that working party 100 strong, to arrive here tomorrow at 6 a. m., or there will be a regimental command vacant.

C. O. (stammering)—Very good, sir.

That working party were mostly bandsmen. Kitchener had heard the music vibrating on the telephone instrument.

They Sent For Peggy.

In a large New York department store some books were being sold at the dry goods counter as a special attraction. A business man rushed in to get a novel on his way downtown, and he chanced to mistake the dry goods counter with the book specialty for the book department. In breathless

FACTS IN FEW LINES

The shooting of firecrackers is not American; it is Chinese.

One factory has marketed 80,000 electrical fashions this season.

There are 22,400 more females than males in Cornwall, England.

The Johannesburg Public library is now open on Sunday afternoons.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris is now lighted by electricity.

Three times as much freight passed the "Soo" last year as passed through the Suez canal.

It is estimated that the population of British Somaliland is about 250,000. Its area is about 98,000 square miles.

Atlantic City possesses a police motor car which is used solely for the conveyance of intoxicated prisoners.

During the last three years twenty-two millionaires have died in England. Their average age was seventy-five years.

Within five years wages for all classes of mechanical occupations have increased from 20 to 25 per cent in Hamilton, Canada.

Two Russian papers asked their readers to name the ten greatest men, and in both cases Tolstol came out at the top of the poll.

The largest tree in the world lies broken and petrified at the end of a dingle in northwestern Nevada. It is said to be 966 feet long.

It is stated that on Jan. 1, 1903, there were 1,124 bituminous coal mines in operation in Pennsylvania as compared with 948 on Dec. 31, 1900.

There are more than 17,000 machine tending operatives in Lowell, Mass., caring for 838,000 spindles and earning over \$500,000 a month in wages.

Wages of the working people of the United Kingdom, according to official statistics, showed a decrease of \$7,920,000 last year compared with the preceding year.

It is claimed by Boston that it makes the finest quality of Egyptian cigarettes, produces the choicest Italian macaroni and has altogether the best brand of the Irishman in politics.

The English post office gives 20 per cent better speed in delivering parcels than the private carriers and at a cost of 6 cents for a pound, 8 cents for two pounds and 24 cents for eleven pounds.

French drivers and firemen and even French fuel will be imported for the trial in England of the De Glehn giant locomotive engine which is being built in France for the Great Western railway.

Two submarines made a sham attack on the French squadron at La Rochelle recently in the evening, and so smartly were they handled that it is said in actual warfare the whole division would have been annihilated.

Blissquero has shown that radium emits cathode rays moving at a velocity of over 120,000 miles a second. A particle traveling with this velocity and starting from the earth would reach the moon in two seconds.

A man in Cincinnati applied to the courts for an injunction to restrain the tongues of the gossips of the neighborhood. He learned from judicial sources that there are some things beyond the control of the highest human power.

Russell square, London, beloved of readers of "Vanity Fair," seems to be fast disappearing. Half of the east side has been torn down to make room for a mammoth hotel, and now the west side is beginning to yield to blocks of flats.

High license went into effect in New York city May 1, and as a result 718 hotel and saloon keepers went out of business. Under the new law licenses were advanced from \$800 to \$900 in Brooklyn and from \$800 to \$1,200 in Manhattan and the Bronx.

Since the introduction of the Bertillon system in France 20,000 persons who have committed crimes and who were concealing their identity have by means of the system been identified and brought to justice, and among all these not one mistake is known to have been made.

The restriction of emigration from the continent to London is now agitated as an urgent public question. The census of the metropolis shows 38,147 Russians, 27,427 Germans, 13,420 Poles, 11,204 French and 10,889 Italians. New York city can digest that number of foreigners every year.

The number of theological students in Germany has diminished gradually from 4,267 in 1830 to 2,140, or less than half, although the population has doubled since 1830. The paucity in the number of candidates for the ministry is discussed as a matter of exceeding gravity by German theologians.

The town of White Pigeon, Mich., claims to be run as cheaply as any town in this country. Last year it cost the 800 inhabitants \$1,325 for expenses. The health department spent \$2.25 in addition to the health officer's salary of \$30. The police department appropriation was 50 cents, the fire department \$60.

It will be a surprise to many to know that the authors of that well known hymn, "Bells in the Arms of Jesus," is still alive. Mrs. Van Alstyne, the lady in question, has just entered upon her eighty-fifth year. In her day she is said to have produced no fewer than 2,000 hymns, many of which have secured worldwide recognition.

Canada is about to become the chief source of the world's supply of arsenic. The arsenic which for many years baffled the gold miners of Hastings county, Ont., in their efforts to extract the precious metal from its matrix has become the more profitable of the two minerals. "Bells in the Arms of Jesus," is still alive. Mrs. Van Alstyne, the lady in question, has just entered upon her eighty-fifth year. In her day she is said to have produced no fewer than 2,000 hymns, many of which have secured worldwide recognition.

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His Art.

"Why do you say he's a wonderful actor?"

"He sat through an amateur dramatic entertainment and actually made people think he enjoyed it."—Chicago Post.

Kept Awake.

Tom—Have Maud and Ethel quarreled? I don't see them together lately.

Dolly—No, they haven't quarreled; but Maud's new gown is lavender and Ethel's new gown is blue.—Somerville Journal.

THE IMPATIENT CUSTOMER WAS CONFRONTED BY A YOUNG WOMAN.

haste he asked for "Peggy