

BANDON RECORDER.

WORKING OFF A GROUCH.

The operations of a Cautious Phase of Human Nature.

John was grouchy and cross and found fault with his dinner. His wife surveyed him calmly.

"I know there is some reason for your—your—what shall I call it? Well, for your unhappy frame of mind," she said. "Probably things have gone wrong at the office, but why should you come home to work off your anger on me? I'm not to blame in the slightest. It's a curious trait of human nature that when one has been whipped he at once wants to turn around and whip somebody else."

"I suppose that trait was left out of your nature," remarked John sarcastically.

"No, indeed," replied his wife. "When things go wrong in the kitchen I am rather inclined to scold the children. If you reprimand me for extravagance, my impulse is to fuss with the first person I meet. If I have been out calling and return home late to dinner I feel very much inclined to rate you for coming home so early. I've watched this same trait in the children. When I scold Alice, she always finds occasion to shake Maud on the sly. If you spank Jim, he generally goes out and makes faces at the little girl across the way. If the children come home from school saying 'teacher was awful cross today,' I jump to the conclusion that the principal had been criticizing the teacher. If you tell me I'm not economical, I know you have just suffered from a slump in the stock market, and I suppose after you and I have had a little heated discussion you go down to the office and make things unpleasant for the clerks."

"To be frank with you, Mary," said John, "I do not often find you guilty of working off a grouch on me. Tell me what you do instead."

Mary smiled demurely. "I wait until you go out of the house; then I run for my room, lock the door, throw myself on the couch, burrow my head in the pillow and have a good cry."—New York Press.

HEALTH'S DECALOGUE.

1. Rise early, retire early and fill your day with work.
2. Water and bread maintain life; pure air and sunshine are indispensable to health.
3. Frugality and sobriety form the best elixir of longevity.
4. Cleanliness prevents rust; the best cared for machines last the longest.
5. Enough sleep repairs waste and strengthens; too much sleep softens and enfeebles.
6. To be sensibly dressed is to give freedom to one's movements and enough warmth to be protected from sudden changes of temperature.
7. A clean and cheerful house makes a happy home.
8. The mind is refreshed and invigorated by distractions and amusement, but abuse of them leads to dissipation and dissipation to vice.
9. Cheerfulness makes love of life, and love of life is half of health. On the contrary, sadness and discouragement hasten old age.
10. Do you gain your living by your intellect? Then do not allow your arms and legs to grow stiff. Do you earn your bread by your pickaxe? Do not forget to cultivate your mind and to enlarge your thought.—French Medical Review.

Useful Wood Lore.

If you are lost in the woods sit down the moment you realize it and think it over. If you start off at random you will be sure to walk in a circle. None but the most experienced woodsmen can keep a straight course, and even they go in a circle when they get really lost.

If you know the direction of camp the some strip of white rag to a tree and then start off. You can find the compass points by remembering that moss always grows on the north side of trees. Keep trying strips of rag to trees as you go on. Then you can find your way back to the starting point if you should fail to strike the path that leads to safety.

The Mexican Boundary Line.

The international boundary line between the United States and the republic of Mexico is marked by pyramids of stones placed at irregular distances along the line all the way from the Rio Grande to the Pacific ocean. Wherever it was found practicable to do so these pyramids were built on prominent peaks at road crossings, fords, etc. The line was not surveyed, as is the usual custom, the location of the monuments being based on astronomical calculations and observations.

All His Eggs in One Basket.

Goodman Gronrow "We don't get nothing" at the house. I asked the woman for some cold vittles, a cup of coffee, some clothin' a place to sleep in the barn, an' by gum, she said, 'I was comin' it a little too strong, an' she shut the door in my face.

Tuffid Knut—"That's wot ye git, ye blame fool, for puttin' all yer eggs in one ask it."—Chicago Tribune.

Considerate.

"Have you ever done anything to make the world happier?" asked the solemn looking person with the unbarbered hair.

"Sure," answered the jolly man with the double chin. "I was once invited to sing in public and declined."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Fleety Dressed.

Flytter—I suppose there's money to be picked up in the stock market.

Flytter—There ought to be. Why I myself have dropped considerable of it there.—Boston Transcript.

The human body being lighter than the water of the Dead sea, swimming in it is difficult, the head alone tending to sink in the water.

To be perfectly just is an attribute of the divine nature. To be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.—Addison.

POLLY LARKIN

"Polly, I don't know what to think of the boys and girls of to-day. I don't like their principle. They are sadly lacking in some things and seem to think it is all right. For instance, I own and manage a big factory where I employ fifty or more hands. They were always prompt and everything moved like clock-work, until last summer, when I had to take a rest on account of illness. Now you would have thought, as long as they had no grievance, that of all other things they would have tried to do their best and make a good showing, but it was the old story, 'when the cat's away the mice will play.' Our hours are from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 5. The day I left for the country they commenced getting to work late, and the last half hour before noon was spent in looking at the clock. Exactly five minutes to 12 every one of those girls were getting ready to put on their hats. They were not on time at 1 o'clock, either, but would wander in listlessly from five to ten minutes beyond the hour. Then from 5 to half-past five was yawning, getting up and going out. The half hour was really thrown away like the last half hour of the morning. They simply accomplished nothing, and at five minutes to 5 they had quit work. I did not want to say anything at first, but I felt annoyed and hurt because I had placed so much confidence in them. I had prided myself in selecting all my hands with regard to their honor and good sterling character and that they were ever to be relied upon and needed no watchful eye over them. One or two of the girls were loyal little workers, and they have lost nothing by it, I can assure you. They knew I paid them for their work from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 5. They did not shirk for a minute during that time. One of them remarked when I spoke to her of my appreciation of her interest in the work, 'Why, Mr. B., I would feel like a thief if I idled away from ten to twenty minutes of our working time like some of the girls do every day, to take the money I had not earned. I realize that from 8 to 12 does not mean that I can get five minutes after 8, but that I must be ready to go to work at that hour, or that five to ten minutes before quitting time to enable us to wash our hands and quit before 12 is doing right by you. That is not the way I have been brought up. I know, of course, that some of the girls waste from ten to twenty minutes every day, and when thirty girls lose twenty minutes daily it counts up and amounts to considerable at the end of the week. It is wrong, and the girls know they are not doing right by you."

"Doing right by me! Well, hardly, Polly, when I have treated them with the utmost consideration. They would not like it if they went into a store to buy a yard of ribbon if the clerk took off an inch or so and yet charged the full amount. They would insist upon getting all they paid for, and if they didn't, the management would hear from them. It is just so in my business; I want all I pay for, and five or ten minutes past 8 to five minutes to 12 o'clock and five to five minutes past 1 to five minutes to 5 o'clock does not mean from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 5 o'clock any more than three-quarters of a yard means a full yard of ribbon. It is taking advantage of their employer, and I think the girl or boy who will do this is sadly lacking in principle. I think some of my hands are guilty of this offense from day to day, are thoughtless and they never dreamed of the injustice they were doing me, others were simply indifferent. I found that it was making such a big difference in my returns in the business that I had to resort to a rigid set of rules, and I have enforced them, too. Every hand who enters my place of business now must step up to the register I keep for the purpose and mark down the time of their arrival both at morning and at noon. Every hand is expected to work until the great clock strikes the hour of noon and at 5. My foreman keeps tally of the time they are not working and on Saturday afternoon they are docked for all time lost, unless they have a good excuse. They were as angry as a swarm of bees at first, said some very uncomplimentary things about me, but never seemed to realize that they had abused my confidence in them, had slighted my work, lost money for me, and yet expected me to pay them their full wages when Saturday night rolled around.

"I investigated, Polly, and found that every store in San Francisco, nearly, who claimed to make a success of their business, was doing the same thing. It is strictly business, and you cannot expect to succeed unless there is some system and rules that must be strictly adhered to. In one of the department stores I heard one young lady complain that she was late three minutes one day, five another and six another, and she was docked for the time at the end of the week. She called the proprietor a mean, stingy old thing, and washed him all sorts of trouble, which, luckily for her, did not reach his ears, but she did not stop to think that she was railing against him for not paying her for something she did not earn; on the contrary, had he done so, he would have paid her for robbing him of his time. I don't know where the fault lies, but it is a sad truth that there is a lack of that sense of honor and principle that makes the sterling men and women and which is the foundation of their character.

"I never felt the need of a forewoman in my place of business until after I returned from my vacation and found so many of my hands, whom I had treated

and thought I could rely upon, had become careless and indifferent and were disposed to shirk whenever they could. It is the girl or boy, man or woman who, when they are engaged in any kind of employment, do the best they can, in fact take as much interest as if the business was their own, who succeed in this world. It shows, too, a strong sense of right and wrong, and nine times out of ten if there is anything unpleasant, they are not mixed up in the trouble. And another thing, people of this stamp are seldom grumblers and are not prone to find grievances to air to everyone they meet and insinuate that they are a much abused people."

Another Duke is making a persistent effort to carry off an American heiress—hellish not only in money and lands, but as the possessor of good common sense, a sterling character, lovable disposition, a philanthropist (which the Duke doubtless would not approve of), a guardian angel for the boys in blue and poverty-stricken little children. A Titled man—the most captivating and dazzling trait they possessed being their title—have carried off more than one heiress from this side of the Atlantic and used the money she had purchased him with to pay his debts and aid in covering up his spendthrift habits, but this Duke de Loozet Corsareum of Belgium is daring enough to try and capture Miss Helen Gould and carry her off in spite of her opposition. His lawyers state that the marriage will take place, and the Duke himself, who is a member of one of the oldest families in Europe, a cousin of King Edward of Great Britain, connected by blood and marriage with every royal family in Europe, and whose son would be heir apparent to the throne in Belgium, says the marriage will take place, but Miss Helen Gould states through her secretary that there is absolutely no truth in the story, and says she is not even acquainted with the Duke de Loozet or Corsareum. Such being the case it looks as if the Duke intended kidnaping Miss Gould. It would be a calamity to lose Miss Helen Gould, who is interested in everything that tends to progress in America. She is a progressive spirit and we don't want to lose her.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Old Soldiers in Congress.

Although the Civil-War has been over thirty-eight years, there will be seventy-seven men in the Fifty-eighth Congress who fought in it. Forty-seven fought on the Union side and thirty on the Confederate side. In the Senate there are thirteen Union soldiers and thirteen Confederates. In the House there are thirty-four who fought for the North and seventeen who fought for the South. In the Senate there are three men who were Brigadier-Generals in the Confederate army and two who were Union Brigadiers. In the House there are three Federal Brigadiers, while the highest rank held by the ex-Confederates is that of Colonel. Pennsylvania leads, having six veterans in Congress. New York has five, all in the House. On the Confederate side Alabama heads the list with five. There are fourteen ex-Governors in the Senate.

Hardworking Human Heart.

Some one with an aptitude for statistics has been doing a little calculating on the subject of the human heart and its activities. The normal heart, it appears, beats about twenty-five times in a minute; so that an hour's record would be something like 4320 beats. Supposing that a man lived to be 60, his heart would have beaten 1,821,600 times. If a son of this man, more robust than his father, should fill out the scriptural allotment of three score years and ten, his heart beats would number 2,649,624,000. It is easy to understand, after such a computation, why this hard-working servant of the human body so frequently wears out.

Preserving Cork Trees.

So much cork is now used in the manufacture of linoleum and in shipbuilding that the protection of cork trees has become a matter of prime importance. Italy is taking steps to this end in Sicily and Sardinia, where there are large cork forests, those of Calabria having been nearly destroyed in the making of charcoal. It is said that Spain is showing a like interest in protecting these trees, as the manufacture of corks is a large industry there. Only a few years ago the exportation of wine bottle corks from that country was \$5,000,000 annually.

Medical Students Increasing.

The number of medical students in the United States for the last college year was 27,615. Of this number 24,930 were at the regular schools, 1498 at the homeopathic, 526 at the eclectic and 561 at the physio-medical and nondescript schools. Germany, with more than two-thirds the population of the United States, has less than a third as many students of medicine.

Some men put their shoulders to the wheel, some keep their noses to the grindstone, while others let a woman haul the steady contract of supporting them.

A woman does not object to gray hair, as long as her face remains youthful. It is when wrinkles keep pace with the gray hair that it all hurts.

Great Britain spends \$112,500,000 a year on the support of the poor. This does not include private charities.

A smile may mean anything from a \$10 bill to a nickel in the slot.

A woman's character is often written in the holes of her stockings.

JAMAICA'S MYSTERY.

THE FINGER OF FATE IN THE FALL OF HER CAPITALS.

Tragedies That Are Written in the History of Her Ruined Cities—Two of Them Vanished Entirely From the Face of the Earth.

There exists in Jamaica, in the West Indies, a universal superstition that a curse rests upon any town chosen to be its capital. Since 1509, when the first chief city was founded, no fewer than three capitals have been ruined in mysterious and tragic ways. Two have vanished utterly from the face of the earth. Some of the more superstitious of the colonists, brooding over the strange history of their country, fear that Kingston, the present capital, a city of 70,000 inhabitants, will have the fate of its predecessors.

The first capital was Sevilla Nueva (New Seville), otherwise called Seville d'Oro (the Golden Seville), on account of its marvelous wealth. It was founded by Don Juan d'Esquivel and Diego, a son of Christopher Columbus. In a few years it became the greatest Spanish city in the new world. Thither flocked the blue blooded but impoverished nobles of Castile, eager to rebuild the city and its fortunes at the expense of the poor Arawak.

Cathedrals, palaces and monasteries, rivaling those of Spain in splendor, were erected. The marble streets were crowded with gayly clad courtiers and Indian slaves, who tolled for them and brought them tribute from mine and jungle.

Then, in a night, the city vanished, and no one can tell today what happened to it. No survivors and no records were left behind to tell the tale. Today one can see, buried in tropical jungle, a pile of marble pavement and a few broken columns and arches. Nothing else remains of the Golden Seville, once so prosperous and splendid, except a few contradictory and rationally ascribed to the destruction of the city and its inhabitants to a mutiny of the oppressed Indians, an earthquake, a sudden visitation of millions of red ants and an attack by French buccaniers. The very memory of what was once the greatest city of the new world has almost perished. Even in Jamaica few people know anything about the Golden Seville.

The Spaniards made Saint Jago de la Vega, now called Spanish Town, the chief city and its inhabitants to a mutiny of the oppressed Indians, an earthquake, a sudden visitation of millions of red ants and an attack by French buccaniers. The very memory of what was once the greatest city of the new world has almost perished. Even in Jamaica few people know anything about the Golden Seville.

When the English conquered the island they made Port Royal their real capital, though Spanish Town remained for some time the official seat of government. The emperor of the Indies and the Spanish main, the market for the ill gotten gains of 10,000 buccaniers, Port Royal soon became the richest and wickedest city of the new world. At the height of its splendor and its vice it was destroyed within the space of two minutes by an earthquake.

"The ground opening in Several Places at once," wrote an eyewitness in 1702, a few days after the catastrophe, "swallowed up Multitudes of People together, whole Streets sinking under water with Men, Women and Children in them; and those Houses which but just appeared the fairest and loftiest in these Parts and might vie with the finest Buildings in the World were in a moment Sunken in the Earth, and nothing to be seen of them; such Crying, such Shrieking and Mourning I never heard, nor could anything in my Opinion appear more Terrible to the Eye of Man. Here a Company of People Swallowed up at once; there a whole Street tumbling down, and in Another Place the Trembling Earth opening her Ravenous Jaws, let in the Merciless Sea, so that this Town is become a Heap of Ruins. Several People were Swallowed up of the Earth, when, the Sea breaking in before the Earth could Close, they were washed up again and miraculously saved from Perishing. Others the Earth received up to their Necks, and then Closed upon them and squeezed them to Death, with their Heads above Ground, many of which the Dogs Eat; Multitudes of People Floating up and down, having no Burial. The Burying Place at the Pallisades is quite Destroyed, the Dead Bodies being washed out of their Graves, their Tombs beat to Pieces and they floating up and down; it is sad to think how we have suffered."

"The Earth hath still fits of Shaking, with very much Thunder and Lightning, and dreadful Weather; yet this had so little effect upon some People here at their Old Trade of Drinking and Swearing; breaking up Warehouses; Pillaging and Stealing from their Neighbors, even while the Earthquake lasted, and several of them were destroyed in the very Act; and indeed this Place has been one of the Laziest in the Christian World, a sink of all filthiness, and a mere Sodom."

Old Port Royal lies buried beneath the sea. The present town of Port Royal, a place of no importance except as a coaling station, was built after the earthquake, a fire and a landslide having destroyed the few houses left standing.

Kingston was not founded until the early part of the eighteenth century, but it has already been thrice destroyed by fire and several times ravaged by hurricanes. The inhabitants naturally wonder what catastrophe will happen next.

Soapstone in China.

The Chinese in utilizing soapstone, which is found in their country in large quantities, make of it trays for pens, slabs for rubbing ink, flower vases, incense boxes, sandalwood burners, flower baskets, candlesticks, censurers, cups, bowls and lamps. In sort of emblematic animals and the idols which the disciples of Confucius revere with so much favor.

Know What Struck Him.

Daly—Ye were struck, ye say? Why, man, alive, the sun could never disfigure a man's face like that.

Riley—Ye don't know me son, Daly.—Brooklyn Life.

FOILING A HIGHWAYMAN.

The Proper Thing to Do When Intended to a Holdup.

A man who carries his money and his watch in his left hand will never lose a penny nor a timepiece in a hold-up. The precaution, which is a perfect one, is so simple that few people have thought of it. Yet it is the sanction of the police, and its efficacy has been proved in more than one instance.

As soon as the citizen is confronted by the holdup man he will, if he has his money and his watch in his hand, throw them on the nearest lawn or into the ditch. No highway robber has time enough to stop to look for either. There is no sense in carrying valuables in the right hand, because the first move of every accomplished holdup man is to grab his victim by the right arm. This movement is made to prevent the victim from reaching for a revolver.

The man who tries to draw a revolver while a holdup man is in front of him takes his life in his hands. If a citizen carries a revolver at all he should carry it in his right hand while in a dangerous street. His money and his watch should always be in his left. Then after he has thrown them away and the robber has departed discomfited the victim can take his time about finding his property.

This simple plan discounts all the revolvers, sword fences, slingshots and brass knuckles ever invented, and has the added beauty that it can be employed by a woman as well as by a man. To throw the purse or the watch away takes but a fraction of a second, and that isn't long.—Chicago Tribune.

Still Walkers of France.

In the south of France stilts are a necessity to the people, who are mostly shepherds. They must walk on stilts in order to cross their vast flocks of sheep as well as to pass through the bogs.

These shepherds—men, women and children—walk continuously on stilts from six to eight feet high. These stilts are merely fastened to the feet. Sometimes the stilts have uprights reaching as far as the knees and bound firmly to the legs.

Generally these shepherds and shepherdesses carry long poles, which they can use either as balancing poles or as supports—very long ones, as it were—reaching to the ground. They become so expert in still walking that it is no unusual sight to see a shepherdess striding along on stilts that raise her six feet above the ground, with her balancing pole strapped to her back and her hands busily knitting socks for husband, son or brother.

The complete unconcern with which these country folk make their way along on stilts is astonishing. One might almost say that the children have stilts fitted to them instead of cradles.—Washington Star.

Musical Tones.

A stringed instrument suspended in a favorable position near a pianoforte will sound when tones corresponding to the open strings are produced on the pianoforte. The volume of the answering tone will depend upon the atmospheric conditions, the quality and color of the persuading tone and the sensitiveness of the responding material. There is a familiar anecdote told of a famous tenor who by singing the tone that was consonant with that of a wineglass could make the glass shiver so violently that it would fall to pieces. It is because of this total sympathy that the cause of a harsh, rattling tone that may suddenly appear in a pianoforte is detected with difficulty. Though it may appear to be in the instrument, it is often far away and may come from a loose globe or pendant on a chandelier. Even a key in a door has been known to be the guilty cause.

Beauties of Ireland.

Dublin can and does boast of many superlatives. It has the widest street and the largest public park in Europe, the first horse show in the world and the largest brewery, but certainly the chiefest of all its claims is that advanced in behalf of its women. It is really no exaggeration to say that in no city in the world will one see so many beautiful women as one does in the Irish capital.

There is something, too, about the Irish type of beauty that cannot be actually described. There is an expression, an air of something akin to sadness almost, in every real Irish face, something interesting, that holds the attention more than mere skin deep beauty. "I have been in most capitals of Europe," says a traveler in Ireland, "but never did I see so many really beautiful women as I saw in Dublin. And they were not visitors. There was no mistaking the wonderful gray eyes of 'Dark Rosaline.'"

Precocious Mozart.

At three years of age Mozart would amuse himself for hours together in picking out thirds on the piano with his wonderful ear; at four years he could read minutes and before six played some of his own compositions, actually starting on a concert tour with his sister at that age.

Before three years had elapsed he had taken by storm four of the most important capitals in Europe—Vienna, The Hague, Paris and London. His reputation as a composer was established by the time that he was only ten years old. Mozart fulfilled in maturity the promise of his early years, but at the age of thirty-five passed away, engaged on a requiem which he gradually learned was to be for himself.

The Cry For Help.

From the cradle to the grave the cry of mankind is for "help." We are all in search of a physician, some one who will help us, some one who will inspire us—give us a remedy, point us the way. Not the poor and the sick alone, but the rich and the strong, are crying out for help. Sometimes it is the doctor we want; sometimes it is the banker; sometimes it is the clergyman. And yet the doctor, the banker and the clergyman are human, and they are crying for help along with the rest of us. Those whom we think the strongest are weak, and those whom we think the weakest are strong. We cannot stand alone. We all need help. We must help one another until the end.—Schoolmaster.

OLD TIME SURGEONS.

They Had to Work Rapidly Before Anesthetics Were Used.

Before anesthetics were known the surgeon's only expedient was to abridge his patient's sufferings by working rapidly. In this the old time surgeons did wonders. They had a control and a surety in their hands that are now seldom found. One day the celebrated surgeon Malmson had to amputate the leg of a poor devil who began to howl in advance. "I'll give you my watch," said the surgeon, "if the operation lasts more than a minute." The man accepted the offer, but was obliged to forego the handsome watch, as the operation took less time than it requires to describe.

To amputate an arm at the shoulder is a most difficult operation. Dr. Langenbeck of Germany did it in two minutes. A young physician who came to see him perform the operation adjusted his spectacles to his nose so as not to lose a single movement, but when the operation was over, and the severed arm lay on the floor.

Times have changed much since then. It suffices to put a bit of chloroform or ether on a compress and let the patient breathe through it for a few minutes to put him into a slumber so deep that he remains inert while the surgeon makes his incision, cuts, ties the bone and sews up the flesh. On making the operation is over, and the patient knows nothing of it. Thanks to chloroform, surgeons can practice operations today which arouse our admiration.

What They Eat.

Nearly every nation has its own particular form of food, and things which some races would not, as the expression goes, "touch with the tongue" are considered by others as the greatest luxury.

For instance, while the Arab eats his lotus bread and dhourra with the relish of fresh dates, the Greenlander gorges himself on animal fat and whale oil as the necessary means of keeping warmth in his body. Hindoos will not touch any form of flesh, but live happily on rice and rancid butter. An Englishman is supposed to value beef and bacon above all other articles of food, while the dwellers in the Apennines live on chestnuts. In ancient days the Roman emperors were accustomed to have a peacock served at all great feasts as one of the principal dainties, while in these days birds' nests and rats form choice dishes in a Chinese menu.

Some people say that snail soup is delicious, while the French assure you that there are few more delicate dishes than those made out of frogs' legs.

A Practical Demonstration.

"See this valve," said the officer. "You will always have to open that before turning the faucets for the shower. Should you fail to open it you will get no water."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the sailor, standing at attention, with a solemn look.

The officer, fearing that his explanation might not be understood, stepped under the shower and turned on both faucets.

Some one had opened the lower valve, and when the young officer opened the faucets the water came down through the shower in a deluge, soaking his uniform.

Still standing at attention and with the most respectful look of interest in the proceedings of his superior officer, the sailor watched the practical demonstration of the working of the faucets never allowing a smile to cross his face.

"I think I understand the workings of it now, sir," he said.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Big Australian Oysters.

"In the part of Australia in which I live we get oysters as big as a saucer," said a resident of Adelaide to the Washington Post. "They are twice the size of any I have seen in the United States, but in quality there is nothing to recommend them, for they have no flavor and are so tough that it takes a pretty sharp knife to make any impression on them. Still there are people who manage to eat them after they have been stewed sufficiently long. In other parts of our country we have a better grade, approaching nearly to your American oyster, but hardly its equal. In fact, after my acquaintance with the Chesapeake bay products I am firmly of the opinion that in the matter of sea food the United States leads all nations, an assertion that will be backed up by any man of wide travel."

How a Bird Dresses.

As bird fashions do not change, two suits a year are quite enough for most birds, but they need to take great care of them. Each separate feather must be cleaned and looked over and the useless ones pulled out. These feathers are not packed close together, you know, but lie loose and have places between filled with air. When a bird wants to get warmer he lifts his feathers so that these air spaces may be larger. But if his feathers are tan or wet or dirty he could not raise them, and soon he could not keep the heat in his little body and would of course die.

A Torpid Liver.

A torpid condition of the system is one symptom of a liver out of order. Here is as good and simple a remedy as any I know, writes a physician. Get a nice lemon and cut it in half. Take one-half in a tumblerful of cold water the last thing at night and the other the first thing in the morning. Half a pint of very hot water with squeeze of lemon or lime in it before breakfast is also good. Both remedies are well worth trying.

Very Eccentric.

"He's the most eccentric genius I ever met."

"He certainly is a genius, but I never considered him eccentric."

"That's just it. The average genius is eccentric, and his lack of eccentricity makes him all the more eccentric."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Delay Accounted For.

"Rome wasn't built in a day, you know."

"Ah! It was put up under a government contract, was it?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

The Frugal Mourner.

In Tombola an amusing story is told of the present pope and the mourners' candles. A wealthy resident of Tombola died, and his funeral ceremonies were the most elaborate ever known in that humble village. A great many mourners were hired whose office was to bear the lighted candles beside the catafalque in its progress to the cemetery. The candles were of the clearest wax and immense in size, having been specially brought from Venice for the occasion. The like had never been seen in Tombola, their size exceeding even the large candles on the church altar. During the solemn procession the Don Giuseppe, now Pius X., noted how often the candles were extinguished. He could not account for it, as the day was a still one. He watched an old woman nearest to him and saw her furtively blow out the candle which her right arm could scarce carry.

"How did you come to put out that candle, Giacomina?" he queried sternly.

The croone turned a properly sorrowful face to him, replying:

"My tears have put it out, they fell so freely."

The excuse caught Don Giuseppe's sense of humor.

"Well," said he, re-lighting the fine taper, "see that your tears fall to the left of you after this."

The old woman's light held out to the grave, though no doubt it seemed a pity not to save as much of the candle as she could use in her home.

His Start in Life.

"I guess it can do no harm now," remarked the well fed clubman, who was known to have a large roll, "to tell how I started in business."

"It's a true story, mind you," he went on to say, flicking the ashes from his cigar. "I was about twelve years old at the time of the big fire. We managed to escape it by living in a part of the city the fire didn't touch, but I used to go and look at the ruins every day, and one morning it occurred to me that there might be some money made by selling them. There was such a tremendous stock on hand that it looked like a pity to let it all go to waste."

"So I hired a smaller boy to go around and collect pieces of melted iron, glass and the like, and I set up a little store on an eligible corner, with a sign in front of it, 'Ruins For Sale.' The town was full of visitors, and I drove a brisk business till my mother found out what I was doing and put a stop to it, much to my grief, for I was beginning to get rich. The business was all profit, and—"

"But you had to pay the other boy something, didn't you?" interrupted a listener.

"Certainly. I paid him in ruins."—Chicago Tribune.

An Unpleasant Reminder.

A prosperous business man has two boys, one ten and one four years. The man was one day telling the older boy of the evils of tobacco and that he must never contract the smoking habit.

"But didn't you begin to smoke when you were little?" asked the boy.

"The father of the family was a little nettled at this, and before he thought that his language was not such as he ought to be using before his son he blurted out:

"But I was a darned fool then."

About a week after at the midday meal, when a couple of business men had come in with his father, little four-year-old David was seated at one corner of the table in a high chair, next to his mother. Somehow the conversation turned to cigars and smoking in general, and the father familiarly said:

"That was the cigar I smoked when I was a boy."

The young hopeful of the family thought it was time for him to join the conversation then, for he shook his spoon in the air and cried to his father: