

BANDON RECORDER.

CAUSES OF COLDS.

One of the Most Common of Them is Eating Too Much.

The invariable cause of colds comes from within, not without. No one takes cold when in a vigorous state of health, with pure blood coursing through the body, and there is no good reason why any one in ordinary health should have a cold.

A deficient supply of pure air to the lungs is not only a strong predisposing cause of colds, but a prolific source of much graver conditions. Pure air and exercise are necessary to prepare the system for the assimilation of nutriment, for without them there can be no vigorous health.

The safest and best way to avoid colds is to sleep in a room with the windows wide open and to remain out of doors every day, no matter what may be the weather, for at least an hour, preferably with some kind of exercise, if no more than walking.

A careful diet would exclude the use of all narcotics and all food that is not thoroughly appropriated. An overfed person is worse off than one who is underfed, because the overfed body is taxed to dispose of what cannot be appropriated and, when not properly disposed of, remains only to be an element of danger.—Science of Health.

Poisonous and Harmless Snakes. There is a certain physiological difference between the poisonous and harmless snakes which exists very plainly in their manner of dentition. All snakes are objects of aversion and dread to mankind, so much so that to be bitten by a snake has at times been so fearful to the victim as to have produced death although the snake was harmless.

Walking For Malaria. Obsolete cases of malaria that have withstood the ocean voyages, mountain heights and quinine dosing are said to have been conquered by systematic and continued walking. What the malarial patient wants most to do is to sit indoors, nurse his aches and pains or to lie down and doze.

The Spectroscope. Originally the spectroscope was applied only to chemistry, and in that limited field proved itself an invaluable aid in accurate analysis. By holding in a Bunsen flame a platinum wire moistened by contact with the skin the presence of a few grains of salt swallowed a few minutes previously can be detected with the spectroscope.

Didn't See Them. "How did your nephew's wedding pass off?" "Just splendid." "Were there any contretemps?" "I don't think so. I didn't see any. You see, we had the church thoroughly cleaned up before the wedding took place."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Their Haste. "Their marriage was a hasty affair, I understand." "Yes, indeed." They told the minister to hurry, as they had engaged a cabman by the hour."—Judge.

A Natural Misapprehension. "You say the audience laughed when you recited 'Marco Bozzaris' in Chicago?" "Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "You see, when I came to the lines beginning 'Strike' the people thought it was a local allusion."—Washington Star.

POLLY LARKIN

Of all the dainty little gifts for the Christmas-tide, or I should say for every event of the year where friends are seeking gifts so appropriate that they will dwell with the receiver long after the donor has forgotten that she had given the little well-chosen memento, is a dainty booklet entitled "Crickets' Chirpings," by Alice Kingsbury Cooley. The binding is an original conceit of the authoress, representing an envelope with gold lettering and a fine photo of the authoress with her autograph, and a wealth of beautiful thoughts in numerous poems filling its pages.

IT IS GOOD TO LIVE. I hold it not good to ever fall With petty spite against the gift of life, That mystic spark that even in a worm Commands respect. To call it poor and mean, And all condemned to weakness and woe, Was flouting God who saw that it was good, And gave it unto man as his best gift.

Further on in the poem she says: And shall we, for whom He planned and worked with all the joy the creative feels in perfectness attained, Beinish with sneering words and idle tongue What He saw best of all His works, resting From His labor satisfied and glad?

"Why is it that so many teggars always appear on the streets of San Francisco just before the holidays, Polly?" asked a friend the other day. I have heard the same query again and again, and the only answer that can be given to the numerous queries is that the afflicted, including the deserving as well as the undeserving, for many of the beseechers for charity, "sweet charity," that through the streets during the holiday season are imposters, know that the spirit of giving is in the very air. That people who at other times would walk by with a stony stare, not deigning to look in the direction of the wistful looking supplicant will stop and drop a nickel or a dime into the extended hand, and the echo of their "God bless you, lady," or a simple "thank you," leaves a memory in their hearts that is already aglow with that ringing message that is winging its way around the world, "Peace on earth, good will to man." There is a tenderness in the human heart that may remain a dead-letter throughout the year, but it awakens into new life during the holiday season, and as the Christmas-tide approaches they forget to be selfish and endeavor to assist with their mite in bringing happiness into some heart that for his fortune has been none too kind to. Many persons reach out their hands for alms that are unworthy. But you cannot weigh the merits of the supplicant that crouches or stands in the cold on the pavement before you, and the generosity that springs so spontaneously from the heart prompts you to bestow what you can, taking no chances that you have passed by some really needy person, and you mingle with the busy throng with a more comfortable feeling than if you had allowed yourself to shut your eyes and turn a deaf ear to the still small voice that said, "Give, give, give, even if it is only a little." I think this still small voice of conscience that awakens into new life Christmas time is largely responsible for the army of beggars that appear on the streets during the holiday season.

Speaking of the Christmas-tide, charity-seekers brings to mind another thought, and I never realized until this year how many people dread this season of all others. Not because they are not in sympathy with this era which brings the anthem of "glad tidings" echoing from the ages past, but because of the vacant chair the little empty stockings that will never again hang from the fireplace waiting to be filled by the merry old elf who creeps down the chimney when all good children are expected to be asleep. "I hate Christmas," said a lady the other day, "and I wish I could go off or rather go to sleep and not wake up until after it is all over." It was but the echo of many other sad hearts that have laid their treasures away and whose homes seem so empty that they cry out in their agony. They look about them and see the family circles of their friends complete, no missing links there. They envy the happy fathers and mothers who can say, "Merry Christmas to all and a Happy New Year."

How we long for those who have been called home. What a tide of fond recollections sweep over us when we turn memory's pages to the time when we were an unbroken family circle. We could cry out in our agony, but must keep silent, for it is a time of all others when the world should not know of our misery. All of the suffering must be put up in our hearts, and the only relief is in the comfort of doing for others, and by doing this we forget in a measure that we have passed under the rod. In fact giving and making others happy is our only salvation; it keeps us from becoming bitter and impatient with our lot. There are few grown people who do not have sad hearts at Christmas time, and who, while Christmas greetings and smiles and laughter are heard on all sides, do not long to turn aside and give vent even for a moment to their emotions. Yet with all the tender and painful recollections, all the thoughts of what might have been, they would not have it different. They may say they would, but they do not mean it. They are not selfish in their grief to the extent that they would blot out the great event of a child's life—Christmas, and even for older ones who look forward to it with as much interest and enthusiasm as the wee folk.

Here is a query from "J— B—," which should have reached the letter-box several days ago to be answered in time for this seeker after information in regard to what would be an appropriate gift for a young lady friend. Times have changed, "J— B—," and you can send the glove order you say you have already selected. A glove order is a gift that can be easily forwarded and is always acceptable. At least Polly has yet to see the young lady who claims to have too many gloves to her credit. Books are always acceptable presents and in good taste. Flowers are dainty gifts, but they are perishable, their beauty and fragrance only lasting for the hour, you might say. Yet I have never seen anyone who was not pleased and delighted with a basket or bouquet of nature's treasures. Attractive boxes of confectionery that can be used as jewel cases after the contents have disappeared, is another dainty and beautiful gift, and they come in all shapes and sizes and as costly as you want to make them or modest little conceits from \$1.50 up. Although the holiday season is over these suggestions are timely for any and all occasions.

"Pansy"—You say you are in distress, for you cannot wear kid gloves, as they are ruined before the evening is over. Even though the other bridesmaids wear the suede gloves, why cannot you wear the white silk? It is a little thing to fret about and not worth losing your beauty sleep over. White silk gloves are in vogue, and many have ceased wearing kid gloves entirely, so you certainly will not be out of the fashion by concluding to wear the sick gloves.

A Peculiar Phenomenon. The novel observation has been made by M. Berthelot, a distinguished French chemist, that cannon and other explosive discharges appear to project dense and cohesive masses of gas in addition to the well-known smoke-rings. This gaseous projectile bursts like a shell on meeting the necessary resistance. Some of the phenomena of the Mont Pele eruption might be explained in this way, burning clouds having asphyxiated all living creatures on their route, while persons not exactly on the line escaped. M. Berthelot would apply the same theory to the tunnel disaster in Paris. A gaseous projectile forced from the tunnel would explain why persons were almost instantly suffocated 300 yards away from the actual fire, while persons much nearer were passed over unharmed.

Tea Cures Mountain Sickness. A specific for the mysterious malady known as mountain sickness is claimed by M. Passtoukhof, a Russian topographer. In several years spent in the Caucasus he climbed such mountains as the Grand Ararat, Mount Casbek, and Mount Elburz, and suffered much from mountain sickness. On one occasion he and his companions drank hot tea. Relief was almost instantaneous, and in later trials the remedy has been invariably successful.

A woman of Philadelphia wants a divorce because whenever she asks for market money hubby prays over her. Poor Philadelphia. Is it really that bad?

When the world should not know of our misery. All of the suffering must be put up in our hearts, and the only relief is in the comfort of doing for others, and by doing this we forget in a measure that we have passed under the rod. In fact giving and making others happy is our only salvation; it keeps us from becoming bitter and impatient with our lot. There are few grown people who do not have sad hearts at Christmas time, and who, while Christmas greetings and smiles and laughter are heard on all sides, do not long to turn aside and give vent even for a moment to their emotions. Yet with all the tender and painful recollections, all the thoughts of what might have been, they would not have it different. They may say they would, but they do not mean it. They are not selfish in their grief to the extent that they would blot out the great event of a child's life—Christmas, and even for older ones who look forward to it with as much interest and enthusiasm as the wee folk.

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TAMING A HORSE.

Three Articles That Will Subdue the Most Savage Animal. There were trouble and excitement one day on a ranch in Colorado. A high spirited, half broken stallion was prancing about the yard attached to the rancher's house. He had just thrown a cowboy who boasted there was nothing on four legs he could not ride, and he was rearing and bucking so that not even the kindest man on the ranch dared to approach.

While the men were standing around wondering what to do the rancher's sixteen-year-old daughter came out of the house and calmly walked up to the excited animal. When he saw her he ceased rearing, whinnied and stood still. She just put her hand on his mane, stroked his nose and then vaulted lightly on his back and rode around the yard, to the amazement of the men.

"How do you manage it?" one of them asked her. "Before you tackled him he was as savage as a tiger." "It is simple enough," the girl replied. "Any woman can handle a horse better than a man can. See this"—showing the man a small round object she had in her hand—"this is horse castor. Horses love the smell of it and will go up to any one who has it. Any horse has sense enough to know the people who love it. That stallion began to quiet down as soon as he saw me. When I got near him he smelled the musty horse castor in my clothes, for I always carry a little piece in my pocket."

"That pleased him so much that I was able to stroke his head. While doing so I rubbed his nose with a few drops of oil of cumin, which I had poured into the palm of my hand. Horses positively love that scent. Then, did you notice that I put my hand into his mouth? The object of that was to pour a few drops of oil of rhodium on to his tongue from a tiny vial which I always carry."

"With these three articles any horse can be tamed. Where do you get them? Well, the cumin and rhodium can be bought at any drug store; the horse castor must be cut from a horse's forehead. It is a fact that horses are very fond of these scents. They are often used by women in the tropics and west in the training and breaking of horses.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A FAMOUS PERFUME.

Delicious Attar of Roses Is Chiefly of the Far Famed Otto (or Attar) of roses is chiefly made in Bulgaria. Kasanlik is the center of the rose growing country. Red roses only are used in making the perfume, but white roses, which grow more freely, form the hedges of the fields.

The trees, which grow to a great height, are separated by paths nine feet in width to allow the sun and the dew to fall on the petals, but also from the stalks and leaves. These give a peculiar scent, which adds greatly to the delicacy of the perfume of the petals.

October, April and June are the months for planting branches of the old trees. Weeding, pruning and digging are necessary for three years, when they are full grown and repay the labor spent upon them by bearing for twenty years.

The discovery of the delicious attar was quite an accident and took place three centuries ago. The Persian Princess Nour Dihan was strolling through the splendid galleries of her palace when she beheld (the Mongolian Prince Dihanaguy) and noticed in the rosewater basins about the passages an ugly, yellowish oil floating on the surface. Orders were instantly given to remove the unsightly fluid, when it was discovered the perfume was also removed. Thus the virtue of the essential oil was found out, which is still called in Persia "Attar Dihan."

Culture and Riches. If one-third as much attention were devoted to the fools among the middle and working classes as is devoted to the fool sons of the rich, we should be in danger of believing with Carlyle that the people are "mostly fools." It is true that the culture of the suddenly rich is cruder and narrower than the culture of those who have had generations of wealth and leisure, but culture is relative. The culture of the most cultured classes in the old world is the result of large wealth possessed for generations. Culture is a matter of growth, but it never grows in poverty.

The cheapness of the culture of the very rich in this country as compared with that of the aristocracy of old countries is simply the difference between youth and age, a difference of experience. There is a comparative cheapness in the culture, bearing and manners of the people of the west as compared with those of the east, and for the same reason. The aristocracy of the south and of New England have a refinement of taste unlike that of the newly made rich in New York and Chicago and the west. They have been longer in the making.—Guntton's Magazine.

Evolution of the Bed. Bedsteads originally mean "the bed place." The truckle bed was the first advance on the bench, and then the tester suspended from the roof. Then came in the Arabian bed—a name perhaps derived from the crusades. The four poster came from Austria in the fifteenth century. The late Queen Victoria always carried her bedstead about with her, and she did the nobles in the middle ages. The covered or counterpane, whence comes counterpane, was often splendidly embroidered. Yet the beds at this time were often only sacks of straw. Feather beds came from France in the fourteenth century, but straw was in general use long after.

Blankets of wool were not introduced by Blanket of Bristol, who made them, for the wool, in the sense of a coarse woolen fabric, existed before.

A Line of Actors. "You see," said the young lawyer, "my client is accused of bigamy, and he's guilty; so I hardly know how to defend him." "Why, that's easy," said the old lawyer. "Defend him on the ground of insanity and get a few heepped hus bands on the jury."—Puck.

A PLAGIARIST.

One Sort of a Thief That Charles Reads Pronounced Him So. The novelists who aspire toward absolute originality of plot might think once in awhile of the sources from which certain masters drew their inspiration and of the calmness with which those great workers picked up whatever would serve them at their trade. Charles Reade depended on the newspapers as the living record of life as it is. One day in the week he devoted to his scrapbooks. Passing events seemed to him of vital importance, and the result of his collating appeared in novels whose "purpose" told.

"In 'Never Too Late to Mend' he exposed the cruelties practiced in the prisons before the reform was successful. In 'Hard Cash' he attacked the abuses of private lunatic asylums; in 'Put Yourself in His Place' he opened on trade unions. He was a modern crusader. One day he found in a newspaper certain strictures on this manner of work. His rage was instant and violent.

"Plagiarist!" he roared, crushing the paper. "Of course I am a plagiarist. Shakespeare was a plagiarist. Moliere was a plagiarist. We all plagiarize—no except those idiots who are too assinine to profit by the works of their superiors. Surely every blockhead could find a suitable synonym except those idiots must know that since Homer's time all authors have parodied his incidents and paraphrased his sentiments. Moliere took his own where he found it. 'The thief of all thieves was the Warwickshire thief, who stole right and left from everybody. But, then, he found things lead and left them gold.' That's the sort of thief I am."—Youth's Companion.

OBSOLETE TERMS.

Some Big Words That Have Been Consigned to Oblivion. The number of obsolete words that are to be found in a complete dictionary of the English language is considerably larger than the people have any idea of. The following letter, written by an alleged poet to an editor who had treated his (except those idiots) furnishes some idea of them.

"Sir—You have behaved like an impetuous scrogle—like those who, envious of any moral exaltitude, carry their ungility to the height of creating synonymously the fecund words which my polymathic genius used with unction to abrogate the tongues of the weestless! Sir, you have crassly parodied my own pet words, though they were transparent."

"I will not consecrate reproaches. I will oduce a veil over the atramentral ingratitude which has chaftered even my indiscribable heart. I am silent on the foeculation which my conjuvancy must have given when I offered to become your fantor and admnicle. I will not speak of the lipitude, the obsequy you have shown in excoberating me, one whose genius you should have approached with mental disalcation. So I tell you, without supercaneuous words, nothing will render ignoscible your conduct to me.

"I warn you that I would vellecite your nose if I thought that any moral diarrhosis thereby could be performed. If I thought I should not impregnate my reputation. Go, tachygraphic scrogle, hand with your crass, inquninate fantors! Draw oblectations from the thought if you can of having synchronously lost the existimation of the greatest poet since Milton."

And yet all these words are to be found in the dictionary.—Tit-Bits.

The Bridal Veil. The origin of the bridal veil is a disputed question that will probably never be settled. Some see in it nothing more than a milliner's substitute for the usual flowing tresses which half concealed and half revealed a bride's beauty as she knelt at the altar.

A third source is the old "care cloth" of the Anglo-Saxons, a square vestment held over both bride and bridegroom until they reached the nuptial benediction. So runs the use of the church of Sarum and the Hereford missal.

Lastly, it has been held to be merely an amplification of the coil which medieval brides wore between the garland and their hair. Margaret Tudor wore this under her coronet on her marriage to the king of Scotland.

The Visible and Invisible. The wisest Indian philosophy has never bogged, like ours, over that silly word "supernatural." The Upanishad says, "What is in the visible exists also in the invisible, and what is in Brahms' world is also here." The ultimate, albeit unreachible, is as real to the Ashtic mind as rice, and in the Bhagavad-Gita Arjuna is actually permitted to behold the embodied infinite. Indeed it is rather this present existence which, in the regard of the Brahms, is the maya. To see the stars we must wait for night, and to live we must die. Nor is it uninteresting, to note in Hindu classics how these large and happy serenities of oriental view have softened perceptions of death.—Sir Edwin Arnold.

Paying Bets. Should you happen to be in the vicinity of the Penn Charter school and see one boy kicking another violently and yet dispassionately not attempt to interfere, for the peacemaker will not be tolerated. The pastime is confined almost entirely to the smaller boys of the school and demonstrates that the gambling instinct is innate. The little fellows, not being liberally supplied with spending money, as a rule, still make bets with each other on the outcome of various events, particularly those of an athletic nature. "I'll bet you five kicks" is one of the favorite wagers, and the loser takes his punishment like a stoic. So if you should see one boy being kicked by another rest assured that he is merely paying a debt of honor.—Philadelphia Record.

Invitations. Archie—See how I am run after. All these are invitations. Friend—Good gracious! All invitations? Invitations to what? Archie—To call and settle accounts.

NEW SHORT STORIES.

Delective Title. When Beriah Wilkins, who is now the proprietor of the Washington Post, was in congress from Ohio he was also president of a national bank.

He was ordered away by his physician for a rest and went to a village in Georgia where he knew nobody and where nobody knew him, and nobody, apparently, cared to. He sat around the hotel for two weeks. Then he decided to go back to Washington.

He found he did not have enough money to pay his hotel bill and railroad fare. He did not care to make a check, so he walked over to the little bank on the public square and told the aged banker who he was, saying he desired to make a draft for \$200 on the bank of which he was president.

"I don't know you," said the banker, "but you can make the draft, and if the bank honors it I will give you the money."

"I can't wait that long," Wilkins replied. "I want the money now."

"Identify yourself," said the banker. Mr. Wilkins showed the banker his name as president of the Ohio bank in the Bank Directory and produced some letters.

Wilkins argued. The banker was obtuse. Finally, after an hour's talk, the banker softened and said: "Let me see the tag on your shirt. If the initials are right I'll cash the draft." Wilkins opened his waistcoat. The letters "J. P. B." loomed red and distinct on the tag.

He had on one of half a dozen shirts his shirtmaker had sold him for cost because the man for whom they were made didn't take them.—Philadelphia Post.

Not Such a Fool After All. While the late Major Pond was taking Winston Churchill through the United States on a lecture tour there was some sort of misadventure in Philadelphia regarding the luggage, and in the Hotel Bellevue Major Pond talked bitterly of fools to a group of reporters for awhile, finally telling them a fool story.

"The fool I speak of now," he said, "doesn't resemble the fool who has misled our baggage. However, to begin: "There was a court fool who went to the miller's to have some grain ground for his master. The miller said to him: "So you are a fool, eh?" "I guess I am," replied the youth. "A fool, eh?" said the miller. "We ain't got many fools hereabouts. I'll have to examine you a bit. Do you mind?" "Oh, no; of course not," the fool answered politely.

"Well, my lad, since you're a fool," began the miller, "I want you first to tell me what you know and afterward what you don't know. Now, to begin. What do you know?" "I know," said the fool, with a leer, "that the miller's hogs are fat."

"Good! Very good!" said the miller. "That is what you know. Now tell us what you don't know?" "The fool leered again. "I don't know whose grain fattens 'em," he said.—Boston Post.

Sound Philosophy. Senator Depew is something of a philosopher as well as a politician and corporation lawyer. He said recently that the narrowest escape of his life was when he refused, some thirty years ago, to advance \$10,000 to help Alexander Graham Bell and his father-in-law, the late Gardiner Hubbard, to develop the new "talking telegraph," now so commonly known as the telephone. At that time Mr. Depew was counsel for Vanderbilt's Harlem railroad, and Mr. Hubbard was a railway mail inspector.

"Had I accepted the proposition," said Senator Depew, "I would be worth today about \$30,000,000, or my estate would, for with this vast wealth I should have had no incentive to hard work. I should have deteriorated and should probably now be dead and forgotten."—Boston News Bureau.

Too Large a Commission. Dr. Francis McNamara tells of a complaint made by a patient to whom he submitted a bill. "I charged \$2 for the visit, as usual, but the man refused to pay. I had been summoned to attend a child who had swallowed a fifty cent piece and was about to choke. I got the coin and saved the child. "But the man refused to pay the bill. He declared that \$2 for recovering 50 cents was a bigger charge than he had any idea of paying. His logic sounded reasonable, didn't it?"

Papa Did Too. "This is my son Frederick. Mr. Fosdick," said Mr. Glanders proudly, introducing his five-year-old boy to his caller. "Well, Frederick," said the caller, "do you obey your mamma?" "Yes, sir," replied Frederick promptly, "and so does papa."

When a man will kill himself because a woman refuses to marry him it is conclusive evidence that the woman was right.—Baltimore Herald.

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

The Unwelcome American Girl. I am surprised that the home producers of girls have not already approached Mr. Chamberlain and begged him to include in his scheme some arrangement to exclude from our shores the dumping of American girls. The latter compete with the home market under most unfair conditions. Their parents, by means of trusts and such like pernicious associations, are able to give their daughters vast sums of money, and in this way they are able to compete unfairly for the best home customer in the matrimonial market. It may be said that our nation profits owing to these wealthy girls spending the money with which they are freighted in England. The benefit, however, is questionable. Already there is a vast amount of vulgar ostentation in what is called the smart London set owing to the import of colonial millionaires, which raises the standard of fashionable existence and lowers and degrades the tone of that society into which so many aspire to enter to the despicable level of the competing plutocrats of Newport and New York. This can only increase if we are to have the American golden girls who become peereesses also making London the field of their barbaric lawlessness.—London Truth.

German Army Decadence. Considerable sensation has been made in Paris by the appearance in the Gil Blas of an article entitled "The Greatness and Decadence of the German Army." The author is evidently very familiar with conditions in that service. The points he makes are that the general discontent and spirit of revolt in labor circles are extending from the army, being taken there by the youths from the towns and cities. By them it is communicated to the youth from the service, take it home with them. In immediate results are seen in the increasing unwillingness of the youth of the country to join the colors, for they know beforehand the severe treatment they are likely to receive. The author says also that the average German officer is not only lacking in enthusiasm in his duties, but is actually cold toward them, accepting them as the dull routine.

Paris Cab Horses. About 45,000 horses pull the cabs of Paris. The average life is a little less than three years. They come up from the country—three-year-olds from the meadows of Calvados and the five of Normandy, from Limousin and Flanders and the Gironde. Chained and strapped into the thills of breakers' carts they are driven about the city until they are broken to city sights and sounds—the horrible steam tram, with its discordant clamor; to the electric tram, that leaves behind it a trail of electric sparks; to passing regiments and processions, and notably to the policeman with the white wand, says a writer in Outing. Then, being bit broke, whip broke, city broke and heart broke, he is ready for the flacre. He goes on until he breaks his knees, and longer even, until he has worked out his average of three years. All of which tends to make for melancholy.

A Battle of Waterloo. There has recently been a battle of Waterloo in Australia. Waterloo is a prosperous suburb of Sydney, governed by a mayor and municipal council. At the last meeting of the council an alderman alleged that a disproportionate amount of public money was being expended on the mayor's ward. The mayor retorted with the word "liar," whereupon the alderman rushed to the chair and struck the mayor. Both were soon on the floor, hitting and kicking. They were eventually separated, the mayor resumed the chair, and it was thought that peace had been restored. But suddenly the mayor seized an inkstand and hurled it at the head of his opponent, missing his aim, but ruining the shirt fronts of several innocent aldermen.

Australia's Latest Plaque. The catarrhal plague in Australia is assuming alarming proportions, and agriculturists are beginning to fear for the beautiful crops which have resulted from the recent splendid rains. The invasion is now extending from the southern part of New South Wales to the western border of the colony. Trains are frequently stopped through the rails being rendered slippery by the crushed bodies of the insects, which cross the track in countless numbers. An extraordinary sight was witnessed near Bathurst, where a traveling army of caterpillars, said by eyewitnesses to be several inches deep, utterly consumed the oats in a seventeen acre field and the wheat in an adjoining field within a few hours.

The World's Coal. Of an estimated coal area of about 4,650,000 square miles in the world China is credited with 4,000,000 square miles. The United States has about 280,000 square miles; Great Britain, 11,900 miles; Germany, 1,170 miles; France, 2,086 miles, and Belgium, 510 square miles. Area is not, however, a true measure of value. The anthracite fields of Pennsylvania include an area of only 468 square miles, but these are undoubtedly of more value than any coal area of like extent anywhere in the world.

A Delayed "Taking." One of the doctors of West Franklin, Me., who was making a free vaccination tour, called at a house and inquired of the lady in charge if she wished to be vaccinated. "No, I was vaccinated forty years ago, and it did not take until two years ago. I think that I am fully protected."

Old and Good. Many young men fall in love because they don't know a chance and they have it and only know what is lost when it is too late. These youngsters who want to be masters over the men who are educating them, and to whom they owe the inspiration of their lives, all wind up by being slaves. One lesson for all leaders—learn to obey till you are able to command. This is old and good.—Schoolmaster.



"I KNOW THAT THE MILLER'S HOGS ARE FAT."